BURIAL, FUNERAL & THANKSGIVING

SERVICE

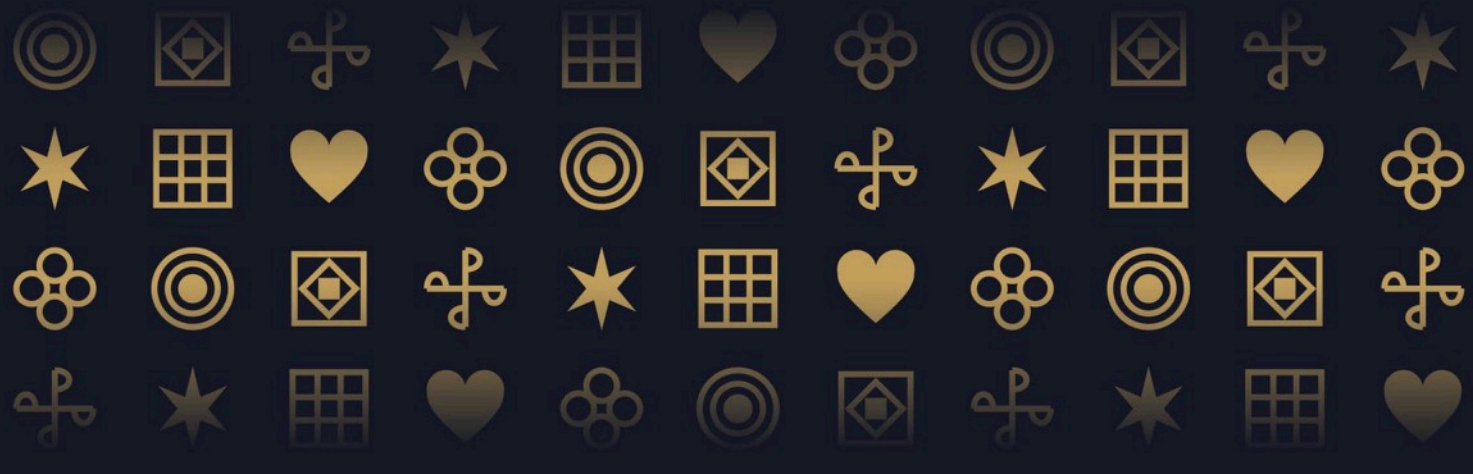
MADAM GRACE EFUA

FORDJOUR KWOFIE

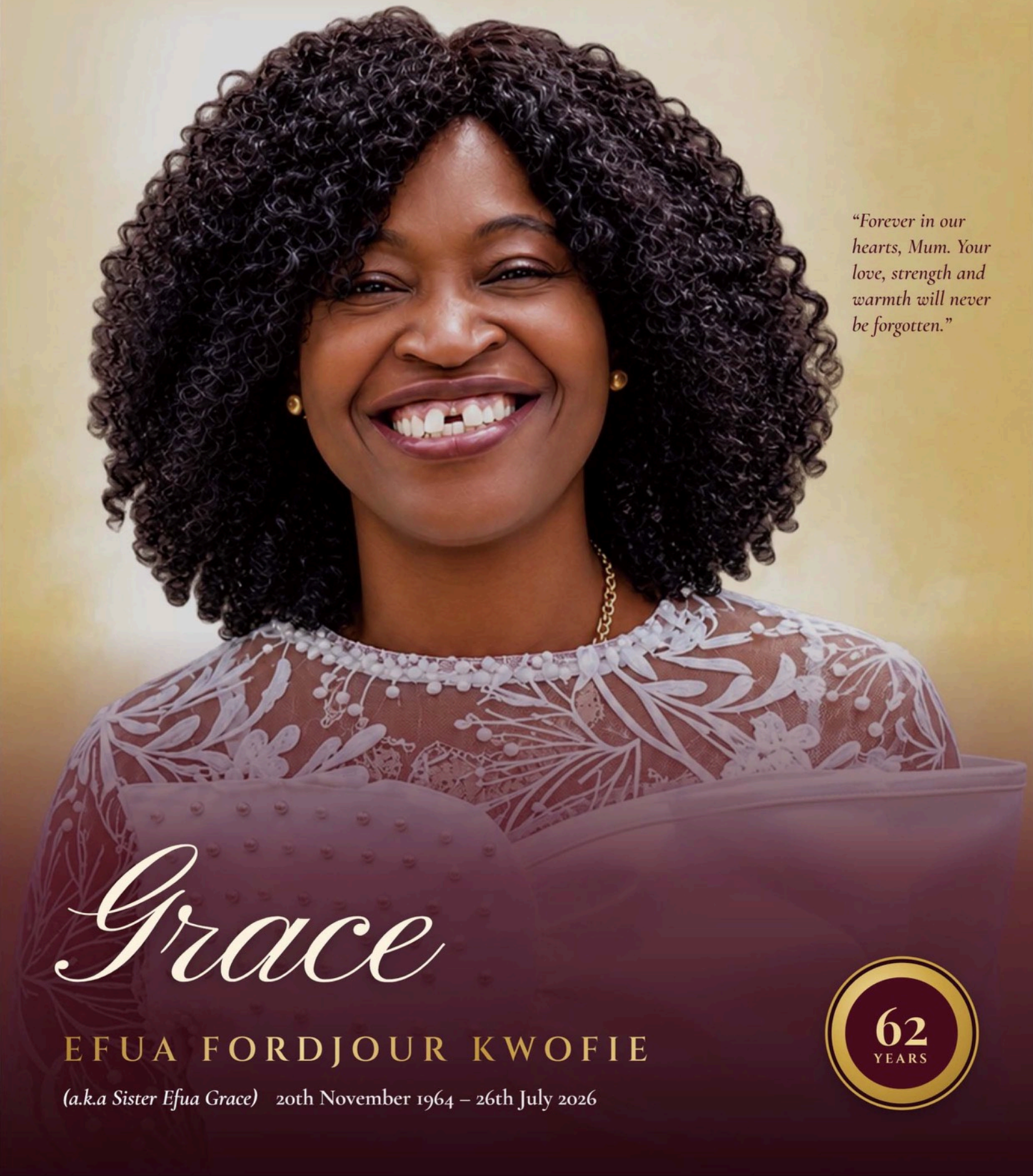
a.k.a Sister Efua Grace

1964 — 2026

AGED 62



Forever in our HEARTS



"Forever in our hearts, Mum. Your love, strength and warmth will never be forgotten."

