



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MRS. LAURINDA
ABOAGYE

(née Amarin)





**MRS. LAURINDA
FRANCESQUINHA AWO
ABOAGYE (NÉE AMORIN)**



A selfless, generous, fearless, humble, compassionate child of God.

A great woman, beautiful inside and outside, one of a kind.

A kind loving wife, daughter and caring mother.

Inspirational friend and colleague, a gem beyond compare!

Simply irreplaceable!



ORDER OF *Service*

OFFICIATING PRIEST
Rev. Fr. Donatus Pallu

MUSIC

Choir in Attendance:
Keyboardist:

Christ the King Catholic Church Mass Choir
Andrew Addy

PART 1:

PRE-BURIAL RITES 9:00 a.m.

Arrival of body
Reception of body
File past

Hymns

CH349, CH350, CH351, CH353,
CH356, CH361, CH363, CH364, CH365

Biography & Tributes
Closing of casket

PART 2:

BURIAL SERVICE

Introductory Rites
Procession

Hymn CH 374

Through All The Changing Scenes of Life

Introit

Hymn CH 391

Holy God We Praise Thy Name

Penitential Rites
Kyrie
Opening Prayer

ORDER OF *Service*

Liturgy of the Word

First Reading

Wisdom 3: 1 - 9

Responsorial Psalm

Response: CH 34

Gospel Acclamation

Easter Halleluia

Gospel

John 14: 21 - 27

Homily

Fr. Donatus Pallu

Prayer of the faithful

Collection

Medley of Songs

The Lord's Prayer

Concluding Rites

Closing prayer

Vote of Thanks

Final Commendation

Yesu Ka Wo Ho

Recession

Hymn CH 305

Hark Hark My Soul

PART 3:

INTERMENT (PRIVATE BURIAL)

Opening hymn

Blessing of the grave

Interment and Commitment Final prayers

Benediction

Closing



Biography

MRS. LAURINDA FRANCESQUINHA AWO ABOAGYE (NÉE AMORIN)



**My flesh and my heart may fail but God is
the strength of my heart and my portion**

forever!
(Ps. 13:26)

Life starts with birth and then transitions to death. The period of transition is what we know and can testify to.

Mrs. Laurinda Francesquinha Awo Aboagye (nee Amorin) was born on 6th March 1957 in Accra to Justice Francisquinho Tobias Charles (FTC) Amorin and Barbara Ellen Aurora Adwoa Tawiah Buckle, both of blessed memory.

Her father relocated to Ho for a period, as a practicing Barrister at Law during which she started her early schooling at the then Ho International School. She successfully passed her common entrance examination to gain admission to Peki Secondary School and enrolled at Ho Technical Institute (now Ho Technical University) to undertake a catering course.

She further advanced her studies by obtaining a higher diploma in Institutional Management of City & Guilds at Accra Polytechnic. Upon completion, she secured a job at

the State House catering division and rose through the ranks to the role of Chief Catering Officer at the Office of the President.

Laurinda never wasted an opportunity to learn and improve on her skills and knowledge and in 2004, she undertook a 3-year hospitality management degree at GIMPA to add to her educational accolades.

In the summer of 1978, she met Mr. Dominic Aboagye, who happened to be living with his then uncle, Mr. BK Armah of blessed memory, one of her father's neighbours in Roman Ridge, and they fell in love with each other. They were married in the spring of 1981 and were blessed with four children; Marie-Chantal, Agnes, Dominica and Dominic.

Having had her first two children; Marie-Chantal and Agnes, in Ghana, she accompanied her husband on his first foreign service posting to Germany in September 1985 where her last two children; Dominic and Dominica, were born. She would follow her husband on additional adventures through Europe before returning to Ghana in 1989.

At this point, and with four young children, she made the decision to remain in Ghana while her husband continued to his next postings. She did this, both to create stability for the children and to restart her catering career. She would often go on holiday with the children to visit her husband on his postings to Cotonou, Addis Ababa, to name a few, while still





you invited her to your party or occasion, she was usually the first on the dance floor and the last to leave. She could give Embassy Pleasure Champions a run for their money. Following her retirement from the Office of the President a few years ago, she struggled with her health until she went to be with her maker on Tuesday 19th September, 2023. To lose someone so special is very hard to bear- it's just so hard to comprehend that she's no longer there to assist or come to our aid when the need arises. She was wise, kind and compassionate and made a profound impact on everyone she encountered. She leaves behind her husband, four children, five grandchildren, two sisters, four brothers and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and other family members to mourn her.

Awo, you have fought a good fight, you have finished your race, you have kept the faith and we are sure that you have received a crown of righteousness which your master Jesus has laid up for those who diligently serve him (2 Timothy 4:7-8).

We want you to know how much you mean to us and how much we love and appreciate you. As our hearts are filled with the pain and distress of your loss, we pray that God has welcomed you into His kingdom where you are dancing once more for joy! Thank you for being an incredible wife, mother and sister to us. We will keep praying and watching over your children and grandchildren and will love, cherish and share your memories with them.

