



REMEMBERING THE LIFE OF

Pauline

Adobea Dadzawa

A life of strength, service, and grace – fulfilled in God's divine purpose

"Keep
studying.
keep growing.
There is
no end to
learning."





Officiating Clergy

Rev. Commodore Paul Adjei-Djan (Rtd)

District Minister, Mamprobi District,
Presbyterian Church of Ghana

Rev. Ibrahim Baidoo

Akuapim-Ridge Interdenominational
Church, Peduase

Rev. Albert Owusu Ansah

Greater Grace Baptist Church, Taifa North

Rev. Daniel Yirenkyi-Larbi

Living Streams Baptist Church, Atomic

Rev. Jennifer Kofi

ICGC Revival Temple, Taifa

In attendance

Royal Voices Choir

Master of Ceremonies

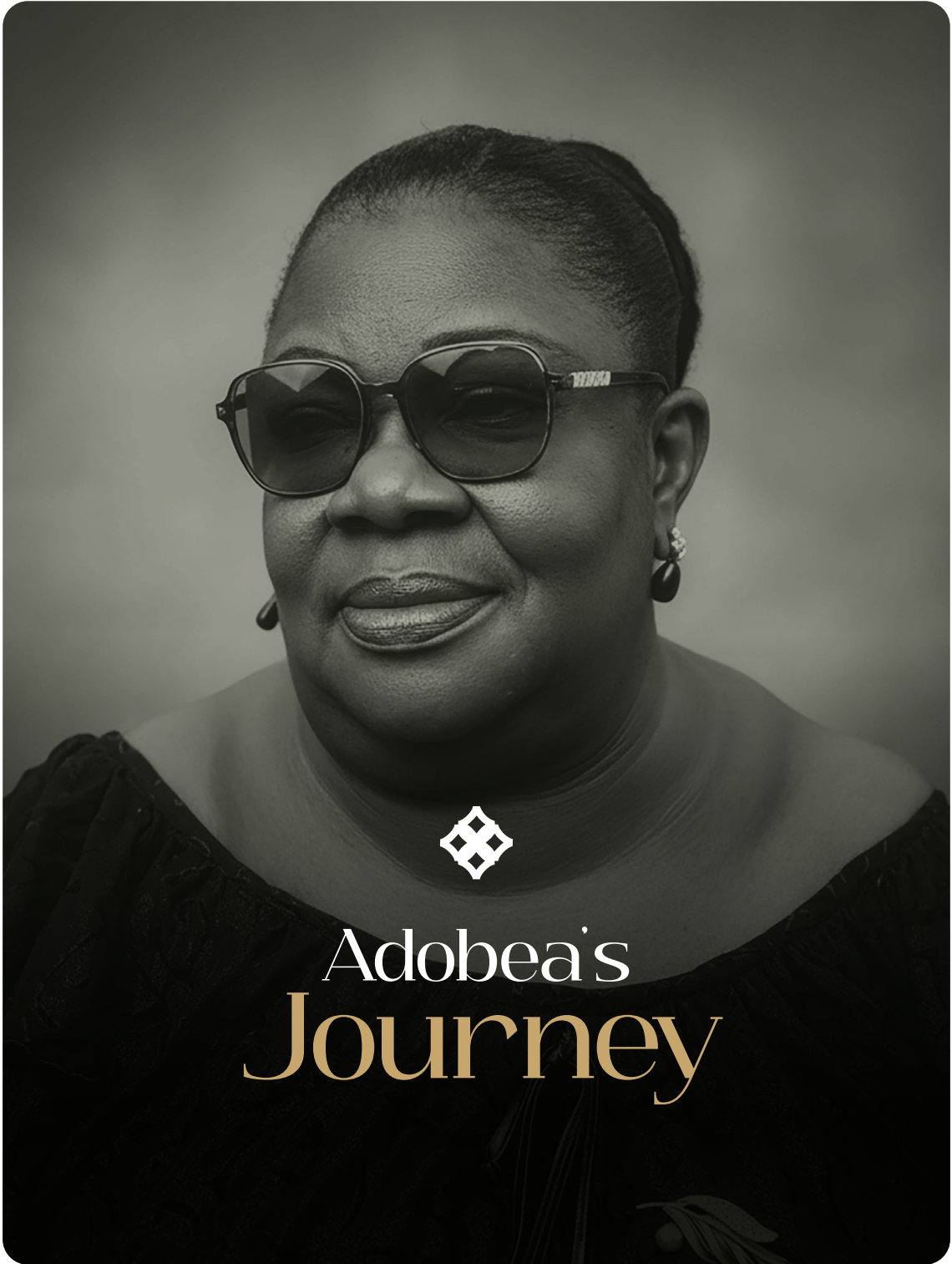
King Kwasi Kyei Darkwah





Order of Service

Musical Prelude	Royal Voices
Opening Remarks/ Welcome	Master of Ceremonies
Call to Worship	Rev. Commodore Paul Adjei-Djan (Rtd)
Opening Hymn	Will Your Anchor Hold
Opening Prayer	Rev. Ibrahim Baidoo
Scripture Readings	Psalm 90: 1-12
	John 14:1-6
	Revelation 21:4
Hymn	When peace like a river
Biography	Juliana Odame
Tributes (Part I)	
Special Song	Royal Voices
Tributes (Part II)	
Hymn of Meditation	Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us
Words of Exhortation	Rev. Commodore Paul Adjei-Djan (Rtd)
Prayer for Family	Officiating Clergy
Brief Announcement	Family
Closing Hymn	Abide with me
Closing Prayer & Benediction	Rev. Commodore Paul Adjei-Djan (Rtd)
Burial/Photography	



Adobea's
Journey



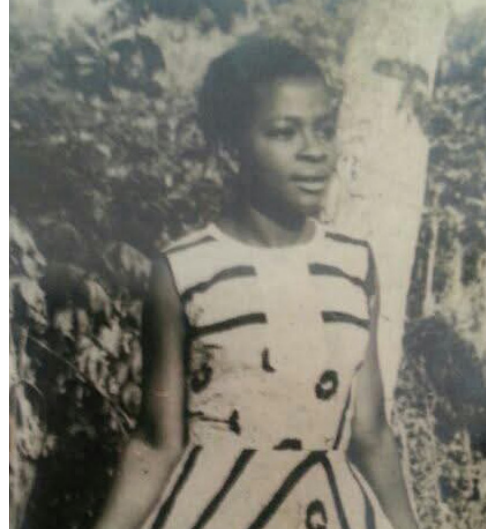
Early Life and Education

The story of Mrs. Pauline Adobea Dadzawa (Née Opare) began in the peaceful town of Mepom, near Asamankese. From the very beginning, she was a child of promise – radiant, intelligent, and full of life. Born to Opanin Gabriel Nkansah Opare and Obaapanin Janet Appiakoromah Opare, both of blessed memory, Pauline was the third of five children – three girls and two boys, in a close-knit Christian home that valued discipline, hard work, and integrity.

Pauline’s brilliance showed early. At just four years old, she began formal schooling, often accompanying her elder sister to class. What began as “perching with her sister” soon turned into excellence. She constantly emerged top of her class. Her teachers quickly recognized that this little girl possessed a mind far ahead of her years.