Grace

EFUA FORDJOUR KWOFIE

(a.k.a Sister Efua Grace) 20th November 1964 – 26th July 2026

62 YEARS

Officiating

MINISTERS & CHURCH OFFICERS

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Very Rev. Ernest Oliver Cromwell
Superintendent Minister, Aboadze

Rev. Samuel Akor-Teye
Society Minister, Inchaban

Rev. Isaac Kweku Arkoh
Society Minister, Abuesi

Rev. Elver Ernestina Ansah
Resident Minister, Ebenezer Methodist Church, Mpeseduadze

Very Rev. Joseph B. Amachie
Supernumerary

Very Rev. Paul Kofi Arthur
Supernumerary

CARETAKERS

Sis. Joyce Ama Boakye Yiadom
Mt. Zion Methodist Church

Bro. Eric Arhin
Ebenezer Methodist Church

STEWARDS

Bro. Benjamin Cobbinah
Mt. Zion Methodist Church

Bro. Emmanuel Abakah
Ebenezer Methodist Church

CHOIRMASTER & ORGANISTS

Bro. Augustine Dueve

Bro. Albert B. Quayson

"I am the resurrection and the life."

JOHN 11:25

Order of Service

BURIAL SERVICE

1. Sentences
2. Hymn — MHB/NCAN 548 · CAN 181
3. Prayer
4. Hymn — MHB/NCAN 247 · CAN 139
5. Biography & Tributes
6. Anthem / Song — CHURCH CHOIR
7. Scripture Readings
   2 Corinthians 5:1–6
   John 14:1–6, 27
8. Hymn — MHB/NCAN 528 · CAN 172
9. Sermon
10. Apostles' Creed
11. Offering

COMMENDATION SERVICE

1. Hymn — MHB/NCAN 432 · CAN 141
2. Prayer
3. Commendation / The Lord's Prayer
4. Closing Hymn — MHB/NCAN 831 · CAN 267
5. Benediction
6. Recessional Hymn — MHB/NCAN [ ] · CAN [ ]

AT THE GRAVESIDE

7. Hymn — MHB/NCAN 615 · CAN 203
8. Committal
9. Prayer
10. Vote of Thanks — FAMILY MEMBER
11. Hymn — MHB/NCAN 1058 · CAN 324
12. Benediction

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

REVELATION 14:13

BIOGRAPHY OF A WOMAN OF FAITH





"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." **Revelation 14:13**

GRACE

Efua Fordjour Kwofie

20th November 1964 – 26th July 2026



The late Madam Grace Efua Fordjour Kwofie, affectionately known as Aunty Grace, was born in Kojokrom in the Western Region of Ghana on Friday, 20th November 1964, to Opanin William Addae Kwofie and Madam Sophia Walden, all of blessed memory. She was the fourth of six children and the second daughter. She started her primary education at the Kojokrom Methodist Primary School from 1970 to 1976, then continued to Nana Katabra Middle 'A' School from 1977 to 1980, where she passed with excellent grades. Due to her love for reading and writing, she pursued a course in secretaryship at the SNAPPS College of Accountancy and Secretaryship, graduating in 1985. In her quest for continuous self-development, she enrolled in the Government Secretarial School in 1986, where she obtained her Grade 2 certificate.

Aunty Grace began working professionally as a typist at the then Diabene Junior Secondary School from 1985 to 1996. She was transferred to Shama Secondary School, where she was promoted to Senior Typist and later Principal Typist (1997–2005), and then to the A.M.E. Zion Educational Unit, where she worked for two years. Her last post was at the Sekondi School for the Deaf, where she served as Principal Typist/Acting Administrator from 2007 until she retired in 2024.

Aunty Grace was married to Mr. Wilberforce Obed Baidoo and was blessed with four children: Papa Mensah, Effisah, Kojo and Nana Ekua, whom she raised with love, discipline and an unwavering commitment to their wellbeing. She took great pride in her role as a mother, and her home was always a place of warmth, order and care.

From her earliest years, Aunty Grace was a devoted Methodist; wherever life took her, she always found a Methodist church to call home. Her love for God was reflected in the gift of her sweet, melodious voice, which she joyfully used in the church choir. Selflessness defined her character. Family functions were especially important to her — whether a celebration, wedding or funeral, she was present, readily offering her assistance without seeking recognition.

After being unwell for some weeks, she regained her strength. However, on Sunday, 26th July 2026, at about 10:00 p.m., she peacefully answered the call of her Maker. She leaves behind a legacy of faith, love, selflessness and service that will live on in the hearts of all who knew her. May the Good Lord grant our sister, mother, aunt and niece a good and peaceful rest.

Nyame nfa wo kra nsie yie.
Till we meet again. Amen.



Tribute

BY CHILDREN

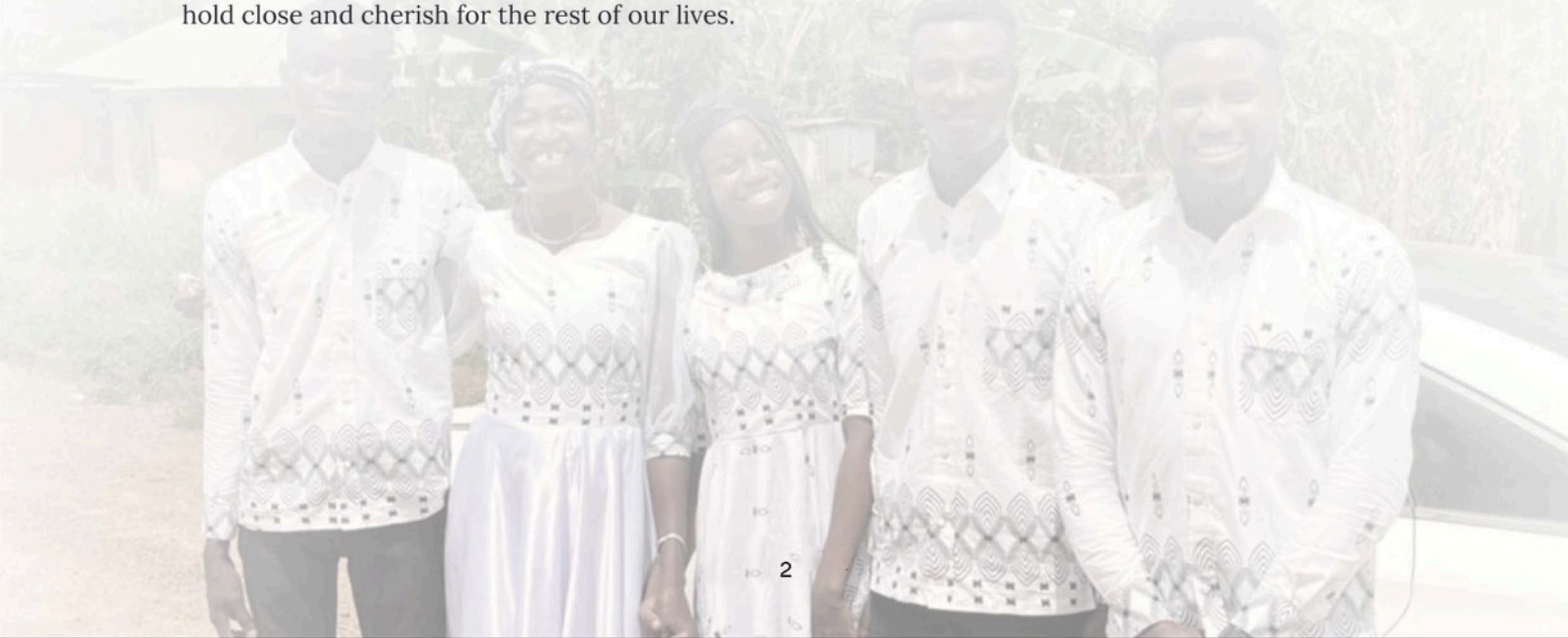
"Her children arise and call her blessed... Many women do noble things, but you surpass them all."