Rest peacefully our dear sister, wife, mother, niece and friend, till we meet again. You have left a big vacuum in our lives. You will be sorely missed!

May the Good Lord bless you for your tenacity of purpose, dedication, discipline and hard work.

**Auntie Awo kose kose kose!
Auntie Awo baba nawo sia eye na hede nyuie le nutifafa me,
Amen.**

maintaining her stellar record (and cuisine) at the State House.

During one of her visits to Cotonou, she introduced one of her grandfathers, a lawyer by the name of Avocat Francois Amorin (deceased), to her husband. He was immediately made to feel at home and the relationship thereafter knew no bounds. It was heartening for her husband to have a second home and kinship with Avocat Amorin while away from his family.

Laurinda did not joke with education. So, it comes as no surprise that she put all her sweat and toil (and occasional lashes) into making sure all her children excelled in their chosen fields of study so they could enjoy a bright future worthy of praise. Her encouragement and push for excellence did not end with her own children, she would also motivate their friends, her nieces and nephews and anyone who shared their dreams with her.

Today, there are many of her children's friends who call her their second mom for her encouragement, nurturing and occasional chastising (she had a very sharp tongue). Without a shadow of a doubt, the goals she set for her family have been achieved in Jesus mighty name and the fear of the Lord that she imparted to them will never be forgotten.

Popularly known as Auntie Awo, she was always the life and soul of every occasion and feeding people was her love language. You never visited her and left hungry or without "something for the road". She was generous to a fault. Compliment her on something she was wearing and the next time she'd have it wrapped up to give to you to enjoy. If



Tributes

*"A life is not important, except in the
impact it has on other lives"*

Jackie Robinson



Tribute

HUSBAND



Our story together is well known. As a young man, you smashed me with your looks and stole my heart with your heart for your family and friends. Going back to that time in 1978, when I caught a glimpse of you over the wall of my uncle's house. With your svelte physique and long hair, I thought to myself, Abo, this is one hot cake.

Little did I know that I was falling for the daughter of Justice FTC Amorin, a fearsome man and disciplinarian. Well, we sure did find a way to court each other in those times, you with your pastry bribes to your siblings and me with mine to your father's Police guards and watchmen.

I often wondered what this snazzy city girl saw in a young, up and coming foreign service officer with no car! I recall a time when I took you along to a drink up at the Foreign Affairs Club House in Dzorwulu with some of my colleagues. At the end of the evening, having no car, we began walking home. Along came a colleague of mine who I flagged down and asked for a lift and he soundly denied it saying "you've got a beautiful girl with no car! Walk!". I was both heated and embarrassed but, in the way only you know how, you turned to me and said, "Abo, why are you bothered by this man, let's stroll". That was your very special gift, always knowing exactly what to say and do, when I faced rough seas.

You built a home for me and the kids that was often filled with laughter, wonderful food and yes, dancing. You loved to dance. You were always excited for Friday nights when we would put Adjoba on baby-sitting duty and head to Foxtrot, Balm Tavern or Red Onion.

You made dinner parties in our home both here and away the stuff of legends. Enlisting the kids to polish cutlery, learn how to fold napkins and set a table. Your menu courses always left our guests wanting more and we often had no leftovers because you always gave them away telling us you could always make us more. Your generosity of spirit truly knew no bounds.

Like any marriage, we had our challenges, but you were always resolute in keeping our family together and ensuring our kids got the best of us. After 42 long years, your toil wasn't in vain. We always felt blessed to look at the adults we used to call children as our future. We had shared visions of growing old together with our grandchildren running around us and getting away with all sorts of mischief. That was the dream, our dream.

AWO, you have taken us all by surprise. Your visit to the hospital was expected to be a brief one. Little did we know that you would take your leave of us. But the Lord gives, and the Lord takes and the Lord will give you a restful place by his side.

Farewell, farewell, AWO, until we meet again.
Yours,
Abo

The Lord gives, and the Lord takes. Again, whatever lives must die. These are two facts of life that guide all mankind as we are born and grow. However, nothing ever prepared me for this moment. When we promised each other through our marriage vows to live and love "till death do us part", hardly could I have imagined that a day would come when I would stand before the world and bid you farewell. Today, here I am, feeling completely lost.



Tribute

MARIE-CHANTAL



**Whoever dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty.
(Ps. 91:1-2)**



Oh Ma! Oh Mummy! Awo Laurinda! How do I carry this baton that you've passed on to me? My ride or die for 42 years. Ours is a story for the history books because there are too many memories for me to pull from.

I am the woman I am today because of my mother. I remember her most for her infectious laugh, depth of love, limitless generosity, and joie de vivre. My childhood memories are littered with the highs of trips mum planned to the beach, visits to museums like the Atomium in Brussels, excursions to Lomé, learning the art of sugar flower crafting, three-tiered birthday cakes for my sisters and I because we had the first week of September on lock (3rd, 5th and 7th) and so much more.

