



*Then I heard a voice from heaven say,
“Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.”
“Yes,” says the Spirit, “they will rest from their labor, for their deeds
will follow them.” Revelation 14:13*



ORDER OF BURIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR
MRS. CRISTIANA AKWESI

ON SATURDAY 6TH APRIL 2024 AT LEGON
INTERDENOMINATIONAL CHURCH, UNIVERSITY OF GHANA

OFFICIATING CLERGY

- Rev. Francis Yaw Boamah, Head Pastor LIC
- Rev. Kwesi Amissah-Essel, Head Pastor UIC
- Rev. Julius Duah Coomson, Pastor LIC
- Rev. Esther H. B. Dennis, Pastor UIC
- Rev. Victor Yeboah Gyabaah, Pastor UIC
- Rev. Ibrahim Baidoo, Pastor LIC
- Bro. Kofi Aidoo, Church in Cape Coast
- Bro. Nicholas Kwaah, Church in Cape Coast

PART ONE – PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

- Opening Hymn: - **MHB 313- To God be the glory**
- Prayer
- Hymn and Filing Past: **MHB 99, MHB 521.**
- Tributes
- Hymns and Filing Past: - **MHB 538, MHB 511, MHB 478**
- Tributes
- Hymns and Filing Past **MHB 679, MHB 110, MHB 427**
- Final filing past: **MHB 498 - Rock of Ages, cleft for me**

PART TWO – BURIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE

- Solemn Piano Recital - **Francis Ofoe Placker**
- Opening sentences
- Prayer
- Hymn: **MHB 828 – Ten thousand times ten thousand**
- Biography
- Anthem- **Tema Chorale Ghana**
- Tributes – **Siblings, Children & UIC**

- Song ministrations – **Calvis Nii Tackie Hammond**
- Scripture readings: **Romans 8:31-39; John 14:1-4 and 27**
- Hymn: **MHB 528 - In heavenly love abiding**
- Sermon
- Offertory
- Thanksgiving **MHB 831 - Give Me The Wings Of Faith To Rise**
- Announcements
- Closing hymn: **MHB 615 - Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah**
- Closing prayer & Benediction
- Dead march in Saul - **Francis Ofoe Placker**
- Recession: **MHB 651 - Hark! Hark, My Soul**

PART THREE – GRAVESIDE

- Hymn: **MHB 428 - I'll praise my Maker while I've breath**
- Prayer
- Committal
- Hymn: **MHB 634 - Will Your Anchor Hold?**
- Vote of thanks
- Benediction



Biography

OF THE LATE
MRS. CRISTIANA
OKANORKOR AKWESI

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

Mrs. Christiana Okanorkor Akwesi was born at La, Accra on Tuesday, 21st November 1950 to Mr. Henry Adjei Okorley, from Nii Adjei Nkpa We (Clan) and Madam Beatrice Kutorkor Nsiah of Nikoi Tse We, both of La, and now of blessed memory. Mrs. Christiana Akwesi, affectionately called Sister Korkor or Mrs. Akwesi was the second of ten children of her mother, though she had other siblings from her father. As fate would have it, the first child of her parents passed on before she was born, so she was seen by the siblings as the leader of the squad.

She had her elementary education at Kedjebi L/A Primary School in the Volta Region and at La Enobal Middle School in Accra from 1956 to 1966. She started her secondary education at Ada Secondary School, changed to Osu Presbyterian Secondary School after a year, then to Nungua Secondary School which she completed in 1971.

She proceeded to the Presbyterian Training College (PTC), Akropong-Akwapim now Presbyterian College of Education, to be trained as a professional teacher, and completed in 1973. Later, in 1993, Mrs. Akwesi gained admission to the University of Cape Coast as a mature student and obtained a Bachelor of Education degree in Psychology and a Diploma in Religious Studies concurrently in 1998.

As the eldest daughter of her hardworking mother, who was a general trader in food and household goods, Sister Korkor learned the craft alongside her schooling from her mother and mentor, thus supported her with the business. She was industrious and had gifted hands, so she also ventured into many areas including dressmaking, hairdressing, baking and catering after graduating from the Teacher Training College and during her professional career as a teacher.

Mrs. Akwesi enjoyed a successful career as a professional teacher. Her first post as a teacher was the Pantang Presbyterian Primary School at Abokobi, then a rural community in Accra, in 1974. After a year at Abokobi, she was transferred to Teshie Aboma Presbyterian Primary School, and later to Emmause Presbyterian Primary School at La, her hometown in Accra.

She married Dr. Christian K. Akwesi, of blessed memory, in 1975 and accompanied him to Cape Coast, specifically, the University of Cape Coast, where he had taken up an appointment as a lecturer in 1979. This is where she settled with the husband and worked for the greater part of her life. In Cape Coast, she started with the Kwaprow Basic School and taught for four years (1979 -1983), then joined the University Primary School where she taught from 1983 to 1993. After a 5-year study leave at the University of Cape Coast for a bachelor's degree, Mrs. Akwesi was transferred to the University Junior High School in 1998 and remained there until her retirement in 2011. Many children passed through her hands as a teacher and have become successful professionals and citizens.

Mrs. Akwesi became a committed Christian during her days at PTC. It was during this period that she joined The Church in Accra and devoted her life to Christ and preaching the

Word of God. Upon joining the husband in Cape Coast, she continued her dedicated Christian life by joining the University Residents' Church (URC), now the University Interdenominational Church (UIC). She also joined the Church in Cape Coast in 1987 and spent a significant part of her life with them in the service of the Lord. Later in life when her mobility was restricted, she remained with the UIC at the University of Cape Coast. She devoted most of her time promoting Christian values to her friends, the church and her family.

As leader of her siblings, she devoted time to helping her parents to raise the family. She took keen interest in their education and discipline to make them responsible members of the family. Her wise counsel and support for education, discipline and life in general, was also to the extended family. She honoured her obligations to the extended family both paternal, maternal and matrimonial. She offered emotional support, provided financial assistance, was instrumental in the planning and execution of family events and she maintained strong relationships with family members. She raised many children who passed through her home. She was firm when she needed to be firm, and her pieces of advice were invaluable. Undoubtedly, she played a significant role in the training and education of many people in the family and beyond. The family is particularly grateful for the motherly role she played in the life of her brother, Prof. Ernest Laryea Okorley who is now a renowned Professor at the University of Cape Coast.

She loved sharing what she had with others. She shared her wealth and knowledge about life and God to encourage friends and family. Mrs. Akwesi was hospitable, full of

laughter and joy, and her home was always filled with people. Beside English, she spoke seven local languages fluently and was therefore, able to connect easily with people. Not only that, but she was such a simple, humble, honest and loving person; a constant and trusted companion in all things. She has left an indelible print on our minds with footprints in gold, as a disciplinarian, devoted Christian and teacher who inculcated strong Christian beliefs, values and training in others.