PROVERBS 31:28–29

It is difficult to put into words the depth of our loss. Losing you has left a void in our lives that can never truly be filled. You were not only our mother, but also our role model, source of strength, guidance, comfort, and unconditional love.

Growing up, we experienced your love in so many ways. You were a woman who gave so much of herself to her family, sacrificing your time, energy, and comfort to make sure we were cared for and supported. No matter what was happening in your own life, you always found a way to be there for us, and for the wider family. You taught us many valuable lessons, not only through your words but through the way you lived your life. Your faith, kindness, humility, resilience, generosity, and contentment showed us what it meant to live with purpose and to care for others.

Your devotion to God was evident throughout your life, and your love for the church remained close to your heart until the end. We will especially remember the little things: how you would mention our names in low tones when you needed us to go out of our way for you; your loud, infectious laughter; your smile; the hymns you taught us at home; the way you encouraged us to pick up the habit of doing things on our own; and the dawn hours you spent in prayer, committing all our doings into the hands of God. We will particularly miss eating from the same bowl together in the evenings, simply because there wasn't quite enough to serve us individually. These are the moments we will hold close and cherish for the rest of our lives.



Mum, you were always present for the important moments in our lives. You celebrated our joys and stood beside us in difficult times. From parent-teacher meetings to school award ceremonies, from our graduations to every academic function, you made sure we were educated without stress, providing for us even when you weren't certain where it would come from. You cared deeply about our education and made sure nothing stood in the way of us reaching the top. We remember how you used to ask Nana when she was going to get her Master's degree, even as she is still pursuing her professional finance certification, always insisting that as a woman, she should strive to be highly educated.

We will always treasure the joy on your face at the birthday and retirement celebration we threw for you two years ago. You were so excited that day, from the moment it began to the very end, and you couldn't stop telling everyone how proud you were of us for putting it together. Watching you laugh, dance, and simply enjoy being celebrated by the people you raised is a memory we will hold onto forever. It means the world to us that we got to give you that joy while you were here with us.

One of the most valuable lessons you taught us was to be there for our family. You always told us never to say "cousins" but "brothers and sisters." You were present for every family function, no matter the distance, even when we sometimes grumbled about it. But you would calmly explain that showing up for a family member or friend is priceless, and no amount of money could replace that gesture. You used to joke that if you were no longer around, we would have plenty of people to look out for us, simply because of that one habit of showing up for others. Today, it is clear that you were right all along.

Your passing has taught us that life's greatest blessings are often appreciated most deeply when they are no longer physically present. Although we wish we had more time with you, we are grateful for the years, the memories, the lessons, the laughter, and the love you gave us. We are so proud of you, as an individual and as a mother, and nothing will ever replace the love we have for you. We will continue to live our lives carrying that love with us. We take comfort in knowing that you lived a life of faith and service, and that your life touched so many people. Your legacy will live on through us, through the values you instilled in us, and through the many lives you influenced.

Mum, thank you for everything: for your sacrifices, your prayers, your patience, your guidance, and above all, your love. We are assured that you are with us always. There is no need to call and check in on each other anymore; you will watch over us from heaven.

As it's often said, of all the ways to lose someone, death is the kindest. And so, though it breaks our hearts, we find comfort in knowing you did not suffer, and that you are now at perfect peace. Rest peacefully in the arms of your Maker. You will forever remain in our hearts, and we will carry your memory with us wherever life takes us.

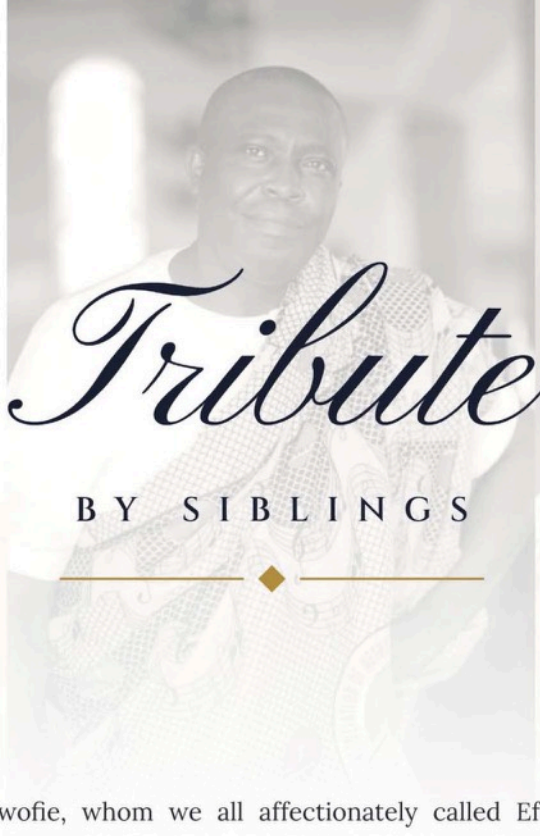


Rest in love and peace, Mama, and till we meet again, may the good Lord keep you.

Your children

PAPA MENSAH · EFFISAH · KOJO · NANA EKUA







Tribute

BY SIBLINGS

Grace Efua Fordjour Kwofie, whom we all affectionately called Efua Grace, was born on 20th November 1964 in Kojokrom in the Western Region. She was the fourth of six children and the second daughter of the family.

Kojokrom was where her story began. She took her first steps in education there, and the town shaped the foundation on which she built her life. She later went on to SNAPPS College of Accountancy, where she trained in secretaryship. There she gained the skills of order, diligence and precision that stayed with her through her working life.

To us, she was more than a sister. As a middle child, she knew what it meant to look up to those before her and to look out for those after her. We will always remember her frequent visits to our late mother, and the updates she never failed to give us. Through her, those of us who could not be there in person still felt close to our mother. It was a quiet act of love, and it held our family together.

Efua Grace was a woman of many gifts. She was hardworking, giving her best to everything she did. She was deeply prayerful, and her faith was the anchor of her life. She was a peacemaker who calmed tensions and brought people together. And she loved music with all her heart; it was often part of her joy and her worship. She was a devoted mother, a loving wife and a valued colleague, and she gave herself fully to everyone who was blessed to know her.

Her absence leaves a space in our family that no one else can fill. Yet we take comfort in the love she gave, the lessons she taught us by example, and the memories we carry. Perhaps she is now reunited with our mother, and the two of them are at peace.

Efua Grace, thank you for everything.

Rest well, dear sister. Until we meet again.

Tribute

BY THE MT. ZION METHODIST CHURCH CHOIR

INCHABAN HILLS

The morning sun will glow; the evening light will die;
So change the lights below, they never change on high.
Friend turns from friend his face, one mourns upon the shore;
But from Thy holy place, Thy sons go out no more.

