

IN LOVING MEMORY

— of —

MADAM JOYCE  
ABENA OPAREBEA  
MINTAH-ADDAE

1927-2024





# THE METHODIST CHURCH GHANA ORDER OF BURIAL SERVICE

FOR THE LATE MADAM JOYCE OPAREBEA MINTAH-ADDAE

FRIDAY, MAY 3rd, 2024  
THE TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME, HAATSO, ACCRA  
6.30 AM - 9.00 AM

## OFFICIATING CLERGY

- |                               |   |
|-------------------------------|---|
| Rev. Enoch Thompson           | ~ President, Ghana Baptist Convention                   |
| Rt. Rev. Samuel Kofi Osabutey | ~ Supt. Minister, Methodist Church Ghana - Dzorwulu Ct. |
| Rev. Prof. Esther Acolatse    | ~ Professor of Pastoral Theology and World Christianity |
| Rev. Francis Narterh          | ~ Head Pastor, Calvary Baptist Church - Adenta          |
| Rev. Samuel Amedormey         | ~ Head Pastor, Redeemed Baptist Church                  |
| Rev. Abu Ibrahim              | ~ Senior Associate Pastor, Redeemed Baptist Church      |
| Rev. Lawrence Asare Boadi     | ~ Associate Pastor, Redeemed Baptist Church             |

## PART I: FILING PAST

### PART II: SERVICE

- |                                       |                                 |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Opening Sentences                  | ~ Rev. Samuel Amedormey         |
| 2. Welcome/Purpose of Gathering       | ~ Rev. Prof. Esther Acolatse    |
| 3. Hymn                               | ~ MHB 313                       |
| 4. Prayer                             | ~ Rev. Francis Narterh          |
| 5. Hymn                               | ~ MHB 400                       |
| 6. Biography/Tributes                 | ~ Daughter/Sister/Grandchildren |
| 7. Hymn                               | ~ MHB 308                       |
| 8. Scripture Reading: Romans 8:28-39  | ~ Rev. Lawrence Asare Boadi     |
| 9. Hymn                               | ~ MHB 422                       |
| 10. Sermon/Affirmation of Faith       | ~ Rt. Rev. Samuel Osabutey      |
| 11. Hymn/Song                         | ~ Offertory                     |
| 12. Closing Hymn                      | ~ MHB 427                       |
| 13. Announcements                     | ~ Mr. Gyebi Anie-Annan          |
| 14. Closing Prayer & Benediction      | ~ Rev. Enoch Thompson           |
| 15. Dead March (from Handel's "Saul") |                                 |

Choir: Redeemed Baptist Church Choir  
Service Coordinator: Rev. Abu Ibrahim





# ADUKROM PRIVATE BURIAL SERVICE ORDER OF SERVICE

FOR THE LATE MADAM JOYCE OPAREBEA MINTAH-ADDAE

SATURDAY, MAY 4th, 2024  
8.00 AM - 11.00 AM

## OFFICIATING MINISTERS

- |                                      |  |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Rt. Rev. Maclean Kumi                | ~ Past Admin. Bishop, Methodist Church Ghana |
| Very Rev. George Darkoh-Ampem        | ~ Supt. Minister Adukrom Circuit             |
| Rev. Ebenezer Dompson                | ~ Circuit Minister                           |
| Rev. Douglas Amoakoh                 | ~ Chaplain, Nifa SHS                         |
| Rev. Isaac Yao Boamah                | ~ Circuit Minister, Awukugua                 |
| Rev. Mrs. Millicent A. Kumi-Blankson | ~ Methodist Church Ghana - Koforidua         |

## PART I: PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

- |                                 |                     |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Opening Hymn/Prayers         | ~ MHB 110 & MHB 350 |
| 2. Filing Past                  | ~ Hymns             |
| 3. Hymns                        | ~ MHB 350 & MHB 478 |
| 4. Selected Tributes            |                     |
| 5. Closing Hymn and Benediction | ~ MHB 615           |

## PART II: BURIAL SERVICE

- |   |                                 |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 1. Processional Hymn                            |                                 |
| 2. Scriptural Sentences                         |                                 |
| 3. Purpose of Gathering                         |                                 |
| 4. Hymn   | ~ MHB 427                       |
| 5. Biography and Tributes                       | ~ Children/Grandchildren/Church |
| 6. Hymn   | ~ MHB 615                       |
| 7. Scripture Reading                            | ~ Psalm 23; John 14:1-6 & 27    |
| 8. Sermon Hymn                                  | ~ MHB 976                       |
| 9. Sermon                                       | ~ Minister                      |
| 10. Apostles' Creed                             |                                 |
| 11. Offertory                                   |                                 |
| 12. Notices                                     | ~ Stewards                      |
| 13. Christian Charity (for the Bereaved Family) |                                 |
| 14. Commendation Service                        |                                 |
| 15. The Lord's Prayer                           |                                 |
| 16. Closing Prayer & Benediction                |                                 |

## PART III: GRAVESIDE

- |                          |               |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Hymn                  | ~ MHB 976     |
| 2. Prayers               |               |
| 3. Committal             |               |
| 4. Prayers               |               |
| 5. Vote of Thanks        | ~ Family Head |
| 6. Prayers & Benediction |               |

**AT THE ORGAN:** Bro. Emmanuel Mankata Asante; **CHOIRMASTER:** Bro. J.S. Annor



# BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE JOYCE MINTAH-ADDAE

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Madam Joyce Abena Oparebea Mintah-Addae, affectionately known as 'Auntie Joyce' by many, was born in Adukrom, Akuapem, on the 11th of October, 1927. She was born to Mr. Fred Benedict Osew Addae, an educationist and former senior housemaster at Mfantshipim School, farmer, philanthropist, lay preacher, and royal of the Asew clan of Adukrom, and Madam Felicia Kare Mintah, a dressmaker and royal of the Aninkode clan of Adukrom.

#### Early Childhood and Education

Joyce and her cousin, Comfort Mintah, were adopted in their early childhood by their maternal grandfather, Robert Opare Mintah, who later became the Nifahene of Akuapem. He doted on his two granddaughters so much and assumed responsibility for their early training and education. Joyce attended the United Junior School and then went on to the United Senior School, both in Adukrom. She completed Standard 7 at Aburi Girls School before proceeding to Wesley Girls High School in Cape Coast, where she obtained her School Certificate.

#### Career

After completing secondary school, the administrators of her alma mater, Aburi Girls School, recognizing her leadership potential, insisted that she should return to be trained as a teacher. She therefore pursued a two-year course which prepared her to teach at Aburi Girls. Thereafter, Joyce was assigned to the Tafo-Akim Middle School as Headmistress. In 1954, she was transferred to Begoro, also in the Akim-Abuakwa district, to establish a new girls' school. In 1960, Joyce secured a job at the Department of Social Welfare in Accra, after a series of successful

interviews. She underwent a comprehensive nine-month training to become a fully-qualified officer of the Department. She was transferred to Koforidua, and after a two-year stint there, she was again transferred to Kumasi, where she served for a number of years. During her time in Kumasi, the Department sponsored her to pursue a course and receive a Certificate in Social Administration at the University of Ghana, Legon. In August of 1969, she proceeded on a five-month exchange program to Melbourne, Australia, where she was exposed to general social work and practice. Upon her return, she was assigned to Cape Coast, and then returned to Accra in 1976 to assume the role of Overseas Social Worker, handling cases which originated from outside the country. Joyce completed her career with the Department of Social Welfare in 1980, having attained the rank of Principal Welfare Officer. After 'resting' for a number of years, Joyce joined the Judicial Service of Ghana as a lay Magistrate in 1987. She was assigned to the Ejisu District Court, where she served until 1989 when she decided to retire to be closer to home with her elderly mother.

