



Celebrating

**A PILLAR OF
THE ABBAN FAMILY**

O B A A P A N Y I N

Elizabeth Abban

A . K . A . E F U A N T S I F U A H

OHEMBAA AMPIA II

MAY 7, 1939 - DECEMBER 3, 2019



“

**Your undying love remains
with us and we feel extremely
proud and privileged to have
called you our mother.**

”

Kofi Abban-Sackey



Elizabeth with Anthony Seibu Abban, in Baltimore

Burial and Thanksgiving Service for the Late

Obaapanyin Elizabeth Abban
(Alias Efua Ntsifuah) (Aged 80)

At The Freeman Methodist Church
Enyan Abaasa, C/R on
Saturday 1st February, 2020 At 9:00am
Sunday 2nd February, 2020 At 9:00am

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rt. Rev. Ebenezer Abaka-Wilson (Bishop, Cape Coast Diocese)
Rt. Rev. Samuel Kofi Osabutey (Bishop, Accra Diocese)
Very Rev. Daniel K. Ackom (Supt Minister, Abaasa Section)
Very Rev. Nicholas A. Mensah (Circuit Minister, Essiam Section)
Very Rev. Bennett Ato Wilson (Good Shepherd Methodist Church)
Rev. Isaac Baah Yanney, Methodist Education Unit, Ho.

Rev Jonathan Kwasi Attuah
Rev Joseph Osei Wusu
Rev Ammishaddai Owusu Amoah
Rev Emmanuel Owusu
Rev Kwasi Agyemang
Pastor Francis Adibo

STEWARDS

Bro. Solomon Acquah
Sis. Martha Eshun
Sis. Gracelove Mensah (Circuit Steward)
Bro. David Edumadze (Circuit Lay Council Chairman)
Bro. Richard Asamoah (Society Lay Council Chairman)

CHOIR MASTERS

Bro. Joseph Acquah
Bro. J. B. Dantsil (Asst)

FEATURING

Freeman Church Choir
Freeman Singing Band
Freeman Voices

ORGANISTS

Bro. Samuel Mensah
Bro. Edward Baidoo (Asst)



OBAAPANYIN ELIZABETH ABBAN

BIOGRAPHY

**There is a time for everything, and a season
For everything under heaven.
A time to be born and a time to die,
A time to plant and a time to uproot
Eccl. 3:1-2**

The late Madam Elizabeth Seibu Abban was born on 7th of May 1939 at Enyan Abaasa to Opanyin Kofi Amoa also known as James E. Abban of Anona Clan and Obaapanyin Martha Abban of Opantsir obokwesienkyir Yego Ebusua both of blessed memory. Madam Elizabeth Abban was fifth of eleven siblings and the last surviving member of her parents' children. Madam Elizabeth Abban was traditionally named Efua Ntsifuah after her paternal grandaunt. Elizabeth spent her childhood years in Enyan Abaasa, where at a time when young girls were not often given an education, her thirst for knowledge was noticed by the headmaster at the local school who persuaded her parents to send her to school. At Enyan Abaasa Methodist Primary School, Elizabeth stood out as one of the brightest pupils and earned the respect and admiration of most of her contemporaries and teachers.

Madam Elizabeth Abban successfully completed her studies, obtained the Middle School Leaving Certificate (MLSC), and moved from Enyan Abaasa to Agona Swedru to live with relatives, where she successfully pursued a professional typing and secretarial course at Royal Commercial College (ROCOCO). Madam Elizabeth Abban who was affectionately called Ewura Efua was very fortunate to have highly educated paternal cousins like Tufohen Wilson, Mr. Anthony Seibu Abban and Lawyer Henry Richard Seibu Abban who mentored her. Mr. Wilson for instance employed her to work at G.B. Ollivant in Agona Swedru. She subsequently moved to Accra to live with her older brother Anthony Seibu Alec Abban, then member of parliament for Ajumako-Enyan-Essiam constituency, and a minister in Ghana's first president Kwame Nkrumah's government.

In Accra, Elizabeth soon secured employment as a secretary working for the government at the Public Works Department (PWD). During the regime of Osagyefo Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, the late Madam Elizabeth Abban also worked as a professional secretary to her brother Mr. A.S.A. Abban and often accompanied him on official visits to the USA, Asia, and Europe. President Nkrumah embarked on an industrialisation programme which included the development of a Chocolate Factory in Ghana, and Elizabeth was selected as one of the few women sent to Hamburg in Germany to train in skills required to run the factory. During her time in Germany, Elizabeth often visited her senior brother Richard Seibu Abban, an international lawyer based in Geneva, Switzerland where they enjoyed such thrills as driving a sports car down winding mountain roads at Saas-Fee in the Swiss Alps.

