

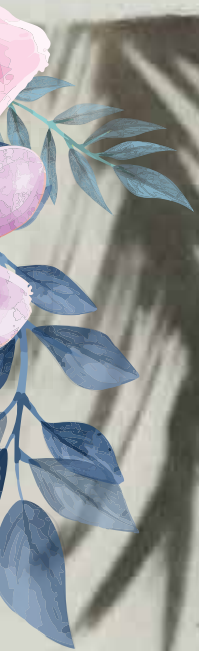


BURIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE

For The Late
MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE
(NÉE BANNERMAN-RICHTER)

DATE: THURSDAY 21ST MAY, 2020
VENUE: TRANSITIONS FUNERAL HOME
TIME: 6AM





MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE
(NÉE BANNERMAN-RICHTER)

31/01/1919 - 05/05/2020

OFFICIATING *Ministers*

1. Very Rev. Dr. Kwesi Arthur-Mensah - Supt. Minister, New Achimota
2. Rev. Stephen Addo - Circuit Minister, St. John
3. Rev. Mrs. Betty F. Baidoo - Auxiliary Minister, St. John
4. Very Rev. Emmanuel B. Churcher - Supernumerary, St. John
5. Very Rev. J. K. B. Appiah-Acheampong - Supt. Minister, Taifa
6. Rev. Dr Ernest Adu-Gyamfi - Exec. President, Ghana Baptist Convention
7. Rev. Frank Abbey - Ebenezer Baptist Church, Ashongman

INTERMENT

PARADISE REST GARDEN, WINNEBA

ORDER OF SERVICE

PART I – PRE-BURIAL SERVICE (6AM)

1. Opening Sentences/Scripture Reading
2. Hymn - MHB 428
3. Prayer
4. Hymn - MHB 528
5. Filing Past - MHB 99, 679, 601, 579, 110, 602, 80.
6. Closure of Casket

PART II – BURIAL SERVICE

7. Call to Worship
8. Announcement of Purposes
9. Hymn - MHB 427
10. Prayer
11. Hymn - MHB 238
12. Biography
13. Tributes
14. Hymn - MHB 380
15. Scriptures
 - i) 1st Lesson : 2 Corinthians 5:1-10
 - ii) 2nd Lesson : John 14: 1-7, 27
16. Hymn - MHB 498
17. Sermon
18. Affirmation of Faith
19. Offertory

PART III- THANKSGIVING

1. Anthem by the Choir
2. Prayer
3. Commendation/ the Lord's Prayer
4. Hymn - MHB 896
5. Notices and Presentation
6. Hymn - MHB 647
7. Closing Prayer and Benediction
8. Dead March from "Saul"
9. Recessional Hymn - CANF 1023

PART IV – AT THE GRAVESIDE

1. Hymn - MHB 831
2. Committal and Prayer
3. Vote of Thanks
4. Hymn - MHB 948
5. Benediction

BIOGRAPHY

MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE
(NÉE BANNERMAN-RICHTER)

Autobiography written and read by Mrs Dora Wilberforce on the occasion to celebrate her 95th birthday on February 15th, 2014

My dear friends, distinguished ladies and gentlemen. Thank you very much for coming to join to praise God for His abundant grace upon my life. There are two passages in the Bible which I utter every day and as many times as possible. I crave your indulgence to do so now: Ps 118:10 "give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good, because His mercy endures forever."

Isa 40:31 But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

Now kindly allow me to tell you a bit about myself. I was born on 31st January, 1919 at Lagos to Edmund Bannerman-Richter and Matilda Micah both of blessed memory. I had my education in Nigeria. I started at the Roman Catholic Convent (1924-1926) at Ibadan; Primary and Middle (1927-1931) at St Andrew's College Practice School, Oyo.

I had my secondary education at CMS Girls' High School, Ijebu-Ode (1932-1935) and came to Wesley College, Kumasi for my Teacher Training (1937-1939). I taught at Mmofraturu School (1940-1942) and from 1943 to 1968 it was Wesley Girls' High School; Wesley Girls' Middle and Wesley Girls' Primary. I was then transferred back to Mmofraturu as head (1968-1970)

On attaining the status of a Superintendent (GES), I was posted to Antoa Pupil Teachers' Centre in Ashanti (1971-72) I was moved to the Antoa Secondary School (then known as Adonteng Akoteng Secondary School) as one of the pioneer staff (1972-1975). Here, I served as a Tutor, Housemistress, Matron and Nurse. I retired formally from



the Ghana Education Service here, though I later taught at Gomoa German Methodist School. In all, DISCIPLINE was my watchword- FIRM but FAIR. After forty-five years of Teaching Service to my country, Ghana, I laid down the tools On 1 st April 1945.

I got married to William Graham Wilberforce who passed away in 1997- may his soul rest in peace. God blessed us with four children.

Socially, I am a Girl Guide and was one time the Central Regional Commissioner. I was a Councillor of the Cape Coast Municipal Council in the Second Republic of Ghana. I am a member of the Ghana Red Cross Society.

In the Church (Methodist) I am involved in the following: Women's Fellowship, Christ's Little Band, Boys' and Girls' Brigades. I have been a Chorister since 1935 in all the Churches where I have been a member. I remember being a chorister at the Presby Church, Antoa where there was no Methodist Church.

In my old age since I cannot serve actively, I am a Patroness to the Choir, the Boys' and Girls' Brigades at the Immanuel Methodist Church, Community 11, Tema.

I am most grateful to all my relatives, friends like Mrs. Ruby Aku Odamtten of blessed memory and colleagues who in one way or the other contributed to my life. A very big and special Thank you to you my children- Archie, Sidney, Dorothy and Justice who with the active support of their spouses, invaluable in-laws, especially my son-in-law, for this memorable occasion. I ask for God's mighty grace and mercy for them in ALL their deliberations.

In conclusion, I want to thank the Almighty once more for granting me life and GOOD HEALTH. I am also grateful for what He has used me to achieve and what He continues to do for me. So... I'll continue to say Ps 118:1 God bless you all.