With highs, come lows, but somehow, mum managed to position those moments as "I'm training you for the future" even though I knew she was simply trying to shield us from the truth of a situation. When things were tight financially,

mum would get creative and figure out how to stretch the coffers. One such memory is of a time when she decided she'd make sandwiches and pastries to sell at our respective schools to create an additional stream of income and they were a hit! We the kids, as you can well imagine, weren't so thrilled because we had to carry the goods to school every morning and couldn't even get freebies! On occasion, much to my horror, she'd make a batch at the weekend that I'd have to sell at the junction of the street we lived on in Tesano. This was to be an early lesson for me in ingenuity and humility because I was fully in my 'dada ba' era at the time and wasn't too thrilled about this crash course in sales. Gosh, she could make sunshine out of any situation and spin gold out of thin air!

Mummy was blunt, and she didn't care about the surroundings or circumstances under which she'd make remarks or comments. One lovely Saturday afternoon during my teen years, a group of my friends came by our home to visit and coax my mother into letting me go along with them to Kiddafest at the National Theatre (if you know, you know). Awo Laurinda patiently listened to their petition and after pausing for a moment, calmly declared: "Marie has to pound ab3 and make ab3 nkwan for lunch, so she can't go". In that moment, I prayed the earth would open up and swallow me!

Faith and family were near and dear to mum's heart. Attending church every Sunday was a must in our home and she would often be heard humming a tune or singing a hymn while working around the house. She planted the seed of our love for worship music and today I still find comfort in basking in its soothing lyrics and melodies. In our more recent history, mum would share with me scriptures to pray with whenever we talked and little did I know that the last scriptures she would share with me would be on Saturday 15th July, 2023.

In my adulthood, I regret not keeping up with extended family meeting attendance. This was an activity mum would insist we accompany her to, for both the maternal and paternal sides of her family "so the family knows who you are", she would say. She would have us register our names in the attendance books and then proceed to pay our dues on our behalf. Thank you for keeping those ties alive mummy. For my siblings and I, mum's admonishment to us was to never let anything tear us apart and to always stick together.

There isn't enough time and there aren't enough words to share how wonderful my mother was – you just had to experience her for yourself. She was truly special. I am grateful that I honoured her, loved her and gave her her flowers while she was alive. Today, I shed tears for the future conversations we will never have and the incredible milestones she will no longer be present for – physically. Tomorrow, I will dance for joy because on Tuesday 19th September, 2023, God in heaven welcomed His daughter home and I gained an angel to watch over me, for all the days of my life. I love you mummy, now and forever more.

Tribute

AGNES



Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let them be afraid.

(John 14:27)

Dear mummy,

I just want to say a huge thank you for the life you gave me. You did not raise us in a mansion, but our home surely felt like one. You were an exceptional mother with so much fire and life. A mother who sacrificed everything to make us who we are today and a mother who put us above everything else.

Now that you are gone who will go to the market for me and not collect the money back? Who will make my okro soup and banku for me? When again will I taste your unique chicken light soup? Whose closet will I raid? Whose gold jewellery will I take without asking. Oh Mummy!! My heart is shattered! You should have crossed 70!

Mummy I can't and will never forget everything you did for me. From showing me the answers to my class one entrance exam paper, to driving me to Holy Child secondary school and befriending the matron so I could get good food to eat, to Legon where you went with me to ensure I got a room on campus.

Even in my adulthood you still stayed committed to your role. When I got my first job with Glo Mobile and had to go to Lagos for training, you took me, at my big age, to the airport and waited till I had checked in before you left. You also played a huge role in the career I have today, and I cannot thank you enough.

Awo, even though I was too stubborn to learn your cooking skills, and you were relentless in trying to teach me, I learnt so many things including how to be a devoted wife and an amazing mother so rest assured that the two Reggies are in good hands. Oh it's interesting to know that the day you were called to glory, RJ was singing your song and till today when he sees your picture, he sings it.

Mummy, I will miss your prayers, our massive fights (and have you eaten make ups), your emotional blackmail, your ewe tonation when you were pronouncing certain words and your uniquely coined insults such as "avu kokloo" (dog egg) and "figure crotcher" (I still have no idea what this one is). I will also miss our breakfast dates at Golden Tulip, our Labadi Beach brunches and occasional jamming at +233.

Mummy, until we meet again, rest in the bosom of the Lord, rest in power and rest in perfect peace. Your memory lives on forever!!!

From,
Agnes



Tribute

DOMINICA



**“Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted”
(Matthew 5:4)**



I have been sitting here trying to find the right words to describe my Baby girl as I would call her. But for the first-time words fail me.

It's so hard, really hard. My mum would literally do anything for me even if it cost an arm and a leg. She was selfless, kind, ridiculously funny but somewhat annoying. She would say “Dominica why is your bum so flat?” and my savage response would be, “who is my mother?” She could tease for days.

I can hear her voice echoing in my head, telling me how I will miss her when she is gone and how I will be the one to cry the most amongst my other siblings and to be fair, she did not lie. I have cried my heart out...I miss you so much.

She was always there and always the first person to show up when I was ill or if I needed anything. If a big heart was a person, it would be my baby girl. She raised my daughter Nicole and would constantly remind me that she was her pension baby. I may not have said this to you but I am so thankful that my kids could experience the amazing woman you were. You still are and you will always be.