Sister Korkor by and large, enjoyed good health throughout her life until the latter part of 2023 when she lost her mobility due to waist and knee joint problems. The children and family did what was possible medically and by prayers, to get her to recover, but God knows what is best for her. She was called peacefully to eternity at the Cape Coast Teaching Hospital at 12:40 am on Wednesday, 31st January 2024. She left behind several children, four of whom are biological, together with grandchildren and a host of loving members of the extended family.

Sister Korkor, Mrs Akwesi,

Yaawɔ Ojogban ye Nuntsɔ le hejɔle mli.





Tribute to our BELOVED MOTHER BY CHILDREN

**“Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the Children of God” and
“Efee noko”, were your favorite sayings.**

Mama or Maa was what we, your beloved children called you. Mama was loving, patient, kind-hearted, hardworking, industrious, generous, and an amazing mother. These are but a few of her standout qualities.

As the matriarch of the family, she delighted and religiously executed her role as a mother. Mama nurtured us, mentored us, counseled us, encouraged us and more importantly, planted in our hearts the love of God. She was extremely hard-working. We mean exceptionally hardworking. As industrious as Maa was, her day started by 4:00am at the latest with either baking meat pies, rock buns, or frying coated peanuts or chips for distribution to her numerous retailers at the various halls of residence on campus for sale. This, she did for over three decades to augment the household finances as a supportive wife to her husband. She still made it to school very early amidst all odds and busy schedules. When lessons ended, she immediately resumed business, as this became her routine for 90% of her time as our mother. Mama was our first and best teacher, despite her full engagement of the day, she made it a point to help us with our homework. Our mother delighted in our successes and encouraged us to always do better where we fell short.

Mama had a good heart and was sensitive to the needs of others. Being a charitable one, Mama kept an open house. She welcomed multitudes of people into her home, making our family a very big one. Maa, you did not discriminate against anyone. Indeed, you were generosity personified. Mama, your demise has robbed the villages of Kwapro and Akortokyir of a mother, teacher, counsellor, friend and a benefactor.

Your doors were always open to the entire community. Maa, you loved us deeply and ensured that we were comfortable even in your absence especially when you joined daddy in the UK. You checked up on us daily. Your overly caring nature made you pray and fast for your family every Tuesday throughout your life as a mother and wife to seek God’s protection and providence. Even on your sick bed, Mama, did not stop this godly ritual. With your absence now, Maa, who is going to be our devoted and providential intercessor and counsellor? Who is going to offer those motherly prayers for us? Oh, we will miss you dearly, Mama. You lived peaceably with all, you would always say “efee noko” to mean “let it go” and your favorite and regular biblical quotation was from Matthew 5:9: “Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they shall be called the Children of God”.

Though Maa was calm and peaceful by nature, she was a great disciplinarian who never reneged on taking action whenever she was confronted with disciplinary issues which she did with genuine care and love. As a staunch Christian, you imbibed the principles of the Holy Book, served your maker well, and taught us to do same. You loved God and God knows that you loved Him. You spent most of your days praying and meditating on God's word.

Mama ended every telephone conversation with the words "God bless you or stay blessed" To our mother, nothing else was important as a relationship with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and was insistent that our lives ought to reflect Christ's nature. She had no apologies for sharing the gospel of Jesus Christ.

We are privileged to have you as our mother, Mama, because we appreciate the good qualities and virtues you instilled in us.

We thank God for your exemplary life.

We thank God for having you as our mother and best friend;

Thank you for your prayers;

Thank you for humour;

Thank you for your teachings;

Maa, you fought hard for your life, held on to it, till your strength was gone, where you gave your hand to your maker without bidding us farewell.

Maa, you will forever be in our hearts. Till we meet again at Jesus' feet. Fare thee well.

Forever your Children.

Baah, Kwesi, Amanortey, Laako, Tetteh-Baah and Laakwor.

Mama Yaawo Ojogbann





Memories BY SIBLINGS

*How wonderful it is to walk with God
Along the road that holy men have trod;
How wonderful it is to hear Him say:
Fear not, have faith, 'tis I who lead the way!*
Edward J. Hopkins

Sister Korkor, as we fondly called her, was not only our sister, but she was also our leader, mother, friend, advisor and counselor. Her death has therefore brought a big loss to the family. We would wish she had some more years to share with us, but it is not our call, the good Lord has a better heavenly assignment for her. What shall we say then, accept, alleluia to the heavenly call, and thank our sister for the love she shared with us, the mentorship she provided and the legacy of togetherness she fostered within the family.

As the eldest of all the siblings (maternal and paternal), our sister took up the mantle of leadership very early and lived up to the task. It was challenging being the pacesetter for a large family of 23 siblings and many relatives and friends who passed through our home. She learnt to help our parents, at an early age while at school, to provide food, clothing and discipline. She aided our mother to trade in all kinds of things – kenkey, fish, sugar, pepper, polythene bags and many other food items to cater for us.

She sewed beautiful dresses for us even though she never had any formal training in dressmaking. She provided the first names of almost all of us at birth. She was the chief disciplinarian – very firm and fair, without which our parents would have had a very difficult task managing such a large family. She treated us very well and kindly and won our respect and admiration.

Knowing the value of education, she did not only consider her education, but contributed to the education of people within the family and beyond. She particularly took interest in the education of her brothers and supported them to the secondary school level and beyond. We were encouraged when in her advanced age, she went ahead to obtain a Bachelor of Education degree and Diploma in Religious Studies at the University of Cape Coast.

Our sister was generous, hospitable and very modest, and displayed these characteristics to the highest level in her everyday life. She was also very humble and sincere in

dealing with us, her younger siblings and indeed the entire family. She was never afraid to speak her mind and firm on her convictions. Our sister was always the first to call to find out how everyone was doing. It is painful to lose people with such qualities as they are rare. But we are inspired to learn from her life and pass it on to the whole family.

She was indeed an angel sent to us by God to touch not only our lives, but those of the extended family, friends, the Church, and beyond. She has taught us that it is never too early or too late to start learning and leading to impact lives.

We shall eternally be grateful for the mentoring role and the love she shared with us throughout her life. She has shown us the way and we have the faith that God will lead us on. We believe the Almighty God will keep her very well till we meet again in heaven.

Sister Korkor, Yaawɔ Ojogban yɛ Nuntsɔ mli.



Tribute from In-Laws



MADELEINE THOMPSON

In life, we are privileged to cross paths with many souls, but only a few leave with their footprint on our hearts.

Mama, God brought us together in 1990 when I first came to Cape Coast. You welcomed me into your home with open arms and love. You took on the role of both mother and big sister. Your simplicity made it very easy for me to approach

you for a good laugh or wise counsel. Whenever I came to you with anything big or small, you would affectionately say 'Me dor' and give me your full attention. The way you always listened attentively made me feel heard. You would always encourage me to pray and trust God's intervention. You didn't just listen to me, but you shared my pain. Mama, I will always be grateful for that!