#### Family Life

Joyce married Paul Affum Okwabi, a pharmacist based in Koforidua, in 1953. The marriage was blessed with two children, a daughter, Florence, and a son, Maxwell, who predeceased his mother. After ten years of marriage, Joyce and Paul separated.

"Auntie Joyce", as she came to be known by many, related well with her numerous siblings. Even though her work took her several different places over many years, she maintained strong ties in Adukrom. This bond enabled her to



provide guidance and advice on family and Adukrom issues to her siblings, both within and outside the country.

#### Christian Commitment

Auntie Joyce was a staunch Methodist with a deep reverence for God. She constantly acknowledged His protective role in her life over the years. She often cited instances when God had delivered her from a number of nearly-fatal road accidents. During one such incident, her vehicle veered off the road and landed in a ditch. She broke two of her ribs but, fortunately, the broken ribs did not puncture her lungs. Some Catholic priests who were traveling in another vehicle behind hers stopped to rescue her from the completely damaged car and took her to the hospital in Koforidua. She acknowledged God's deliverance and said that she would have died in the accident if the Catholic priests had not come by at the moment they did - just as God had arranged.

#### Personal Characteristics and Qualities

Auntie Joyce was an avid reader. She maintained her mental strength and resilience by doing crossword puzzles. Her family and friends who knew about this passion of hers always supplied her with crossword puzzle books. She also loved to drive and could be found driving, usually alone, from Accra to Adukrom and back. She kept driving well into her eighties, against any protests by family and friends, until she finally agreed to give it up and be driven.

Despite her diminutive stature, Auntie Joyce was no pushover. Those who knew Auntie Joyce can attest to her no-nonsense nature. Bold and fearless, she called a spade a spade and did not mince her words when it came to giving advice, even if sometimes unsolicited, or expressing her views about people and situations. She was a good judge of character and would often ask probing questions just to get a clearer picture of situations or of people's real intentions. She was strict and assertive, but compassionate.

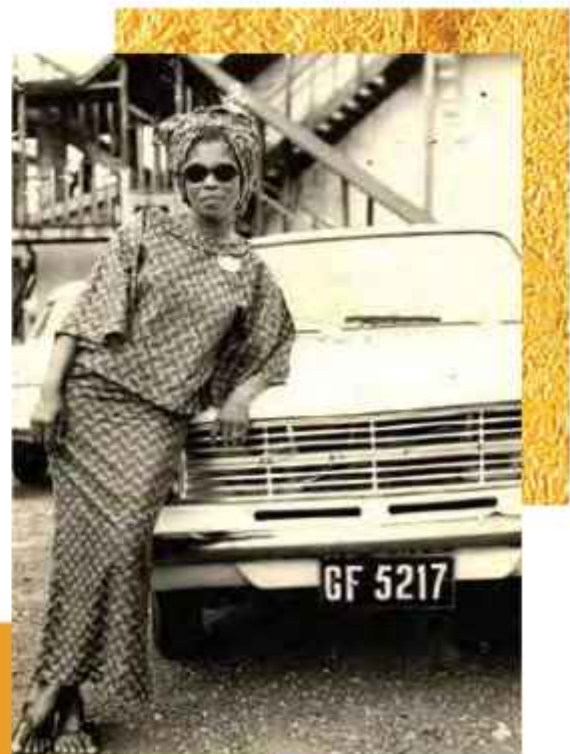
#### Post-Retirement

Following her retirement from the judicial service in 1989, Auntie Joyce relocated to Accra. In 1996,

she moved from Accra to Awukugua, right outside Adukrom, where she had built her retirement home. Fulfilling her role as a senior citizen of the community and attending her beloved Christ the King Methodist Church in Adukrom became her major preoccupations. She also spent considerable time with family members and friends in her home, resolving family disputes and sharing her wealth of knowledge and experience.

On February 15, 2024, while returning from her customary morning walk, Auntie Joyce lost her balance and fell. This unfortunate incident significantly impacted her health, leading to a brief hospitalization at the University of Ghana Medical Centre (UGMC) in Legon. Following her discharge on March 9, 2024, for continued recovery at home, her resilience, a trait she exemplified throughout her battle with Multiple Myeloma, continued to shine. However, it was with profound sorrow that we bid farewell to Auntie Joyce, who passed away peacefully on Thursday, March 14, 2024, still embodying her unwavering strength and grace.

The entire family is immeasurably grateful to God for granting our dearly beloved Auntie Joyce a long and fulfilling life.













## TRIBUTES

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### TRIBUTE BY MRS. FLORENCE HUTCHFUL (DAUGHTER) TO MY DEAR MOTHER, NANA

I will forever remain thankful to Nana, my loving and devoted mother, who selflessly dedicated years of her life to support me during my formative years, and later, as a pillar of strength during the joys of motherhood with my children. Her unwavering presence and support continued, especially during the challenging period after the loss of my beloved husband, Kweku.

I remember with deep gratitude how she willingly left her home to stay with us in the small box room at the Legon Annex C flats, where we resided when I welcomed my first child. A few years into our marriage when I traveled to pursue further studies abroad, she gave Kweku every support in caring for our three young children. Again, in the early nineties when I relocated to Zimbabwe for work, she would come over to Harare to help with my children whenever I needed to travel outside the country for extended periods. Through her dedication to these grandmotherly duties, my children grew very close to her, affectionately calling her "Nana", which was what I and all our friends and relatives called her. Nana was not only a grandmother to my children but to all their cousins as well. She also became a mother to my friends.

Warm, welcoming, and chatty, Nana had a way of connecting with everyone she met.

She was also known for her outspoken and forthright nature. She did not shy away from speaking her mind at all, often stirring up trouble. Yet, I was amazed at how she was able to maintain strong ties with some of my friends. She never hid her feelings, making it clear where one stood with her at all times.

Nana believed I was too gentle and lenient, especially with my domestic assistants, and frequently reproached me for not being firm enough, which got me really upset. Interestingly, we always found the middle ground in our differences because she was not one to harbor a grudge. Rather, she was quick to mend relationships, always seeking reconciliation if she felt she had offended someone.

Although she had a no-nonsense attitude to things, Nana took great care to ensure that everyone around her was comfortable. Even at the age of 96, she would personally go to the kitchen to prepare meals for herself and others. Her specialties included her signature rock buns, pancakes, and ofam (ripe plantain baked pudding).

Nana was very independent and insisted on handling everything herself until the moment she was hospitalized. Seeing her health decline and realizing her helplessness and increasing dependence on others took a toll on her.

I thank God for Nana's life and for her love and unwavering support for me, my children, and friends over the years. I celebrate her well-lived life in service to God and people.

I wish to extend my deepest appreciation to my family and friends for their

incredible support over the past few weeks.

Nana, I commend your soul to the Lord your Maker,

Sleep well!





# TRIBUTE BY DAVID KOJO HUTCHFUL (GRANDSON)

## IN LOVING MEMORY OF A TRUE NANA

In the tapestry of our family's story, you stand as a vibrant thread, woven with courage, independence, faith, and boundless love. Your legacy is etched not just in the moments and stories we share together, but in the very essence of who I am. Indeed of who we all are.