This is the woman we are seeing off today. With sacrifice as her second image she touched and impacted many lives. She leaves behind Archie, Sid, Dorothy and Justice, her brother Prof Gabriel Bannerman-Richter, nine grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, loving nieces and nephews and numerous women and men whose lives she touched deeply. Her children praise her; the many she 'adopted', especially Dame Julie, Naa Chicher, Kwafo and Wilhelmina say thank you.

May the Lord God reward her with peaceful rest.

TRIBUTE FROM *her son*

SIDNEY WILBERFORCE



Much has been said about my Mother's life, and the ups and downs and challenges notwithstanding, it is how she responded to the vagaries of life that defined her and her legacy. However, I would like to focus on one facet of her life that I suspect is a challenge for most of us, and that is the task to remain cognizant of the very purpose of a human life.

We are all aware that many people go through life as apathetically as imaginable. Others believe that the pursuit of wealth and other material things is the essence of life. Then there was my Mother, a woman who believed in and was always committed to living a

purpose-driven life.

The public responsibilities defined her very identity and she became known only as "Teacher Dora" to generations. The numerous civic roles are a matter of record. However, I always found her private philanthropic endeavors much more impactful. There were the cases of "lost-in-the-system" immigrant Yorubas looking to educate their children. There were the "impossible" children from across Cape Coast and elsewhere whose parents saw her "firm and fair" mantra as their only chance to properly structure their children's futures. They were too many to remember but I distinctly remember the young girls from places like Narkwa and Gomoa Abor who were the first to be educated in their families. My Mother truly believed in the maxim, "If you educate a man you educate an individual. If you educate a woman, you educate a Nation."

One of the precepts that have been embodied in every religion and culture in our world is that "Work is worship". However, the work that is done by an individual must be of benefit to others in society. It should help to fulfil the needs and purposes of life for the doer and all beneficiaries. That may explain why some people insist that regardless of what our vocations are, if they are beneficial, then we are doing some of God's physical work on earth.

A favourite poet of mine described life as "... A short walk in a sweet breeze". Throughout her walk, my Mother never stopped worshipping. I urge all of us, in remembrance of my Mother, to give our lives "PURPOSE" as we enjoy our walks. May she rest in Eternal Peace.

TRIBUTE FROM *her daughter*

DOROTHY



“For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His” Heb.4:11.

She will be remembered by the many men and women whose destinies she partnered God in forming. And I am one. Growing up there were always people living with us- not as house helps, for we shared the same chores in rotation.

They even seemed to be better treated as they constantly got new clothes on special occasions as Christmas and I had to do with old neat looking ones-at least till it was possible for me to have a new one. As meagre as a teacher’s salary was then, she made every effort

to ensure all four of us, Archie, Sid, Justice and me, had the best of education hence sending each of us off to boarding middle school before entering secondary schools.

Hers was a well-rounded training. Morning devotion was a must. We gathered before the family altar, took turns to pray and always ended with St Ignatius of Loyola

Teach us, good Lord to serve Thee as thou deservest; To give and not to count the cost; To fight and not to heed the wounds; To toil and not to seek for rest; To labour and not to ask for any reward; Save that of knowing that we do thy will. Any issue was resolved by kneeling at the altar followed with counsel. During the day it could be a jovial encouragement of ‘Mbo mbo mbo Nyimpa a onnye adze ontse de bokitsi pan’ to wit (well done).

No matter how little a person’s effort he is still better than an empty bucket, or a stern rebuke of ‘don’t be stupid, child!’ Not given to sparing the rod I had a fair share of it all and on occasion wondered about how she felt about me. In later years I had the opportunity to ask why. Her answer, ‘I could not afford to get it right with other people’s children and lose it with my only daughter’. She loved to read and would read anything her hands fell on. In fact it was from an outside reading session in the sunlight that she had the fall that incapacitated her for the rest of her life. That notwithstanding, she kept reading.

She kept abreast with the times by following the news often with comments on how things have changed and a bit of nostalgia for the old times adding anecdotes from her early years in Nigeria. Going to school in the morning was always a sports workout for her brisk walk drew a jog from us as we hurried to the bus stop for the bus to Chapel Square and up Mount Hope for school. No wonder I became a school athlete.

She started spending more and more time with my family after I had our daughter till she finally settled with us because it was more convenient.

she was there to bear my pain when I was losing my children in the 1980s. I remember her daily trips to North Ridge Hospital at dawn and in the evening to pick breast-milk for my baby on admission at Korle Bu from the last Tuesday of April 1988 to the announcement on the morning of the first Tuesday of May that the baby had died in the early hours of the day- what a direct reversal of roles- for it was on the 28th the last Tuesday of April 2020 that she was admitted at the Legon Hospital and it became my turn to do the morning and evening trips to the hospital. She still hummed 'My faith looks up to Thee' And as on that Tuesday morning in 1988 I got to the hospital on the morning of May 5 only for the doctor to tell me 'She stopped breathing.' Peaceful. Mom, you have worked hard. You deserve your rest.

I will always remember the expression on your face and the emphatic 'YES' you virtually shouted when I asked if I was taking good care of you and thank God for giving me the opportunity to do so. I will miss our singing sessions but I will keep singing because I know you are singing in the BIG choir. I will remember to emphasise 'lead us NOT into temptation' and your admonition to help others at all times. Your love for perfumes has been well-inherited by generations already and will be passed on as we all hear you say 'Come on friend' in that peculiar way because you deeply appreciated beauty in colours and scents. I will try with God's help to keep doing what you taught me to do which has brought me this far by grace.

Our night ritual has been for one of us to say 'Nyame mma adzekye pa nkye hen o' and the other to respond 'Amee oo amee ahye'. I guess this time round I'll have to say and at the same time... answer myself.

May God grant our meeting again to be sweeter than honey. (Yoruba saying)
Till then Mom, rest in perfect peace.

CHILDREN



ARCHIE



SIDNEY



DOROTHY



JUSTICE



TRIBUTE FROM HER BROTHER- PROF GABRIEL BANNERMAN-RICHTER

Three months and three days after I turned 10 years, my beloved sister, Sister Awo, celebrated her 23rd birthday, so my younger brother Nana-Kow and I were mere boys when she was already a woman, and not just a woman, but a teacher to boot. In those days teachers were more authoritarian and they commanded more respect than they do today; Sister Awo never allowed her younger siblings, especially my younger brother and I, to forget that. To her siblings who were closer to her age, she was more deferential, but to Nana-Kow and me, she was more like a drill sergeant--irreverent and aloof.