When her father was transferred to Fumso, Pauline continued her basic education there. It was there that her determination truly stood out. In Primary Six, she sat for and passed the Common Entrance Examination. That success earned her admission into Wesley Girls’ High School, Cape Coast, where she continued to shine brightly.

At Wesley Girls’, Pauline was not just brilliant – she was bold, confident, and



unafraid to speak her mind. She had a commanding presence and a sense of fairness that made it impossible to take advantage of her. She believed in truth, discipline, and excellence, and she stood firmly by her principles. Her friends admired her for her courage;



her teachers respected her for her intelligence and leadership. She completed both her Ordinary and Advanced Levels by 1976, leaving behind a record of outstanding performance and remarkable character. She would later become the Vice President of the

1974-year group, holding that position until her passing.

Driven by her passion for languages and global engagement, she began her undergraduate studies at the University of Ghana, Legon, pursuing a Bachelor of Arts in French, Spanish, and Linguistics. As part of her program, she travelled to Spain in 1979 to study at Die Universitas Complutense in Madrid, where she earned a Diploma in Spanish Language. She returned to Ghana the following year to complete her degree in 1980.

Pauline's thirst for knowledge and professional development continued throughout her life. She obtained a Certificate in Human Resource Management from the Management Development & Productivity Institute (MDPI) in 2002, followed by a Final Professional Qualifying Diploma from the Chartered Institute of Administration in 2003. Her expertise in conflict resolution was strengthened through a Certificate in Mediation & Conflict Transformation from UNDP Ghana in 2005. She later earned a Master's degree in Public Sector Management from the Ghana Institute of Management and Public Administration (GIMPA) in the year 2011.

Professional Journey

Pauline's career began in education, serving as a tutor at the Institute of Languages in Accra and L'Ecole





Française d'Accra in 1980. She later taught French at Peninsular Secondary School in Waterloo, Sierra Leone, from 1981 to 1983. Her transition into human resource and administrative roles began with positions at Hotel Sofitel Mammy Yoko and IPC Tours in Freetown, Sierra Leone, between 1983 and 1993.

Upon returning to Ghana, she held key roles in hospitality and administration, including Office Manager at Sunseekers Tours and Front-of-house/Protocol Manager at the National Theatre of Ghana. Her leadership continued to flourish as she served as Administrative and Human Resource Manager at Hospitality Associates and as a lecturer at the Career Development Institute. From 2001 to 2004 she served as Head of Youth Development at SOS Ghana.

From 2004 onward, Mrs. Dadzawa's career was defined by her service to the nation. She held senior roles at the Ghana Cocoa Board from 2004 to 2018; Human Resource Manager (Cocoa Research Institute of Ghana), Deputy Director, Public Affairs and retired as the Director, Training School at Quality Control Company Limited (QCC), a subsidiary of COCOBOD.

In 2004, she was appointed as a Member of the Electoral Commission of Ghana, where she served until her retirement. In this capacity, she became a respected voice in electoral governance across Africa and the Commonwealth, serving as an observer in countries including Guinea Bissau, Mali, Togo, Senegal, Tanzania, and Côte d'Ivoire. As a certified BRIDGE

facilitator and Lead Facilitator at the Kofi Annan International Peacekeeping Training Centre, she trained countless professionals in election observation and management.

Her dedication culminated in her appointment as a part-time member of the Public Services Commission in 2019, a role she played until her death. She was also a member of the Institute of Public Relations and the American Hotel and Motel Association. In August this year, she was appointed as a Member of the Board of Directors of the Produce Buying Company Limited (PBC), but sadly, her tenure was short-lived, and she could not see through the many visionary ideas she had for the Company.

Family and Personal Life

While living in Sierra Leone, Pauline met Harry, and on 1st January, 1983, they were joined in marriage. Their union was blessed with four children and, at the time of her passing, five cherished grandchildren. Pauline was a steadfast believer in the principle that family comes first. She was fiercely protective of her loved ones and supported them in every possible way, with unwavering devotion, strength, and love.

Adobea was a lover of music. In her 20s, she followed some of her mates who were part of the Joyful Way Singers to their fellowship meetings. She would





Family is not an important thing. It is every- thing.

— Michael J. Fox

eventually become a vital part of the Joyful Way Incorporated, and continued to be a member of the Joyful Way Associates until her passing. She also loved to dance— and she did so with joy and flair. Those closest to her will fondly remember her signature move, a graceful sway paired with a playful shoulder dip and that facial expression that always lit up the room. Whether at family gatherings, weddings, or moments of celebration, her dancing was a reflection of her vibrant spirit and love for life. It was impossible not to smile when she moved to the rhythm. Pauline was a no-nonsense woman, unapologetically candid and fiercely

principled. She spoke her truth plainly, even when it was uncomfortable, and never sugar-coated her convictions to please others. Her honesty, though sometimes disarming, was rooted in integrity and a deep sense of responsibility. While her forthrightness may have rubbed some the wrong way, she was never one to apologize for standing firm in what she believed. She valued truth over tact, and her courage to speak plainly was one of her most defining strengths.

Fluent in English, French, Spanish, Krio and several Ghanaian languages, and with working knowledge of Portuguese, Mrs. Pauline Adobea Dadzawa was a true global citizen. She lived a life of purpose, principle, and profound impact. Her journey through education, public service, and family devotion was marked by excellence, fairness, and unwavering strength. She gave her best to every role she held and every person she loved.

Her legacy will continue to inspire all who knew her— and even those who only knew of her work. As a wife, mother, grandmother, mentor, educator and astute public servant, she left behind a trail of wisdom, courage, and grace.

We will miss her deeply. Her voice, her presence, her laughter, and her love will echo in our hearts forever.

Rest well Pauline.



Tributes & Memoires



TO MY BELOVED WIFE, FROM HARRY

Psalm 1:1–3

¹ Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. ² But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. ³ And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

42 long years of living with a most remarkable woman is pure privilege. Fiercely protective of her family, kind hearted, the distinct loud voice among friends and associates. One could hardly miss her presence wherever she found herself. Her grasp of every subject was phenomenal, from the arts, sciences, philosophy, to whatever, you name it. She touched many hearts here and abroad. She was as passionate with

everything as she was in her relationship with me. Healthy banters, intellectual discussions, her characteristic insults. It was a blend that sustained our love life.

Ado, thank you for every minute I had the privilege of knowing you from Sierra Leone. Thank you for the honour of being your husband and co-parents to the children and grandchildren we are blessed with. You were not just a great family woman but an astute public servant and national asset. The nation mourns you for your contribution to national duty.

Adios Ado!

**Rest in
Perfect
Peace.**





WITH LOVE, FROM YOUR CHILDREN

Our mother was extraordinary in every sense of the word.

Mommy was always, unequivocally herself. In a world that often demands conformity, she was authentic to her core. What you saw was what you got. There was no pretense, and no performance. She had a brilliant mind. The smartest person in any room, with a sharp brain and an even sharper tongue. If she told you something, you could count on it being the truth, even when the truth was hard to hear. But beneath that was a woman of deep kindness. She cared, and she always showed up.