My first true memories of you begin when we lived with you in Kokomlemle. I don't quite remember the mornings - waking up and going to school - but I distinctly recall coming back home in the afternoons and sprawling out in your living room, finishing my homework and then reading the newspapers with you. We would do the crossword puzzles and you would discuss the news events with me. I pretended to understand all the nuances and you pretended my contributions made sense. I also remember the evenings, especially when any one of us three was sick. You would line up your small, medium and large sized bentuas (enema bulb syringe), and administer a dose of your own herbal concoctions in whichever end required it. I have been spared from COVID-19 and I attribute this to the lingering effects of those evenings. In any case, you definitely cured PK and I from bed wetting with your plastic sheet antics.

Kokomlemle is where I first witnessed one of your endearing traits. You were a woman of unwavering courage, never one to shy away from standing up for what was right, or you thought to be right. Your low tolerance for nonsense is legendary, and I remember your

petite self courageously confronting the noisy mechanics next door to enforce peace in the neighborhood. They tested you once and found themselves calling the police to intervene because you started seizing their tools. In your later years, you got cancer, faced it right on and beat it. Your boldness inspires me to speak truth to power and to never back down from a challenge.

I remember you telling me stories of you and your sister (Aunty Elizabeth) driving around town by yourselves when it was not common for women to do so. You said you would carry water pistols with you and spray cars that tried to cut you off. I also remember the story you told of you driving from Akropong to Accra with a broken arm in a sling, at night, down the then-treacherous mountainous pass, because the driver you had been assigned was too scared to drive himself. No doubt, you were a true independent spirit. And you instilled in us that value of independence. Of course, your inculcation methods didn't always go down well with Dada and Mama. I remember the rage (Dada)/quiet discontent (Mama) when they found out you had arranged for us - we were only 12 and 13 at the time - to get driving lessons and then proceeded to let PK and Kojo James drive you to Adukrom and back. A bit reckless in retrospect, but every bit true Nana: free spirited with an steadfast faith in our abilities as your grandchildren.

Speaking of faith, I recall the Nana I left when I went off to college was never opposed to savoring more than one pint of Guinness and

enjoying a smoke. You once even threatened to call the police on Olympio and me when we refused to buy you drinks because we thought you had had one too many. The Nana I came back to had switched gears. A woman of prayer, you showed us the power of faith to overcome any obstacle, even cancer, and the importance of letting go of burdens, urging us to "get them off your chest" and move forward with grace, placing our trust in the Lord.

As a grandmother, your love and warmth were only exceeded by that of your Rock buns and Ofam. Your recipes will forever serve as a comforting reminder of your nurturing spirit. And oh, how playful you could be, lighting up our lives with laughter and joy whenever you chose to let your playful side shine. I remember at the ripe age of 94 you challenged Estella and me to a full aerobics session. You perfectly demonstrated each move including a half split – we couldn't keep up. This is a side few might have had a chance to see, given that you were a true practitioner of "get it off your chest" when it's hot and burning, but, this is the side of you I

miss the most. You cared about us and the family at large. Wherever I was in the world, you never failed to call on birthdays and end the call with "Nyame nhyira wo".

Nana, I still do my crosswords every morning, I still listen to the news, I don't do nor do I like herbal concoctions, and I don't wet my bed. Of all the blessings you have poured into my life, these I greatly value: your unwavering courage, your fierce independence, your steadfast faith and your boundless love.

You lived on your own terms, yet followed the path of Christ. I am sure you're resting peacefully in His bosom now. I don't know if He is at peace with you up there. Either way, I miss you dearly.

Ayekoo Nana. Da yie.

Nyame nhyira wo.





# TRIBUTE BY JONATHAN PAPA KUM HUTCHFUL (GRANDSON)

I've known Nana my entire life and it is difficult to articulate the impact she had on me as my grandmother and my friend. I cannot sum up Nana in one word ... she was strong, principled, independent, witty, loving, candid and very genuine. She loved God, her family, Adulkrom and the Daily Graphic! For the last decade of her life, her Bible and the Daily Graphic were always within arm's reach.

Growing up I loved going over to Nana's place in Kokomlemle. It didn't matter if we were just swinging by after school or staying for days because our parents were out of town, Nana made every visit fun with candy, food, treats and engaging conversations. The radio would always be on, and the day's newspapers, after being thoroughly read, would be neatly folded on the table nearby. Our longer stays would inevitably feature a fight or two between Nana and the mechanics next door as she boldly negotiated with the men to keep the noise level down during our visit. Yes, even in her small frame, Nana was as fearless and tough as she was warm and kind.

After leaving Ghana my bond with Nana continued to grow. She would write me letters encouraging me to focus on my studies, work hard, and remember the values I was brought up with. As a teenager in a foreign land, I valued these letters and would respond to her with updates on myself and my siblings, strategically leaving out any events I knew she would disapprove of. Of course, I later discovered Nana wasn't one to judge at all, she would quickly speak her mind and keep it moving. On visits to Ghana as a young adult, I would spend time with Nana during the day and party all night; only to be woken up by Nana early the next morning because breakfast had been served and wasn't going to eat itself. Nana loved to serve and be of service and never discriminated based on the stature of her guests; she treated everyone equally. She was unapologetic about her

opinions, and, if she cared about you, you would certainly hear them, solicited or not!

Nana was my cherished friend. She would often call and ask of my wife, Ama and her great-grandchildren. Then she would end the call by showering prayers over us all. She was very well-informed and always engaging, ever ready for a laugh or a punitive exchange. Recently we shared a good and hearty laugh when she told me she had contemplated being a pastor several years ago ... if you know Nana, you'll understand why that was so funny! I'll truly miss the times we spent relaxing in the living room, talking about current affairs and family life.

On February 12th 2024, Nana and I prayed together and said goodbye to each other like we have for many years now. However, this time I think we both knew it was truly goodbye. Nana, it is hard to think that you'll no longer be my daytime buddy on my trips to Ghana. Thank you for always listening, thank you for the laughter, thank you for the encouragement, and most of all thank you for the prayers.

Nana, you lived a full life and you lived it well. Rest in the perfect peace of your Maker.





# TRIBUTE BY MAMMIE NYAMEKYE NORTEY (GRANDDAUGHTER)

My words today will be few because our relationship while you were here with us was a living tribute. You were a part of my life from birth, and when I had the opportunity to prioritize you, I did so without hesitation. My initial move back to Ghana, the daily visits and phone calls, trips to Adukrom and Awukugwa, the dental visits to Dr. Dodd, Dr. Arhin and finally to the Sweden Medical Center, and ensuring I purchased all the items on your shopping list were my tribute to you. I knew you appreciated it because each day you told me how grateful you were.



Today, I simply want to express my gratitude. Thank you for your unending kindness and for always looking out for me. Thank you for the laughter, the smiles and the positive outlook on life. Thank you for caring for my brothers and me from Adehyie Hotel, Kokomemle to Zimbabwe to North Legon and for embracing all our friends. Thank you for always complimenting my outfits and making me feel like a budding fashionista. Thank you for your immense support with the boys, handpicking Aunt Adjeibea and Sussie to help as well, and giving me the opportunity to excel in my career. Thank you for believing in my contributions at work.

You always articulated yourself freely and harboured nothing, yet you had a spirit of humility that made you quick to ask for forgiveness when needed. Mama and I often said

this was one of your secrets to long life. You aged beautifully and made it a point to stay youthful, making it easy for people across generations to interact with you. Thank you for showing me that age is just a number. Thank you for guiding me as a mother and instilling virtues into Nii Nortey and Nortei. I used to have little banter with Nii Nortey but these have ceased because of your kind influence.