I am so broken mummy! Who is going to call me back-to-back and blow up my phone with 20 missed calls in 1 minute? Upon returning the call, I'd hear “so why haven't you called me and we are all in this Accra?”

My mum was the life of the party. There was never a dull moment with her. She was quite blunt, had a sharp mouth and honestly, would tell you as it is with no filter or concern for surroundings. Though the words “I am sorry” were rarely spoken by her when she was in the wrong, her actions proved that she really was. She would bribe me with her food or use my kids as an excuse to see me when she knew I'd been offended by her. It was hilarious to see!

If there was one thing I learnt from her, it was how to cook. I am still upset that I was never able to quite learn how to make her infamous okro soup even after numerous lessons. She always said the secret ingredient to what made hers so exceptional was that she put love into making the soup.

The last few months before you passed were so tough for me. Trips to the hospital had now become my routine and honestly, I hated it there. I couldn't wait for you to come home so Chloé could report you to me, especially when you were being mischievous. On days I couldn't visit, when I showed up the following day, all bubbly, you would hit me with the “I am angry with you, you didn't come and see me yesterday”. And you would constantly ask the nurses whether I visited.

Oh mummy, who is going to worry me like you did? Who, mummy? Whose face am I going to beat while hearing constant complaints about how you hated eyeliners. There is no pain that can surpass the loss of a mother. As I saw your lifeless body, you looked so at peace, and it was quite comforting to know that you weren't in pain anymore. I will hold all your memories close to my heart. If only you would wake up and say a proper good bye my heart would be at peace. I still can't believe you're gone. You have lived life to the fullest and I am grateful to GOD, He gave me an ANGEL.

God keep you and hide your soul. Till we meet again I Love you today and always.

**Your favourite daughter,
Baby**

Tribute

DOMINIC



I am who I am today because of the love you continually poured into my life and the sacrifices you made in order to give me a life better than what you had. Yes, your blood, sweat and tears have brought us thus far. I am proud to be your one and only son who was so dear to your heart. The past couple of months were very trying for me, seeing you go in and out of the hospital and the pain you endured seeking to get yourself healed.

Mummy, my only consolation is in the fact that your suffering has ended and that the good Lord has called you to be with Him. I thank God for making you my special angel in Heaven watching over me and being my protector. I am really going to miss you Mummy. The jollof, okro and macaroni dishes you'd make for me, our breakfast and Sunday brunch dates. I already miss hearing your voice when you'd call me and say "my handsome son, I have missed you that's why I called. If you won't call, I will call you".

It's really hard to accept that you are no more physically. I'm truly grateful for the life you gave to me and all I can do now is to hold fast to the beautiful memories, laughs and values we shared. You were a good woman with a big heart. It is my prayer that your beautiful soul gets the most peaceful rest it deserves in the bosom of our Lord.

My beautiful mother! Fly high mummy! Indeed, deep grief is the price we pay for great love.

**With love,
Junior, your dearest son after your own heart.**



**For the thing which I greatly feared is
come upon me, And that which I was afraid
of is come unto me.
(Job 3:25)**



It does not feel real, no it doesn't!
I am struggling to come to terms with the fact that you're gone forever.

Oh mummy! Why did you leave me so soon? I am pained, I am broken and I am in tears as I write this. You were my pillar, my rock, my world. You always believed in me and would go to great lengths to make sure your only begotten son was ok, comfortable and happy.



Tribute

SIBLINGS



**“Life is like a shadow, like a fleeting cloud moving across the face of the sun. We are aliens and strangers in your sight.
(1 Chronicles 29:15)**



We wonder why death would snatch our precious sister so soon. Our hearts are full of pain and despair at your demise. You were a caring, loving sister who gave us great attention and made a lot of sacrifices for us even to the very end. Not that we don't have our challenges, differences, and quarrels here and there but remember blood is thicker than water, so we still move on in life as true siblings.

It feels like part of our very hearts have been ripped out of our chests and we are experiencing heart break for the first time ever.

Auntie Awo, each of us has memories that were special because they were our respective bonding moments with you. Alas all these conversations, advice, moments spent together, all gone, forever!!!! Oh, Auntie Awo, why did you have to go so early though we felt the ordeal you went through. In fact, the pain you went through with your occasional moments of singing your tunes with tears in your eyes were very touching and in one moment one of us had to leave your hospital bed to a quiet place where tears were wiped off and then return to you with a smile.

You barely slept in the comfort of your own home but rather in both private and government hospitals. Why should that be so?! You never said goodbye to us, you never hinted it was time, but you kept all these to yourself. Typical of Auntie Awo-ism. You never wanted to be a bother to anyone.

My big sister was one of a kind that I affectionately called her Mama Awo. I take consolation from my recent visit and spending some time with you not knowing that would be my last time seeing you. I feel I have lost an arm.

Our trip to Ho to check on old boy's house will be no more. Our family meetings in Lome-Togo will also be no more. Our annual family meeting at Agoue-Benin will also be no more,

then our maternal side yearly gathering at Adabraka for Homowo retreat will also be no more, oh what a world we live in!!! We will miss you dearly at the meetings especially your dancing skills.