There was nothing she wouldn't do for us, no battle she wouldn't fight on our behalf. Her love was not quiet or passive. It was loud, active, protective, and absolute. Mommy paved her own path in this world. She built an extraordinary life and career through sheer determination and hard work, and in doing so, she created an amazing life for us. But her greatest legacy is the family she built. A close-knit unit where siblings genuinely love and care for each other, and can rely on one another. That was her doing. That was her gift to us.

We are who we are because of her. We will continue to honour her in everything we do.

**Rest in perfect peace, mommy.
You have earned it.**



SAYING GOODBYE TO MY MUM



Revelation 21:4

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.

My mommy, my forever love, my big baby, my “kokonsa” partner, my doctor, my pharmacist, my teacher, my counsellor, my lawyer, my fashion consultant, my cook, my everything! There are mothers and there is YOU! You earned and wore that badge perfectly and embodied the role so well. There is so much to write about you, it gets increasingly difficult as I try to. I am not sure how I am supposed to continue life without you because I never imagined you gone this soon. I haven’t felt such pain in my life. Mostly because you and daddy gave us a life that was for the most part pain and stress free.

Paulina Adobea, you have broken my heart. Into many many pieces I am not sure how I can put them back together. I still haven’t met anyone quite like you. A person so complex and yet so simple, loud yet calm, stubborn yet understanding, no-nonsense yet forgiving, predictable yet unpredictable.

You were a blend of so many things at different times and when you walked into a room there was an aura that was undeniable. It is in that same vein that your absence leaves such a vast void.

You were an ever-present mother. I do not think there is anyone in my life who doesn’t know you because you were always there. You cared so deeply for me and kept reminding me that no matter how old I was, I was still your daughter. You did everything to make sure I was fine. Even when I had a family of my own, you were always there. Always just a call away. You lived for us until the day you left. My children could not get enough of you. You doted on them to a fault! Now that you are gone, I promise to honour you in every possible way. Your name and memory will not fade. Everyone will be reminded of the remarkable woman you were.

Adobs, I should have known you wouldn’t be here for long by the kind



of impact you made. They say good people do not last long on this side. It is all well though because, even in your absence you are still my ten over ten, my "obaa macho", my "obaa tarzan", my super woman, my reason not to fail and my reason to do everything I can in my power for my family.

Paulina Mansa, I miss you every day, I miss our everyday phone calls talking endlessly about nothing. I miss you calling at dawn to keep you company because you couldn't sleep. I miss your signature "abenkwan", "shito" and jollof. I miss your voice, your insults, your presence, your constant yelling, your unsolicited advice, our inside jokes. I miss everything about you.

Thank you for being my mother. A perfect one at that! The pain is unbearable but the love I have for you is intact and would take me through. I know you are safe with my father Jesus Christ, so I am comforted. I am convinced beyond doubt that you have finished what you came on earth to do because I cannot imagine anything you haven't done.

Adobea Mansa, thank you! For everything big and small, for everything you did for me, my husband and my children. Thank you for the life you gave me. I enjoyed every bit of my childhood and adulthood up until Saturday 18th October, 2025. Memories of my childhood keep flooding and I still

wonder how you did all you did, with so much tact and grace. You set me up for life. Maybe because you knew you had limited time here. You did it all! You have run the race and now your crown awaits you.

Even in all the pain, there is a still quiet voice that reminds me that God is still God! My heart is at peace and my faith unshaken in the fact that, even when we do not understand His ways, we can be sure that He never makes mistakes. Now when I say it is well, I truly mean it. It is indeed well!

So, my darling mother, we will be fine on this side. All you have to do is sleep well, have enough rest until I see you again, at which time we will continue from where we left off, never to be separated again. There is a lot more “kokonsa” on this side for you.

From your first fruit and the one who kept you in the labour ward for three days! To say I love you is an understatement. You are my world!

Love, Mankpa.

A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER. MY ROCK

Sara Josepha Hale

“There is no influence so powerful as that of the mother.”

Today, I honour a woman whose presence shaped my world. A fierce, independent, and bold force of nature. My mother was not just a parent, she was a standard, a benchmark of strength and tenacity. Growing up under her watchful eye, I often wondered if I could ever be like her. She was larger than life, and her expectations were just as grand.

My mom usually told us stories about her humble beginnings and what hard work, grace and grit can do. Paulina Adobea, as we called her, always gave us pressure — the good kind. To do better, to be better. It was the kind of pressure that carved diamonds. We get it now. She was going to leave us soon and had to be sure that we were going to be fine.



Momi, I have never known a mother like you. Always present. Always so protective of us. You never missed a chance to show us off. Every achievement, every milestone. You displayed it like a trophy to anyone who would care to look.

Momi, I will never forget one of the darkest periods in my life. I was drowning in what I thought at the time was failure, and then came your voice through the phone: "Selorm, where are you? Come home. You have a family." In that moment, you reminded me of the one truth that never wavers—family is everything! You stood behind me like a solid rock, unwavering, unshaken. You

catered to every need I had and made sure the girls and I lacked nothing.

Momi, you gave us the very best; exposure, education and experiences. You made sure we had every tool to succeed in this journey called life. When it came to us, no one else and nothing else mattered. You loved us to a fault. And your grandchildren? Ha! Momi, Kayla (Adobea), your namesake and Kaycee will always carry your love. You spoiled them rotten, and they adored you for it. I will make sure they remember you, not just as Grandma, but as the rock you were to us all and I promise you that we will keep your memory alive.

Momi, working with you in the same Company for a few years and hearing my and your colleagues speak of your brilliance, exploits, and wisdom always filled me with so much pride. I was so proud of you and I am glad I told you that many times when you were with us. Your astuteness as a public servant is something I will carry with me on my own journey. I will serve with competence, grace and fairness.

My mom was wise. Very wise. Her methods may have been unconventional, but her heart was always in the right place. We did not always get along. But that's family. She could be stubborn, but we loved her like that. She was our fire, our compass, and our anchor. She always said that



I was once the bubbly little child, full of laughter and mischief. Over time, I became more quiet, more reflective. Oh, Paulina would not understand that shift. She wanted me to be as fiery and ruthless as she could be, when she needed to be that. Momi don't worry, *sesiaa di3 m'ani ate paa*.

Momi, I will fondly remember how you always struggled to get my name right the first time, always confusing it with Sedem's. You'd go "se.. so... Sedom... Seldom... then finally, Selorm. Oh Momi! I'll miss your mpotompoto, special jollof

with the veggies on top, shito and your soup with the 'expensive meat and fish' only you could afford (inside joke).

Momi, today, I remember you for everything you were to me. A mother like no other. A woman of steel and soul. Although you're gone physically, your legacy will live on, in me, in the family and in every life you touched.

Rest well, Momi. Rest, till we meet again.

Love, Lorm

MY GREATEST BLESSING

Maya Angelou

To describe my mother would be to write about a hurricane in its perfect power. Or the climbing, falling colors of a rainbow.

"Ei, so you won't call me?"