Nana, while you were alive, I always knew you were an extra ordinary person but, in your death, I have realized you were an ICON, as shown by the incredible outpouring of love from our family and friends. The support has been immeasurable and indeed I will attribute this to the love and care you showed to each of these people. Thank you for blessing us with a beautiful mother to carry on your legacy. Heart felt appreciation to everyone who supported us from your diagnosis to your passing. Even in adverse situations, you taught me that self-pity is not an option! God's grace to traverse the situation is a better option. I thank God for blessing us with such a genuine grandmother who was endowed with substance. Rest well Nana in the Bossom of your beloved Father. My love for you will never cease.





**MAXWELL KOJO  
OKWABI  
(GRANDSON)**



**MAXINE OPAREBEA  
OKWABI  
(GRANDDAUGHTER)**



**TRIBUTE BY  
GREAT GRANDCHILDREN**

**Peyton**

I believe I'll miss the little things the most. The firm grasp of your hand each time it held mine, the sound of your contagious laughter, your words which made anyone and everyone laugh, the scent of your baking, and that beautiful smile of yours. I know I won't be able to enter that home again hoping you're laying on the couch. However, the littlest things are the most impactful. I am so glad I was able to meet you and love you. You were such an amazing, kind person to be around. I love you so so much, Nana, and I pray one day I will get to laugh with you in eternity.



**Nii Nortey**

Nana was always the straight-forward type. Whenever she saw me sitting around during leisure time or on my laptop, she would get straight to the point and tell me to do something productive or educational. I admired that aspect of her because it showed that she was confident, and not shy or afraid to let people know her point. After school, Nana would always prepare fried plantain for me and my brother, to put something in our belly before dinner. We spent most of our vacations and mid-term breaks at our grandmother's house. Every other week, Nana would bake either rock buns or ofam. I was and still am a fan of her rock buns, especially when she put raisins inside them. On the other hand, I did not like the ofam, but I never ended up telling her that.

**Nortei Nortey**

Nana was a good and nice person to everyone she met. She would be sitting on her favorite chair in the main living room greeting every piece of life that entered the house. She loved to read and spread the word of God to everyone. And when I

# TRIBUTE BY GREAT GRANDCHILDREN ( ctd.)

was hungry she would make bread and egg, ofam, and always the one that will never get old – good, good Rock buns. She would love it when I would draw pictures of her. And she would try to always attend everything, even while she was sick, until she passed away on March 14th, 2024, on a Thursday evening. Thank you!



## Kayla and Karen

Great Nana was so kind to us anytime we visited Ghana. We enjoyed spending our days in the living room with her. She loved asking us questions as a way of getting to know us. She would always give us the best hugs!

We will miss you, Great Nana!



## Paul



## Joyce





## TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

### MR. ROBERT KWAKU OPARE-ADDO (BROTHER)

In loving memory of our wonderful sister, Abena Joyce, now you are no longer here. A silent thought, a secret tear, keeps your memory ever near in our hearts forever. My dear sister, words cannot express the sadness in saying farewell to you. The time we spent together meant the world to me. Enjoy peace in your new eternal voyage.  
~ Your brother Kwaku Robert and family

### MADAM CECILIA ADDO (SISTER) and PAULA OFORI (NIECE)

My dear Auntie Joyce, Mum and I will miss you so much, You were kind, smart, funny and caring. I will miss your calls, your concern and your blessings. We will miss your big character and warm heart. I will always remember Mum's stories of you all growing up. God will keep you now, Auntie, blessed and in peace, free of discomfort and always in our hearts. Much love from afar from your Sister, Cecilia, and niece, Paula.

### SUZZIE AWURA ABENA ANOFF (SISTER)

*"For if we live we live to the Lord and if we die we die to the Lord. Therefore whether we live or die we are the Lord's."* ~ Romans 14:6

Sisi Abena, as we all called her, was not only

a sister to me, but a mother. I stayed with her from age two and travelled with her throughout her entire teaching career. When she stopped teaching and proceeded to the University of Ghana, Legon, to pursue a course in Sociology, I visited her regularly at the Mensah Sarbah Hall and recall with fondness the times I spent with her and her roommate, Auntie Olivia. After the course, she joined the Department of Social Welfare, and I accompanied her to all the stations to which she was posted in Accra, Koforidua, and Kumasi.

Your passing has forced us to confront the reality that a significant part of ourselves has departed, never to return. We wish you had more years to share with us but the Lord says you must rest from your earthly labor and spend eternity with Him. His ways are not our ways.

You constantly advised me to take good care of my physically-challenged child and encouraged me to always pray for her. When I visited you at the hospital, you opened your eyes and smiled broadly, and requested that I pray for you. Little did I know that you were bidding me farewell.

*"Whatever my lot, thou has taught me to say: It is well with my soul"*

Indeed, it is well with my soul.

May the almighty God grant your peaceful and gentle soul eternal rest.

God be with you 'til we meet again.







## TRIBUTE BY NEPHEWS & NIECES

### ADDAE NEPHEWS AND NIECES

Auntie Joyce was the aunt many of our friends wished for. She was a petite lady but full of life, fun, and wisdom. She was a strong Christian and always thanked God at every juncture in life. The ones who were lucky to attend Cape Coast schools remember how she would pick us up in her Opel Kadett car and take us home to Savoy where she always had mouth-watering soups with fufu. She always said, "You need to come home and eat, so the seniors don't take your food". She was full of wisdom and affection for each one of us.

She and our Auntie Elizabeth were inseparable when we were younger – our "cool aunts". They were such fun to be around. Auntie Joyce's laughter was contagious. She and her sister, Gloria, never seemed to run out of things to laugh heartily about.

Auntie Joyce always spoke her mind and said things as they were, but it was always with warmth and affection, therefore it was easy for us to correct our course to match her direction. Her firm grip greeted us at the beginning of every visit, and her warm smile bade us farewell when we took our leave. In between, we were regaled with many a story told with sharp wit and good

humour and handed many a charge to go out and do the right thing.

It was no surprise to us that she had worked as a magistrate in Adukrom and presided over very important and complicated cases, undoubtedly with skill and a lot of empathy.

Auntie Joyce was always so appreciative of even the smallest gesture, profuse with thanks and constantly asking for God's blessings for us, "Onyame nhyira wo".

She loved her sisters and brothers fiercely. When Auntie Mimi fell sick, Auntie Joyce made it a point to visit her every single Thursday, rain, or shine. She would sit with her, watch TV, and make her laugh for hours on end and then playfully say, "Ewurama, m'ahu wo next week, wai; 3y3 aa y3 abofra pa, w'ate?" She called daily to check on her.

The world is so much poorer without our dear Auntie Joyce, and though we are saddened by her sudden passing, we are confident that she has been welcomed home by her beloved, brothers and sisters. Since she constantly blessed us, we in turn thank God for the blessing of having Auntie Joyce in our lives.

May your precious spirit rest in perfect peace!





### **GYEBI ANIE-ANNAN (NEPHEW)**

Aunty Joyce was a mum to me and my brother. She was often in the company of my mother, Elizabeth Addae. She and my mother were inseparable. She was the no-nonsense aunty, she spoke her mind, she had a sharp mind, believe me!

You couldn't play pranks with her and get away with it. She would either expose you or have the last laugh. I remember my weekends in secondary school in Cape Coast.

My fufu was assured. She would insist I come over to her house at the Savoy Top to enjoy it because the seniors would deprive me of it in school.

She was a disciplinarian, with a keen sense of what was just. Aunty Joyce could think on her feet. She could spot a lie instantly and expose it. Many people underestimated her because of her small stature. They were in for a shock. She would give you a rude awakening irrespective of who you were.