You took your role as a mother very seriously, and it showed in many ways. I am comforted by the memories we shared. Every warm welcome, every gentle conversation, and every encounter that ended with your bold laughter will be cherished for a lifetime. I know your work here is done now. You lived a full life. The God whose hands formed you and brought you out of your mother's womb to fulfil His purpose here on earth has called you to rest from your labour. Mama Yaawo Ojogbann



AKUYO AKWESI

The Lord is close to the broken-hearted; He rescues those whose spirit are crushed. (Psalm 34:18)

Oh! It is very difficult writing these words, 'Midɔ', at this time of the year. It is difficult writing because we thought your call on that fateful Wednesday dawn was one of the usual ones to help place your legs properly on your bed. Little did we know that would be the last day to see you. We called you Grandma and you respond 'Midɔ', which means my love. Thank you for being a wonderful mother-in-law, a mentor and a friend. The children are always asking, 'where is grandma?' I wish it were a terrible dream that I would wake up from, but alas, you are gone for real. Hmm... it is like you have travelled and we pray you find rest in the bosom of your maker.

Grandma, I miss your voice asking, "Who is that?" "The one who planted it is here ooo come and seek permission". That is what you said when you heard someone plucking the lemon without permission. This I will never forget as long as the lemon tree stands.

Fare thee well, 'Midɔ'.

May you find rest and boundless joy in the realms beyond. You will be missed but never be forgotten.

'Midɔ', 'kpomo'

DAAD AKWESI

Mummy,

It is hard to believe that you are no longer with us. Whenever we spoke and I asked how you were doing, you would laugh and say, "I'm fine, as you can see there is nothing wrong with my mouth". The news that you had passed was such a shock to us.

You (and daddy) welcomed me into your family with open arms, making me feel cherished and loved. You embraced me like one of your daughters. You were the quintessential teacher and always had something new to share, whether it was advice on the best foods for me, considering my blood type, or a new drug you had discovered which was all natural and very good for a variety of things.

You loved your grandchildren and even though you did not see them all the time, you showed them that love in so many ways. I fondly remember how quick you were to laugh, always putting others before yourself and ever ready to share whatever you had. What I will remember most about you is your cheerful demeanour, and positive outlook on life. Even in the face of adversity, you remained steadfast, refusing to let circumstances define you.

You had a deep and personal relationship with God, and I am comforted by the words of Revelation 21:4 that "the Lord himself will wipe away every tear from our eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain anymore, for the former things have passed away." We bid you farewell today, but your memory will live on in our hearts and in the hearts of all who knew and loved you.

May you find eternal peace in the embrace of our Heavenly Father.

Daad



MRS. ADELAIDE AKWESI

Mummy, it hurts that you could not hold on much longer; I was not expecting to hear this kind of news, especially, at the start of the year 2024, when we had just visited you 2 months earlier and were praying for you to regain your strength and celebrate your 74th birthday this year. Writing this is difficult because it means that you are truly gone. I miss you and thank God for being in my life. I love being part of the Akwesi family and it is one of the many blessings I thank God for. You made me feel so welcome. You showed me sincere, genuine, and true love. I remember the many times you called me 'asew kɔnɔfo', prayed and encouraged me, and the many times you called me "me dor" and blessed me. You were in every sense a wonderful, God fearing and loving mother.



Thank you for being there when your grandchildren arrived; your singing, presence, and caring made the difficult moments in our lives easier. It is still difficult for me, mummy. You are a true diamond, and I will always treasure you in my heart.

Rest well Ma!

*Let no one weep
for me, or
celebrate my
funeral with
mourning; for I still
live, as I pass to
and fro through
the mouths of men*

- Quintus Ennius

NENE PLAHAR

Auntie Christie (as I affectionately called her) and I got along the first day we met. Her presence was reassuring.

She had a very good sense of humour and would often talk about her days at the Ada Secondary School and her love for the local cuisine in Ada, knowing I hailed from there. She would call almost every morning to check up on everyone and would always encourage us to keep giving off our best no matter the obstacles come our way.

During my days at Mfantshipim, I never looked forward to going back to Cape Coast anytime I came home for holidays. This, however, changed after my trip to Cape Coast with Yoda her "baby last" or Nakutso (her knee or walking stick in our local parlance) as she would say, to visit a few months before our wedding. She received me with open arms and made me feel very much at home. Since then, I have always looked forward to the trips to Cape Coast to visit her.

When we visited a few weeks before her demise in January, she was still her usual bubbly self. It therefore came as a big shock that fateful Wednesday morning when I was informed of her passing.

Our next visit was planned for this Easter. This was, however, not to be with the sudden news of your passing. So many thoughts run through my mind. In one of our last conversations a few days before your demise, you had called to thank me for a gift I had purchased for you, and I informed you it was our duty. This was your way of saying goodbye.

Your infectious smile, loud laughter, hearty conversations and constant check-ups to ensure all was well will forever remain in our hearts. As the saying goes, people are remembered for how they made people feel and you did a very good job at making sure we felt safe and loved in your presence. You will therefore continue to live through us in our hearts.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to be a part of your life. You will be sorely missed.



Tribute from
Dr. EDNA OKORLEY TO A DEAR SISTER IN-LAW
MRS. CHRISTIANA OKANORKOR AKWESI



Mama, as I affectionately called her, was truly a mother by all standards to me than a sister-in-law. Her presence filled my world with warmth, guidance and boundless affection. She was one of the silent architects of my happiness and idols in the narrative of my life.

Her unwavering support and nurturing ideas have contributed to who I am today. Her words of wisdom and boundless patience have helped me

not only in my marriage to her 'son' (brother-Prof. Ernest Laryea Okorley), but also in nurturing the many nephews and nieces who by virtue of their education in Cape Coast have passed through my home.

Even though I call her Mama, she always referred to me as the 10th born of Maa Teɲɲ (her mother) and as such, related to me as a sister in many ways. Mama, I no longer hear your usual response 'Me dɔɔ' when I call, and the lovely, frenzied laughter. It heavily dawned on me, this March when I did not receive your usual call - 'happy birthday me dɔɔ'. I am still unable to bring myself to this reality. I am hanging there holding on to the many scriptures you have shared with me over the years.

The loving memories of Mama will remain with me. The laughter still echoes in my mind, the time I spent with her and the chat we had in between my busy teaching schedules are lingering with me. We talked about almost everything, especially about how everyone (family and friends) is doing and coming events in the family.

She accorded everyone respect irrespective of their age. She would call our names with titles: Sis. Edna, Bro Amanortey, Sis. Laako with great respect. Anytime I heard 'Bro Laryea or Nyemi Laryea', I knew there was going to be a 'filla' unfolding news in the family. When it was raw "Laryea" then there was a serious disciplinary issue for discussion.