That's how you started every phone call, even if we had spoken just the day before. That was your way. Protective, attentive, and always making sure I knew you were there. You sacrificed so much for me

so that I would lack nothing. You were sometimes too much, but never too little, and exactly what I needed. I never had to worry about whether I could take advantage of opportunities because you were always there, reassuring me that I could and that I was the smartest person in any room. You didn't just



make sure I had a leg up – you fought for opportunities for me. And if all else failed, I always knew I could come back to you.

You were adamant about what you wanted for me, but you always understood and accepted that I had to make the final call. You guided but never controlled, and that's a balance I

often took for granted. I would not be half the person I am today if it wasn't for your love, your encouragement, and your eagerness to challenge me.

I'll miss our mid-day phone calls, talking about everything from what's going on with me to the news and everything that's wrong with Ghana. I'll miss how much you worried about my food, always insisting that I pack something whenever I was leaving you. I'll miss your persistence that I move back home, simply to be with you. Who do I come home to now, Mommy?

The thought of you not being there for any more milestones hurts.

Mommy, I always admired the person you were. Your grit. Your ability to simply be who you were and force the world around you to adjust. You were an extraordinary person and an even better mother. I wish I had more time to tell you how much you mean to me, how proud I am of the person you are, and how much I aspire to be like you.

It has been the greatest joy and blessing to be your daughter, and for the rest of my life, I'll miss having you by my side and in my corner. I hope you are happy, fulfilled, and at peace, and I hope to live the rest of my life honoring your love for me and the sacrifices you made.

**With love always,
Lala**

TO MOMMY



Perfectionist. Giver. Fighter.

Words that best describe my mother — a truly remarkable woman.

The daughter of a cocoa farmer who beat the odds to become an accomplished woman, you always encouraged me to use your story as a reminder to be my best and to shine in everything I did. There was nothing too complex for you to grasp, no problem you couldn't solve. I was constantly in awe of your intelligence and knowledge across many fields.

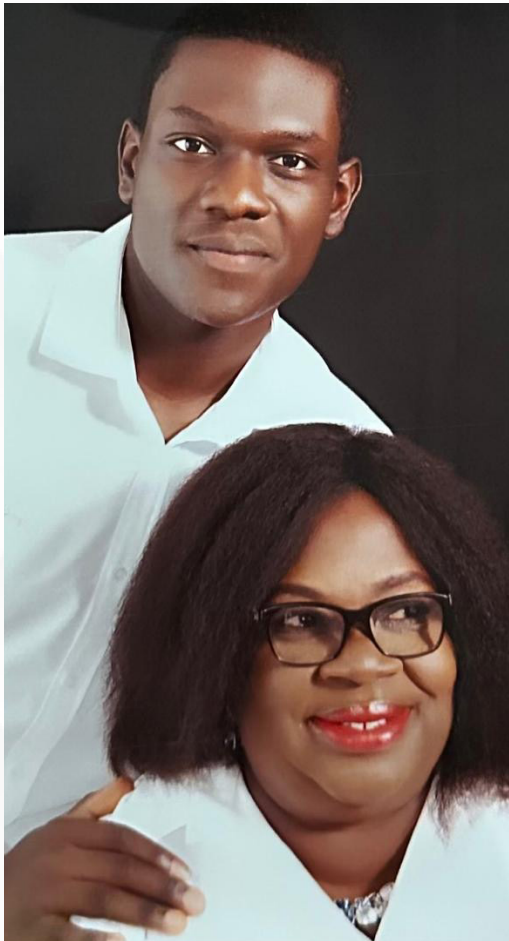
Your thirst for knowledge was endless, always striving to elevate your mind and become the best version of yourself. Your attention to detail could be exhausting at times, but it ultimately shaped me into the person I am today. The confidence and belief I have in myself came directly from watching you break glass ceilings and be Superwoman every single day. Your attitude towards your career, your family, and everything you deemed important was truly inspiring. Everyone who crossed your path could attest that you did everything with excellence and perfection.

Because of your humble beginnings, you always had a soft spot for the

vulnerable and never hesitated to help others in any way you could. You had it all but needed very little, always emphasizing that one didn't need much to live a fulfilled life.

Despite your many achievements, your children were the badge of honor you wore with pride every single day. You poured everything you had into your family. There was nothing more important to you than your children and even though you had four, in reality, you had hundreds more whom you genuinely cared for. Because of your sacrifices and virtues, your children have no reason to be jealous, selfish, or materialistic — and for this, we will always be grateful. Your core principles of hard work and truthfulness will forever live within us.

They say life is war and there was no greater fighter than you. You were always ready to stand for what you believed in, never compromising your values or standards. Even at the end, when the situation looked bleak, you fought so hard, never doubting that you would pull through. You fought until you



could fight no more, a painful reminder that we are only human.

Thank you, Pauline. I cannot thank you enough for being my mother and sacrificing everything to keep my head above water. I know there will never be anyone who has my back the way you did. And even though you are no longer physically here, you've already given me all the tools and wisdom I need to forge ahead in this jungle called life.

As you have joined the many ancestors who made unimaginable sacrifices for us to be here today, we salute and honour you for a life lived selflessly and to the glory of God.

If life is truly about legacy, then I have no doubt that the impeccable legacy you've left for your family and loved ones will keep your light shining forever. It is truly a mission accomplished for you, Mommy, and I have never been more proud to be your only son.

**Live on forever Mommy.
Love, Sonny.**



A mother's
arms are
made of
tenderness
and children
sleep soundly
in them.

— Victor Hugo

FROM MAVIS



Psalm 1:1–3

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.

With a heart full of sorrow yet gratitude I write this tribute to a woman who was more than my employer. Mommy was a mother, a mentor, and a true woman of virtue.

When I first came into her home, I was a stranger, unsure of what to expect but mommy received me with open arms and treated me with kindness and respect. She made me feel valued, cared for and part of the family. Her words were always seasoned with wisdom, and her actions reflected the love of God.

Mommy was a woman of faith and compassion. She never looked down on anyone, regardless of her position in life. She taught me patience, humility and the importance of doing everything with love and sincerity. Her gentle spirit and strong faith in God inspired me deeply. Mommy truly let her light shine—her generosity touched many hearts and her words comforted those in pain. She was a blessing to all who came her



way. Though her passing has left a deep void, I am thankful to God for the time I spent with her. Mommy, your legacy of kindness, humility and love will forever remain in my heart. You have fought a good fight, you have finished your race, and you have kept the faith (2 Timothy 4:7).

Rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord. Your memory will forever be cherished with deep respect and gratitude.

Hede Nyuei!!
Damrifa Due! Due!!



FROM THE BIG FIVE

Grandma, we wish you were here. Thank you for the lessons and prayers. Thank you for all the lovely things you did for us. Thank you for helping us with Spanish homework when you were home with us. We love you Grandma, from the bottom of our hearts. You are the best grandma in the whole world! When we come to heaven,

we will see you there. You were more than just a grandmother. You were a friend, mentor and therapist. We cherish all the memories we created with you.

See you later Grandma.