I must admit that she confided in me in many matters, and it was common to hear her tell me, "Gyebi, hwɔ sɔnea ɔyɔ na de woworan, mboa won, w'ate anaa?" She hated injustice in even the slightest form. From the politicians on the radio, to royalty and traditional matters, to family matters, and domestic issues, to misdemeanours of drivers on the street, my dear aunty would express herself in the most passionate of ways. I used to think to myself, Aunty Joyce's driving is no different from these drivers. You should have seen her in her Opel Kadett in those days. She got injured in a few accidents that she cared less about.

Trust me, you couldn't encounter Aunty Joyce and have no story to recount afterwards. Some were wary of her, others avoided her, and a few were scared of her, but so many just loved her and admired her spirit. She would express frustration when she couldn't reach me on the phone and tell me off. Next moment she would be sharing a joke.

Not many people knew the emotional side of her. She would shed tears upon hearing of sad news and would make time to attend funerals and celebrations of all. Even in her nineties, she was a pillar of support to me and my cousins.

Aunty Joyce was so appreciative of basic things such as a visit, and would always offer her blessings of 'Nyame nhyira wo', which she would repeat several times.

Ninety-six years of an eventful life, and I give God all the glory for making me part of it and giving me such a special aunty. Indeed, I have lost another mother.

May your soul rest in perfect peace, Aunty Joyce.



### **DJABANORS - KWAKU, DJABAKI AND MAAKORYO (NEPHEW AND NIECES)**

Since we are writing this brief but heartfelt eulogy about our beloved Auntie Joyce, it means we are saying goodbye to her physical form. We celebrate her today with tears because we selfishly wish we could see her one more time, give her one more hug, and hear one more phrase of wisdom.



Auntie Joyce is our Mom's older sister, and she became our big Auntie as well, even though she was so cute and petite. She was a giant in her Christian faith and full of warmth, empathy, and love. She doted on our Mom and sometimes made us wish she was our older sister. Auntie Joyce made it a point to visit Mom every single Thursday until Mom was called home to be with the Lord. She was quiet and had a petite frame but was full of wisdom and inspiration. Hers was the quiet gentle voice, either cracking a joke, giving us some of her wit or giving her opinion or advice on various issues.

Auntie Joyce and Auntie Elizabeth, of blessed memory, were our two cool aunts. They were stylish and fun to be around. We will miss her so much. Auntie Joyce, nante yie, Nyame 3nfa wo kra ensie wo asomdwee mu.

We are confident that you were welcomed into eternity by a mighty choir with songs of praise and worship to the Lord for a life well lived. From your beloved Kwaku, Djabaki and Maakoryo.

## CHILDREN OF RODDY KORANTENG-ADDO (NEPHEW)

Losing someone we love is never easy, but celebrating their life can bring comfort and peace.

It was always a little confusing for us to call Grandma Joyce "Grandma" as all we ever heard was "Auntie Joyce!", "Auntie Joyce!". She was without doubt one of our father's (Roddy) favourite aunts. It was her love, warmth, and kindness that touched our hearts whenever she visited.

Her love knew no bounds and she taught us the value of compassion and generosity. She would always buy extra large chocolates and put them in the freezer waiting for moments to award me and my siblings after good behaviour. This was

one of the many reasons we always looked forward to her coming to stay.

Grandma Joyce had a knack for making the ordinary extraordinary. She was a well travelled and knowledgeable woman.

She leaves behind a legacy of love and resilience that will live on in the hearts of all who knew her. Though we will miss her dearly, we take solace in the memories we shared and the lessons she taught us.

As we say goodbye to Grandma Joyce today, let us not mourn her passing, but rather celebrate the beautiful life she lived and the profound impact she had on each of us. May her spirit continue to shine bright in our hearts forevermore.

Love from Roy-Kelly, Roddy-Leon, Rex-Rowan, and Rochelle-Ro Koranteng-Addo



# TRIBUTE BY CHRIST THE KING METHODIST CHURCH, ADUKROM

## IN MEMORY OF THE LATE MADAM JOYCE MINTAH-ADDAE

*A mighty wind has blown,  
Great rain has fallen,  
Harm has been done,  
But out of destruction  
There has been calm,  
All has not been the same again,  
A mighty wind and rain,  
And all has not been the same again.*

The above lines adapted from J.E. Henshaw's "This is Our Chance" aptly sum up the feeling of the Christ the King Methodist Church, Adukrom, on the passing away of our dear Sister, Joyce Mintah Addae, into eternity. She was affectionately called 'Auntie Joyce'.

Our Church records show that Auntie Joyce was born into a Christian family and baptized into the Methodist Church. She was later confirmed and became a full member of the Church. Life's journey took her to various places for both academic and work placements and so she became a distant member of this Society. No matter the distance, however, she never turned down any Church invitation to participate in important events such as Annual Harvests and other special celebrations. She continued to pay her tithes and other contributions as demanded by the Church.

Auntie Joyce became the first female patron of the Church Choir alongside men like A.B. Daddy and Abraham, all of blessed memory, because she loved music. She was among those who assisted the Church to sew choir robes in the early nineteen sixties.

In the late seventies, when the Men's Fellowship was inaugurated, she was the only female who opted to become a member, in absentia. The Methodist Youth Fellowship in the Church was also among her priorities, and so she could often be seen seated at either the Youth or the Men's

sections of the Church.

Auntie Joyce was a disciplinarian, who was always trying to keep the Youth in check. She was particular about their speech and how they dressed. Irrespective of one's position in the Church, she was always ready to criticise you constructively for change.

In the case of the clergy, she would visit them at the Manse and offer whatever gifts she had, but she also would not hesitate to point out any lapses she had observed in the administration of the Church. She always wanted to see progress in the Church's projects for which annual harvest were organized.

Occasionally, when she travelled back to Adukrom from Accra, she would invite the Choir leaders for refreshments to enable her to enquire about the progress of the church choir as a Patron.

Indeed, a mighty wind has blown, causing a heavy rain to blow down one of the stalwarts of the Church, Auntie Joyce. Auntie Joyce, though you have passed beyond the realm of human activity, your good works shall ever remain in our hearts.

Go to your father in peace  
Rest in Peace, Amen.





## TRIBUTE BY THE OTU-GLOVER FAMILY

Words just cannot capture the essence of our relationship with Nana – our mummy, aunty, grandaunt and great-grandaunt. And for some of us, our bestie! Words simply cannot do justice for us, it just can't, but we will try as best as we can.

Nana, thank you so much! Thank you, thank you, thank you! Thank you for loving us as deeply as you did, treating us beautifully and wonderfully as you did. Yes, the acerbic and rough exterior Nana existed, but honestly, all we felt from you was just deep, unadulterated love, nothing else, just love. You knew our family context, our challenges, and you were supportive, nurturing our resilience.

Each time you saw one of us, you would diligently ask about all the others. Where is your brother? What is his number? I keep losing his number, give it to me again, I want to call him (referring to Kofi in the UK). How is your mother? I just saw her last week, tell her I said hello (referring to Abobebe). How is Kojo James? Is he with you? I want him to bring me something, he knows what it is, tell him to call me (referring to Kojo James). Nyamesem, Nyamesem, Nyamesem! (as she enveloped Kojo Nyamesem in hugs, kisses, smiles, topped by shortbread and malt).

You called us often! Sometimes by accident, but such a delight when we realize it is an actual call, with no agenda, just simply checking in and saying hello. You made our hearts melt with those calls. This day and age, people don't even know how to call just to say hello. You did. You checked in, you followed up, you asked questions. You were so much better at checking in than any of us could ever be. You were always so expressive and overjoyed to see us; and each time we

left, you said bless you and thank you, with a big smile full of love and gratitude, not realizing that we were the ones so grateful to be near you.