MHB 641 · STANZA 2

Words alone cannot fully capture the depth of loss we feel as a choir today. Our beloved member, friend, and pioneer has gone ahead of us to join the heavenly choir, where she now sings before the throne of God in eternal glory. Sister Grace Fordjour Kwofie, popularly known as O'Grey, whose mortal remains lie before us, was among the founding mothers of the Mt. Zion Methodist Church Choir. She came to us one day and said that since the church already had a keyboard being used during service, we needed to form a choir to accompany it. After engaging the church leaders, she began speaking to the youth of the church, working with the choir master to draw them in and get them to join. Her dedication and passion for music ran so deep that she secured a spare key to the church auditorium, simply because too many times, choir members had arrived for practice only to find the door locked.

She was active in numerous choir activities, both within the church and beyond it, including conferences and BGMs. Within the diocese, she represented the society choir on several occasions, standing in on its behalf whenever called upon. Whenever she returned from these engagements, she brought back what she had learned about hymn singing and chants, not just for the choir, but for the entire church, to learn and grow from. After her retirement from work, she let us know she would be travelling to Accra from time to time to visit her children, and so would not always be as frequent at rehearsals as before. Yet whenever she was in town, she never missed choir practice. The Sunday before her passing, she promised to speak with her children about getting a new keyboard for the church, this after she and Brother Augustine had set out to return St. Paul's Society's keyboard, never knowing she was so soon to part ways with us.

That fateful Sunday morning, we were told Aunty Grace would be travelling to Accra to be with her children. It was only the following morning that we learned she had joined the heavenly celestial choir that very Sunday night. Oh, Aunty Grace, why did you not wait to see the full inauguration of the church choir, the very thing you laboured so faithfully to bring to fruition?

Rest well, our pioneer.

Until we meet again to sing together before the throne of God, may your soul find eternal rest.

DAMIRIFA DUE

O'Grey, dzi fie kwan kɔtwɛn hɛn. Rest in eternal peace and God be with you. Amen.



Tribute

BY NEPHEWS AND NIECES

Da yie, dɔfo fonafo,
W'edwuma abɔ adze;
Ahomgye pa, siar mbordo
Na dɛw mapa nyɛ wodze.
Da yie, da yie, Nyame mfa w' nsie,
Adzesaa ahyɛ sum, da yie!

It is with deep sorrow that we stand here as cousins to bid farewell to our dear Auntie Grace. Only God understands this mystery of death which robs the living of dear and cherished people when it is least expected.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err, and scan His work in vain.
God is His own Interpreter, and He will make it plain." MHB 503 V. 6

Auntie Grace has been an ever-present figure in our lives, constantly being present at most family gatherings that we had the opportunity to attend. Whenever we were to be at MP, we knew we would surely meet Auntie Grace. Her unmistakable tall frame and her wide smiles were sure to meet you.

Always beaming with smiles, she would come to us and inquire of our well-being. Auntie Grace was very jovial and related well with all of us, making sure we were comfortable and at ease, especially at MP and anywhere we gathered for a family function. On the dance floor, you were sure to see Auntie Grace in our corner with us.

Our hearts are heavy today, for we have lost someone truly irreplaceable. Yet even as we grieve, we celebrate a life lived with humility, acts of service and love. We remain comforted in the hope and belief that you are now at peace — liberated, whole and in the presence of God, in whom you placed your unwavering trust.

You have gone from our sight, but never from our hearts. The memory of you, your infectious smile and calm self will forever linger in our hearts.

Da yie, Auntie Grace.

Tribute

BY MANAGEMENT AND STAFF
OF SEKONDI SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



Today, we stand before you with hearts filled with sorrow as we pay our last tribute to a dear colleague, friend and sister, the late Grace Fordjour Kwofie, affectionately known to many of us as "America Lady". It is difficult to find the right words to describe the pain we feel. The reality that Grace is no longer with us is one that our hearts are still struggling to accept. For many years, we saw her, worked with her, spoke with her and shared countless moments together. Today, we can only look back with tears in our eyes and gratitude in our hearts for the life she lived.

Grace joined Sekondi School for the Deaf in 2006 and served the school faithfully until 2024. For eighteen years, she gave her time, strength, knowledge and commitment to the service of the school. As the Secretary, she played an important role in the day-to-day administration of the school and worked diligently to support management, staff and the smooth running of the institution. But Grace was much more than her official position. She was part of our school family. Her presence brought something special to the workplace. Her colleagues knew her not only as a secretary, but as a woman with whom we could interact, laugh, share our concerns and create lasting memories. And whenever we heard the name "America Lady," we knew exactly who was being referred to. That affectionate name became part of the memories we have of her.

Grace's eighteen years with us created many memories — memories of conversations, laughter, challenges, celebrations and ordinary days that we never imagined would one day become precious memories. Although she left active service in 2024, the mark she left on Sekondi School for the Deaf cannot simply be erased. Her years of service became part of the story and history of this institution.

Today, we mourn her. Today, we miss her. Today, we say goodbye. But even as tears flow, we thank God for allowing our paths to cross with hers. We thank God for the years He gave her, for the work she did, for the people she touched and for the memories she left behind. To the family of our dear Grace, we say take heart. Your loss is our loss too. You are not mourning alone. The entire Sekondi School for the Deaf family mourns with you. May the Almighty God give you strength when your hearts are weak, comfort when the pain becomes unbearable, and hope when the days seem difficult.

Grace, our dear colleague, our friend, our sister, our "America Lady," we never thought this day would come so soon. We would have wished for more time, more conversations and more memories. But God, in His infinite wisdom, has called you home. Your chair may be empty. Your voice may no longer be heard among us. Your footsteps may no longer be seen in our corridors. But the memories of you will remain in our hearts.