Elizabeth successfully completed her studies in Germany and decided to spend some time in London, England before returning to Ghana. She took an administrative job at the

British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC), and subsequently met and married her first husband Joseph Kobina Idun-Sackey, a mechanical engineer and spawn of the eminent Mancell family in London. The marriage produced Elizabeth's elder son Kofi Abban-Sackey, after which the family moved back to Ghana and set up home in Ghana's second largest city Kumasi. The marriage entered into difficulties and ended soon after they returned to Ghana, and Elizabeth moved to the capital city Accra to commence a difficult phase in her life as a single mother with her young son. She embarked on an illustrious career as a stenographer and was employed as a secretary to the managing partner at the prestigious architectural firm Kenneth Scott and Associates. Due to her diligence Elizabeth was later appointed the first Executive Secretary at the Ghana Institute of Architects (GIA).

Elizabeth later met and married her childhood sweetheart who hailed from her hometown, Kwesi Sam-Woode, then a young and ambitious publishing genius who went on to incorporate Ghana's first indigenous publishing company Afram Publications, and subsequently became Chairman of Sam-Woode Ltd (SWL), a successful publishing firm listed on the Ghana Stock Exchange. The marriage produced Elizabeth's second child Pearl Aba Woode. After the birth of her daughter, Elizabeth resigned her job to become a homemaker and care for her children and step children Joyce Ekuwa Woode, Kweku Sam-Woode, and Pamela Adwoa Woode as they all set up home at her house in North Kaneshie, Accra.

Madam Elizabeth Abban was really and truly a mother. Her motherhood and parental care and concern transcended beyond the boundary of her nuclear family. Sons and daughters of her sister Ekuwa Amba and brother Mr. J.E. Abban alias Kofi Ammba Ntsem and many others benefited from her concern and care for proper upbringing, educational

Elizabeth loved gardening and always cultivated beautiful flowers at home. Her gardens were resplendent with many colourful flowers including sunflowers, roses, and lilies. The family later moved from Elizabeth's house in North Kaneshie to a large family residence in the prime suburban neighbourhood of North Labone where the family created some of their fondest memories. Not one to rest on her laurels, Elizabeth worked tirelessly to support her husband in his business and also started her own trading business during which she established a couple of shops, a grocery store and general merchants at North Kaneshie and a book and stationery shop at Kaneshie. Elizabeth was very entrepreneurial and travelled extensively to bring in goods and fabrics from Europe and neighbouring African countries. She often partnered with other business women to import goods from Togo, Liberia, Sierra Leone, and Gambia into Ghana. She was also a marketing representative for a major forklift manufacturer.

Traditionally, Madam Elizabeth Abban played her role as a member of the Enyan Abaasa Opantsir obokwesienkyir Yego Clan. Due to her prominence in society and royal lineage, Elizabeth was enstooled as the Adonten Hema of the Enyan Abaasa traditional area. She was installed the second Queen mother of the Opantsir Yego Clan with the stool name Ohembaa Ampiah II. She is fondly remembered by both Opantsir and Brofo Yego Clan and Abaasa Nananom for her remarkable display of queenship, and traditional and customary acumen, especially during the Nananom Nsumko festival. Elizabeth took her responsibilities to the stool seriously and was a very respected and admired Queen Mother, but the demands of the role took a toll on her and she later abdicated her royal duties citing exhaustion. In her latter years Elizabeth established a nursery school, Little Crystals Nursery School, which she run successfully for over twenty years. She was fondly referred to as Grandma by the many pupils who passed



through her doors.

Madam Elizabeth Abban's parents the late Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Abban like crabs did not give birth to a bird. A chip off the old block, Madam Elizabeth Abban from the sunrise to the sunset of her life exhibited significant traits of her parents' socio-cultural, moral, spiritual and Christian attitude and behavior. Wherever she lived and worked home and abroad, she remained a committed Christian. In Accra, she was an active member of the Good Shepherd Methodist Church. She belonged to many societies and organizations such as the Christ Little Band, Women's Fellowship, and the Susanna Wesley Mission Auxiliary (SUWMA) where she became the Acting President. At Good Shepherd, Madam Elizabeth Abban was a leader, who was very well liked by everyone in the church community. Even whilst on her sick bed, she regularly paid her tithes and other dues. She died a faithful Christian.