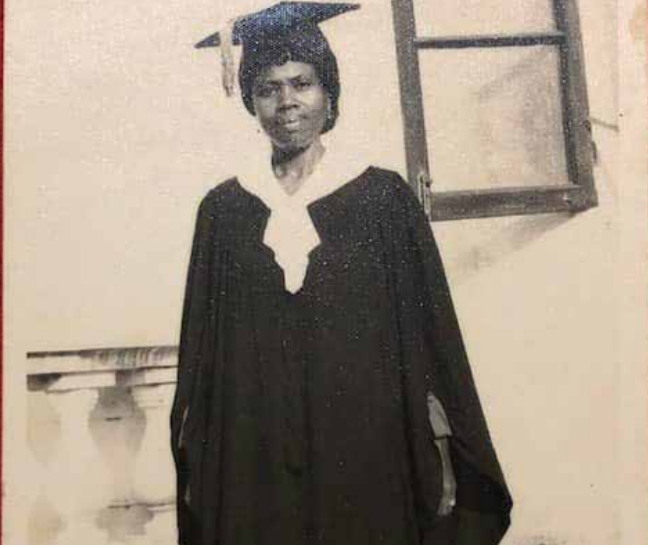
We, on our part, held her in great awe, for even our strict and stern father treated her with great respect and affection. After all, she was his firstborn. Nana-Kow and I barely knew her, for she was gone from home during most of our infancy, studying abroad or teaching, and she came home only during the holidays. But her homecoming was always an occasion for celebration, for her presence filled the house with much joy and peace.

However, it was not until we grew up and interacted with her as adults that we discovered that underneath her stern and intractable outer appearance was a gem of great price, for she made a great impact on our lives with her boundless love, loyalty, support, empathy and affection. She was a very giving soul, willing to sacrifice to meet the needs of others at the expense of her own needs. For example, when I was strapped for funds to buy my ticket to travel to the States in 1962, she reached deep into her savings and gave me twenty pounds, in those days a lot of money. And not only did she give me the money, but she also gave me for Nana-Kow a very beautiful and expensive green kente.

And what a wonderful mother she was! She was always there for her dear children, taking care to give them a good education, moral and spiritual guidance and the wherewithal to face life's trials and difficulties. And her dear children never forgot all the love and sacrifices she made to enhance their lives and they proceeded to show their gratitude in multiple ways. I have always marvelled and thanked her only daughter Dorothy and her dear husband for selflessly taking such wonderful care of her during her latter years of frailty. My dear children and I are also very grateful to her sons for their financial, emotional and moral support, and also their physical assistance in making my beloved sister's life more bearable for more than a century! Borrowing the words of Billy Graham but meaning each word from my heart:

"May God bless you, my beloved niece and nephews, real good"
" Amen! Menea deedew, Sister Awo feefew, Da yie, ae!
Ayeboafu mfaw' nsie mma hen, ae!





MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE @70

MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE @80



DANCING @80





MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE @101



MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE @95



MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE @90



MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE @100

MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE @99

TRIBUTE FROM
HER FAVOURITE GRANDSON
PAA KWASI KONADU

As inevitable as death is, and no matter how prepared you think you are, you are never really ready. I last saw Grandma on Saturday 2nd May 2020, at the emergency ward of the hospital. My heart sunk. I wished there were a way the suffering would be taken away. Sadly, the only way out for her, in that state, was 5th May 2020.

For as long as I can remember, I have always known Grandma. I was born in Kumasi and raised in Tamale, having moved there when I was just a few months old. Grandma would visit in Tamale and would care for me while my parents went to work. The story is told of a day when I suddenly stopped breathing and moving. Grandma rushed me to the Methodist Church close by and prayed me back to life; that was her level of faith!

Growing up in Accra and Tema, Grandma became a more permanent part of our household. From her, I would learn the discipline of being neat and tidy, and having order. There was no way I could leave my items lying around. She was a strict disciplinarian, and never slacked in instilling that in me.

“Your items should be in such order that you can easily locate an item in the dark.”

Her strength! I would wash an item and wring it, confident that there was not a drop of water in it. Grandma will, with a smirk on her face, wring our half a pail of water from the same item without exerting herself. When she “got in her element”, she could easily pack all the shoes or pans in the house and scrub them till they looked brand new!

Grandma was very frugal. Nothing was ever wasted around her. Items I considered trash were of use to her, or to someone she knew. From her, I would learn the essence of philanthropy. I will always remember the period when times were hard at home and Mum had travelled; Grandma secretly went to Swedru to withdraw her savings from her pension to cater for the home!

As she got older, she got weaker. In 2015, she had a domestic accident which made her decline rapidly. It was always painful and depressing to see her each time I visited, seeing how she was deteriorating. In all these visits, she rather was cheerful, reminding me of how she prays for me every morning when she sees her reminder; an empty water bottle that was served at my wedding in August 2012.

Grandma loved deeply and genuinely. Sacrifice was as natural to her as breathing. She was devoted. And she loved the Lord.

Rest well, Grandma. You can sing and dance to your fullest now.



TRIBUTE FROM
**TRIBUTE BY CLOSEST GRAND
DAUGHTER- MAJOIE KONADU**

We all knew that this day will come, but when I read the message from my brother on the morning of May 5, the news still hit me like a ton of bricks. As mummy says, it's always too early and never the right time

Grandma helped take care of me from birth till the roles were reversed. Grandma, in trying to become the best I could be, just like you, I wasn't around as much as I would've loved to. I would come to your room and with that excited smile on your face you would tell me that you'd missed me, and I did miss you too, because I always had to leave home early and get home from work late when you were asleep.

I thank God for the Lockdown though, because that was the time I had to really show my love and appreciation to you. That Sunday when my church choir was singing "God is with us" during the online service while I was feeding you, you hummed along. That surprised me and got me in tears because your speech had reduced drastically. It still does when I think of it, Grandma. It reinforced my observation of your love for the Methodist hymns and for God.