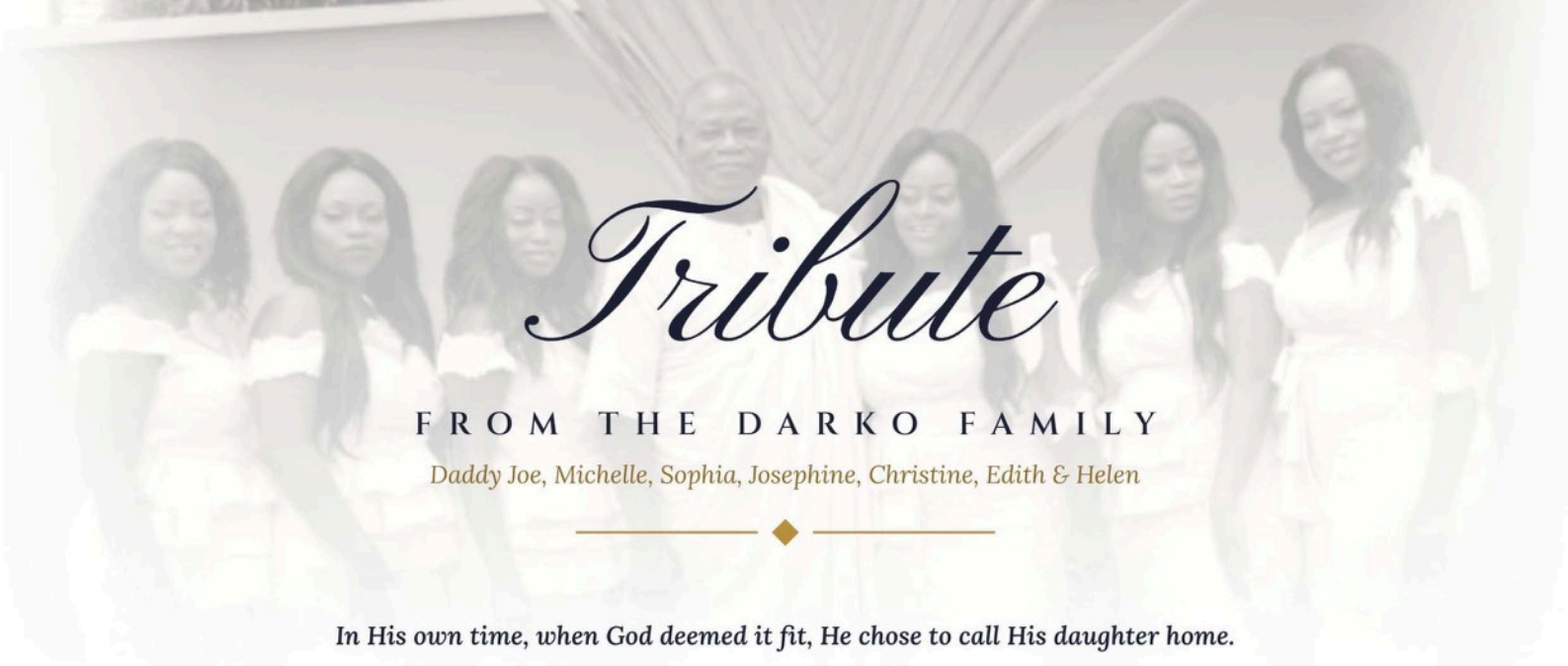
You came to Sekondi School for the Deaf in 2006 as a staff member, but you left behind something much greater: a legacy of service and memories that will continue to live with us. As we bid you farewell, we take comfort in the words of Scripture: "*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on. Yes, says the Spirit, they will rest from their hard work; for their good deeds follow them!*" REVELATION 14:13

Rest now, dear Grace. Your work on earth is over. Rest peacefully, America Lady. You served us well. You touched our lives. You became part of our family. You will never be forgotten.

From all of us at Sekondi School for the Deaf, we say: Farewell, Grace Fordjour Kwofie. Farewell, our dear colleague. Farewell, our sister.

Farewell, our beloved "America Lady."

May your gentle soul rest in the bosom of the Lord until we meet again. Amen.



Tribute

FROM THE DARKO FAMILY

Daddy Joe, Michelle, Sophia, Josephine, Christine, Edith & Helen

In His own time, when God deemed it fit, He chose to call His daughter home.

When our father, Dr. Joseph Ofei Darko, and all of us learnt of the call to glory of our Aunty, Aunty Grace as we affectionately called her, we were taken aback. We had not known she was unwell. It was indeed a great shock, but one we could not question, for as the Good Book says in Job 1:21, "*The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

Aunty Grace was our very tall, model-like Aunty who always wore a big smile. There was never a time we met her, no matter how long it had been, that she did not give us a warm hug and share her infectious smile.

She was ever dependable, as we came to know her from the years she spent holidays with us at No. 24 Okodee Road, KNUST. She was selfless, never missing an opportunity to be there for everyone as best as she could. She was the gentle Aunty who took care of us whenever our Mummy, may her soul rest in peace, and Daddy were away — from bathing us to feeding us and ensuring we were disciplined in a loving and gentle way whenever we misbehaved. She was always there for us, and our parents were grateful for the help she always offered.

Through her, we were blessed with cousins, Papa Mensah, Efisah, Kojo and Minty, whom we lived and grew up with at different stages of our lives. Getting to know them was a blessing we have always cherished, and we were always elated to spend time with them whenever we had the opportunity.

When our mother, her big sister, passed some years ago, Aunty Grace was there to make that difficult season a little less painful. It is sad that today we also bid her farewell into eternity. We thought this moment would not come so soon, but it has, because her work here on earth is done.

We believe she rests peacefully in the bosom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We take comfort in the words of 2 Timothy 4:7–8: "*I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness.*"

May Aunty Grace rest in peace.

AMEN




10years
2014 EWURADZE




TEACHERS AND EDUCATIONAL
CHIGO
43"HD


Powering
Your Business
GALLERY
DEPT.


BSC
IN
ACCOUNTING
AND
FINANCE


TUESDAY
10years






MINTY
BAIDOO
BSC. IN
ACCOUNTING
AND
FINANCE







Tribute

TO OUR BELOVED COMRADE

FROM THE NDC WOMEN'S WING · ESSIKADU-KETAN CONSTITUENCY

It is with heavy hearts that the NDC Women's Wing of the Essikadu-Ketan Constituency pays tribute to our beloved sister and Comrade, Madam Grace Fordjour Kwofie.

Madam Grace served faithfully as the Branch Women's Organizer of Regimanuel Estate, Essipong, for seventeen (17) years. Her seventeen years of dedicated service represent a remarkable journey of commitment, sacrifice, loyalty, and love for the party and the Women's Wing.

Throughout her years of service, she worked tirelessly to mobilise and encourage women, participated in party activities, and contributed to the growth and strength of her branch and the constituency.

Madam Grace was not only a Women's Organizer; she was a dedicated servant, a dependable Comrade, and a woman who gave her time and energy to the service of others.

Today, we mourn her passing, but we also celebrate her life and the legacy she leaves behind. Her seventeen years of service will remain in our hearts and will forever be remembered.

To the bereaved family, we extend our deepest condolences. May the Almighty God strengthen and comfort you during this difficult time.

Comrade Grace, thank you for your service.

Thank you for your dedication. Thank you for the memories.

As we bid you farewell, we leave you with our everlasting slogans:

YAA ZU! YAA ZAA!

"WOMEN, TOGETHER WE WIN!"

Farewell, Comrade Grace. Rest in perfect peace.
May the Good Lord grant you eternal rest. Sleep peacefully, Comrade Grace.

Tribute

BY THE TEACHERS AND EDUCATIONAL WORKERS' UNION (TEWU) OF TUC GHANA

With deep sorrow and a heavy heart, the National Leadership and the entire membership of the Teachers and Educational Workers' Union (TEWU) of TUC, Ghana, join the bereaved family to mourn our dear sister, Madam Grace Fordjour Kwofie, a.k.a. Auntie Grace.

Auntie Grace was not just a member of our great Union; she was a dedicated, humble and committed worker whose smile, as radiant as seen in her pictures, lit up every gathering. Her dedication to duty, her respect for all, and her peaceful nature won her the admiration of colleagues and leaders alike. As a hard worker, she was honoured as the best TEWU worker in the Western Region on 1st May, 2024.