Your strength of character was evident till the very end. You stood tall and courageous in the face of death. You fought hard and never gave up till God called you to lay down your arms and rest in the afternoon of Tuesday 19th of September 2023 at the Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital.

Although we are mourning your loss, we know you are in a better place where you are free from the pain that you suffered, and we will miss you terribly. This pain that we must bear is too much to ask of us, but for you, we would bear anything because you bore everything for us.

We will miss you Auntie. We won't say goodbye for we know that we will surely meet again.

**Rest well Auntie Awo,
Auntie Awo Nantsew yie,
Auntie Awo yawo ojogbaa,
Auntie Awo Hede nyuie le nutifafa me
Au revoir notre grande soeur
Amen**



Tribute

MRS. BELINDA JONAH

Tribute

MR. TOBIAS JOAO AMORIN

Auntie Awo was not just a sister to us but the very embodiment of grace and kindness. Her vibrant spirit was a beacon of light. We remember her not just for the laughter and joy she brought into our lives, but for her boundless compassion. She was always there with an open heart, ready to lend a helping hand.

In gatherings, she was the soul of the party, connecting with everyone.

Auntie Awo's legacy isn't just in the memories she's left behind, but in the love and kindness she shared with every soul she met. Today, as we bid her farewell, we take solace in knowing that she touched our lives in more ways than words can ever encapsulate. Your spirit will forever resonate in our hearts.

**Good bye Auntie Awo.
Rest in the bosom of our creator**



Eternal rest, grant unto her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her. May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in perfect peace.

Amen

It is a strange feeling to be reading a tribute to my elder sister, popularly called Auntie Awo, who not too long ago was on her feet but in the latter part of her life she was hospitalized for a protracted illness she was battling with for some time now. I feel numb, confused and utterly devastated by your sudden exit.

My life has not been the same since your demise on that fateful day of Tuesday 19th September 2023, having paid you a visit that morning in the company of one of your nieces, named after you, with Auntie Augustina. Your eyes were opened, and your face was beaming with smiles, and you responded to our greetings, and we assumed you were on the road to recovery. We then prayed and asked for God's healing power to come upon you so that you may come home quickly. I then had to leave with the intention of returning in the evening, but little did I know you were bidding me farewell.

It is sad to lose you at this stage of my life Auntie Awo. I was not expecting this to happen at such a time, but what could I say. Nothing much but to thank God for blessing us with your life. I will forever miss you for touching my life and family in so many ways. With that, we shall forever remember you.

Till we meet again Auntie Awo. I will miss you dearly, but I know there is a God who will take care of us. Rest in eternal peace.
Amen



Tribute

MR. ANTONIO AMORIN

Gone too soon our dear Sister Awo, all we are left with is memories. May you rest in perfect peace



Tribute

MR. ALFONSO AMORIN

My big sister was more than just a sister, she sometimes played the role of a second mother. I find it so distressing to believe that you are gone, and I must grieve.

Of all the siblings, you were the one person who often preached love, kindness and family togetherness. You will often refer to me as “My Baby Last Brother” even in my adult years which often made me cringe, but you persisted to the end in referring to me in that manner.

When I was called to the bar you proudly introduced me to all your work colleagues at the State House that “my baby last brother is now a lawyer”.

I vividly recall, when I was getting married you asked me to provide you a list of the dishes I wanted served at the ceremony and when I said in a typical baby last fashion; that I wasn’t sure of what I wanted but proceeded to give you my budget for the food, you scoffed and laughed awkwardly. Sensing my unease you said, “Ah but Baby last you know this your budget can only buy me petrol to go to the market o” – as if that was going to make me feel better. Nevertheless, you took charge and provided an array of dishes that was befitting of any King’s coronation banquet at no cost to me.

I am sure we can all attest in our personal lives that there are people, either family or friends, who may assist you in life and remind you of it many years down the line, but this was certainly not a trait of my big sister Auntie Awo.

When we last spoke, you were in such high spirits and promised to be home soon but little did I know God had other plans for you.

I’m however, comforted, consoled, and confident that you are with our Creator.

**REST IN PERFECT PEACE BIG SISTER!!!!
Forever Your Baby Last Brother.**



Tribute

NIECES & NEPHEWS



For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain.

Philippians 1:21 (NIV)

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

Psalms 90:12 (NIV)



Had I known always comes last. Had I known always comes last in the sense that if we could go back in time, we would correct our wrongs and make them right. Ask God for more time with our loved ones to create beautiful and everlasting memories.

Laying before us is your lifeless body. No one prepared us for this journey of life without you. Auntie Awo as we fondly called you, played major roles in our lives. From taking Chelsea in as your last born and not forgetting the love and affection you had towards Cheryl, Laurinda, Tobias Jnr. and Barbara.

Tobias Jnr. was your interest as he found ways to make numerous requests from you and you were more than happy to grant them if it was within your means.

We remember when Babsi had a tummy upset which took us to Police hospital, running from one laboratory to another to seek medical solutions was just one example of your selfless nature at work.