You were a unique woman- definitely one of the strongest I've ever known. I remember times when I would wash and then wring out but you would tell me that there's still too much water in it. Truly too, you would be able to extract a lot of water from the clothes. Your grip in handshakes were always firm. I also remember when you would go to Swedru on your own and come back carrying all kinds of things for us, from clothes for me to Fantse dokon and fish for the house. You did these even when you were already above 85years. You were a neat lady, and didn't like to waste things. Your room always had stuff that you were keeping "in case we needed it again soon" or you could think of someone who needed them. This neatness was even in your handwriting. You had the most orderly and one of the most beautiful ones I have ever seen. I used to tell you that often. Thank you for the cards you'd give on my birthdays and the one you gave me when I missed your 90th birthday because I was in school preparing for WASSCE. I'm glad I didn't miss any more of your milestones.

Sometimes I wonder if I did my best, but I thank you for pouring yourself out for me and my family. I pray that I would be half as inspirational and impactful as you have been to many. I want to make you proud when we meet again. Thank you for setting such high standards with your life, your service to and your love for God, your dedication to making people better and your sacrifices for all who came under your care.

I wish we could've had a better goodbye, at least one last smile from you, because you were asleep the day I came to the hospital to visit you after you were admitted. I guess you had your reasons to leave the way you did.

Till we meet again Grandma, please rest well. You have lived a full, long life. We love you very much and we're so proud of you. May God give you a huge crown as your reward, you deserve it♥.



GRAND CHILDREN



Great **GRAND CHILDREN**



TRIBUTE TO AUNTIE TEACHER FROM SWEETIE, PAAPA AND SAPA

Our Aunt Dora was always on the move, looking for something somewhere. She was seen in Winneba, Cape Coast, Accra, Effia-Kuma, Takoradi, Sekondi, Swedru, Los Angeles CA USA, Sacramento CA USA, Kumasi, Antoa and probably dozens of towns and villages in between.

What was she looking for? She was looking for us! All the children, grand-children, nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers, cousins, friends, and other relatives can probably appreciate that every time Auntie Dora came to see us, she was delivering the very thing that she was named for. Her name is Dora, which means "Gift of God". We have been privileged from the start because when we were born, our "Gift from God" was already waiting for us and has stayed with us until now.

Auntie Dora watched us grow from infants to adults, always letting us know the importance of family. She visited us often during our formative years, but she treated every encounter as if it were the first time in decades, giving us a lively hug and greeting, and a spirited rebuke for not having written to her. Even as adults, she still liked to know what we were up to and why we were slow to keep in touch. Occasionally, we would protest but it was pointless. On one occasion, in response to a claim that a letter had been sent to her "not too long ago", she responded, "My child, you wrote to me about 3 years ago when you said you were moving." In time, it became obvious that she was older, wiser, and unwilling to let us stray from family connectedness. Her walking pace was slowing down, but her mind was very sharp. When our mother died, Auntie Dora participated in a ceremonial process that made her our new Mum. The reality, however, is that she had always been a mother to us, encouraging us to stay in school, work hard, always do the right thing, and of course, not to forget to write home.

A lot can happen in 101 years – Children, grandchildren, arrival of the next generation, national independence, transition from Gold Coast to Ghana, world wars, peace, internet, email, pandemics. Our Aunt Dora lived through all that phenomena. Through it all, she remained true to her cause, a teacher. Teaching was her chosen profession, but she also taught us important things about life. We learned from her that it is important to stay active and engaged and walk somewhere every day to see the people who matter to us. We all mattered to her. It has been said that old teachers never die or stop teaching. They simply point you to the Lessons of Life and walk away so their pupils can practice what they have learned. From now on, every time we take a walk or talk to our friends and family, it would be our way of paying homage to you and saying, "Thank you for teaching us the right things". There is a reason why some of us always called you "Auntie Teacher". We will miss you very much.

Rest in Peace

TRIBUTE TO A DEAR AUNTIE FROM THE WILBERFORCE FAMILY

We mourn a dear aunt today! We commit her into God's hands!
Auntie, your sunset came in these strange days, and characteristically you slipped away with no fuss and with dignity!
We thank God for the life of a selfless, strong-willed, educationist of the old order! You took charge of your duties stoically! Wherever you served you did so with exemplary discipline! You served your Lord and master in the remotest of places in Ghana without complaint and left each place better than you found it!
Your kind, alas, we shall never see again!

Our aunt epitomised discipline! She was reputed to be strict but now we understand that you had a charge to keep, a God to glorify, so you were never going to shirk your responsibilities be popular and die a spiritual death! That, is why God blessed you with 101 years! Auntie Dora lived with very little, yet was rich in pointing the way to many young ladies! She spoke calmly but her quiet strength was unmistakable. Above all these attributes she understood loyalty in marriage and stood by and took care of her late estranged husband in his last days till he breathed his last!

We thank and bless you Auntie and wish you God speed!! May light perpetual lead you home to your Father in heaven! You have served Him well!
Adieu Auntie...till we meet again!!



TRIBUTE BY NEPHEW JOSIAH BANNERMAN - RICHTER AND SIBLINGS.

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord -Romans 14:7-8.

Auntie Dora, the news of your sudden death came as a shock to us for even though grace gave you extension of life, we did not expect that your departure will be so swift. Aunt, I remember when you heard I had been ordained as a reverend minister, you called me and said, Kwamena, be careful not to become a charlatan priest to bring reproach unto the family and also not to bring the name of the family into disrepute and I promised you I will not do such things. Also when I got married you asked me to love my wife and treat her very well. Aunt, I have kept my promises and will continue to do that in honour of your memory.

Anytime we had a conversation, you had a small note book in your hands in which you kept records of our conversation to which you made reference whenever we had the opportunity to meet again.

Auntie Dora, we love you very much and we will always remember your words of caution and advice to us.
May your soul rest in peace.