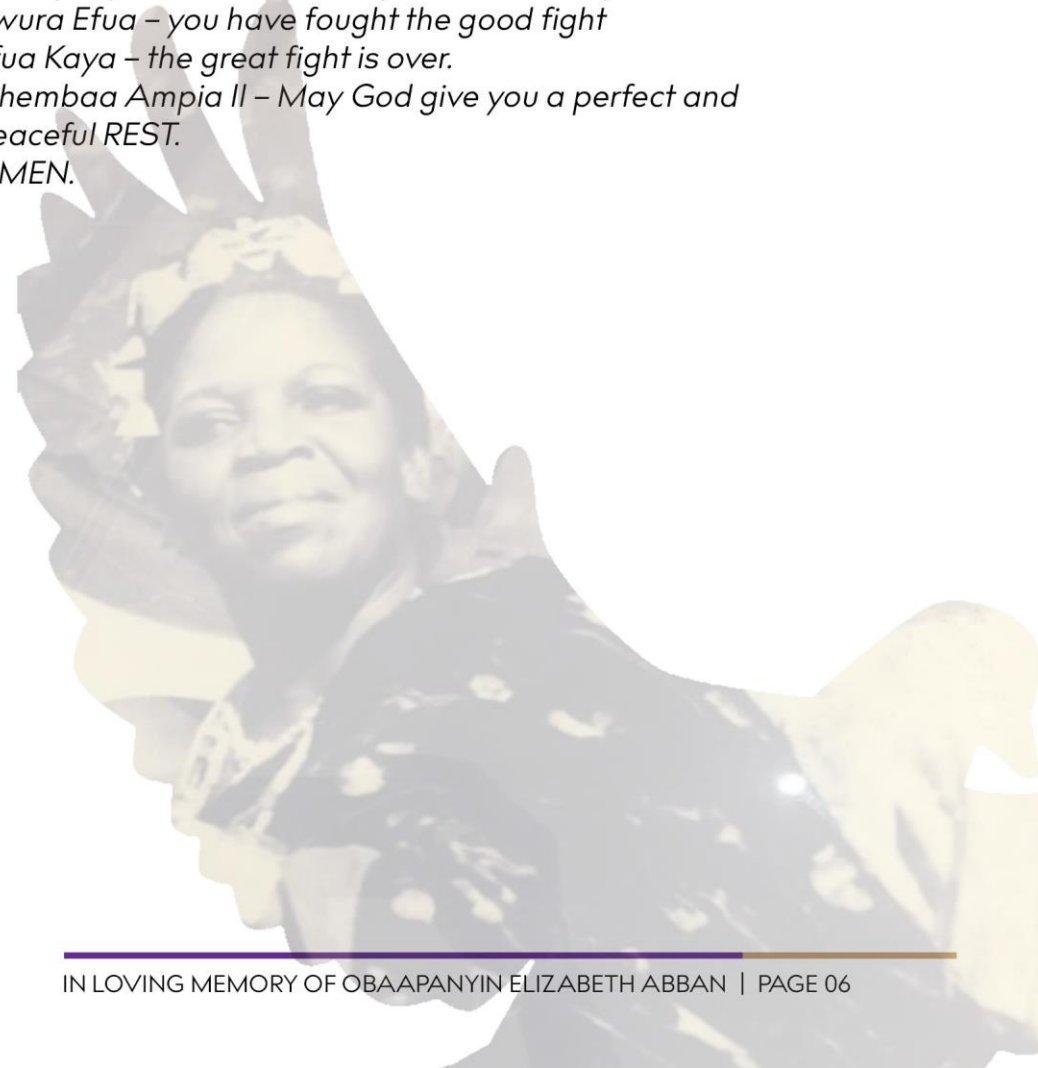
Elizabeth had been suffering with ill health for the past couple of years during which she had been mostly home bound. In the afternoon on December 3rd 2019 after a serious bout of pneumonia, she was found unresponsive and rushed to Korle Bu Hospital where she was pronounced dead. Thankfully God had provided her the opportunity to affirm her love of Jesus Christ as she was able to fellowship, receive communion, and pray with her priest and a few members of her church at her home on the morning of the day she passed. She died peacefully on Tuesday 3rd December 2019.

She is survived by her son Kofi, daughter Pearl, grandchildren Daniel, Dylan, Sofia, Immanuelle, and Allegra all of whom she loved dearly, and are most thankful to have been recipients of her affectionate love and care. Madam Elizabeth Seibu Abban was very dearly loved, and will be very dearly missed.

May her soul rest in peace.

It was quite recently that your health started deteriorating. You experienced different kinds of ill-health. Your children did the best they could to sustain your life but death which is inevitable in one's life could not be overcome. It was on **Tuesday 3rd December, 2019** that you responded quietly to the call of your Maker to eternity. We wished you would live a little longer.

Madam Elizabeth Abban you have been through a lot.
Obaapanyin Efua Ntsifuah - you have run a good race.
Ewura Efua - you have fought the good fight
Efua Kaya - the great fight is over.
Ohembaa Ampia II - May God give you a perfect and peaceful REST.
AMEN.



O B A A P A N Y I N

“

Death is nothing else
but going home to God,
the bond of love will be
unbroken for all eternity.

”

Kofi Amoa Abban



E L I Z A B E T H



TRIBUTE BY

CHILDREN

Dearest mother, we always knew this day would come but we didn't know that nothing could ever prepare us for the absolute sense of loss we feel. Your passing was always going to be untimely no matter how much notice we had. Our sorrow has reached depths we never knew existed, and our grief so complete we weep with every fibre in our body. Your undying love remains with us and we feel extremely proud and privileged to have called you our mother. Your sense of duty as a mother, from our childhood through to adulthood has been exemplary. You nurtured us and made us want for nothing. Even when you disciplined us, we knew it was done with the deepest of love. You were the light in our family, the pillar that we drew strength from, the music we danced to, and the warmth and comfort of your embrace will remain with us forever.