It is hard to believe that you have been called home at a time we least expected. Who would we now run to report daddy to? We should have told you all these while you had breath.

All the numerous toys and clothing you gifted us any time you travelled made our childhood special. We were always happy to come over to your house because we knew that good tasting food and sweets would always be available to us.

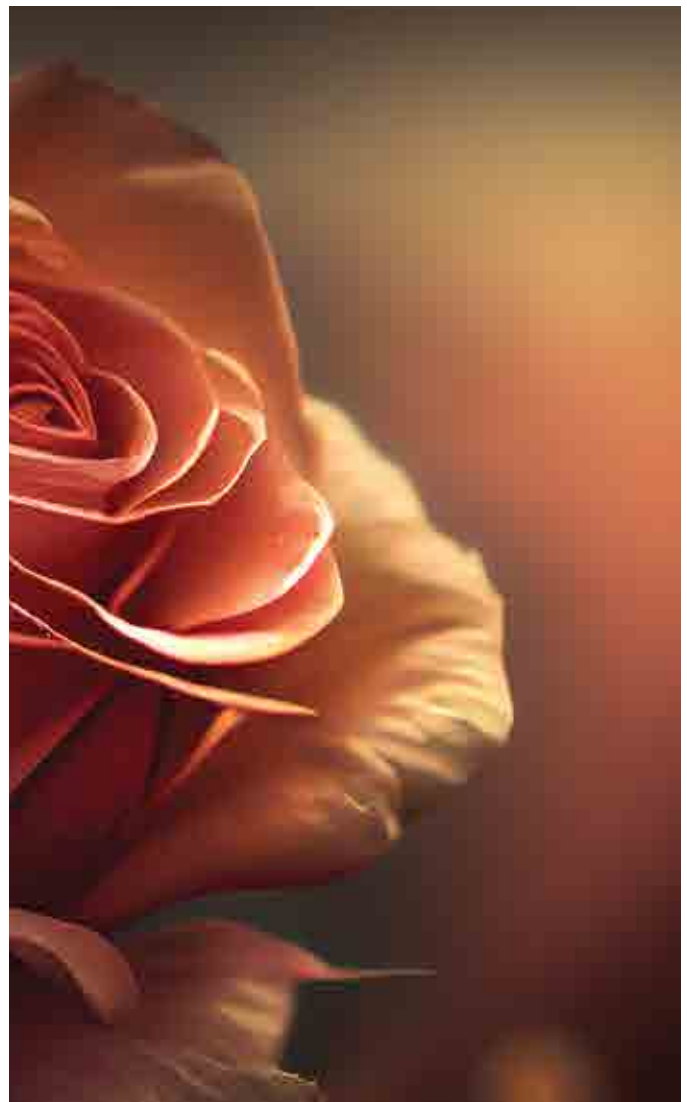
We will miss Christmas and New Year's lunch at your home. Thank you for being a wonderful mother-figure in our lives.

Thank you for your encouragement and support through life. Auntie Awo, you have created a void that no one can fill in our hearts and in our lives. Your memories will continue to live on. God in heaven knows that we have so much to say but His ways are not the ways of man and we have come to terms with that.

As we have all gathered here to bid our farewell to our beloved mother, father, aunt, sister, wife and friend, we want to remember that our days are numbered and so therefore we must have enough love to go round. After all, life is short and do everything we chase really matter? Had I known will always come last.

We leave everyone to ponder over 2 Corinthians 5:1-10 Paul in this chapter has made us to understand that we would prefer to be away from our bodies and at home with the Lord. We believe you are in a much better place our dearest aunt and mother.

Auntie Awo, May your gentle soul rest in peace.
Auntie Awo, xede nui nutifafa me.
Until we meet again, Godspeed



Tribute

CHELSEA AMORIN

Tribute

JACKIE OJI

We planned your 70th birthday together. How you wanted me to throw you a big birthday party. We had plans of how you wanted my life to turn out. The kind of person you wanted me to end up with and how ready you were to come play with my kids. It saddens my soul to know that you will not be there through the rest of my journey in life.

“Scholar!” as you teasingly referred to me, was your way of telling me to go get that doctorate degree. This shows how supportive you were in my everyday life with my education being your topmost priority.

Even on your sick bed, you still thought of others, especially me. Asking each time on my hospital visit if I had eaten or not. No better way to say it but I can assure you that your upbringing will not depart from me.

I am grateful to God that I got to tell you how much I LOVE YOU. We often don't tell people how much we love them enough. I will miss you. I will miss arguing with you, especially over your medications and reporting you to Marie. I will miss going virtually everywhere with you and I will miss you buying me fine things. I will miss your scolding and the love you showed through the little things you did like cooking and 'bossing' Dominic to give me an allowance. I WILL JUST MISS YOU! My entire life revolved around you and going forward it is going to be difficult living life without you.

**Your last baby,
Chelsea**



Fortunately, I had the honour of experiencing your love in this lifetime. They say everything happens for a reason, but if I could reason with God I would ask for Him to return you to us. Thankfully, you lived a life we will always remember and I'll cling to those memories forever.