TRIBUTE TO MRS DORA WILBERFORCE BY SAMUEL KONADU, SON-IN-LAW

I introduced myself, "My name is Konadu Samuel." "Are you a Presbyterian?" That was the first question my then mother-in-law-to-be asked in direct response to my introduction. When I replied that I was a Methodist, she immediately corrected, "Then you must be Samuel Konadu." This was then followed by a barrage of questions which made me feel very uncomfortable. I was baffled then but Dee Willie later explained to me that with her mother being a teacher, and in fact a Headmistress, she was always quick to correct someone when they made an error. That was an unexpected first interaction with my in-law-to-be and as a result put me on my guard to ensure I was always right around her. Despite being grilled I thank God I won her confidence enough for her to willingly give me her daughter in marriage. Indeed in later years she often said, 'you are not my in-law, you are my son'

Grandma as we affectionately called her was very orderly, meticulous and always wanted her things done in a certain way. She would either insist that they were done in that manner or just did them herself. She was energetic even in old age and had no issues with getting things done without procrastination. She hated laziness and haphazardly done work. Neatness was one of her hallmarks.

She had just retired from the teaching profession when we got married so she had ample time and visited us often and was always quick to assist with taking care of the house. She knew her limits in the home even though in the early days she once in a while unconsciously exhibited her "headmistress" powers. She loved to chat and answer questions about the history of the country and family issues. Indeed she was a source of facts and history of our people and she had a store of wisdom and experience.

She was time conscious and always met her set deadlines. She loved reading and did so without spectacles to the very end often giving summaries in comment and for which reason I nicknamed her Professor. She had a good memory and could give detailed accounts of events. It was interesting in the days when we used landlines for her to report, 'Mr So-and-so called at 10:23am'. This precision often made us laugh.

Grandma was a devout Christian and a committed member of the Methodist Church. Because of her teaching profession and experience she was a member of almost every group in the church at one time or the other. She was a committed chorister who joined the choir wherever she attended church. When we were in Tamale she joined the choir and robed the second Sunday she attended the church. She helped to instill discipline in the choir especially with punctuality. She loved to sing and was a good choir mistress. She could teach the four parts of any song that she knew in the Methodist Hymn book.

In terms of character she could not countenance indiscipline, irresponsibility and lying and one could taste the "bad side" of her when one got on her nerves. She wouldn't "book nonsense".

She was kind, generous and faithful. She made the most of every situation and would not tolerate wastage. She could put anything to good use. Sometimes she would put something regarded as waste away and produce it in when the need for that item arose with the comment 'I knew there'd be need for this soon'. She would throw away an item or equipment only after I had certified to her that it could not be repaired.
Grandma da yie. We will miss you very much.

MRS DORA WILBERFORCE IN-LAWS



TRIBUTE TO MRS DORA WILBERFORCE BY WESLEY GIRLS' BASIC SCHOOL, CAPE COAST

Wesley Girls' Basic School, Cape Coast, was established in 1836 by Mrs Harriet Wrigley, the wife of Rev. George Wrigley, the second Wesleyan Missionary to the Gold Coast. From that time onwards, the leadership of the school changed hands from one expatriate to the other until in 1953 when it became necessary to separate the High School from the Basic. The mantle of leadership fell on Mrs Dora Wilberforce who took over and assumed the deservedly enviable title of the First Black Headmistress of the school; a position she held and dedicated her efforts to from 1953 to 1968.

Her tenure of office firmly established the school as one of the best Girls' Basic Schools in Cape Coast and beyond. She worked hard to ensure the school achieved many enviable laurels in both academic and co-curricular fields. Discipline, hardworking and sound Christian principles were her watchwords which she made sure to inculcate in both teachers and students. She was a team leader and collaborated with the staff to ensure the girls had the needed foundation for their future endeavours. Such was it that even those who could not pursue further up the academic ladder were so much equipped for life.

Mama was not just a Headmistress, but a mother, friend and a teacher who lived true to the motto of the school by teaching the girls to live pure, speak true, right wrong, and follow the king. By these virtues, many who were privileged to attend Wesley Girls' Basic School have been able to own their world, hold their heads high and face life's challenges with pride. Indeed, Mama, you have fought a good fight, a fight that has made many Old Girls of Wesley Girls' Basic School pride themselves to be counted among women of substance, success and the most sought after wherever they find themselves.

In view of this, your many children, grand-children and great-grand-children of Wesley Girls Basic School celebrate you and say ayekoo. You will always be remembered and cherished. May the Good Lord grant you eternal rest.
Mama, fare thee well. Da yie.

TRIBUTE ON BEHALF OF OLD PUPILS OF WESLEY GIRLS' PRIMARY SCHOOL, CAPE COAST TO MRS DORA WILBERFORCE

Mrs Dora Wilberforce was very serious and strict, religiously obeying the commandment that says 'Do not withhold discipline from a child; if you punish him with the rod, he will not die' This contributed to discipline in the school.

She inculcate in us the habit of reading. Before any pupil changed her library book, the child had to write out the story read and name the author and head of publication. This made some of us love English Literature.

She organised us to perform several plays including The Wishing Gnome which we performed at the Cape Coast town Hall. She also encouraged us to be active in clubs like Brownies and Girl Guides as well as the Red Cross Society

Being a chorister she taught us many songs and made us sing in parts. Later the small group she rehearsed with turned into the School choir

We remember her love for chocolates, for which she often sent some of us during break time to buy from former Kingsway stores.

Her disciplinary measures have contributed immensely to make us what we are today. It was a great pleasure when I met her daughter Dorothy in 2018 and learnt that she was alive. I lost no time in visiting her. She was 100 then and we had a very interesting though short chat.

God has been gracious unto us and the family to enjoy her presence until He called her at His own time.

Mrs Wilberforce, you are fondly remembered by all of us, Winifred, Sophia, Regina (Dinah), Mercy, Georgina and the rest.

Rest in perfect peace. Amen



Old students from WGPS, WSHS and Mmofraturu

TRIBUTE FROM ABA AMPONSAH-DADZIE TO MRS DORA WILBERFORCE - BELOVED HEADTEACHER AND CLASS TEACHER

Mrs Wilberforce affectionately called "Teacher", was our beloved headmistress as well as class 5 Teacher at Wesley Girls' Primary School.

She was a formidable, disciplinarian who was feared by both parents and pupils alike. And they had every reason to be wary of her wrath, as she did not spare the rod if you were late for class, didn't do your homework, misbehaved, were untidy or played truant.

I was an Office Prefect, and as a result worked closely with her. During one of those days I was alarmed to learn that she had called for my mum to visit the school as she wanted to speak to her about me.