I will always remember her accolades for my children, Joseph (Ataadjei, mi tsɛ Adjei or mi Papa), Priscilla (mi nyɛ Atswei), Shirley (Mi nyemi Nina-Mi mami hami kapiɛ) and Rosemond (Minyɛmi Kaa), accompanied with a lovely loud smile. There was never a dull moment around Mama.

Thank you, Mama, for raising a husband for me and thank you for being such a great mother and sister to me, and a sweet grandmother to our children.

Gentle soul, rest on. Mama, Sister Korkor, Me dor,
Yaawɔ ojogbaaɲɲ yɛ Nunso lɛ kpokoi amlɪ
Amen.



Tribute from GRANDCHILDREN

ESTHER BAAH

My earliest memory of “Mama” was when I moved to Cape Coast in year 3. The school year had started but as I did not have a school yet, I spent most of my days with her touring potential schools and making pastries, which she was exceptionally good at by the way. I finally gained admission to UCC primary school, and even though the news came in the middle of that day she was eager for me to start that same day.



She walked with me to class and reassured my nervous heart that everything would be okay. When we got to class there was no a desk for me, but that did not stop her, as she said: “my granddaughter will start today”. She left the class and returned carrying a desk to everyone’s amazement. She then added , “my granddaughter will be comfortable”.

That love and care was always at the forefront of everything she did. Even in discipline, hearing “med)” had a way of softening us all up. She taught us to be bold, to be confident in our pursuit of our dreams and to laugh through the storms. Her laughter was so audacious you couldn’t help but burst out laughing too. Though you are no longer here with us, your memories will always live on within us. Thank you for everything. For holding us down in private and defending us publicly. Thank you for being “Mama” to us all. Rest Well grandma!

CHRISTINE-RENEE AKWESI



Grandma was a loving, kind-hearted, generous, patient and wise woman who was always very cheerful. She mostly smiled. I did not even know that she was sick because her facial expressions did not show it. Her death was a shock to me. We were going to call her a few days before her death but sadly we did not. I was melancholy when my mother told me that grandma had died but God knows best. So, I will thank Grandma for all the times she brought a smile to my face. I also thank our Almighty Father for giving us the opportunity to meet my grandmother who was not only that but a mother, a friend, a counselor, a teacher and many more to many people. I hope to see her at the other side when God calls me but until then bye Grandma.

.....

JASON TETEH-BAAH AKWESI

*Good bye grandma.
It’s a shame the world
has lost one of its most
beautiful smiles.*



RYAN AKWESI

In the book of life, a chapter profound,
A story of love, forever unbound.
My grandma, a gem in the tapestry of time,
A melody of grace, a rhythm sublime.

In her embrace, warmth like the morning sun,
A gentle force, a haven for everyone.
Her laughter, a melody, soft and sweet,

Echoes of joy in every heartbeat.
Through the years, like a steadfast guide,
Her wisdom flowed in an endless tide.
In tales shared and lessons unspoken,

A legacy of love, an eternal token.
Her eyes, windows to a world serene,
Reflecting kindness, a gentle sheen.
In every gaze, a comforting gaze,

A timeless connection, an endless maze.
Oh, Grandma dear, though you may be gone,
In every breeze, in each dawn,
Your spirit dances, forever free,

A guardian angel, eternally.
In the echoes of your laughter, in memories spun,
A portrait of love, forever undone.
In the tapestry woven with threads of grace,
You're the heart's melody, a timeless embrace.
Rest Well Grandma



LORRAINE, CURTIS-CHRISTIAN, CAINAN & CALEB

Grandma Cape Coast, we could not hold back our tears when daddy told us you had gone to heaven. We asked him so many questions, he could not answer all. We still do have many questions we may not get answers to. We miss you very much grandma. We always looked forward to coming to Cape Coast to visit and spend time with you. Those moments are unforgettable times for us. We are sad that you had to go to God this early. Continue to pray for us grandma. May God keep you safely in his bosom. We love you and will always remember you. Rest well Grandma.



ARELI ADINORKI PLAGAR

Grandma, even though we did not spend too much time together, you were a constant feature in my life through your numerous morning phone calls to mummy. These phone calls always ended with me hijacking the phone. I enjoyed singing to you on your birthday.

I would always come and peep at your bedroom door and would take to my heels when you called me to come in. You always made it a point to attend events such as my outdoorings and I am most grateful to you. I would have loved to spend some more time with you, but God knows best.

Thank you for all the love and care.

You will be dearly missed.



NARKIE SIAKO AKWESI

When we called you Grandma, you responded 'midɔ', meaning my love. Your death is indeed a great loss to the family. Every time mommy prepared food and asked me to bring some to you, you will always say, 'tell mommy I say a very big thank you'. One thing I will always remember Grandma for is that when you asked her a question, she will answer and explain further. This made me learn a lot of special and new things. Such a great teacher she was.

I wish you were here with us. I really miss helping you dry your towel in the morning and you always saying, 'thank you, God bless you', with a smile on your face. I will after

help you descend the stairs. You will then go outside, where you will sit in your resting chair to take some fresh air and interact with passersby.

Grandma, on that Wednesday, I wanted to come and sing to you a special song I had learnt at school. As soon as I entered the house, I saw a canopy mounted in the house, with a lot of people with sad faces wearing black and sitting under the canopy. This was something very unusual. I greeted the people and went to my mother to find out what was going on, only to be told that Grandma had passed away. Since then, the word 'midɔ' has been missing from the house. I promise to be a God-fearing and kindhearted person that you were. May your soul find eternal rest with your maker.

Rest in peace.

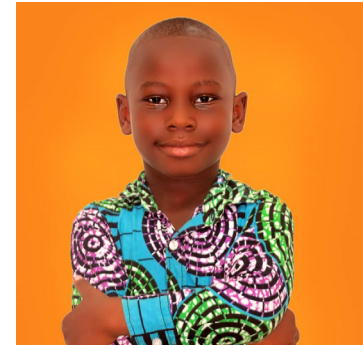
You will forever remain in our hearts.



NARKWOR SIAKO AKWESI

Grandma, we all miss you. It has been a long time I entered your room to give you something daddy sent me to bring to you. After telling you daddy said I should give you something, you will always say, 'tell daddy I say a big thank you.' When I call you, you will say 'mido'. Your love for my siblings and I was clear. Anytime our parents were out of the house and were late in returning, you will give us money to buy something to eat and immediately call mummy and daddy for us. Who will call daddy and mummy for us when they are not home, now that you are gone? Who will buy us something to eat as we wait for our parents to return home? Oh Grandma! You were such a lovely grandma to me. When it was our birthdays, you will always invite us and pray for us and we will shout 'Amen!' Anytime we told you we were going to school, you will always say, 'stay blessed, pay attention in class and have a have a nice day'.