You have left us in complete anguish with no answer for the deep sadness that overwhelms us. Our pain knows no bounds for such is the abundance of the love we felt for you. You will always be our beloved mother and we remain your loving children, but it breaks our hearts that we will never see you smile again, never feel the tenderness and warmth of your hug again, never see you sing and dance again, and never hear your warm and infectious laugh again. As you move on from this life, know that we hold all the things you taught us dear. We are grateful for the endless pearls of wisdom you imparted, the values and virtues you bestowed upon us, the absolute zest for life you inspired, the appreciation we shared for everything great in this world, and in particular our shared love of God.





“

Keep love in your heart.
A life without it is like a
sunless garden when
the flowers are dead.

”

TRIBUTE BY JOYCE, KWEKU AND PAMELA.

STEPCHILDREN

**1 Peter 1:24: "All flesh is like grass and all its glory like the flower of grass. The grass withers, and the flower falls,"...
"So teach us to number our days that we may get a heart of wisdom." Psalms 90:12.**

When someone you've known most of your life dies - someone close, someone you've called "mummy" - there are some things you're sure to do amidst the barrage of emotions of loss and pain and grief. You reflect on the times; you recall, as in a motion picture - the good, the bad and everything in-between. Then you may settle on reminiscing. Today we sing our mother's praises!

We remember a confident woman; emerged from humble beginnings, who could make a clueless little child's eye widen in awe of her aura. In current terms one would say, she had her own swagger and we were proud to call her mom. We remember an industrious woman who sold any and everything, from African prints - to Western clothes - to jewelry - to provisions - to books. One who cultivated a garden, reared chickens and sheep, and in the latter days, opened a crèche. She was resourceful and these ventures ensured that she had other streams of income.

We remember the salads and the veggies-jollof rice that could make any Ghana-Nigeria jollof cooking competition look small. There were also the fried pies! Seriously, who fries pies? I grew up to discover most pies are actually baked! Then there was Christmas and decorations and a chance to have a

quarter-chicken each. Those were good times!

We remember the day Kweku got seriously sick and you carried him on your back to the road side, to get a taxi, because there was no car at home. You did then what a mother would do to preserve the life of a child. You clothed, fed and sheltered us.

The loss of a stepparent is confusing. We experience a less-than sympathetic reaction when we say, our stepmother died. People do not empathize the same way they would if she was our biological mother. But we believe we were placed in each other's lives for a reason. "And we know that all things work(ed) together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose." Romans 8:28.

Unfortunately in the latter days, mummy was sick with dementia and couldn't remember well. I recall praying the dementia takes the not-too-good memories and leaves her with only the good ones. She also had a couple of surgeries and was in and out of the hospital a number of times. We got to pray together on these occasions. Something we should've done more of when we were placed together but I guess both kids and adults didn't know any better.

We conclude however that: "in all (these) things we give thanks for it is the will of God for us in Christ Jesus." Mummy, thank you for being a second mother to us. You're in part a reflection of who we are today and you'll forever remain in our hearts.

*Mummy, damirifa due!
Due ne amanehunu!*

May the good Lord give you a resting place. Mummy, da yie!
From Joyce, Kweku and Pamela.

TRIBUTE BY

RICHARD ABBAN

Auntie Lizzie had no wand or wings so, she utilized perception, love, and sweet food, to make my world joyful and secure. She loved me right down to my soul, pride blazing fiercely in her eyes. She offered abundant kindness, and a hug and kiss at every sighting, freely out of love which I do miss.

I especially loved her because she was a window into my father's life, and she regaled me with juicy chronicles of his escapades, traversing Accra, Swedru, London, Geneva and Baltimore.

In the years when Fiifi and I were feeling the biting chill of London living, Auntie Lizzie was as a hot water bottle to our bosom..... comforting. She was fiercely a 'Seibu Abban' and instilled in me I carried an illustrious name. In fact, she is the only person ever to call me Seibu, to ensure I never forgot.

For all the times you were by my side, to celebrate my successes, to help carry my problems, and help me overcome my shortcomings; I wonder if I ever thanked you enough. I recall in particular, the trips you made with me up and down the Tema motorway as I sought treatment for my atrocious acne keloids. You had no words to soothe my agony, but you made sure you cupped your hands over mine to transmit empathy and comfort. If, I did not show my gratitude enough for all the things you did, I'm thanking you now. And I am hoping you knew all along, how much you meant to me.

In my thoughts, you'll always remain. How blessed I've been, you were more than an Aunt. You were also my friend and historian.