**With love and gratitude,
The Big Five**



So... I didn't think I'll be writing this anytime soon. I thought I'll write this in my later years like 30 or something like that, but it looks like the lord decided to ~~not~~ change that. I thought of you with love today, yesterday and all the days before that too. All I have are my memories of you. But I know you are still here in spirit watching over me. Your guidance and your wisdom helped me to grow into the person I am today. Losing you has left a hole in my heart. Thank you for all the prayers and lessons. Going through my normal routine, get home, greet you, bath, and do my homework, are not over they are just changed a little. The time for great greeting would be the time for remembrance. All the times I spent with you were a blessing.

Till we meet again, Grandma.
With Love, Doad.

I know my grandma is gone, but we must learn to move on. Deep down I know she's still in our hearts. I miss her laugh, her smile, even her voice, but we all lose someone at a point in life. I will just do what will make her proud and happy. ♥

Rest In Peace Grandma.

I love you.

- KAYLA -

Grandma was a wonderful woman
With a pure heart, and a very Kind Woman.
I Love you Grandma. Rest in peace, and may
You go to heaven.

AMEN!

From: Zayn Ab Tabbica


I am sad my grandma is gone.

But deep down in my heart, she is still
with us.
I will do anything to make her proud.

May her soul rest in peace

R.I.P. Grandma

love

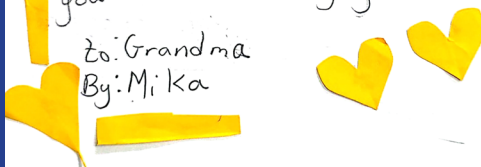


From: -KC- To: My grandma (Pauline)

Dear Grandma I Love you so much.
I know that you died about 2
weeks ago. When I close my eyes
it is like you are with me. So
all the time I close my eyes to see
you.

To: Grandma

By: Mi Ka





TO OUR BELOVED SISTER

Our beloved sister Pauline Adobea Dadzawa, affectionately called Ado or Mame Fio, was the third of five siblings and a unique gem among us. Ado was intelligent, knowledgeable, and full of quiet strength. She carried a deep sense of discernment and understanding that often amazed us. Our late father fondly called her Bayie, not in jest but in admiration of her uncanny insight into people and situations. She seemed to know things beyond ordinary human grasp.

I remember visiting her just a week before her departure. She struggled to explain certain things to me, her words faint and broken. I nodded along,

pretending to understand, only to comfort her. Little did I know she was preparing to say goodbye.

Today, Alex and I are shattered. There is darkness where your light once shone and hopes once held are now hollow echoes. You were not just our sister; you were our mother, our compass, our comfort. Greet Papa, Sisi, Maame and Mamante. Tell them we miss them dearly, and now, you too.

Da yiye Obaatan pa ne odofo pa pa bi.
Nyame mfa wo nsie.

**Ye be hyia bio,
Alex and Fred.**



TO MY DEAR SISTER



My heart is heavy. You should still be here. We had so many years we hadn't lived yet — so many dreams still waiting for us. So many travel plans we never got to see through — you with your purple suitcase, me with my green. I keep thinking of how excited we were, how we laughed as we planned where to go next.

I'm struggling to accept that I can't just pick up the phone and call you ever again. Whenever life became messy or unsteady for me, you were my sounding voice, my confidant, my safe place. My constant check-in. You weren't just my sister — you were my friend, my person, the one who truly saw me and got me without me having to explain a word. Yes, I see your lifeless body, but I'm still struggling to accept that you're really gone — especially since I was just with you the day before that unexpected phone call. It still replays in my mind, and my heart can't make sense of it. We had an unconditional love that bound us together — a bond beyond cousins, beyond titles, one I can't fully explain with words. Together, we faced challenges with courage and grace, never letting anything break our spirits



or separate us. Losing you feels unreal. My world feels a little quieter now that you're gone, But even in my grief, I'm deeply grateful for all the years, laughter, and moments we shared.

Remembering you is easy — I have countless memories to hold on to. But missing you is a heartache I know I'll carry for a long time. The only comfort I have is knowing you're resting now, free from pain, surrounded by peace.

You left a mark on everyone who knew you — your kindness, your laughter, your



strength, and the way you made people feel loved. You had this light that drew people in, and it still shines through the stories we share about you. Though you're no longer here physically, your love will continue to ripple through our lives, reminding us to live fully, love deeply, and cherish the moments we're given. You'll always be with me — in my

thoughts, in my heart, and in every part of my story.

Sleep well Adobea, Rest well, until it's my time, when I knock on heaven's doors and see you again.

Your sister, Julie.



FROM MO



The very first words you said to me when we first met were “Young man, how are you? “Since that day, you have always treated me like one of your own. The first question you usually ask anyone when we were together was “Have you met my son-in-law?”. To me, the best tribute I could ever give today, is to tell everyone how well we related.



Auntie Pauline and I bonded over so many things. She would call me to just to chit-chat because she couldn't sleep. Other times, Momi would cook and call me to come and eat. After I finished eating, she would then ask me “So Tsiken, tell me, my food and your wife's food, which one tastes better? speak the truth”. To which I'd respond “Ah momi, this is no contest, your food is much nicer. It looks like when you were tutoring her, she was not paying attention.” Then she'll add, “Eat more, since your wife doesn't know how to cook like me.”

At times, she would call me out of the blue and say “Ah you this boy, what are you doing now? Come and drive me. I have to go out and we can even talk plenty as I do my shopping.” Other times, I would go looking for her trouble and call her “Commissioner! Director! the only one in the whole world!” she

would smile and say sharply “h3rh Tsiken, come and sit by me. You 3h, you don't respect. Do you know who I am? A proud old student of Wesley Girls' High School!”

These are the types of conversations I will miss.

Momi, thank you for being there for not only me, but especially for your grandchildren, who you usually helped with their Spanish and French homework, something you took pride in doing.

The void you have left behind will be difficult to fill. We truly appreciate all your sacrifices. Till we meet again.

Rest well.



FROM YOUR BROTHERS & SISTERS-IN-LAW

2 Timothy 4:7-8

She has fought the good fight. She has finished the race. She has kept the faith. Finally, there is laid up for her the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge will give her on that Day.

Our late sister-in-law Mrs. Pauline Adobea Dadzawa, whom we affectionately called “Adobea” or “Sister Adobea” depending on who was calling her, had a special place in our family. She was a stalwart, a giant and a strong pillar whom we deeply revered due to what she had achieved in her lifetime.

We recall with fond memories of the time she and Harry first visited from Freetown in the early 1980s, where they were both living after Harry announced to us that he had found the woman of his heart. On her first visit, we saw this young, bubbly, beautiful, boisterous and energetic woman who was full of life and very close to our brother.

Our first impression was skepticism and doubt. A doubt borne out of fear as to whether these two can make together this life-long journey called marriage. The reason was simple: Harry was the very quiet and reserved type

while Adobea was an extrovert with an outspoken personality. Well, so it seemed to us then. It did not take long for us to realize how wrong we were. To the glory of God, their marriage was one of the most successful anyone can think about.

We had a very special and fulfilling relationship with our sister-in-law, born out of mutual respect and camaraderie. Adobea was strong, brilliant, principled and kind. In fact, she was frank, plain and would always speak her mind. She would tell you her “piece of mind” on issues that came to her attention. She would never pretend and never bore any of us a grudge. Indeed, Adobea has earned our deep respect and admiration in the way she has helped to shape our brother and the children that we would say of her “this was a woman” (Courtesy of Mark Anthony in the play “Julius Caesar” by William Shakespeare). We are deeply saddened by her early demise as we thought she



still had a lot in her to give to her family, both immediate and extended.