As a young girl I didn't fully understand the sacrifices you made but as a woman they mean so much more. All the late nights you stayed up waiting for us to get home safe, the meals you made that warmed our hearts, the prayers, the visits, the encouragement you gave by just showing up when no one else did. You taught me what an aunt truly means and you set the bar so high.

I want to thank you for guiding me and showing me what truly mattered in this lifetime is family. Thank you for being a light in a dark place and for loving me like you did.

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

– Dr. Maya Angelou

As much as I would have loved to say goodbye in person, I don't think I could have endured it. There are no goodbyes for us so I'll just say hello to the next phase of the journey and your spirit will live on in our hearts forever.

So now we will continue your legacy of love and I'll tell you all about it when I see you again. May your soul rest peacefully.

Jesus said to her, “I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die.” - John 11:25

**I love you, Auntie Awo.
Forever yours,
Jackie**



Tribute

GRANDCHILDREN

Mrs. Laurinda Aboagye, known to me as Grandma. She'd always tell me to shame all my enemies and make her proud and always read Ps. 91 before I went to sleep. She'd always find ways to make me happy and smile by singing along to songs she didn't know the lyrics to.

It's sad how all this has to come to an end. Honestly, I wasn't expecting her to go this soon. Surprised is an understatement, shocked is the word. The last time I spoke to my grandmother was very sad because I could tell she wasn't too well through her voice. I was used to her becoming sick and getting better but this time she had to leave us.

Even with her constant chatter and complaints to my mother about me not bathing or me not helping in the kitchen, I still cared and appreciated her so so much. Our endless fights and her saying "Nana Yaa bring my phone and don't touch it again". Grandma was someone who gave a lot. She had the biggest heart and loved children so much; especially her grandchildren.

All the weekends my sister Chloé and I spent with grandma still hold a special place in my heart but now it comes to an end so so soon. I can't express myself better than to cry and pray because God knows why. I'll always love and appreciate her. She was like my mother. Chloé and I will miss her so so much but at the end of the day she'll always be our grandma and will hold such a special place in our hearts.

Rest well grandma we love you always.

Nicole and Chloé

The woman, the legend, my grandma Labone/East Legon. She was a great woman and wonderful grandmother. We loved her like our own mother. During our visits, she would give us our heart's desires. We fondly remember her for her KFC runs and unlimited access to DSTv.

She introduced us to all the kids in the neighbourhood and her doors were open to everyone. She was a master of the culinary arts and to no one's surprise her food was unique in taste with an extra dose of love. She had a masterful dish for us every time we went to visit her.

We remember her for her fiery spirit because she was determined to persevere through her recent challenges with her health. We will always love her and will always remember her great feats, meals and selfless personality.

Thank you for teaching us endless love Grandma. We will surely meet again and have even more enjoyable moments with you.

Win Win Win!!!

Nana Kofi and Yooku

Ta ta ta taa ta, Ta ta ta taa ta!
I'll forever have your song grandma.

RJ



Tribute

IN-LAWS

Today, we gather to pay tribute to a remarkable woman whose love and passions enriched our lives in countless ways. Our beloved mother-in-law, Mrs. Laurinda Francesquinha Awo Aboagy – Auntie Awo to us – was not just a source of boundless love, but a culinary artist with a passion for feeding people and a love for dance that was as infectious as her spirit. She was also a dotting grandmother and we celebrate the extraordinary woman who touched our hearts.

One of the most beautiful qualities Auntie Awo possessed was her boundless love. From the moment we became a part of her family, we all felt welcomed and cherished. Her warm smile and open heart made it clear that we were not just sons/daughter-in-law but a beloved addition to her life. Auntie Awo was a treasure trove of wisdom.

Her life experiences, valuable advice, and unwavering support helped us navigate the challenges of life. She had an innate ability to offer guidance without judgment, and her words always carried a sense of comfort and assurance. Sheila will miss their many tête-à-tête sessions where wisdom was poured out in immeasurable proportions. Yaw recalls her sage wisdom about being patient with each other and to always keep laughter alive in their marriage.

We remember the three sides of our remarkable Auntie Awo: The Culinary Artist and Maestro: Auntie Awo had an extraordinary talent for turning simple ingredients into culinary magic and masterpieces. Her kitchen was a place where flavours danced and laughter flowed. Her meals were not just nourishment for the body but a reflection of her love and care for all of us.

Her food brought people together and created cherished memories around the dining table. Her hospitality knew no bounds and she welcomed our friends and family into her home with open arms, treating them to delightful feasts that left everyone craving more. Her passion for cooking was a testament to her nurturing spirit and her desire to bring joy to our taste buds. Her extended visits with Ato, Yaw and Reggie always required diets after her departure primarily because of how much she overfed us during her visits. Love was the secret ingredient in every dish she prepared.

The Dancing Queen: Auntie Awo loved to dance. Anytime and anywhere! She had a heart that danced to the rhythm of music. Her passion for dance was infectious, and she never missed an opportunity to get on the dance floor and show her skills. She would always say “eish you people won’t

dance eh?” and then she would pull the closest person to come boogie with her.