I love you and miss you Aunty Lizzie. Damirifa due! May it please God Almighty to allot you an inheritance with Him.



TRIBUTE BY GRANDCHILDREN

It is with a heavy heart that I write this tribute to my grandmother, **Elizabeth Abban**. Though I only had the pleasure of spending time with her on a few occasions during the course of my life until now, the warmth of her presence and energy made an impression that will stay with me for a lifetime.

As a child, I had a few pictures of my grandmother that I would look at often. It is hard to get to know a person through photographs, but I could tell from her beaming smile and bright eyes that she was a woman of infinite kindness and charity, but with a sharpness and wit about her that gave her the wisdom we all knew her to have in abundance. I was nervous the first time I met her, as you can be before meeting people whose outstanding reputation precedes them. Still, this tension was almost immediately vanquished as I was comforted by her geniality and quickly felt as though I'd known her my whole life. On my first trip to Ghana in 2014 and visiting her home in Accra, I was overwhelmed by the generosity of her spirit and how welcoming she was. I was astonished by her energy, as she moved around and later outdanced both my father and I by an embarrassing amount, at no young age. Seeing a childhood photo of me was on her wall gave me a profound inner consolation to know she had always been watching over me. Simply put, she made me feel as though I was home, and I had the feeling that she had the capacity to make anyone feel like that anywhere.

I do not believe words can truly do a person's life and integrity justice. My Grandmother's nature is reflected in the character of her children and it is clear to look at them and see the love and care that must have gone into raising two such outstanding people. They stand as living tributes to this woman's life and work. I can speak first hand of receiving her unconditional benevolence and I'm certain the same can be said for my younger sisters and cousins. It is heartbreaking that the time I spent with her was so short, but I am immensely grateful to have had it and will treasure those moments always. Her memory and legacy will live forever in the hearts and minds of all those who were ever touched by her grace.





TRIBUTE BY

DAUGHTER -IN-LAW

To my mother-in-law

A light from our family has gone
Leaving a vacant place in our home
I wish God could have spared you
If only for just a few more years
We have beautiful memories of you
And a million tears
In our hearts you will remain
Until we meet again
Rest in peace dear loved one
And thanks for all you have done

Descansa en paz

TRIBUTE BY

MARGARET AFEDZIE WILSON

Lizzy, as I affectionately called her, was my cousin and a friend. Friendship is not words, it's trust. We grew up in the same vicinity and attended Methodist Middle School at Enyan Abaasa through to 1953. We lost contact for several years till 1978 when we met at Kotoka International Airport. This time we clung and shared in each other's joy, challenges, laughter, sad moments, exchange of experiences, encouraging one another and crowned it with slogans and lots of fun. She was affable. But death is inevitable. You lived a life worthy of emulation and I will cherish your memory forever. Fare thee well.



TRIBUTE BY

N & EPHEWS NIECES

**Then I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write:
Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on, yes says
the spirit that they may rest from their labours. And their works
do follow them.**

Rev. 10:13

It is very painful to pay tribute to a dear one. To us it is like a dream that Mama Elizabeth Abban whom we affectionately called Mama Ewura Efua Ntsifuah has passed away. Our loving and caring mother has left us for eternity. Mama, you opened your home and arms for everybody. We cherished every bit of love, passion and affection you had for us. The painful reality is that your mortal remains laid before us this morning. Truly, there is a time to be born and a time to die.

*Odomankoma wu, sor kwankyerefo, owo aye hen ngyanka
Odze n'adar twa odasanyi, ber a n'enyi nnda koraa
Ampa nyimpa tsia pirimpirim kwa Nyew oye mboboor ber a
n'ahom resa. Otse de ewia a opue fefeew wo anopa, na
onkyer n w'akoto ewimbir.*

Indeed if tears can wake a dead person up, we would wake you up because our heart, souls and eyes are filled with tears. Mama the virtues you taught us will forever remain in us. *Obaatanpa, Mama Ewura Efua we say we love you and we will never forget you. May the Almighty father lead your soul to rest in perfect peace. Mama da yie. Dzi fie kan ko tweon hen Amen*



TRIBUTE BY

DR. KOFI ABBAN

Wherever a beautiful soul has been there would be a trail of beautiful memories. That is why I may shed a tear, because she Auntie Efu is no more, but I smile because she lived. I am sure I would have wished for her existence all the time, but her impact on my life makes me feel she has played her full part in my life.

She was a mother and advisor while she allowed me to be her soul friend. And although won't travel again physically from Accra to Abasa or the other way again, I will cherish all that she taught and gave me including travelling cautions. So, rest in peace with the maker.