Alas, God has His own plans for her and now she has been called to a higher service in Heaven. We give thanks to God for what Adobea was able to achieve during her lifetime and the good legacy she has left for her children to emulate. For us, we cannot thank her enough for her show of love, kindness, genuineness and above all, for always welcoming us wholeheartedly to her home. The Bible says in Matthew 5:8 "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God". We believe our sister Adobea had a pure and genuine heart so will see God!

As we bid her the final farewell, we join Apostle Paul to pronounce his famous words in 2 Timothy 4:7-8 that "She has fought the good fight. She has finished the race. She has kept the faith. Finally, there is laid up for her the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge will give her on that Day".

Sister Adobea, you have played your part and now have left the stage. Fare thee well and rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord until we meet again.

Dzudzor le nutifafa me! AMEN.



FROM YOUR NIECES & NEPHEWS

We were truly saddened to hear of the passing of our remarkable Auntie, Mrs. Pauline Adobea Dadzawa, whom we all lovingly called Mommie, a woman who can best be described as a driving force. Her strength and courage were evident in everything she did, and her liveliness inspired all who had the privilege of knowing her.

Our dear Auntie Pauline was a woman with a strong personality and a big heart. She was firm when she needed to be, caring in her own way, and never afraid to speak her mind. You always knew where you stood with her — and that honesty was something we all came to respect.

We had the pleasure and honour of having her as kin, and she touched all of our lives in different ways. Mommie played a meaningful role in our lives. She guided us, corrected us, and looked out for us in the way only she could. Whether it was through her advice, her stories, or her quiet acts of care, she left a mark on each of us.

To her family, she left lessons of love, dedication, and a relentless commitment of care that will remain

in our hearts forever. She valued family deeply and always encouraged unity and responsibility. Even when her words were tough, they came from a place of love and good intention.

Our Auntie leaves behind a legacy of leadership and generosity. Mommie was not without her flaws — none of us are — but she was real, dependable, and strong. For that, we will always remember her with appreciation.

Now, to Auntie Pauline, this is a difficult time for all of us, and our thoughts



and prayers are with the many more who will be grieving you. However, we will not forget to celebrate your life as well, and the innumerable examples of Christian living you shared with us. You had unwavering faith in God and in community, which is why you were respected everywhere. We thank God for her life, for the moments we shared, and for the lessons she left behind. As we mourn our loss, we take comfort in knowing that you have left us for a greater reward in your heavenly home. Your spirit and legacy will continue to inspire us as we carry on the work you did on earth.

You will rest peacefully in the arms of Christ, where you will be showered with many gifts for your tireless efforts and boundless kindness to humanity.

Rest well, Mommie. You have fought a good fight. We will remember you with love and gratitude.

God rest your soul.





TO OUR DEAR SISTER PAULINE, VICE
PRESIDENT OF THE 1974 YEAR GROUP OF
**WESLEY GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL**

Psalm 90:12

Teach us to number our days that we may gain a heart of wisdom

Paulina, you did not just tell us this. You have shown us that life is brief and really fleeting.

Going back through the chats on our year group platform, one would notice that our Vice President, Paulina, affectionately called Adobea by many of us, often reminded us of this scripture. Today, this WhatsApp message is not just digital. It is physical and jarring!

The reality of Paulina's life gave her a certain grounding and deep appreciation of life.

We met our sister Pauline Dadzawa, then Paulina Opare in Wesley Girls High School in 1969. She made it clear to all who came into contact with her that she was the daughter of an Agriculture Extension Officer whose provisions

for boarding school consisted not of corn flakes, sardines, corned beef, gari and shito, but of farm produce, such as cassava, plantain coco yam and the like. Paulina's humble beginnings among others, contributed to making her extremely sensitive to the needs of others. She was incurably caring but at the same time intolerant of laziness and excuses.

You insisted we should call you Pauline. You were our Veep who could not be "challenged". Our meetings were exciting because you brought to them your unique energy. This energy is expressed in the following words by a number of our sisters:

"OUR Vice President was truly one of a kind—uniquely gifted, deeply talented, and unwavering in her convictions. She





was vociferous, never one to shy away from a spirited debate, always standing firm in her principles and beliefs. Her presence, passion, and strength of character will be sorely missed.” –

Ewurafua

“**ALWAYS** friendly and impossible to ignore!! She had great wit and banter. I’ll remember her as a schoolmate with an indomitable spirit and a big and generous heart. She will be greatly missed, but forever in our hearts”.–

Sylvia

“**OUR** sister Paulina was straightforward, loyal, loving, and lots of fun”.– **Nana Ekua**

“**PAULINA** was a selfless human being who would do more than was requested of her. She would say: “If there is for one, there’s for ALL”. A spontaneous helper in a just cause. Wiping the tears of the weary and running to the rescue of the helpless.

She understood what the Lord required of her: “Be your brother’s and sister’s keeper”. – **Mary Essi**

“**PAULINA** always thought about the welfare of others. Turning up on your doorstep at the right moment to put a smile on your face either in word or

deed. Thank you for journeying with us through your wit, kindness, care, and love”. – **Adiza**

“**THE** jovial livewire of our gatherings, serious yet humorous. Vice P noticed without asking or being told, generosity personified – a leader indeed.

Who will make us roar with laughter at our meetings?

Vice President, our hearts are heavy”.– **Vida**

“**ADOBEA**, I shall continue to thank our God every time I remember you”. Philippians 1:3(NIV). Adobea, is this the end of the story or there is another chapter to make it complete.

I have been struggling to put something together in your memory.

Where do I start from?

Our first encounter in 1969?

Being in the same classroom?

Paulina hy3 lega?? (Legacy)

Sarbah Hall days?

Marriage or childbirth?

Sierra Leone days?

Same location in Dansoman?

All the major milestones.

How much can be compressed in a page.

Adobea, you were a very down to earth



person who never forgot your roots. You were ever ready to give a helping hand to the needy. You were always grateful to God for His goodness.

Our school meetings will never be the same. Adobea you were a friend and a sister. I will never forget you. Our conversations always ended with a comma because they would be continued. My "learned" friend and scholarly sister, Fare Thee well.

Remember our 'common pot'?
"Grief cannot be shared, everyone

carries it alone..."(Anne Morrow)" – *Ruth Korkor*

"OH Paulina I'm going to miss you so much. My Block M sister! Always inviting me (and my daughter) to your home, be it at Taifa or up the mountains. Thank you for your care. Rest well dear, in our Lord's presence till we meet again". – *Joana*

"TIME stood still, a sinking feeling in the gut – some of the experiences on



that fateful day. The questions: What? How? Why? Too many questions. Dear sister from different parents, yet sister nonetheless.

You are missed already. Sister Forever, safe journey back to GOD your Maker. Rest in perfect peace, till we meet again to part no more. Amen". – **Vida**

OUR paths crossed in many ways in the journey of life. You have left us too soon. You will be missed dearly. We will hold fast to the memories we made and the

bonds we shared. Your legacy of love, friendship and service will forever be treasured. Rest well dear colleague, friend, sister. You live on in us, your Wey Gey Hey 1974-year group sisters.