There was an unusual silence in the house that Wednesday morning while I prepared for school. I returned home to meet an unusual crowd of people in black under a canopy. I knew immediately that something was wrong. I asked my mother what was happening? I was told that Grandma was gone. I became so sad but even more sad when one morning I was told your body was to be brought back to the house and then sent to Accra, never to be seen again. I always saw you in daddy's car or Auntie Gloria's car or sometimes in a taxi but that day, you were brought in a hearse. I watched how they sang and prayed for you. I had such a sad day at school. But I know you are in heaven.
REST WELL GRADMA!
GOD IS WITH YOU!!



JOSEPH, PRISCILLA, SHIRLEY & ROSEMOND

Grandma Christie, as we affectionately called her, was actually our auntie, but her relationship with us was more of a grandmother, because of her patience and very caring personality. It was always a joy to see her because she always motivated and encouraged us. Grandma Christie was always there for us, and her kitchen and dining area were our favorite places whenever we visited.

The news of her sudden demise took us by surprise because she was always so strong and enthusiastic, although we knew she was having problems walking. We pray that her soul finds peace with The God she had always shared with us.





TRIBUTE FROM COUSINS ABROAD:

AMANDA ASSAH (UK), KATE NARTEY-QUAYE(USA),
DAVID NARTEY (USA)

Eulogy

for Mrs. Christiana Akwesi (Affectionately called Teacher Okanorkor):

Today, we have gathered here to celebrate the life of our beloved cousin and sister, Mrs. Akwesi. While her passing has left a void in our lives, her unwavering love, kindness, and generosity remain etched in our hearts forever.

Mrs. Akwesi was truly an amazing woman. It was always a joy to see her while on holiday with her children in La. She loved her family and friends more than anything and will always lend a hand or a shoulder to lean on when needed. A woman of remarkable strength, industrious, a heart for teaching and very generous. She embraced the life of a longtime educator, always wanted more of herself and those around her.

Amanda recalls her time with her was very brief. Her final year in Form 5, short it was but it left a lasting impression.

She always had an encouraging word, she never stopped taking care of everyone. On top of all these she would go out to teach every day and return in a positive mood. As I raise my boys today, I am reminded of her strength and resilience, her zest for life and empathy. And I thank God that I had a role model in her and hope that I make her proud in my choices and how I raise my children.

Kate recalls time with her, after her secondary education, I was posted to a town right out of Cape Coast for National Service. I was hosted by Mrs. Akwesi and her family and quickly found out the town of my posting was not an attractive location. Feeling anxious and concerned, she told me not to worry about the situation and helped find an alternate at University Primary on UCC campus. With other service personnel she was hosting that year, she gave us accommodation, and made sure we had everything

we needed while serving. We hung in with her children and created the bond and friendship we have today. I am forever grateful for the kindness and generosity she showed us.

David recalls his time with her during his Adisco days. During the course of the school year, every now and then she will invite me over to her house for homemade meals and socialize with the family. A needed breakaway from boarding school life I always looked forward to.

The times that we shared with her were rewarding, she made home cooking and baking fun for all with her “own” recipes, taught us how to make baked beans, sardines from scratch and was very big on gardening – a family hobby everyone in her household participated in. As a mother, she always wanted the best for everyone, including

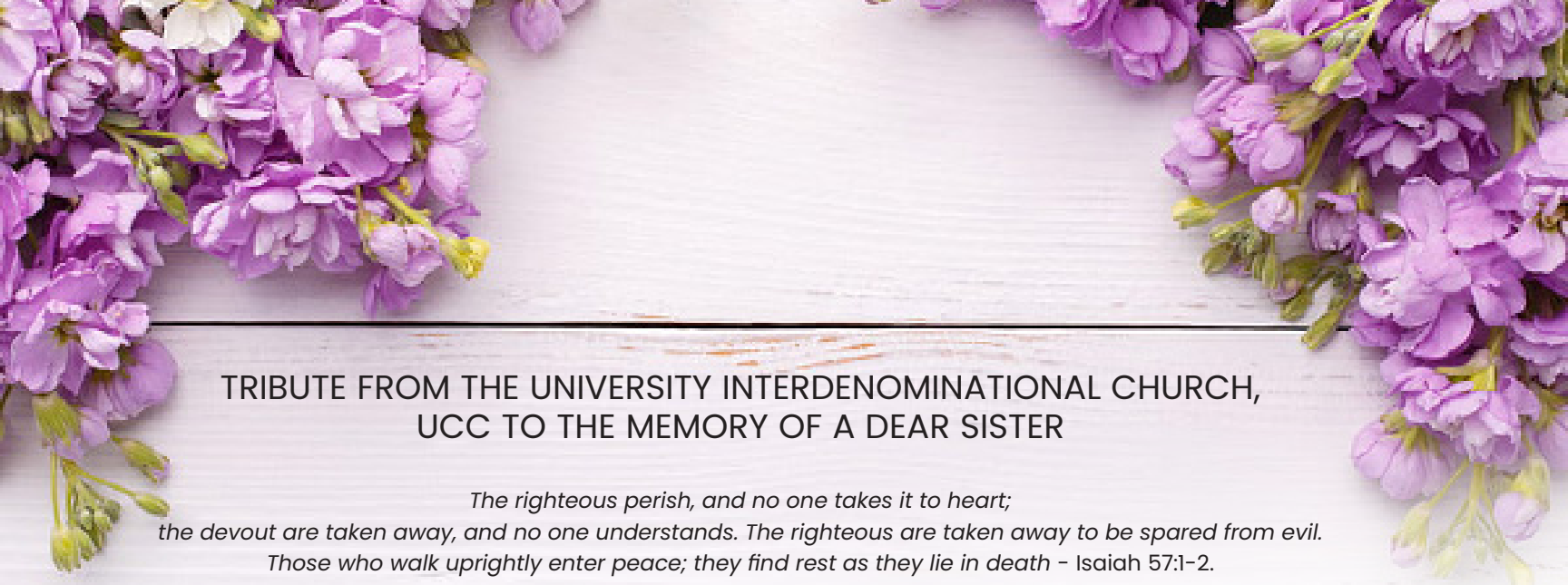
those visiting or staying with her. She saw the good in all of us. She took pride in knowing how our day went and what she could do to make our stay with her go smoother. She taught us to be humble no matter where we are in life. Teacher Okanorkor was a beacon of light in our lives, a person who taught us the true meaning of kindness and being generous.

While we mourn the loss of our beloved cousin today, let us take comfort in the countless memories she left us, the lives she touched, and the love she shared with us all. We are forever grateful, and you will always be in our hearts. Till we all meet again, TEACHER OKANORKOR, ANYEMI YAAWO, YAAWO OJOGBAN.