At TEWU, we believe in solidarity, and Auntie Grace lived that solidarity. She was ever present, ever supportive, and ever willing to serve. Her 62 years on earth were years of service to God, to humanity, and to the cause of workers.

Though we are pained by your departure, we are comforted by the Word of God in 2 Timothy 4:7: "*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.*"

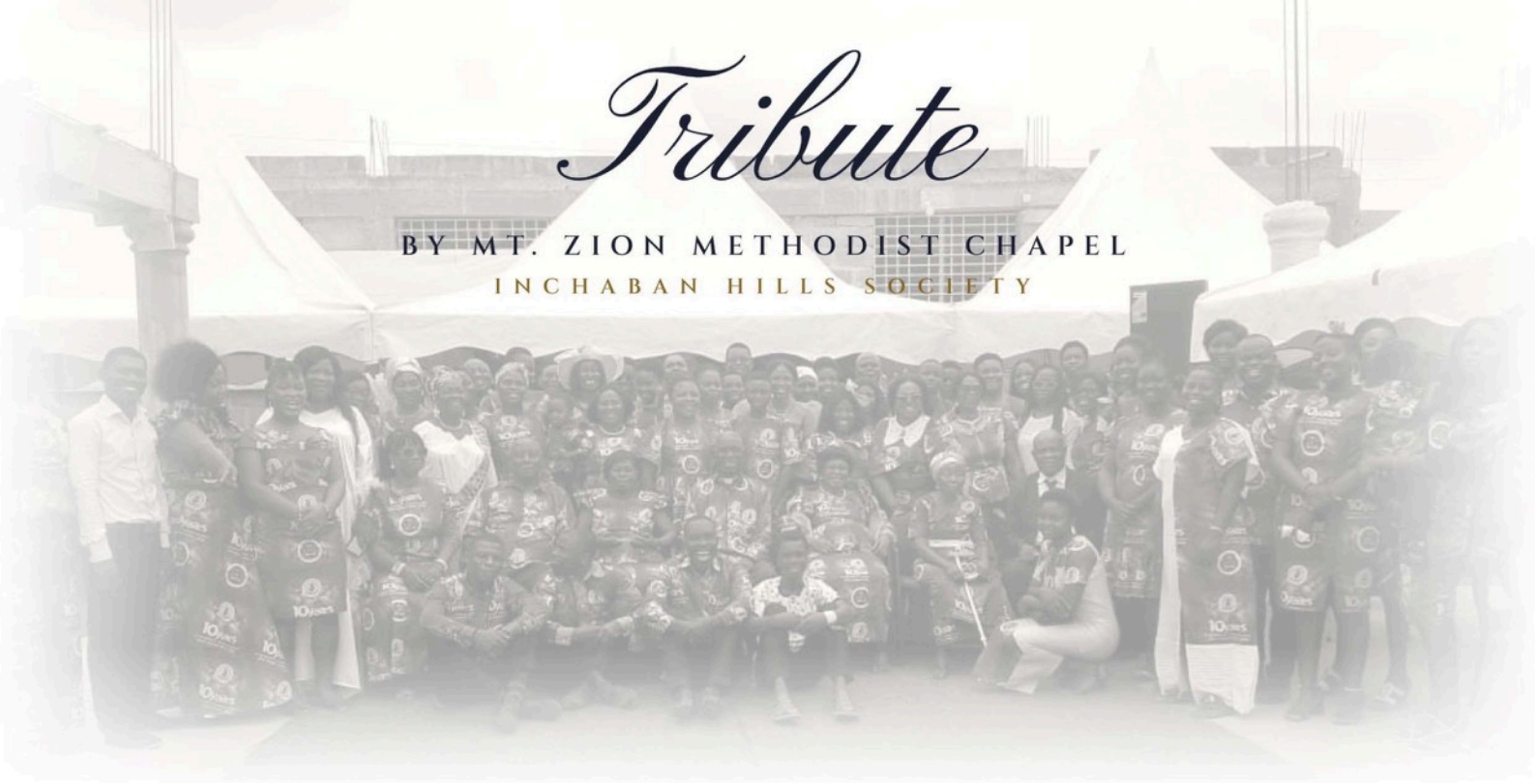
On behalf of the National Chairman, the General Secretary, and the entire TEWU fraternity, we extend our deepest condolences to her family, the Mt. Zion Methodist Church, Inchaban Hills, and all loved ones she left behind.

Auntie Grace, your labour in the Lord and in the Union will never be forgotten.

Da Yie, Auntie Grace!

REST IN PERFECT PEACE





Tribute

BY MT. ZION METHODIST CHAPEL

INCHABAN HILLS SOCIETY

A heartfelt tribute to our beloved sister

MRS. GRACE FORDJOUR KWOFIE

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith." 2 TIMOTHY 4:7

There are some people who pass through our lives, and there are others who become part of our story. Our beloved Sister Grace Fordjour Kwofie was one of those special people.

Today, as we remember her, words seem inadequate to express the pain in our hearts. We know that death is a reality we must all face, but knowing this does not make saying goodbye to someone we love any easier.

Sister Grace was not just a member of Mt. Zion Methodist Chapel, Inchaban Hills Society. She was part of our foundation. She was part of our journey. She was part of our story.

She began this journey with us when Mt. Zion was still a class. She stayed with the work through its growth and development, and she lived to see that class become a full Society in 2014. In many ways, Sister Grace was a living witness to the faith, sacrifices, prayers and commitment that brought Mt. Zion to where it is today.

If there is one thing we can never forget about Sister Grace, it is her voice.

Sister Grace was a chorister of good standing, and her voice had a way of announcing her presence. Her high-pitched voice was so distinctive that whenever she was not in church, we could tell.

Sometimes, we did not even need to ask, "Where is Grace?" Her absence had already answered the question.

And so, affectionately, we called her "Choir Madam."

Today, that name carries a different weight. It brings laughter to our memories, but it also brings tears to our eyes.

We will miss hearing that familiar voice rising above the congregation in praise. We will miss seeing her among the choristers. We will miss her participation, her enthusiasm and that unmistakable voice that became part of the sound of Mt. Zion.

Sister Grace was a woman who could be counted on.

She was seen at our church functions. She participated in the activities of the Society. She made herself available. Her presence spoke louder than words.

She did not merely belong to Mt. Zion by name; she belonged to us in heart and in service.

For years, she stood with this Society through different seasons. She saw people come and go. She witnessed changes and growth. She celebrated with us in moments of joy and stood with us in difficult moments.

And now, painfully, we have come to one of those difficult moments without her.

Sister Grace, how do we say goodbye?
How do we gather in this church and not look around expecting to see you?
How do we hear the choir sing and not remember your voice?
How do we attend our programmes and functions and not wonder where "Choir Madam" is?

Your absence will speak to us for a long time.

There will be moments when someone will remember something you said or did, and we will smile through our tears. There will be songs that remind us of you. There will be church programmes where your absence will be deeply felt.