Suzanna

"DEAREST Adobea, though your passing was sudden and unexpected, our hope in God must remain steadfast. Rest well,

Dear Pauline. We'll miss you, but we take comfort in knowing you are now



in a place where there's no more pain, no more tears, and no more goodbyes! May God's Peace and Love surround your husband, children whom you so much cherished, your family, and us, your dear friends and classmates, during this difficult time. Memories of you will live forever in our hearts!

Lord, be merciful and receive our dear Pauline Adobea into Your Peaceful arms and eternal rest". **Yaa Yaa Dantewaa**

PAUL, as I fondly called Pauline was a people person whether at work or at play. She was sensitive to the needs of others and usually responded to them with sharp wit, rebuke, praise or care as she saw fit. Pauline was generous and funny. Once when I was ill, she brought her boombox and a bucket of juicy local mangoes for us to consume, as she danced to make me laugh. Another time, she came with Harry with yet another bucket of mangoes and sweet boiled corn, which we ate heartily sitting under a tree, while she teased our Isaac to no end!

A week before she passed, I reached out to her with our usual appellation "are you here (Ahwerase) or are you der?" (Taifa), to which she normally answered, "here" or "der". However, two weeks ago, she answered "in KorleBu on admission" followed by several days of silence to which I still responded with encouraging messages and bible verses, and was gratified to see that she

was reading them. My last message to her was "hurry back home sister...". Little did I know that she'd be hurrying home to her maker. Paul, go home and rest, dear friend! – **Mensima**

"**GOD** be with you till we meet again". – **Christina**

OUR dear sister treasured the bonds of friendship and sisterhood among us as classmates. For her, our year group activities could not be taken lightly or treated casually. It was a space for meaningful engagement, support for each other and an opportunity for great fun. Thus, her wish for us to travel together to a fun place, just to enjoy each other's company. This she often insisted on with urgency. She was in the process of organising such a weekend away ... and now she has left us and gone away. Paulina, Pauline, Adobea, Really, ...we cannot get over our shock. Our grief is more than we can handle. You have left us shattered. We loved you so so dearly.

Farewell Dearest Adobea.
Rest in the bosom of our Lord.

President,

On behalf of the Wey Gey Hey 74-year group — **SISTERS FOREVER.**

TRIBUTE TO PAULINE ADOBEA
DADZAWA (NEE OPARE) FROM



THE JOYFUL WAY ASSOCIATES

Pauline Adobea Dadzawa (née Opare) joined Joyful Way Incorporated (JWI) in her late 20s, and played her role as any member would do. She made time to attend meetings whenever she could and ensured that she and her family were present at our annual Explosion of Joy celebrations. Adobea, as she was affectionately called, was a genuine sister in the Lord and one of a kind in many ways. Though very jovial, she was bold and fearless and would not refrain from making her point if she was not happy about something. Despite her forthright attitude, Adobea was soft at heart and generous to a fault. She was also appreciative of any little thing done for her by members of Joyful Way Associates.

The news of your death has shocked many of us in JWI especially those of us on the JWI Emeriti (WhatsApp Platform). We had prayed many times for your recovery whenever we heard of your illness and you recovered all the time. Once you recovered, we read your contributions on the platform. You were

a peace maker most of the time and the Associates platform will miss your contributions.

We shall miss your constant calls to Cosmos to bring you your Bible. Now you are gone to the place where you would not need the large print Bible you requested Cosmos to find for you because you will see Christ, angels and all the saints we read about in the Bible, face to face.

As a member of the Legon-Haatso-Madina Cell Group, Adobea was always ready to host the team whenever we needed to meet for fellowship. She was always the first to volunteer help when a need arose and she would say to us, "Come to Ahwerease, and I will host you." Indeed, many times, Adobea opened her home, whether at Ahwerease or her residence in Taifa to give a warm welcome and a good meal to strengthen our bond of love. At such meetings, Pauline would create jokes and pick friendly quarrels with whoever would cross her. And coming from humble beginnings as students in high



school, when she starts bragging, some of us would comment; “Adobea, it is not your fault! And she would reply; “Yes ooh, Christ has worked overtime on me”. These were times of fun that we will remember her for. Indeed, Christ has worked overtime on all of us.

Adobea embodied the gift of hospitality and she exercised it well. Like Dorcas in Acts 9, through her actions, people could see Christ’s love and learn about having a relationship with Christ. She listened to and obeyed Christ’s commands as and when needed. Again, what an example she was in line with Paul’s admonition in 1st Timothy 4:12, “Let no one despise your youth, but be an example to the believers in word,

in conduct, in love, in spirit, in faith, in purity.”

Many individuals crossed Adobea’s path, and she took a genuine interest in them, offering financial support or even helping them through school so they could pursue and achieve their life goals.

Indeed, our sister Adobea, has fulfilled her passion and mission here on earth and we thank God for giving her to us.

Rest well our sister in the bosom of your Maker, till we meet again when the trumpet of the Lord sounds!!

We shall be there.



TRIBUTE IN HONOR OF MRS. PAULINE ADOBEA DADZAWA,
FORMER DIRECTOR OF GHANA COCOA BOARD BY

GHANA COCOA BOARD

Proverbs 31:28-29

Her children stand and bless her. Her husband praises her: "There are many virtuous and capable women in the world, but you surpass them all"

It is with deep sorrow that the Board and Management and staff of Ghana Cocoa Board (COCOBOD), join the bereaved family and sympathizers to pay tribute to our departed colleague and former Director, Mrs. Pauline Adobea Dadzawa, who served the Board with distinction in various capacities.

Mrs. Pauline Adobea Dadzawa who was popularly known as Madam Dadzawa joined Ghana Cocoa Board on 10th May, 2004 as a Human Resource Manager at the Cocoa Research Institute of Ghana (CRIG), where she provided strategic leadership role in managing staff and supporting the institute's research mandate to enhance the productivity and quality of cocoa, coffee, shea, and other crops of COCOBOD.

Having executed her mandate at the Institute with remarkable efficiency, hard work, and determination, Madam Dadzawa was, in 2006, promoted and transferred to the Public Affairs Department of the Board in Accra, where

she served as Head of Department for most of her statutory service period. She was an accomplished communications professional whose illustrious career at the Public Affairs Department was characterized by unwavering dedication, grace, and an





unyielding commitment to excellence. Her exceptional performance and exemplary leadership earned her the admiration and respect of both the Board and Management. In recognition of her remarkable contributions, the Department was elevated to the status of a Directorate, and she became the first to be appointed as Deputy Director of Public Affairs.

Madam. Dadzawa's era in Public Affairs was marked by several key achievements, including her distinguished role as Chairperson of the Committee responsible for planning, coordinating, and ensuring the effective execution of all activities marking the 60th Anniversary Celebration of the Ghana Cocoa Board. She also chaired the Publicity Sub-Committees for the refurbishment of the old COCOBOD edifices into an ultra-modern state and the Dzata-Bu COCOBOD Warehouse in Tema in 2007.