*“Remember me and smile,
for it’s better to forget than to
remember me and cry.”*

Dr. Seuss



TRIBUTE FROM THE UNIVERSITY INTERDENOMINATIONAL CHURCH, UCC TO THE MEMORY OF A DEAR SISTER

*The righteous perish, and no one takes it to heart;
the devout are taken away, and no one understands. The righteous are taken away to be spared from evil.
Those who walk uprightly enter peace; they find rest as they lie in death - Isaiah 57:1-2.*

We were filled with awe and deep sorrow on hearing of Sis. Christie's unexpected passing on to glory. Although, we knew there would always be a parting; we did not perceive it to be sudden and would require us to write a tribute for a dear sister as Mrs. Akwesi. Hmmm, parting is indeed painful, but we console ourselves with the fact that nothing happens on the blind side of God. It is for this reason that we are unable to question God on how He conducts His plans. Thus, amid our flooding tears, we are encouraged and consoled that we need no answers at why God allows this passing of our sister; God knows best. We, therefore, join Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians when he indicated *"O death where is your sting? O grave, where is your victory? - 1 Cor. 15:55; "which man lives and shall not die; or can deliver himself from the power of the grave? - Psalm 89:48"*

Sister Christie was a full-fledged member of the University Interdenominational Church (UIC) at UCC. She joined the Church over three decades ago and has since contributed her quota as a devout child of God to the growth and development of the church. She got involved in all activities of the church. We noted with admiration her devotion to Christian principles through her church attendance and participation in church activities. We found her to be hospitable, affable and generous. These virtues made her stand out, displaying a calm and quiet disposition; always wearing a smile. She was jovial, polite and understanding. She was always ready to help where there was the need.

Her attendance to church services was lately stalled due to ill-health. She had a particular place she sat when she was in church- near the staircase. The seat on which she sat is a reminder of her absence from the group she occupied the area with.

Sis. Christie loved God. She was God-fearing. She contributed to the church's projects through her regular payment of tithes, annual thanksgiving offerings and other offerings that were expected of a church member. During one of the church's "Prayer fast" programmes, she had the Holy Ghost baptism. She trusted God for a total healing and she realised the touch of God when she experienced the Holy Ghost baptism. It was a great joy to see the improvement in her health status from then. Yes, her joy was unimaginable. She exhibited the gifts of the Holy Spirit and could walk to the front to take communion herself rather than pastors taking it to her corner in the congregation. Sis. Christie was the epitome of her name—Christiana. She loved God with all her heart. She understands the times and seasons of God's purpose in her life and that of her children. She trusted God to make a way where there was no way. Aww! Sister, you will be remembered for the joy you expressed even in challenging times as a mother.

Now that a golden heart has stopped beating and hardworking hands have been put to rest, our hope is anchored in the truth that on the resurrection day as we keep faith; we will be raised with Sister into eternal joy with the almighty. Sister Christie, fare thee well, take a well-deserved rest, your memory will be preserved with us forever.

Gone out of sight but never from memories. Rest well dear Sister. Amen.

TRIBUTE from the CHURCH IN CAPE COAST

For the Lord himself will come down from Heaven, with a loud command, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet call of God, and the dead in Christ will rise first. After that, we who are still alive and are left will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And so we will be with the Lord forever (1 Thess. 4:16-18).

Drawing inspiration from the Holy Scriptures it could safely be said that it is right and appropriate for us to weep and mourn. The wailings may be bitter and loud, the cries may be hysterical because Mrs. Christiana Akwesi, who was committed and dedicated to the service of God, a sister who served in THE CHURCH with whole-hearted devotion and also received the saints of God with open-arms and infectious smiles, is no more with us. Nevertheless, it would not be right and appropriate to despair as those who do not have hope because our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has transformed our hopeless grief into a hope-filled grief by assuring us undoubtedly that we will see our loved ones again. Sis Christie, as she was fondly called, joined the Church in Cape Coast in 1987. She took a stand, she had touched the plough and never looked back (Luke 9:62).

She was counted among the number who were very zealous, dependable and prayerful. She exercised a humble spirit towards both old and young. She loved the Church so much that she often invited her husband who was a staunch Presbyterian to the church meetings. She also introduced her younger brother to the Church, who is now a blessing to the Church in Cape Coast.

Sis. Christie, the Heavens would remember your Good Works which will follow you right to the throne. In her lifetime, when it came to Praises and Worship, our sister was deeply involved. Even when the frailty of humankind had a toll on her, affecting her mobility, she was never ever glued to her seat, she danced around as much as she could to the Glory of God. She supported the growth of the Sisters' Meeting and was very resourceful in the practical fellowship of the sisters.

We will remember our sister for the special metallic chair she made for herself, not because she wanted to stand out or for luxury but a solid chair that would support her big frame and ensure her safety at meetings. Indeed, we have lost a dear sister but we will not despair because of our hope of the Resurrection.

For a number of years before her demise, our sister's restricted mobility made it difficult for her to attend our church meetings which was a bit far for her; but for her unrelenting desire for fellowship, she restricted her service to the University Interdenominational Church, UCC. However, we paid her regular visits at home.

We know for a fact that, Sis Christie's body of humiliation will soon be lowered into the dark recesses of Mother Earth as decreed by God but one day when the last trumpet sounds, this body of humiliation will be re-animated and will sit with the glorified in the Kingdom, to part no more.

REST ON, Dear Sister. The Labourer's task is over, and the battle day is past. The Church with one accord says Auntie Christie, Fare THEE WELL. We shall meet again. Goodbye.





TRIBUTE FROM UNIVERSITY JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, CAPE COAST

*Fight the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right;
Lay hold on in Life, and it shall be thy joy and crown eternally.*
MHB 490

Mrs. Akwesi, as we all called her, was not just a colleague teacher, but a mother, a friend, a mentor and a counsellor to many. Given that she was much older and more experienced than all of us, we always looked up to her for words of wisdom and encouragement anytime any of us needed it. She boasted of an affable personality and was very sociable. There was never a dull moment in the staff common room when she was in school. She would sing and tell us stories that teach us about the teaching profession and the twists and turns of life.

Love, patience, endurance, integrity, hard work, professionalism and uprightness were her treasured values in life. She would always respond, 'me do' to everyone's call and had a listening ear for those who had something to tell her. Indeed, she had a good and listening heart to deal with all situations. When you are hungry and you see her, you will be filled. Mrs. Akwesi would always celebrate her birthdays with colleagues she shared the same birth month by organizing special 'Ga kenkey' parties which drew a lot of seats.

As a professional teacher with so many years of experience, she was ready to exhibit the true values of a professional teacher. She upheld the ethics of her profession; she was regular and punctual in class, delivered her lessons as best as she could and ensured that her students equally exhibited the values, she taught them in Religious and Moral Education. She was so quick to correct her students and they were ever ready to be in her class.