My mother was also frightened, but was relieved to learn Mrs Wilberforce had only requested to see her to commend her for bringing me up to be a well-behaved and honest child- you see Mrs Wilberforce had been secretly leaving money around the office room to test if I was trustworthy. She was really happy to see that I hadn't touched any of the money. She was also loved and respected for her kind, fair and organised nature. And, of course for great teaching ability. Under her guidance we, her class, excelled in all of our subjects, learned many important Methodist hymns and bible scriptures.

One of my greatest memories of her is one day when we were all in the classroom, suddenly the room began to shake. We were all so scared and some of the girls tried to escape by jumping through the window as we had no idea about what happening. To calm us down,

Mrs Wilberforce walked to the front of the room, and instructed us to recite Psalm 23, The Lord is my Shepherd again and again until calm had been restored.

That was our Teacher's great Faith in The Great God of Wonders,

Teacher, Mrs Wilberforce, Fare thee well, Abide in the land of pure delight.
Where saints immortal reign.



TRIBUTE TO MRS DORA WILBERFORCE FROM MMOFRATURO OLD GIRLS 1966 YEAR GROUP

We waited with great excitement when we learnt through the grapevine that our own mother (Dorothy was our class mate) was to take over as headmistress. We looked forward to a relaxation of the strict discipline that is the hallmark of Mmofraturu. But positively, how wrong we were. Mrs Wilberforce was even stricter. A perfectionist to the core. Like her predecessor she wanted us to be great achievers in all aspects of life. This was to be achieved through hard work and discipline and she was the enforcer. We remember the monthly Council Meetings where we met as a family where we received motherly advice, commendation for good work and reprimands for misconduct. We very much appreciate the spirit of friendly engagement and competitiveness that characterized most of our endeavours. She introduced innovation in her time. She introduced the celebration of Mmofraturu birthday. It was a joyous occasion but typically it was preceded by very hard work aimed at showcasing our school and ourselves as the best. She also promoted spiritual edification. Confirmation was no longer treated as a mere rites of passage for Forms Three and Four girls. Under her leadership all girls regardless of Form who wished to be in closer fellowship with the Lord were given the opportunity to prepare for confirmation to become full members of the church.

Our entry into the next phase of life became very smooth and easy because of the training that we received under her. We are most grateful. "Ye renya wo so".

1967 YEAR GROUP.

Our dearest Mrs Wilberforce. Words are not enough to eulogise you. You were the best at your job. How you managed to train up tiny little girls into mature and responsible adults is still baffling. You were a perfect blend of strictness and motherliness. You definitely contributed immensely to all of our lives. We can never forget you. We owe our ironing, laying of bed, etiquette, table manners and all our life-skills to you. We thank God for your life, your time at Mmofraturu and for your contribution to our lives and mother Ghana. Rest in the bosom of the Lord.

1968 CLASS

When the Class of '68 arrived at Mmofraturu Girls' Boarding School, Mrs Wilberforce was an established "Mother Superior" with a formidable and pervading presence that was remarkable.

We unanimously salute her for an indelible imprint of the age-old Mmofraturu adage of excellent academic, moral and Christian education into our lives and which impacted us to reach out into the world and brighten the corners where we found ourselves. Our applause for this singular great woman is loud and resounding.

Mrs Wilberforce was a tour de force of an ever-present dignified personality who was like an ancient tree with permanent roots. She had a rare quality of not having to be physically present to ensure the absolute right things were done. She was a universal mother-pivot around whom we revolved as a network of branches which she sprouted and nurtured to

face life squarely and effectively.

We owe an infinite debt to her as a figurehead who is integral to the Mmofraturu that we affirm made us who we are.

Mmofraturu under her tutelage was an admixture of austere discipline, serious study and endless work yet exuberant fun and an enthusiasm for a God-centred life woven around biblical teachings and elevated hymns and musicals as part of a unique tradition.

Indeed, our most treasured moments with her were during Speech and Prize - Giving days and Harvest Praise when all the tedious practice sessions she officiated would come to fruition and we would sing like heavenly angels to an applauding audience of parents and dignitaries and she would beam with enormous pride.

She ensured that we built familial bonds to the Mmofraturu soil and we developed a mosaic which remains unbroken.

Mrs Wilberforce had an admirable Strength of character that distinguished her. The elements were so combined in her that we all rise up with one accord and say: Thank you for touching our lives with your essential dew that quickened our young spirits and inspired us to be our very best selves everywhere, as "the famous girls of Mmofraturu, super tough; on the field of life, pressing on to victory with Christ, to glorify his garden.

Mrs Wilberforce is memorialised in our hearts. Her legacy lives on in all of us.

Da yie ! Ena Pa. Ayekoo. Onyame mfa wo nsie dwoo dwoo.



1942



1969

TRIBUTE BY IMMANUEL METHODIST CHURCH - COMMUNITY 11, TEMA



And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away- Revelations 21:4.

The Good book tells us that His thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways His ways, but then in everything we should give thanks, for this is His will for us in Christ Jesus.

Mama Dora, as we affectionately called her was a senior citizen when she joined our church in the year 2000, during her settlement with her daughter at Community 12, Tema. She was a matured and devoted member and was accorded the respect and love she deserved. She was a mother to all of us and the best grandmother to most of the children, a member of the Akan Class and of the Women's Fellowship who doubled as patron of both the Choir and the Boys' and Girls' Brigade. During her relocation to Ashongman, she continued to fulfil all her financial obligations both to the church and the organizations as well as sending them regular well-wishes since she was unable to visit them.

The Leadership of the Church at Tema visited and sung some of her favorite hymns with her. Mama Dorawas an ardent Christian and was very religious and faithful. As a church, we believe she has finished her work on earth and God needs her back in heaven.

Mama Dora, we will continue to celebrate you because we know you have gone back to heaven. May your soul rest in perfect peace.
Fare thee well, dear one, as you journey back home to your Maker.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. DORA WILBERFORCE BY ST. JOHN METHODIST CHURCH, TANTRA HILL

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord
From now on "Yes" says the spirit, they will
Rest from their labour for their deeds will
Follow them. Rev 14:13

The late Mrs Dora Wilberforce whose mortal remains lie before us joined St. John Methodist Church from Immanuel Methodist Church, Tema, with her daughter in the year 2012 and was assigned to Bro. Tom Coleman's Bible Class. Being a teacher she exhibited her academic quantities during Bible Class and other activities.