Beyond her outstanding role as Head of Public Affairs, Madam Dadzawa was in 2014 promoted and transferred back to the Cocoa Research Institute

of Ghana (CRIG) as Deputy Director in charge of Administration, a position she held until 2015. She was subsequently transferred to head the Quality Control Training School in Tema, where she was later promoted to the rank of Director. She continued to serve with distinction until her retirement in 2018. Aside from her professional accomplishments, Mrs. Dadzawa was admired for her warmth, compassion, and genuine interest in the wellbeing of others. She nurtured and mentored many young officers.

As we bid farewell to this remarkable woman, we remember not only her work, but also her sense of duty that defined her life and service. Her passing has left a void in our hearts and in the COCOBOD family, but her legacy will continue to inspire all who had the privilege to know her.

We take comfort in the fact that Mrs. Dadzawa lived a purposeful life, one that touched many and advanced the cause of honest and responsible communication.

Fare thee well, our respected colleague.

TRIBUTE BY

THE KOFI ANNAN INTERNATIONAL PEACEKEEPING TRAINING CENTRE



Mrs. Pauline Adobea Dadzawa was a true veteran in her field and an inspiration to us at the Kofi Annan International Peacekeeping Training Centre (KAIPTC). For many years, she served not just as a lead facilitator on our election courses, she was also a guide, a mentor and a steadfast source of wisdom. Her contributions have been invaluable, and her influence has shaped countless careers. She

was well known and admired here at the KAIPTC after having spent over a decade partnering with us to make our election trainings what they are today. If you did not know her through her excellent delivery during her lessons, you were sure to have encountered her somehow, somehow on our premises. Oh! how we loved having our Madam Pauline around.





A seasoned educator, a master of the democratic process, Madam Pauline weaved together diverse perspectives and voices into a harmonious training session. With expertise and passion, she guided participants through the complex landscape of elections and electoral processes, fostering informed decision-making. Her expertise and dedication to the democratic process have been invaluable. What made Madam Pauline truly exceptional was not just her deep knowledge of her subject, but her unique ability to bring out the best in every individual she worked with. She had a way of turning complex topics into clear, understandable lessons, and sterile conference rooms into dynamic spaces

of learning and growth. Her legendary storytelling and real-world examples always captivated our minds and truly made us think and feel. Her knowledge and experience shared over the years has helped strengthen our election courses and trainings. Her passion inspired many and her contributions to the KAIPTC cannot be underestimated.

Today we honour her life and her tireless efforts to strengthen our democratic process and institutions. We acknowledge and appreciate her exceptional contributions to the Centre. Her impact will continue to resound in the many years to come.

Rest in perfect peace Madam Pauline!

TRIBUTE BY MEMBERS AND STAFF OF

THE PUBLIC SERVICES COMMISSION



It is with a heavy heart that the Public Services Commission (PSC) presents this tribute in honour and cherished memory of Mrs. Pauline Adobea Dadzawa.

We say with deep sincerity and candour that throughout her four (4) years working stint with the PSC from the year 2019 to 2022 and 2023 until her passing, Mrs. Dadzawa demonstrated commitment to duty, selflessness, and an excellent understanding of issues.

With a fair and firm disposition, coupled with excellent analytical skills, Mrs. Dadzawa forged an excellent working relationship with other Members of the PSC to maintain the enviable image of the PSC as the apex human resource regulatory institution for the public sector in Ghana.

As we mourn her demise, the PSC say with great pride, conviction and satisfaction that our former colleague, friend and mother lived a fruitful life – a life of dedicated and selfless service to the public services of Ghana; a life in which she mentored many public

servants: a life in which she upheld the values of fairness, integrity, simplicity, and a sense of purpose. For those of us who had the enviable opportunity to work with Mrs. Dadzawa, we can conveniently say she demonstrated a high if not the highest level of professionalism in her career and never shied from speaking her mind no matter who's ox is gored.

Mrs. Dadzawa has duly paid her dues to the public service in particular and Ghana in general and her remarkable footprints while in service with the PSC are evident for all to attest to and also emulate. With her death, we regrettably say a respected administrator has certainly departed – but never into oblivion because her values prominent of which is “say it as it is” still lives with us.

Mrs. Pauline Adobea Dadzawa, we at the Public Services Commission in particular, and the entire public services of Ghana thank God for giving you to us at the time that He did, and for the opportunity to benefit from your professionalism and experience.



Hymns & songs

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. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers have
told the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave
and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall
our bark o'erflow.
3. It will surely hold in the
floods of death,
When the waters cold
chill our latest breath;
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide
within the veil.

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

1. When peace like a river
attendeth my way,
when sorrows like sea billows roll;
whatever my lot, thou hast
taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

It is well with my soul;
it is well, it is well with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet,
though trials should come,
let this blest assurance control:
that Christ has regarded
my helpless estate,
and has shed his own
blood for my soul.
3. My sin oh, the bliss of this
glorious thought!
my sin, not in part, but the whole,
is nailed to the cross, and
I bear it no more;
praise the Lord, praise
the Lord, O my soul!
4. O Lord, haste the day when
my faith shall be sight,
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
the trump shall resound and
the Lord shall descend;
even so, it is well with my soul.





LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER, LEAD US

1. Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
o'er the world's tempestuous sea;
guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
for we have no help but thee;
yet possessing every blessing,
if our God our Father be.
2. Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us:
all our weakness thou dost know;
thou didst tread this earth before us,
thou didst feel its keenest woe;
lone and dreary, faint and weary,
through the desert thou didst go.
3. Spirit of our God, descending,
fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
love with every passion blending,
pleasure that can never cloy:
thus provided, pardoned, guided,
nothing can our peace destroy.

ABIDE WITH ME

1. Abide with me: fast
falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens;
Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail
and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O
abide with me.
2. I need thy presence
every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil

the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide
and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine,
O abide with me.

3. I fear no foe with thee
at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and
tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting?
Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
4. Hold thou thy cross before
my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom
and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and
earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord,
abide with me.

SPECIAL SONG: THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING YOUR GLORY, OH LORD

Oh God of the earth, the
sky and the sea
You're clothed with great
splendor and majesty
You stretch out the heavens
and send forth the winds
All creatures extol You, for
You are their King
You send forth Your word
and all things appeared
The sun and the rain in
their seasons to be

All honor and power to You now we bring
Oh, Most High Creator, You are King of all Kings



The heavens are telling Your glory, oh Lord
The skies are proclaiming, the works of Your hands
The nations are healed at the sound of Your voice
Oh Alpha Omega, Your praise we declare

Immortal You are, omnipotent too
Yet gracious, compassionate, loving and true
No other besides You, and who can compare?
We blossom, we perish, but You are still there
Your glory and praise, no mortal can share
Your presence, so awesome, Your foes have to flee
We bow down and worship, we fall at Your feet
Oh hail Lord Almighty
Oh hail, the King of kings



Appreciation

We wish to express our deepest gratitude to all who came from far and near to honour the memory of our beloved Sister and Mother. Your presence, prayers, and support have been a great comfort to us. With love, The Family.

God bless you
abundantly