So many memories. We have tales for days! But we will not divulge secrets here, it would reveal our naughtiness as well. We reflect fondly though on the many days of just sitting at home with you, sometimes talking, sometimes not talking, just co-existing, listening to you yap about housekeepers and staff, and your burning desire to run off to Adukrom. Watching you wrinkle your nose at someone's tomfoolery was even a delight. Sometimes you would read from your Bible, or from your address book, and you told tales about each name you read from your little black book. Some tough memories too, like taking you to chemo, taking you to a dietician so that you could gain weight, brushing your teeth, feeding you, and holding your hand in prayer as we asked God to take care of you and you shed a tear in gratitude.

We want to especially call out the love you showed Kojo Nyamesem – pure joy towards the young man. You adored him. You raved about him, called him special, complimented every little growth spurt even if it was a few inches. You treated him with such care, always searching for a gift to give to him each time you saw him, usually biscuits and drinks. Even as you lay on your hospital bed recently, you lamented that you had no biscuits for him. You've given our young man more than biscuits – you gave him your heart, as you did for all of us. Thank you.

Nana, you are a Queen, an Icon, a Legend. We love you so much. We miss you dearly. We will never, ever forget you. You live on in our hearts, our souls, our spirits. God bless you. Rest in perfect peace.

Abobebe, Nana Kofi, Baby Afua, Kojo James, and Kwadwo Nyamesem





## TRIBUTE BY MADAM LYDIA AKOSUA NYANTA OSEI

I met Nana when my daughter married her grandson, and she took to me the first day we met. She would always ask me to sit by her anytime we met either at her daughter's (Sister Florence's) house or at a family gathering. Nana was a fun, no nonsense woman who would say it as it is! She would light up when she saw me, as I would when I saw her, and we would laugh as we exchanged stories about our childhoods. She enjoyed visiting my home, and always commented about my palm nut soup and the simple dresses I would sew her. I wish I had known her earlier, for as our friendship blossomed she fell sick. Alas it was not to be.

I am so happy to have seen Nana the day before she passed. When Sister Florence told her I had come to visit, Nana turned and smiled at me. Sister Florence remarked right then, that the fact that Nana had smiled meant she had seen me and was happy despite the pain she was experiencing. I sat with her for a while and held her hand until she fell asleep.

I know she is resting in the arms of the Lord. Nana, enjoy your well deserved rest! Someday I know we will be together and laugh once again.

Da yie Obaatan pa.



## TRIBUTE BY REV. PROF. ESTHER ACOLATSE

A Tribute To The Frankest, Most Zestful Lady Of Our Time

In a world where many of us have perfected 'fake civility' and named it 'being nice', the one we affectionately call Nana shames us all by showing up as herself - sassy, frank, and no nonsense - until the very end.

When you hang out with Florence Hutchful as much as some of us have, especially in the last decade, you get both a sister and an almost mother. That was my good fortune. At the beginning, I would observe the two and worry my little head about the difference between them as I assumed. One a gentle smiler, the other seemingly brusque and fierce. Nana didn't have time for mincing words and speaking with a curved tongue; time was for living and she showed us how. When you are real in every way and at every time, and everywhere; and when you are not playing to the audience, you have the energy for the full life God has given you. And that was Nana. Nana taught us that policing yourself in different contexts was not only unnecessary but tiring. You don't need even basic psychology to tell you that equals a ton of stress your body wasn't built to handle.

Nana was a reader and loved to read the Bible. She would be on her favorite couch and shuttle between the newspaper and her Bible. It is the best way to read the world from God's perspective if you are to pray for appropriate change and for the kingdom to come. But Nana could go from yelling and excoriating misbehaviors of the house girls one minute and reaching for the Bible (which she usually read with a magnifying glass) the next! I would sometimes get an "ooo" if I let the spring door go abruptly and it made noise. I quickly learned how to let my behind catch it if Nana was reading or dozing. Paradoxically, that she could scowl and grumble at you while reading the Bible is what spells child of God more than the "nice", other-pleasing behaviour which we assume spells peace. Kind is the Christian virtue we are to emulate, and that Nana had that in spades. She was



always giving of the resources she was blessed with and drew many both high and low to her. I have a few made-to-order trinkets to remember her by. Nana had a thinking faith; her keen mind couldn't stomach any other kind. As soon as I heard her say "Awura Esther", I knew there was going to be a pointy question from the Bible especially after morning devotion. There were simple questions about where Cain went when he left Eden and who were the people from whom he married if God created only two human beings. If the answer satisfied her, she would say "3h33, wo mom na w'aka asem no, efis3" (Yes, you have spoken well and offered a plausible explanation because...) and we would have an extended conversation from which I often learned a lot. Auntie Joyce, our Nana, knew the best way she could glorify God was to live zestfully and use up all the time and every breath God gave her, and so God gave her strength according to her years. I believe it is one reason she lived so long and could leave this earth as peacefully as she did.

Dear Nana,  
I still owe you an answer to who were and from whence the Nephilim in Genesis 6 came. We will both ask God or the Rabbinic Scholar closest to our mansions in heaven when we next meet. Rest well and see you in the Resurrection.

- Awura Esther



## TRIBUTE BY DR. AWURAA MAUREEN OHENEWA IHEANACHO (ENUGU, NIGERIA)

Tribute to Nana, my Friend

The first time I arrived in Ghana in August 1995, Auntie Joyce (as I knew her then) welcomed me warmly as a friend of her daughter Afua (Auntie Florence). I would remain in the warm embrace of her friendship during the years of my residence in Ghana and every time I visited Ghana after my relocation to Nigeria in late 2018.

Auntie Joyce was one of the people God used very early during my life in Ghana to bless me. In those days (mid 1990s and early 2000s), the celebratory cloth used to come in a variety of hues of blue and white background. Wanting me to fit in culturally, she surprised me during a visit with my very first outfit. Amazingly, it was a perfect fit! Besides the beautiful outfit, she also brought me some homemade food as well. Auntie Joyce loved to cook and to have people sample her culinary delicacies. So, during that first year in Ghana, I had a consistent supply of jollof rice, roast chicken, ofam, tatali and rock buns. Then, when I visited her in Adukrom, she treated me to fufu and chicken light soup.

Auntie Joyce was feisty and sharp-tongued. Some people found her too forthright, blunt and sometimes impossible, and they wondered how I could get on so well with her. For whatever reason, she related to me with fondness. While our friendship developed in the late 1990s, it was affirmed particularly as from 2000, when she began to spend long spells in Auntie Florence's home. Although she started out calling me 'Auntie Maureen' as I was known in the Hutchful home, in latter years, she took to calling me 'Awuraa Maureen'. Conversely, as her great grandchildren began to arrive and grow up, she became truly Nana to me.

Thanks to my frequent visits to the Hutchful residence, I got to spend long periods in conversation with her. I found her then to be a

keen enquirer of the Christian faith. She would often pose knotty theological questions or want me to explain a Bible passage she was grappling with. She gave me more theological credence than I deserved, but I tried to answer as best I could.

When I discovered that Nana liked word search puzzles, I was delighted that we shared that hobby, and would occasionally get them for her. As she got older, though, her eyesight began to fail, until in the last year or so, her grandson Papa Kum (Jonathan) bought her a magnifying glass to aid her reading. I believe that gift not only helped Nana read more regularly, but must also have added a few more years to her life. Thankfully, she could continue to read her Bible, the Daily Graphic newspaper and other materials to the very end.