Mama Dora loved things of the Lord. She was a disciplined Christian woman and an ardent believer in Christ. She was always smiling like her daughter. This confirms the assertion that laughter is therapeutic and soul-lifting. She liked to dance at church and could be seen dancing with her walking stick to the front of the altar during offertory time.

It was with joy that we joined her to celebrate her centenary birthday which according to her was a celebration of God's Grace upon her life. She was a member of the Women's Fellowship, although Mama Dora was advanced in age. She was very humble and had respect for everybody, both young and old.

When she became weak and could no longer join us for church services she was added to the list of invalids of the church who receive regular communion at home from the Minister and his team and it was a joy to see her sing along with the visiting team.

Mama Dora never took her eyes off her Maker. She ran her race dutifully.
May her life serve as an inspiration to everybody on this earth.
May the Good Lord give her eternal rest till we meet on the Resurrection day.
Mama may your soul rest in peace.
Amen



HYMNS

1. MHB 428: I'll praise my Maker while I've breath

1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
and when my voice is lost in death,
praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
while life and thought and being last,
or immortality endures.

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
on Israel's God, He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train.
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
and none shall find this promise vain.

3. The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
the Lord supports the fainting mind,
He sends the labouring conscience peace.
He helps the stranger in distress,
the widow and the fatherless,
and grants the prisoner sweet release.

4. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
and, when my voice is lost in death,
praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
while life and thought and being last,
or immortality endures

2. MHB 528: In heavenly love abiding

1. In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear.
And safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes here
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2. Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back.
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim.
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him

3. Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen.
Bright skies will soon be over me,
Where the dark clouds have been
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free.
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

3. MHB 99: How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds

1. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast'
Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4. Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I praise Thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

4. MHB 679: Pleasant are Thy courts above

1. Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O! My spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fullness, God of grace!

2. Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there

3. Happy souls! Their praises flow
In this vale of sin and woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4. Lord be mine this prize to win
Guide me through a world of sin
Keep me by Thy saving grace
Give me at Thy side a place
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

5. MHB 608: Captain of Israel's host


1. Captain of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule,
Thy Word; Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2. By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

6. MHB 579: Saviour, Thy dying love

1. Saviour, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me.
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee.
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.


2. At the blest mercy seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the Cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee



3. Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.


4. All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

7. MHB 110: Jesus, lover of my soul



1. Jesus, 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 Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

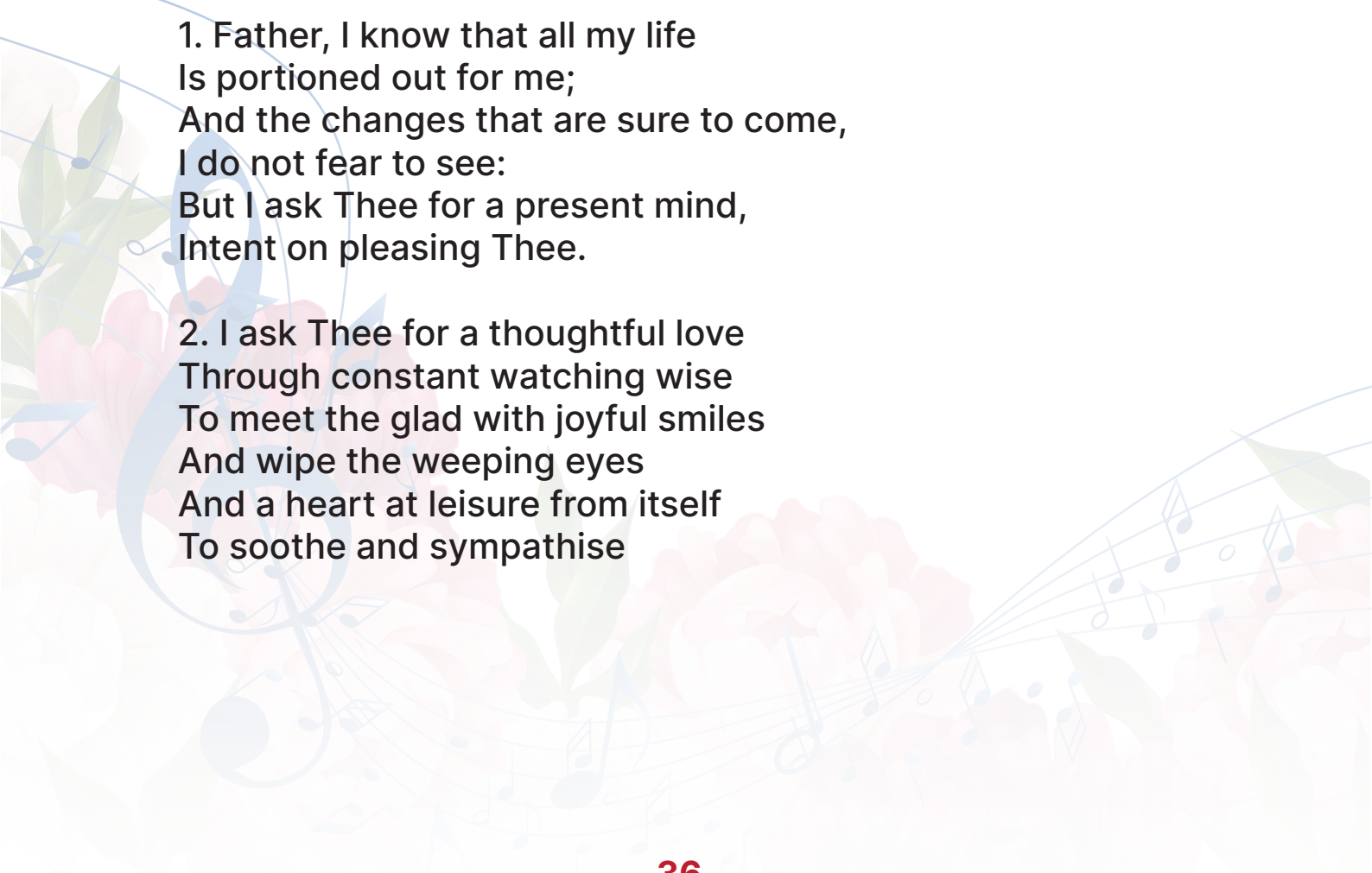
2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! Leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing



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;
False 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.