Dr. Kofi Abban

TRIBUTE BY

OPANTSIR AND BROFO YEGO CLAN

Ebusuapanyin Kweku Appo, Ebusuapanyin Kweku Baffoe-Yeboah, Okofo Otsiwa III, Adontenhen of Enyan Abaasa Traditional Council, Ohembaa Ampia III, Ohembaa Kwebu II, Brahen and Ofie Panyin D. A. Assamoah (Supt. Rtd), Brahen Ando Okuadaa and all Elders and Sectional Leaders and the entire membership of Opantsir and Brofo Yego Clan collectively pay this tribute to the living memory of the late Madam Elizabeth Abban also known as Efua Ntsifuah, a royal member of Ampia fie gate of the obokwesiekyir Yego clan in Enyan Abaasa. Efua Ntsifuah was born and brought up by the late Obaapanyin Kokwa of Opantsir Yego clan and Opanyin Kofi Amoah of Enyan Abaasa Anona clan.

After completing your elementary school you worked hard and played your active role as a useful member of the clan. You paid dues and attended funerals and traditional festivals like Ahobaa, Eguadoto and Akwanbo. It was not a surprise when the Queen mother's stool of Opantsir Yego clan became vacant as a direct result of the sudden demise of Obaapanyin Abena Afariwa, the first Queen mother of the stool with stool name Ohembaa Ampia I, you from the appropriate lineage were validly nominated and enstooled as the substantive Queen mother in accordance with the relevant customary law and

and usage. During the period that you were the Queen mother you discharged your duties to the best of your ability to the appreciation of the entire membership of the clan and Nananom.

Unexpectedly, as a result of reasons which were personal and best known to you, you peacefully and gracefully abdicated. You however remained an active member of the clan after your abdication.

Although, you did not give birth to many children we are satisfied with the two children you have left behind. The only daughter Pearl Aba Woode who is a professional Lawyer practicing in Accra is the pride of the family, the clan and the Abaasa community as whole. It is hoped that she will put her services to the benefit of Enyan Abaasa, the district and Ghana as a whole.

Efua Ntsifuah, your departure for eternity is a big loss to us all, though you were destined to die one day.