Her sense of responsibility and versatility were not in doubt. She readily accepted the challenge to teach English Language when she was assigned at a time there was a vacancy in that department. This singular act of professionalism endeared her not only to the school management but also to her colleagues and students.

Mrs. Akwesi had absolute faith in God and readily acknowledged God's role in her professional career. She never stopped praising Him even in times of adversity, especially when confronted with some challenges in her professional career. She believed God would always appreciate her efforts if humans fail to recognize them.

She complained little and remained focused on her duties and responsibilities as a professional teacher. We have learnt so much from her during our stay together. Even as you depart from this sinful earth, your values and memories will forever remain in our hearts. We stand here today to bid you farewell, trusting that you have indeed paid your due in life. May the Good Lord grant you eternal rest.

Me do, fare thee well.

Me do, faint not nor fear,

Me do, God has already wrapped His strong arms around you,

Me do, only believe that Christ is all in all to thee. Amen!





TRIBUTE FROM UNIVERSITY OF CAPE COAST LADIES' CLUB

'He will swallow up death forever. The Sovereign Lord will wipe away the tears from all faces. He will remove His people's disgrace from all the earth'. (Isiah 25: 8)

We have gathered here today in memory of our dear colleague, Mrs. Akwesi. When we heard that she was no more, we were shocked and saddened. Death had taken away a genuinely warm individual, more importantly, a loving mother and deprived many others, including us all of a good colleague.

Your heart of gold has stopped beating, you have developed wings and heaven has gained an angel. Our hearts are broken but God needs you more. Losing one of our members has been one of the most difficult things we have ever gone through. Mrs. Akwesi was one of the founding members of UCC Ladies' Club and was very passionate about the Club.

Her special charismatic personality was readily apparent. She was committed to improving our club and always supporting everyone without hesitation. She had a gift of innovative thinking, a visionary spirit and an unwavering patience required to successfully lead a meaningful life. In addition to being devoted to the Club, she was an amazing person who made everyone happy. She was selfless, generous, uncompromising and a great teacher to us.

Her unwavering commitment to the club when she was an active member is greatly appreciated.

While we mourn the loss of a colleague, we pay tribute and celebrate a life that was well lived. Words, even the very best of words cannot pay tribute or truly capture the sense of loss that we feel. The loss is there, tangible, and real within everyone but we take consolation in the Maker. Today, we honour her by profoundly feeling and expressing our loss, but also remembering Mrs. Akwesi as an amazing person who has played a special role in our lives. Ladies as usual visited Mrs. Akwesi and little did we know that she was going to her Maker. Life can be fleeting but life lived to the fullest, stays in fond memories.

We wish you farewell in your journey to eternity. It was a privilege for us to have you been part of us. Fare thee well.



TRIBUTE FROM MRS. GRACE YANKSON

Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies,
But thou dost all my anguish sees
O God, be merciful to me **MHB 350, VERSE 3**

Oh Korkor, why so soon, why this time? How can I question God for all that He does is well-planned, good and beautiful?, I affectionately called Mrs. Akwesi by her local name Korkor, and she also would respond with Adjoo, my local name.

We have known each other for more than forty (40) years. The first time I met her was when she was pregnant of her second born and she so heavy that I stood by the roadside to give room to her to pass. When she reached me, she held my hand and started laughing. Her question was “are you afraid of me”? I also laughed and responded, ‘No I rather sympathize with you because you are carrying a big and heavy load”. So, we both laughed, talked for a while and departed. Since then, we have been so close that I know most of her relatives and she also knew mine. Our children are also friends.

Korkor was a very hard working and caring woman. Her house was always filled with so many mouths to feed therefore, she worked extra to supplement her income. She prepared Ga kenkey to sell, and also made Tie and Die fabrics. Her last product was fried groundnuts and flour chips which she prepared in large quantities and supplied to the shops on U.C.C. campus.

She was a happy, humble and easy-going woman. She loved people, so her house was filled with her own children, relatives and even children of friends and strangers.

Korkor, you have fought the good fight.
You have finished the Race.
Rest peacefully in the Bosom of the Lord.
Da Yie Da Yie!
Ny3nko Pa, Da Yie!
Amen.





TRIBUTE FROM MRS. MARY LANQUAYE-TETTEH

Sister Christie, as we affectionately called her, was a dear sister whom I have known for many years. We once lived close to each other - she at Labadi Abormi and I at South Labadi estates. We also fellowshipped in the same church in Cape Coast. As an older sister, she used to advise me on many things. She first moved to Cape Coast after she got married and I followed shortly after, and she was so kind to host me at her house for about a week. Interestingly, her husband Mr. Akwesi of blessed memory, stayed with my father when he was a schoolboy. The relationship was so close that during the period of her illness she would often call me and together we would go before the Lord in prayer. I would also often encourage her and even went to see her in person to ascertain her wellbeing and further lift her spirits. I will miss her in many ways but most of all will be her hearty conversations and infectious laughs. Although she is gone, I know she is resting in the Lord's bossom.

My dear sister, Wo Odzogbann!

TRIBUTE FROM THE DADSONS

The Akwesis were our close neighbours on UCC campus for many years, and so obviously we freely and easily visited each other's homes just to chat or to pick up or deliver one item or the other.

Like our family, the Akwesi household was a busy one - led from one end by the imposing matriarch Mrs. Christiana Akwesi. Obviously, the late Dr. Akwesi, her husband, fancied himself the head of the household, but the towering Mrs. Akwesi was clearly not the Veep - she was more of a Prime Minister! A very busy woman with a commanding voice - "Amanorteyyyy!!" She would bellow out to her mischievous son, Christopher, who bare-chested, would be seen dashing out the back door away from the voice rather than towards it - a discarded car tyre in hand wheeling it down the dirt road like the boys used to do in those days!

We developed strong bonds with the Akwesi children - Amanortey, Laako, Kofi, Laakwor and even other relatives like Bro. Laryea (now Prof. Okorley), friendships that have lasted through the changing scenes of life!

Mrs. Christiana Akwesi was a tough, hardworking lady engaged in many useful economic activities. Apart from being a trained teacher working at the campus primary school, she had a side Ga kenkey business, kept a well-tended garden and conducted a myriad of agricultural businesses right from her backyard! Her sons and

daughters were actively engaged in helping with the home businesses.

Since we left campus several years ago, we have been in touch, checking on each other from time to time. Amanortey, now popularly known as Lawyer Chris has been a brother and true friend and he has kept us abreast with all the happenings in the family.

On the very last day of January this year, while mourning with our cousins at our uncle's funeral, we heard the sad news of Mrs. Akwesi's demise, "what happened?" We asked in disbelief "nothing much, she was at home and ...". As always, we know but we ask - that is the way of the world - we all will go down that long and lonely road - she has only taken the lead.