8. MHB 602: Father, I know that all my life is portioned out for me



1. Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see:
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2. I ask Thee for a thoughtful love
Through constant watching wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise



3. I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

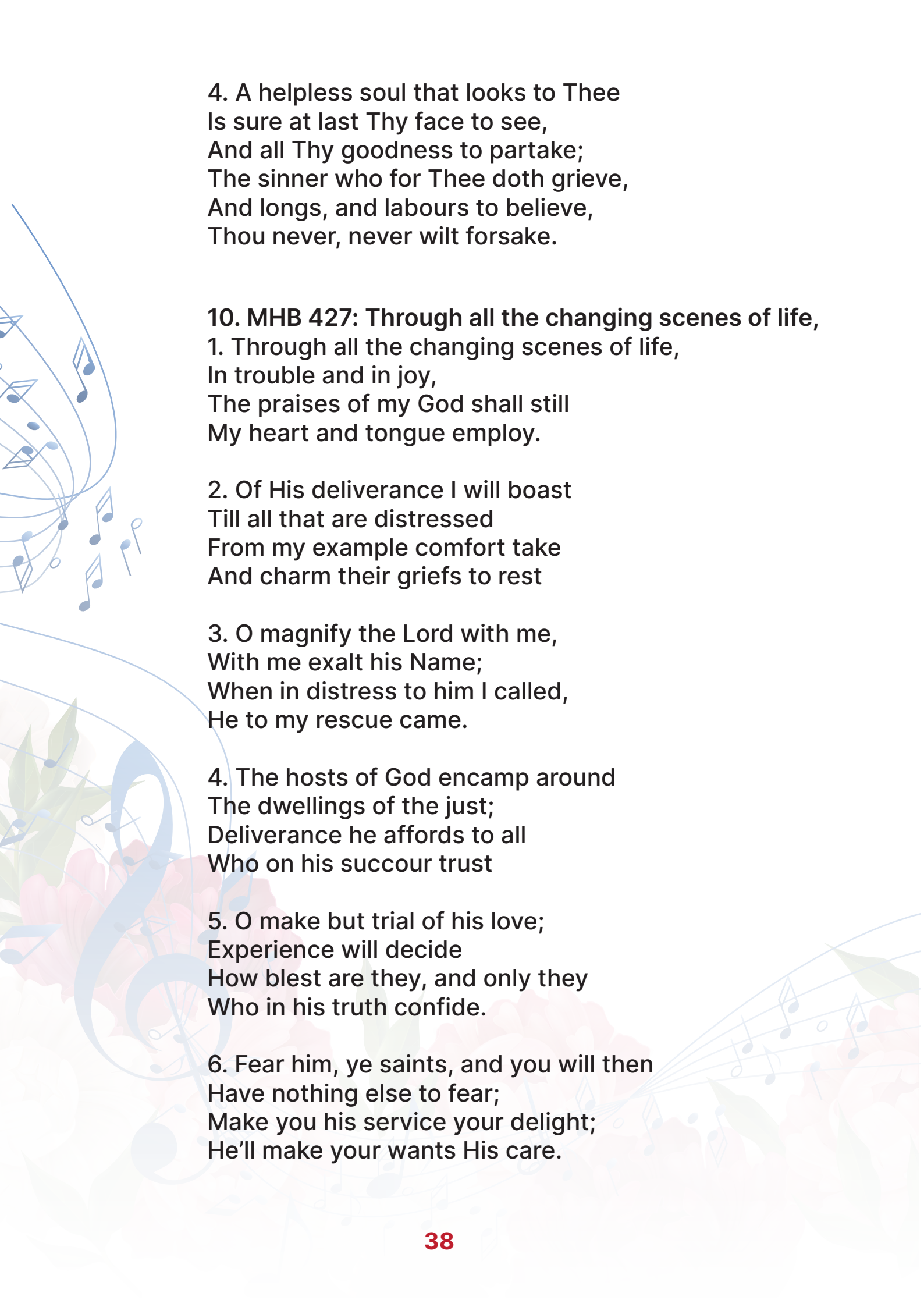
4. In service which thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost soul is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

9. MHB 80: THEE will I praise with all my heart

1. THEE will I praise with all my heart,
And tell mankind how good Thou art,
How marvellous Thy works of grace;
Thy name I will in songs record,
And joy and glory in my Lord,
Extolled above all thanks and praise.

2. The Lord will save his people here;
In times of need their Help is near,
To all by sin and hell oppressed;
And they that know Thy name will trust
In Thee, who to Thy promise just
Hast never left a soul distressed.

3. The Lord is by His judgments known;
He helps His poor afflicted one,
His sorrows all He bears in mind;
The mourner shall not always weep,
Who sows in tears in joy shall reap,
With grief who seeks with joy shall find.



4. A helpless soul that looks to Thee
Is sure at last Thy face to see,
And all Thy goodness to partake;
The sinner who for Thee doth grieve,
And longs, and labours to believe,
Thou never, never wilt forsake.

10. MHB 427: Through all the changing scenes of life,

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 deliverance I will boast
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take
And charm their griefs to rest

3. O 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;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust

5. O 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;
He'll make your wants His care.

11. MHB 238: My faith looks up to Thee

1. My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray,
take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,

O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

12. MHB 380: I will sing the wondrous story

1. I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me
How He left His home in glory
For the Cross on Calvary

*Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me-
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea*

2. I was lost; but Jesus found me-
Found the sheep that went astray
Raised me up and gently led me
Back into the narrow way

3. I was bruised; but Jesus healed me:
Faint was I from many a fall
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me:
But He freed me from them all.

4. Days of darkness still come o'er me;
Sorrow's paths I often tread:
But the Saviour still is with me,
By His hand I'm safely led.

Appreciation

The Wilberforce, Bannerman- Richter and Micah families would wish to sincerely thank you for all the prayer support; for the show of love and concern in many varying ways and for your donations. May God bless you abundantly