*We wish you a safe and peaceful journey home to your maker.
Amen.*



PHOTO

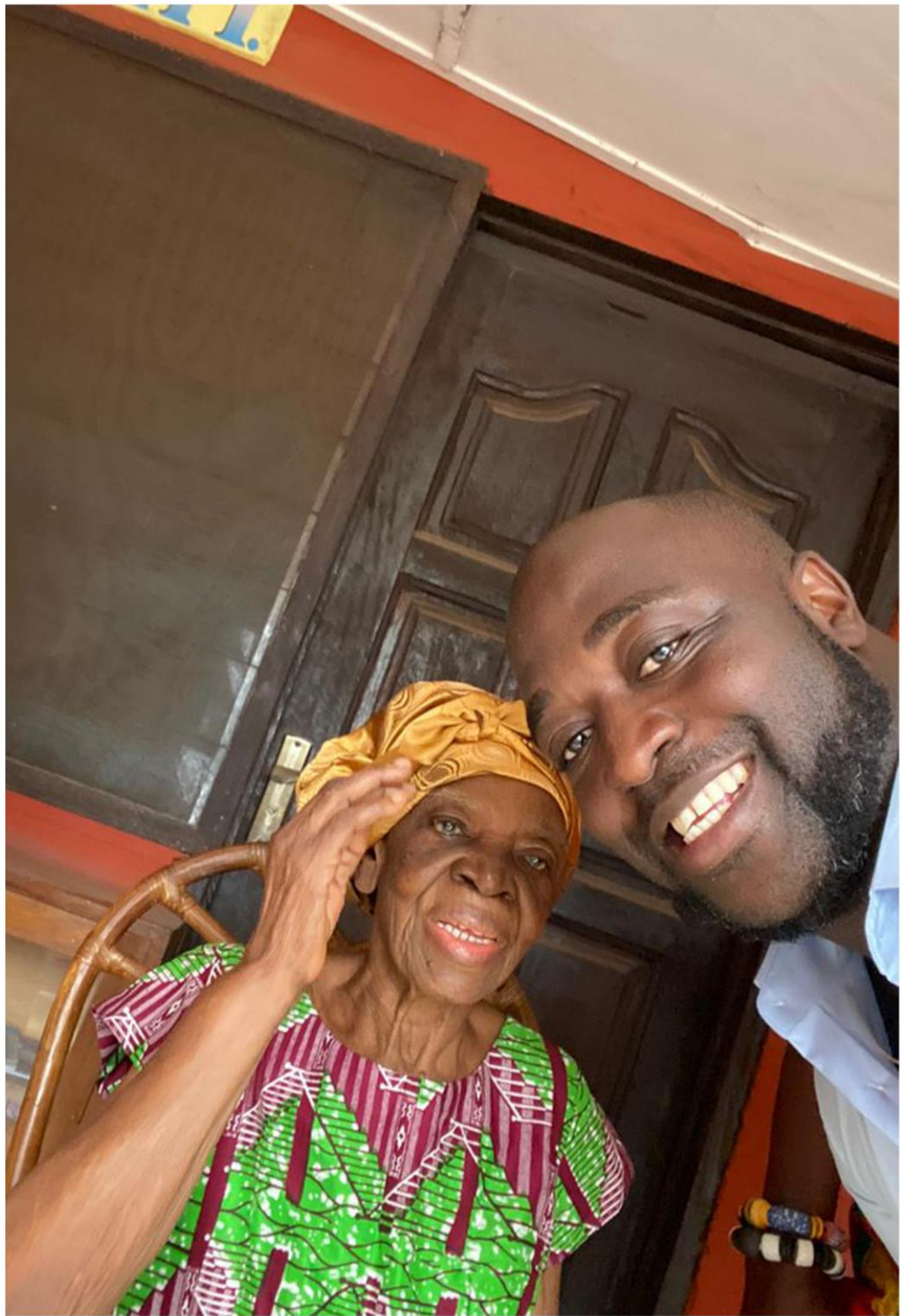
GALLERY



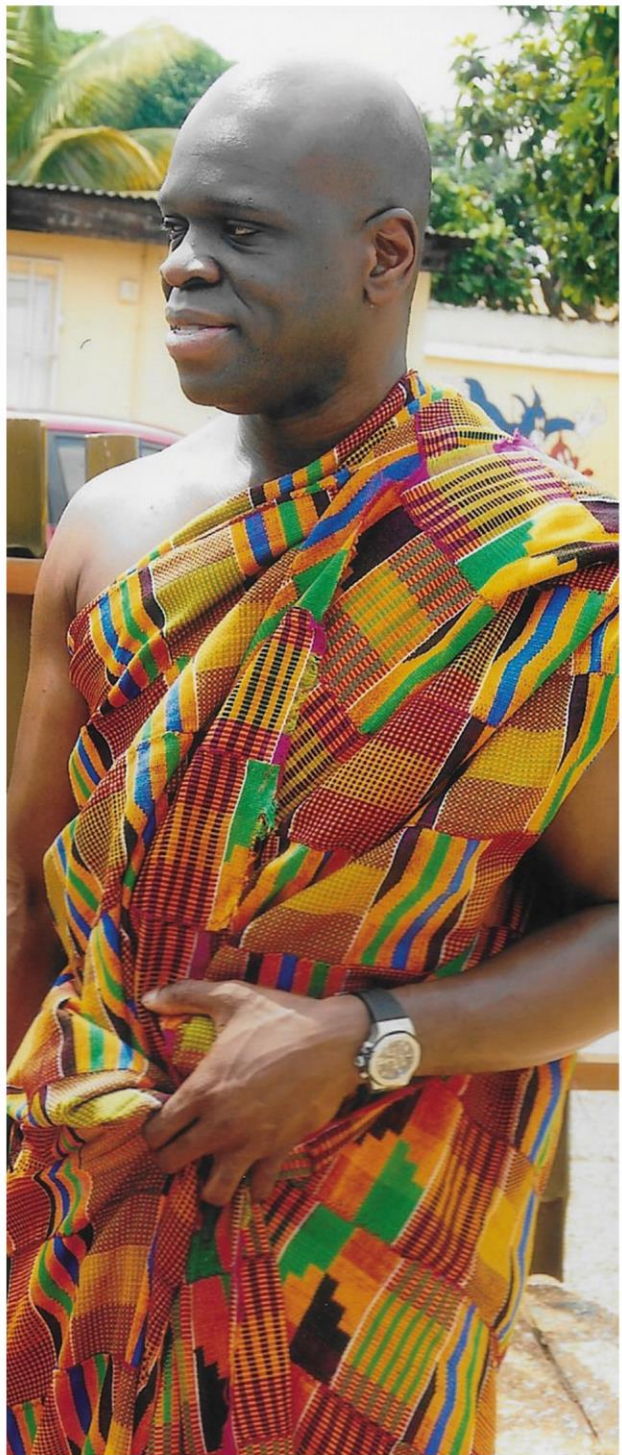


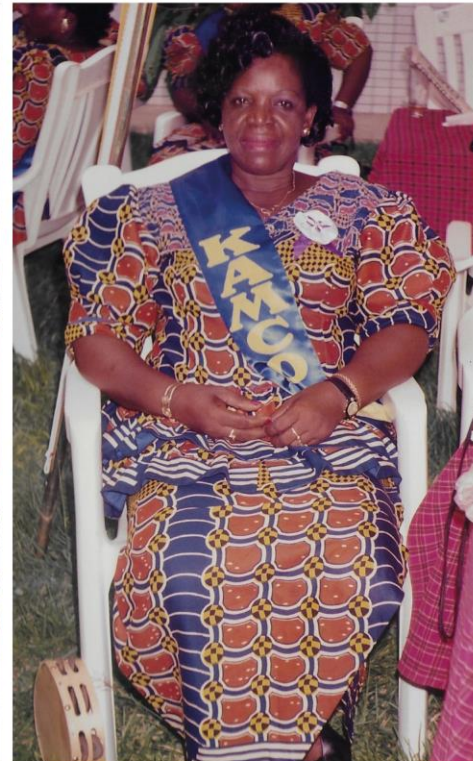




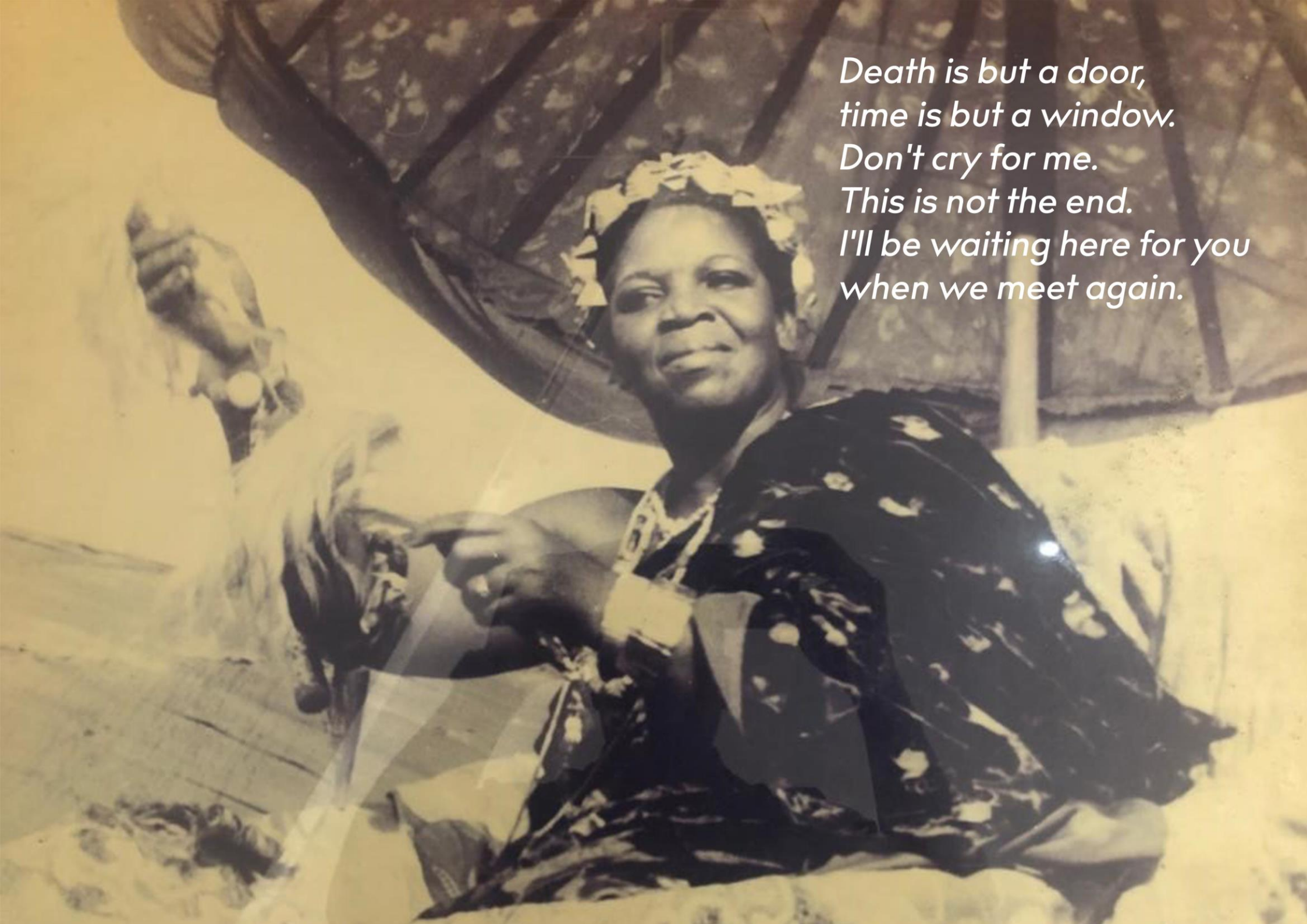


Diamond-1
PHOTOGRAPHY







A vintage, sepia-toned photograph of a woman sitting under a thatched roof. She is wearing a dark, patterned dress and a headpiece. She is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a gentle expression. The background shows the wooden structure of the roof and some foliage. The overall mood is serene and traditional.

*Death is but a door,
time is but a window.
Don't cry for me.
This is not the end.
I'll be waiting here for you
when we meet again.*

Appreciation

The family of the late Elizabeth Seibu Abban greatly values your kind expressions of sympathy in their great loss. We wish to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many displays of love, kindness, and support shown to us during this time of bereavement. Words cannot express how truly grateful we are for your friendship and support. May God bless you and keep you.