Rest in Peace, Mrs. Akwesi - lover of kids, feeder of multitudes, hardworking and resourceful mother of all!
Nyame nfa wo nsie!

Tribute from KOFI NARH SAM

"And when great souls die, after a period, peace blooms, slowly and always irregularly. Spaces fill with a kind of soothing electric vibration. Our senses, restored, never to be the same, whisper to us. They existed. They existed. We can be. Be and be better. For they existed."

Maya Angelou

I knew Mama, as I affectionately called her, when I went to work at the University of Cape Coast (UCC) in the mid-1990s. By coincidence, her husband, Dr C K. Akwesi, of blessed memory, taught me at secondary school at Koforidua many years back. My house at UCC was opposite theirs. Mama and Dr Akwesi became my mentors during and after my stay at UCC. Their house was home to me and my children and we trooped in and out of that house at will. The house was always teeming with people, but Mama and the husband made everyone feel welcome with magnificent hospitality. They shared their space, their food and above all, their love with everyone that was in contact with them.

Mama had a charming personality. Those who knew her very well will attest to the fact that she was always forthright with her views, but she possessed a great sense of humour which she used to good effect to create laughter and keep everyone at ease, even during difficult moments. I look back with fondness to the many moments of good fun and laughter she shared with me and many gathered here today.

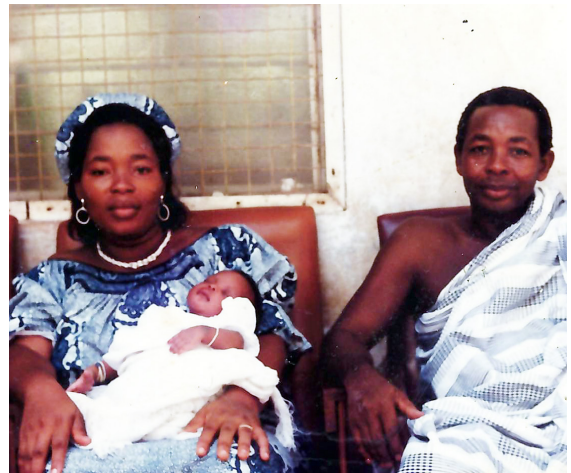
Mama showed by her life and achievements that no height was beyond reach and with hard work, determination, and the right mental attitude one could succeed. These attributes were clearly demonstrated by the fact that she achieved her Bachelor of Education degree at the mature age of almost 50 years. In her personal and professional life, she sought to achieve the best outcome in any task she undertook. She never settled for a 'good enough' result. Certainly, she was inspired by the attitude described in the quote by Norman Peale "Shoot for the moon. Even if you miss, you will land among the stars." Indeed, Mama went past the stars and succeeded in literally landing on the moon!

Mama, yes, 'We can be. Be and be better'. We are better today because you existed. The family is in a better standing because you had been a successful and worthy trailblazer; the community has benefitted from your inspiration, leadership and diverse contributions to uplift it; and Ghana, has benefitted from your teaching profession. You have left the world a better place than you found it. Mama, mo k3 ny3mi saminya – Fare Thee Well.

*The elders of the
village are the boundaries*
- Ghanaian Proverb



PHOTO Memories









Hymns

MHB 313- To God be the glory

1. To God be the glory, great things he hath done!
So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,
who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
and opened the lifegate that all may go in.

Refrain:

*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 thru Jesus the Son,
and give him the glory, great things he hath 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.
(Refrain)

3. Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done,
and great our rejoicing thru Jesus the Son;
but purer, and higher, and greater will be our wonder,
our transport, when Jesus we see.
(Refrain)

MHB 99- How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

Verse 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.

Verse 2

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

Verse 3

Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Verse 4

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

MHB 521- Trusting only in Thee

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee,
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.
I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power:
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall:
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79

MHB 538- What a friend we have in Jesus

Verse 1

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Verse 2

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Verse 3

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Medlicott Scriven, 1820-86

MHB 511- Begone, unbelief

1. Begone, unbelief,
My Savior is near,

And for my relief
Will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2. Though dark be my way,
Since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.

3. His love, in time past,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4. Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His Word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

John Newton, 1725-1807

MHB 478- Jesus my Saviour, brother, friend

Verse 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.

Verse 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:

Verse 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.

Verse 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.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

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
Even in this vale of 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.
Amen.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1703-1847

MHB 110- Jesus, lover of my soul

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 Savior, hide,

Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

ther 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 defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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.

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.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

**MHB 427- Through All The Changing
Scenes Of Life**

Verse 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.

Verse 2

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

Verse 3

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

Verse 4

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady

MHB 498 - Rock of Ages, cleft for me

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All could never sin erase,

Thou must save, and save by grace.

Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)

MHB 828 - Ten thousand times ten thousand

1: TEN thousand times ten thousand in
sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finished, all is finished, their fight
with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates, and
let the victors in.

2: What rush of alleluias fills all the
earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation and all its
tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes a

thousand-fold repaid!

3: O then what raptured greetings on
Canaan's happy shore;

What knitting severed friendships up,
where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, that
brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless, nor
widows desolate.

4: Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect, then take
Thy power, and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations, Thine exiles
long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised
sign; Thou Prince and Savior, come.

Henry Alford, 1810-71

MHB 528 - In heavenly love abiding

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?

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.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er 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.

We'll see Thee soon, Lord Jesus,
Amid the ransomed throng,
Its glory, joy and beauty,
Its never-ending song:
Oh, day of wondrous promise,
The Bridegroom and the bride
Are seen in glory ever,
For ever satisfied!

Anna Letitia Waring (1850)

MHB 831 - Give Me The Wings Of Faith To Rise

1: GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2: Once they were mourners here
below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,

With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3: I asked them whence their victory came
They, with united breath:
Ascribed their conquest to the lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4: They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

MHB 615 - Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Verse 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!
Feed me now and evermore.

Verse 2

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my held and shield.

Verse 3

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction.
Lead me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams, 1717-91

MHB 651 - Hark! Hark, My Soul

1. HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic
songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and
Ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains
are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!

2. Onward we go; for still we hear them
singing:
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3. Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
sea,

And laden souls, by thousands
meekly stealing,
kind Shepherd, turn their weary
steps to Thee.

4. Rest comes at length; though life
be long and dreary,
the day must dawn, and darksome
night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to
the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home,
will come at last.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63

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 His promise vain.

3. The Lord pours eyesight on 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.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

MHB 634 – Will Your Anchor Hold?

1: WILL your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!

2: Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear?
When the breakers roar and the reef is near;
While the surges rave, and the wild winds blow,

Shall the angry waves then your barque o'erflow?

3: Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the veil.

4: Will your eyes behold through the morning light
The city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
When life's storms are past for evermore?

Priscilla Jane Owens, 1829–99