But these memories are precious because they remind us that you were here, you served, you loved, you sang, and you gave yourself to the work of God's Church.

On Sunday, 26th July, Sister Grace answered the call to eternity.

For us, it feels like a painful interruption. But for the Christian, death is not the end of the story.

The Apostle Paul reminds us that those who have faithfully followed Christ have a hope beyond the grave. We therefore mourn, but we do not mourn as those who have no hope.

Sister Grace has completed her earthly journey. The voice that once lifted songs of praise among us has become silent, but we believe that her life of service has not been forgotten by God.

Our prayer is that the Lord will grant her eternal rest and comfort everyone whose heart is broken by her departure.

Until We Meet Again

Dear Sister Grace, our beloved "Choir Madam,"

Thank you for walking with us.
Thank you for staying when Mt. Zion was only a class.
Thank you for witnessing its journey into a Society.
Thank you for giving us your voice.
Thank you for your presence.
Thank you for showing up.
Thank you for being part of our family.

Your chair may be empty. Your voice may be silent. Your presence may no longer be physically with us. But your memory will remain, your service will be remembered, and your song will continue to echo in the history of Mt. Zion. We shall miss you deeply. We shall remember you fondly. And until that great morning when the trumpet shall sound and the dead in Christ shall rise, we entrust you into the loving and merciful hands of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sleep on, dear Sister Grace. Sleep peacefully, our beloved "Choir Madam."

Your earthly song is over, but may your soul rest in the eternal music of heaven.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE

From the Leadership and entire Membership of Mt. Zion Methodist Chapel, Inchaban Hills Society

Hymns & Can



MHB 548

1. ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's name believe:
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible to me.

2. The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall:
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

3. Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis certain, though impossible;
The thing impossible shall be,
All things are possible to me.

4. All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

CAN 181

1. Adze nyinaa ne yɛ nnyɛ dzen mma
Nyia otum gye Jesu dzin dzi;
Munngu Wo nokwar n' ho fi bio,
Mo Wura, megye n' dɔ mu ara;
Mutum, megye Wo dzi ampa,
Adze nyinaa ne yɛ nnyɛ dzen mma m'.

2. Dza ɔyɛ dzen sen adze nyina
Nye dɛ m'begyaa bɔn yɛ koraa;
Naaso ne yɛ nnyɛ dzen, minyim:
Jesus, hwɛ Wo nokwaredzi no!
Sɛ biribiara nnyɛ dzen mma Wo a,
Adze nyina ne yɛ nnyɛ dzen mma m'

3. Asaase nye hɛll gye kyim mpo a,
Nyame N'asɛm nnkotwa apaw da;
Eguambaa n' beyi mo bɔn koraa,
Ampa, sɛ ɔyɛ dzen mpo a;
Dza ɔyɛ dzen mpo ɔbɛyɛ;
Adze nyina ne yɛ nnyɛ dzen mma m'.

4. Adze nyina Nyame yɛ ma ɔyɛ,
Christ so, nyimpam' Nyame tum no,
Mo so, wɔayɛ m'fofor koraa n',
Wɔayɛ m' fofor wɔ Christ mu no,
Midzi dase n', mefi bɔn nsa n',
Adze nyina ne yɛ nnyɛ dzen mma m'.



MHB 427

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

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

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

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

5. O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6. Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

CAN 139

1. Ɔbra n' adandan nyina mu,
Ahokyer nye ahotɔm',
M' akoma nye me gyirama
Bɛyi me Nyame ayɛw

2. M'botuw No nkwagye ho 'kodu
Dɛ ahokyerfo nyina
Bɔhwɛ m' enya awerɛkyekyer,
Na hɔn yaw ahera.

3. O nye me nhuhor Ewuradze,
Ma yɛntonton Ne dzin,
Mefrɛɛ No m'ahokyer mu no,
Ɔbae beyii m' fiir mu.

4. Nyame no dɔmtutuw twa hyia
Atseneneefo tsenabea;
Hɔn a wɔtwer No mboa nyina
Ɔma hɔn No nkwagye.

5. O, bra bɔsɔ No dɔ no hwɛ,
Na woana bohu dɛ
Hɔn a wɔtwer No nokwar no,
Hɔn na wɔyɛ esiarfo.

6. Ahotsewfo, hom nsuro No,
Na hom nnkosuro hwee bio;
Hom nyɛ No som hom enyigye,
No so bɔhwɛ hom hia.



MHB 528

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

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

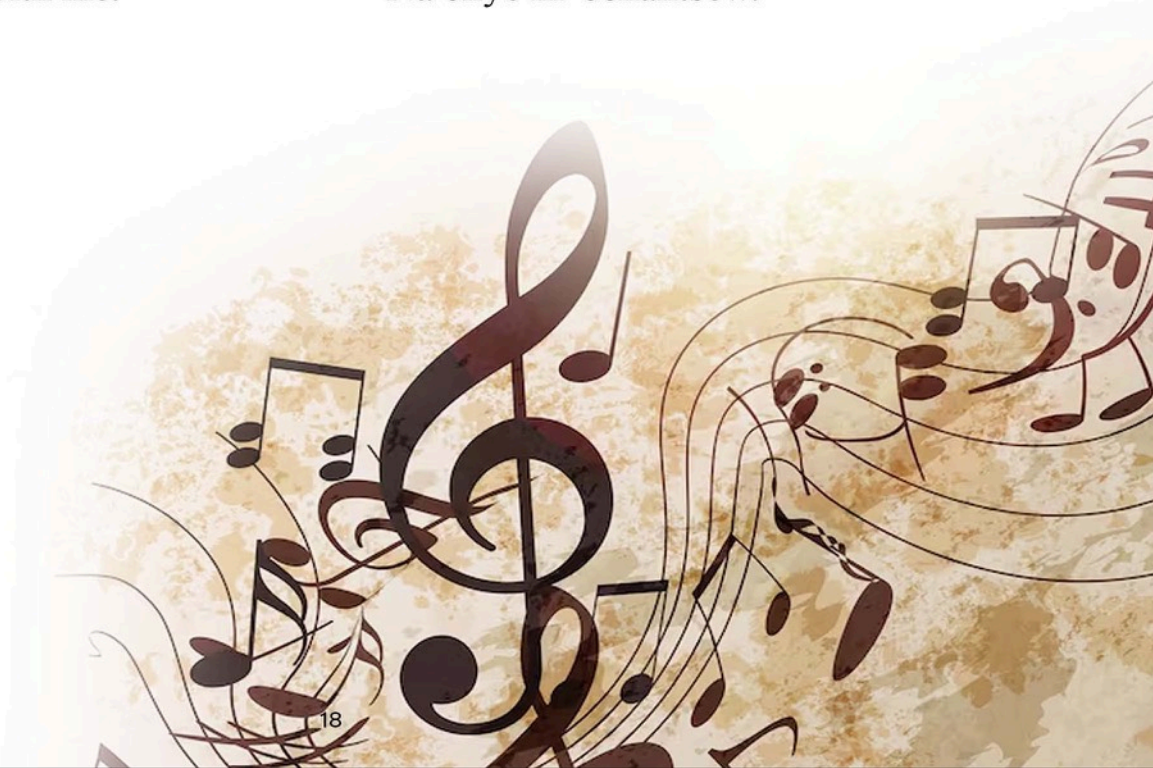
3. Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

CAN 172

1. Metse sor man ho dɔ mu 'i,
Munnsuro nsakyer biara;
M'awerɛhyɛmu yi dzi mu,
Biribiara nnsakyer ha;
Ehum botu abɔ m' ho aprɔw
M'akoma botu dze;
Na Nyame etwa moho ehyia 'i.
Ana m'bɛpa abaw?