I have been so privileged and blessed by Nana's affection and friendship. The last couple of years were truly special in the advice, insights, words of wisdom and caution, as well as personal anecdotes and historical information that she shared with me. Her generosity of heart towards me was also expressed in compliments, encouragement and prayer. More recently in 2023, Nana gifted me with a strand of ivory beads and a matching bracelet. I had planned to wear them during my next visit for her to see, but alas, due to unexpected circumstances, that did not happen.

Next time I visit Auntie Florence's home, it will feel sadly different. I will definitely miss Nana's warm and enthusiastic welcome every time I stepped through the front door. I will also miss Nana's perceptive wit. We enjoyed many a good laugh and I will miss her humour. I will miss her physical presence: sitting at her usual corner in the family living room during her meal times, or reclining on the couch, reading her Bible or the newspaper. I will miss hearing the early morning sounds of her petite footsteps pattering to the gate, rebuking the still sleeping watchman and opening the gate to let

the dogs out—all that activity accompanied by her prayerful expression of gratitude and appreciation to God ('Awurade, y3da Wase') for another day of life.

My heartfelt condolences go particularly to Auntie Florence. My prayer is that God will comfort, console and uphold her and her entire family throughout this difficult time. I am thankful to her for making room for me to get to know Nana as I did.

May Nana's jovial and generous soul find eternal rest in God's peace. Amen.





## TRIBUTE BY ESTELLA HUTCHFUL

### TO NANA, MY GINGER FRIEND

*To laugh often and much;*

*To win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children;*

*To earn the approbation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends;*

*To appreciate beauty;*

*To find the best in others;*

*To give of one's self;*

*To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition;*

*To have played and laughed with enthusiasm and sung with exultation;*

*To know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived – that is success*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

When I think of you Nana, you were a success! You laughed! You were respected by young and old alike! You raised wonderful children, and helped them raise amazing children, and helped them raise your fantastic great grandchildren! You were independent, fearless, and you always spoke the truth, your truth! You were unapologetically you, and you were such fun to be around.

One of the many blessings of my marrying Kojo was getting to know and learn from you. You welcomed me into your family the way you welcomed everyone: with open arms and straightforward words. I loved spending time with you. I would often stop by Mama's house just to chat with you and watch you make rockbuns with your very old, yet very efficient, mini oven, and tell you about my backyard garden, and watch you do your crossword puzzles. Mama would tease me that we were best friends, and like best friends we would laugh at our own internal jokes. Ginger...

Just as we laughed together we also had our own little squabbles. On one of Kojo's birthday's I bought and served roadside waakye as part of his birthday breakfast. You were livid! You didn't understand why I did not make the waakye myself, and I didn't understand why you were

mad because Kojo loves his waakye (bought from particular street vendors, not my homemade waakye). Several weeks later we finally agreed to disagree because after all the goal was to make sure your grandson was happy and he was.

You always showed up 100% for your family, because showing up for them is not just showing you care about them; it also shows you care about what you put out into the world. I have learnt from you to always put my best foot forward and strive for authenticity rather than niceties. Thank you for such an invaluable lesson.

Thank you for everything you taught me. Thank you for loving Peyton and my mother too. We all miss you. Know that I will show up for your grandson and the rest of the family always, and even if i never get to learn how to make waakye like a roadside vendor, I will endeavor to put my best foot forward at all times, and at least serve roadside waakye in a more dignified manner: on a plate!

Rest in Perfect Peace.

Your ginger friend

- Estella



## TRIBUTE BY JOSHUA SENAVOE (AMO-ADDAE), Esq.

She was an Adukrom titan, but most of my personal knowledge of Nana was garnered from walking through the swing door at Mama Florence's home in Accra, and being welcomed by Nana's hearty "Joshua!" shriek, and then proceeding to sit with her.

As we sat, Nana would clasp my hands tightly almost the entire time. With her famous scowl, she would ask me why she hadn't seen me in so long, we would joke about varied subjects, punctuated with constant intermittences of "Na w'adidi de? Monkw3 13 d3n na Josh badi". Then it would be "Josh!", "Nana!", back and forth a few times, until finally we would get into the conversation. It was our routine. Joyful and hearty. Every time.

Words and jokes aside, we always shared a wink and nod. A humorous twinkle. A never-say-die attitude even. We were polished ruffians. Respectfully.

Her fierceness is by now renowned lore, but, as most of us know or you may have learned from other tributes, it was a fierceness that shone brightest in the way she loved you. And I had no doubt of either: her fierceness about, and love for, me, I trust she had none about mine for her.

My only regret is not realizing earlier how closely related we actually were; that, like her sister, Regina Addae, Nana was indeed the aunt of my mother, Mama Julie, of blessed memory.

The last times I saw her, Nana laboured, but our words were not belaboured. When she realized who it was, she smiled broadly, and with impressive volume and no concern about who would hear her, she asked how I was getting on, and continued talking.

Peeking from under her obvious grimace was the familiar Nana wink-and-nod. The same never-say-die attitude. And the glimmer, Waning, but still there.

From the Adukrom hills to the slight Haatso slope and farther, Nana positively impacted so many lives whose stories could not fit into this tribute book or be heard en masse. But their stories essentially ring mostly the same:

Attesting to her 96 years of adventure, courage, accomplishment, resilience, humour, laughter, agelessness, tenacity, discordances, forgiveness, grace, beauty, love and life.

And after living a full life, the diminutive force that was Nana left this earth the same way she lived – with grace, and surrounded by love.

I miss her already.

Nana, *me p'akyew, wo nso*, "Nyame nbyira wo".





## TRIBUTE BY DR. & MRS. BENJAMIN ACQUAH AND FAMILY

Nana, affectionately called, the news of your passing was a blow to us all, and the Acquahs find it extremely difficult to accept. However, we take consolation from God's word in Ecclesiastes 3, verses 1-2: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die."

Nana, you were an outstanding woman whose strength and vibrant spirit left a lasting impact on all who knew you. Your warm welcome and engaging conversations made us, the Acquahs, feel like a united and inseparable family at the home of Mrs. Florence Hutchful and our late Mr. Kweku Hutchful, of blessed memory.

It is unfortunate that none of us, the Acquah family, were around you before your departure from this world. Nevertheless, as we celebrate your life, we want to say thank you so much for the love and care we received from you anytime we visited Ghana. You made Auntie Florence's home our home, enjoying very delicious meals. Nana, we will miss you very much. We thank God for the long, fulfilled life you have left behind, an indelible legacy that will stay in our minds forever.

Aunty Florence, Kojo, Papa Kum, and Mammie Nyamekye, we are very sorry for this great loss. We share in your sorrow. Death is inevitable, but sometimes the pain is difficult to deal with, even if expected, especially through sickness as Nana went through in her last few years. God loved her so much and has relieved her by calling her home for rest.

Nana, Dr. & Mrs. Acquah, Kobi, Esi, Adjoo, Kwesi, and Kweku will forever miss you. May God be with you until we meet again. Da yie!



## TRIBUTE BY MR. DANIEL ADDO

I write this tribute with deep sorrow, tears and pain. Nana has really played an active role in who I am today (a pre-service teacher). I will never forget the love, advice, kindness and the role of Nana in my life. She was truly a God fearing, generous mother and grandmother. Words cannot describe the wounds and grief that have been inflicted on my heart as we lost a dear and beloved grandmother. I have lost a great person, I am grateful to her.

May the good Lord give her a resting place in the bosom of Abraham. By all means one day we all will meet again in heaven. With tears in my eyes, the only thing I can say is Nana,

Rest in perfect peace.

## TRIBUTE BY MRS. HANNAH ADDO AND FAMILY (WIFE & CHILDREN OF THE LATE MR. ADOM, NANA'S DRIVER)

Life is full of pain and sorrow. We have indeed lost a grandmother.