2. Beebiara a obegya me n'.
Hia biara nnkɛsan me;
Mo Guanhwɛfo wɔ me nkyɛn,
Na minnkehia hweeara;
Ne nyansaa tse hɔ daa daa,
N'enyi nnyɛ kusuww da;
Onyim kwan a ɔfa do,
Na menye N' bɛnantsew.

3. Mfunoma wɔ m'enyim a,
Emidze minnyae nnhunii,
Wimu bɛtsew kann wɔ mo do,
Wɔ mbrɛ nkyɛ fua ahyɛ n';
M'enyidar munntum nnsusu,
Mo kwan da hɔ kɔ nkwan',
M'Agyenkwa esie m'akoradze
Na ɔnye m' bɛnantsew.



MHB 831

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.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

CAN 267

1. Ma m' gyedzi ntsaban na muntu
Nkɔ fua n' mu hɔ nkɔhwɛ
Sor esiarfo hɔn dɛw kɛse n',
Mbrɛ hɔn 'nyimnyam hyerɛn pa.

2. Ber bi nna wogyam wɔ ase ha,
Na wɔkaa m' kyii nyinsu;
Wɔnye bɔn, ekyingye na suro
Dzii aper dzen dɛ hɛn so.

3. M'bisa dɛ hɔn konyim n' fir hen?
Hɔn nyina bɔ mu ka dɛ
Hɔn konyimdzi fir Eguambaa n',
Hɔn konyim fir No wu.

4. Wɔhyɛɛ mbrɛ otsiatsiae no nsew;
No ndwuma hyɛɛ hɔn nkuran,
Na wɔkaa Nyame- nyimpa N' do
Nyaa anohoba ahomgye n'.

5. Hɛn kandzifo hia hɛn nkamfo
Wɔ Ne fasusu ntsi;
Na adasefo mununkum no
Kyerɛ dɛm sor kwan n' ara



MHB 432

1. HARK, my soul! It is the Lord;
‘Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
Say, poor sinner, lovs’t thou Me?

2. I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3. Can a women’s tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4. Mine is an unchanged love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou Me?

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more.

Amen.

CAN 141

1. Me kra, tsie! Ewuradze a;
W'Agyenkwa na ɔrekasa n';
Tsie Ne ndze; ɔreka dɛ,
Bɔnyɛnyi, ana 'dɔ M' a?

2. 'Mi na megyee w' fii mpokyerɛm',
Meyɛɛ wo pira edur;
Eyewee n', mohwehwɛɛ wo;
Memaa wo sum daan ekan.

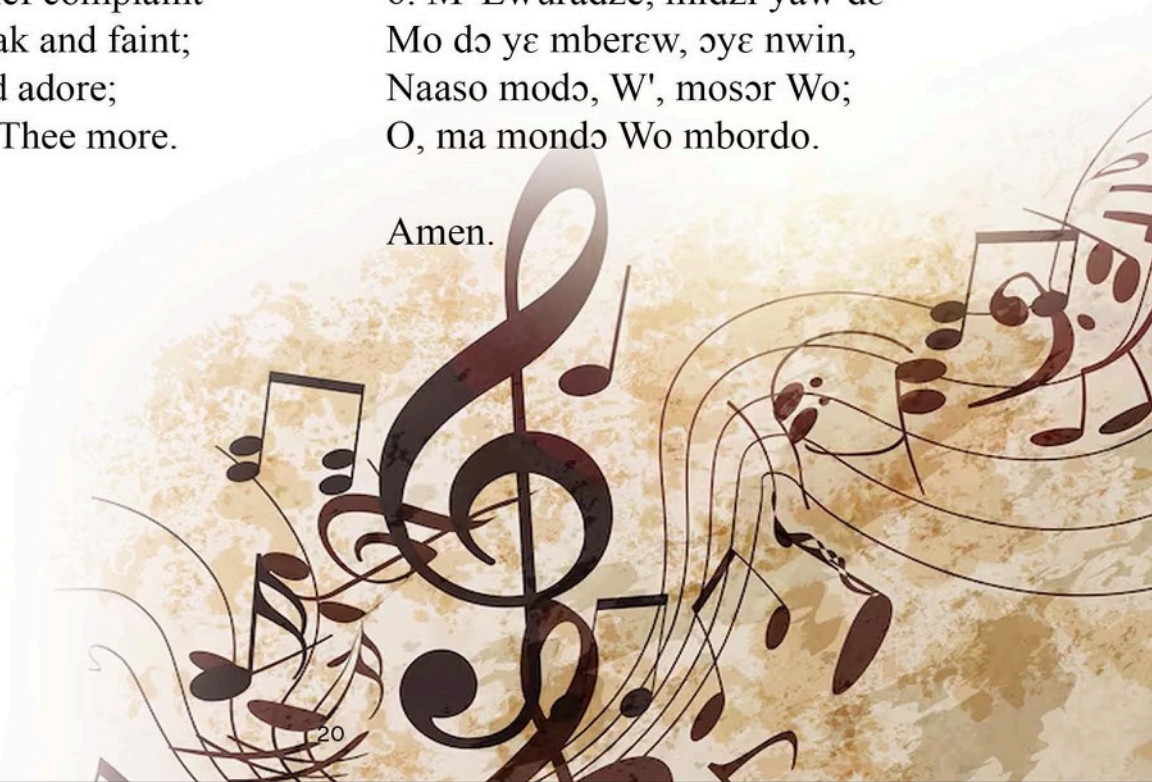
3. Na ɔbaatan n'abadaa
Befi ne ba ho ara da?
Nyew, ɔyɛ a no werɛ befir n';
Emidze, m'bɛkaa wo daa.

4. Emi Mo dɔ n' ɔnndan da,
Ɔkrɔn kyɛn ɔsor m-po,
No mu dɔ kyɛn po no bun,
Ɔyɛ dzen, ɔkyɛn owu.

5. Adom wie n'edwuma yɛ a,
Ibohu M'enyimnyam ntsɛm;
Enye M'bɛtsena M'ahenguam';
Bɔnyɛnyi, ana 'dɔ M' a?

6. M' Ewuradze, midzi yaw dɛ
Mo dɔ yɛ mberɛw, ɔyɛ nwin,
Naaso modɔ, W', mosɔr Wo;
O, ma mondɔ Wo mbordo.

Amen.





FOR MOURNING WITH US