Nana has been the backbone to the raising of the late Mr. Adom. Now, all the three sons are in secondary school. From Mrs. Hannah Addo and children, we are grateful and would like to express our sincere gratitude for the tremendous role Nana has played in each of them lives.

Their prayer is that the Almighty God whom we serve will reward Nana and her family for the meritorious love and kindness she showed to them.

They and I would like to say that we have lost a great person, we wish Nana stayed and lived longer with more strength. However, we know that man proposes but God disposes.

Nana, may you rest in perfect peace.

I am made in the image and <sup>7</sup> likeness of God. God is my life and the reality of all that is. God is around me, through me and in me as ~~the~~ my deeper being <sup>8</sup> God's life deepens and vitalises my life my body. God's life illumines my mind. God's life prospers me in all ways <sup>9</sup> God's life blesses me in subtle ways and in ways more obvious, through nature's bounty and caring friends <sup>10</sup> I am happy. I am thankful. I am open and surrendered to God's life through ~~earth~~ <sup>earth</sup> ~~me~~ and around me: <sup>me</sup>.

YOLLY BIBLE

Word Search #2

U	M	B	S	E	L	B	A	V	L	A	C	E	G	I	A	D	E	S	I	V	E	R
A	C	O	N	O	M	O	N	O	Y													
H	A	R	T	Y	O	S	A	B	O	T	G	S	U	O	T	E	C	A	D	I		
M	S	L	E	A	L	I	J	W	H	W	E											

CACOPHONY \*    DAMESTER \*    PASCAMAN \*    THELBY \*  
 COOLICE \*    HEADWORK \*    PROXIMITY \*    TORSION \*





















## HYMNS

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### MHB 110

*1. Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.*

*2. Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on  
Thee;  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.*

*3. Thou, O Christ, art all I  
want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the  
blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.*

*4. Plenteous grace with Thee is  
found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams  
abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;*

*Spring Thou up within my  
heart,  
Rise to all eternity.*

### MHB 308

*1. Lord, thy word abideth,  
and our footsteps guideth;  
who its truth believeth  
light and joy receiveth.  
2. When our foes are near us,  
then thy word doth cheer us,  
word of consolation,  
message of salvation.*

*3. When the storms are o'er us,  
and dark clouds before us,  
then its light directeth,  
and our way protecteth.*

*4. Who can tell the pleasure,  
who recount the treasure  
by thy word imparted  
to the simple-hearted?*

*5. Word of mercy, giving  
succour to the living;  
word of life, supplying  
comfort to the dying.*

*6. O that we discerning  
its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear thee,  
evermore be near thee!*

### MHB 313

*1. To God be the glory, great  
things he has done;  
so loved he the world that he*

*gave us his Son,  
who yielded his life an  
atonement for sin,  
and opened the life-gate that all  
may go in.*

### Chorus

*Praise the Lord, praise the  
Lord; let the earth hear his  
voice!  
Praise the Lord, praise the  
Lord; let the people rejoice!  
O come to the Father through  
Jesus the Son,  
and give him the glory; great  
things he has done.*

*2. O perfect redemption, the  
purchase of blood,  
to every believer the promise of  
God;  
the vilest offender who truly  
believes,  
that moment from Jesus a  
pardon receives.*

### [Chorus]

*3. Great things he has taught  
us, great things he has done,  
and great our rejoicing through  
Jesus the Son;  
but purer and higher and  
greater will be  
our wonder, our rapture, when  
Jesus we see.*

### [Chorus]



**MHB 350**

1. *With broken heart and  
contrite sigh  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:  
Thy pardoning grace is rich  
and free  
O God, be merciful to me.*

2. *I smite upon my troubled  
breast,  
With deep and conscience guilt  
oppressed;  
Christ and His cross my only  
plea:  
O God, be merciful to me.*

3. *Far off I stand with tearful  
eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the  
skies;  
But Thou dost all my anguish  
see:  
O God, be merciful to me.*

4. *Nor alms, nor deeds that I  
have done,  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee:  
O God, be merciful to me.*

5. *And when, redeemed from sin  
and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I  
dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me.*

**MHB 400**

1. *Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless  
praise.*

2. *Take my hands and let them  
move  
At the impulse of Thy love.  
Take my feet and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.*

3. *Take my voice and let me*

*sing,  
Always, only for my King.  
Take my lips and let them be  
Filled with messages from  
Thee.*

4. *Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold.  
Take my intellect and use  
Every power as Thou shalt  
choose.*

5. *Take my will and make it  
Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine.  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.*

6. *Take my love, my Lord, I  
pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store.  
Take myself and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.*

**MHB 422**

1. *Blessed assurance, Jesus is  
mine;  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory  
divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of  
God,  
Born of His Spirit, washed in  
His blood.*

**Chorus**

*This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day  
long.*

*This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day  
long.*

2. *Perfect submission, perfect  
delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on  
my sight;  
Angels descending, bring from*

*above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of  
love.*

**[Chorus]**

3. *Perfect submission, all is at  
rest,  
I in my Savior am happy and  
blest;  
Watching and waiting, looking  
above,  
Filled with His goodness, lost  
in His love.*

**[Chorus]****MHB 427**

1. *Through all the changing  
scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall  
still  
My heart and tongue employ.*

2. *Of his deliv'rance I will  
boast,  
Till all that are distressed  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.*

3. *Oh, magnify the Lord with  
me;  
With me exalt his name;  
When in distress to him I called,  
He to my rescue came.*

4. *The hosts of God encamp  
around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliv'rance he affords to all  
Who on his succor trust.*

5. *Oh, make but trial of his  
love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only  
they,  
Who in his truth confide.*



6. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you his service your delight,  
Your wants shall be his care.

#### **MHB 478**

1. Jesus, my Saviour, Brother,  
Friend,  
On whom I cast my every care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.  
2. If I have tasted of Thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings,  
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,  
And hovering hides me in His wings.  
3. Still let Him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart;  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep till He renews my heart.  
4. When to the right or left I stray,  
His voice behind me may I hear;  
"Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;  
Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."  
5. His sacred unction from above  
Be still my comforter and guide;  
Till all the hardness He remove,  
And in my loving heart reside.  
6. Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,  
From nature's every path retreat;  
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,

And set upon the rock my feet.  
7. Uphold me, Saviour; or I fall;  
O reach me out Thy gracious hand!  
Only on Thee for help I call,  
Only by faith in Thee I stand.

#### **MHB 615**

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land.  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
Feed me now and evermore;  
Feed me now and evermore.  
2. Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield;  
Be thou still my strength and shield.  
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises, songs of praises,  
I will ever give to thee;  
I will ever give to thee.

#### **MHB 976**

1. Now the laborer's task is o'er;

Now the battle day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.

#### **Refrain**

Father, in thy gracious keeping,  
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

2. There the tears of earth are dried,  
There its hidden things are clear,  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster judge than here.

#### **Chorus**

3. There the Shepherd, bringing home  
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,  
Shelters each, no more to roam,  
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

#### **[Refrain]**

4. There the penitents, who turn  
To the cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Christ shall learn  
At his feet in Paradise.

#### **[Refrain]**

5. There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He Who died for their release

#### **[Refrain]**

6. 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust!  
Calmly now the words we say;  
Left behind we wait in trust,  
For the resurrection-day.

#### **[Refrain]**

**AMEN.**



# Appreciation

The Mintah and Addae families would like to extend their sincere gratitude for your time and support before, during, and after the burial of our beloved

**JOYCE ABENA OPAREBEA MINTAH-ADDAE.**

God richly bless you.

Thank You!