You just couldn’t help yourself but to join the movement. On one occasion while visiting Marie and Ato in the US, during a dinner outing, she got off her chair and started dancing, pulling the bewildered waiter to come dance with her to a song she was familiar with – we were mortified. After the dance, she proceeded to remind us of how she would go to +233 to listen to music and dance when she could make the time.

Auntie Awo encouraged us to dance like nobody was watching, reminding us that life’s moments should be celebrated with music and movement. Her joy was contagious, and she brought smiles to our faces with every twirl and step. Her legacy lives on as we continue to dance with joy in our hearts.

The Doting Grandmother: Above all else, Auntie Awo was a loving and devoted grandmother. Her 5 grandchildren held a special place in her heart, and she showered them with affection and care and her love for them was boundless. She watched them grow, guided them with wisdom, and cherished every milestone in their lives. Her presence brought comfort and security to their world. When the grandchildren were born, she would sing to them until they would fall asleep

Tutu gbɔvi
Tutu gbɔvi
Dada me le afea me o
Papa me le afea me o
Ao dzedze vinye
Bɔnu bɔnu kpookpo

She created beautiful memories with them, from feeding them to teaching them the joy of dance. She instilled in them the values of love, family, and togetherness that will stay with them forever. Nana Kofi and Yooku called her Grandma Labone (and later Grandma East Legon) and loved her Banku, Okro and her Jollof. They will miss her dearly.

As we bid farewell to Auntie Awo, let us carry forward the legacy of love, creativity, and joy that she left behind. Her passion for cooking, dance, and her devotion to her grandchildren will forever inspire us to savor life’s flavors, dance with exuberance, and love unconditionally. In celebrating her memory, we honor a life well-lived and a heart that touched us deeply. Farewell, dear Auntie Awo, and thank you for the love and warmth you brought into our lives.

Ato Bernasko
Harry Reginald Tachie-Menson
Yaw Pepra-Omani
Sheila Aboagy

Tribute

MRS. FEMI ASANTE

For the most part of my life I didn't know your name, you were always just Aggie's mum and by extension our mum because Aggie, Aisha and I were friends turned sisters.

You opened your home to us with no restrictions, and we always had a seat at your table. It was always a feast. You were quick to tell us off without fear or favor whether we wanted to hear it or not. Most times we didn't like how you said it and even if we complained you still said it. We would do anything to turn back time to just hear you complain about our mini dresses or how late we came back from the nightclub in our teenage years.

Over the years even though I saw less of you, when we did see each other you were the same, asking about my well-being, my children and my work. Although it's difficult today to see beyond the sorrow, may looking back in memory help comfort us tomorrow.

**Rest in perfect peace
Till we meet again**





HYMNS

349. Abide With Me; Fast Falls The Eventide.

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.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O you who changest not, abide with me.

I need your presence every passing hour.
What but your grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who, like yourself, my guide and stay can
be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with
me.

I fear no foe, with you at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, your
victory?
I triumph still, if you abide with me.

Hold up your 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.

350. Guide Me, O You Great Redeemer.

Guide me, O you great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
Hold me with your powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream does flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
You are still my strength and shield.

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

351. Lead, Kindly Light, Amid The Encircling Gloom, Lead Me On!

Lead, kindly Light,
amid the encircling gloom,
Yes, lead me on!
The night is dark,

and I am far from home;
Yes, lead me on!
Keep firm my feet;
I do not ask to see
The distant scene;
one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus,
nor prayed that you;
should lead me on;
I loved to choose,
and see my path; but now,
Yes lead me on!
I loved the garish day,
And, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will;
Remember not past years!

So long your power has
blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen,
O'er crag and torrent,
till the night is gone,
And with the morn,
those angel faces smile,
which I Have loved,
long since, and lost awhile!

353. I Come To You Once More My God!

I come to you once more my God!
No longer will I roam;
For I have sought the wide world through,
And never found a home.

Though bright and many are the spots,
Where I have built a nest,
Yet in the brightest still I pined,
For more abiding rest.

Riches could bring me joy and power,
And they were fair to see:
Yet gold was but a sorry god,
To serve instead of you.

The honour and the world's good word,
Appeared a nobler faith:
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung,
And trembled on a breath.

The pleasure of the passing hour,
My spirit next could wile:
But soon, too soon, my heart fell sick,
Of pleasures weary smile.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health,
The flush of manhood's power;
But then it came and went so quick,
It was but for an hour.
And thus a not unkindly world,
Has done its best for me;

Yet I have found, O God! No rest,
No harbour short of you.

For you have made this wondrous soul,
All for yourself alone;
Ah, send your sweet transforming grace.
To make it more your own.

356. I Need You Every Hour.

I need you every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like yours
Can peace afford.

Chorus:
I need you, oh, I need you!
Every hour I need you;
Oh, bless me now, my Savior!
I come to you.

I need you every hour,
Stay with me here;
Temptations lose their power
When you are near.

I need you every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

I need you every hour,
Teach me your will;
And your rich promises
In me fulfill.

361. Days And Moments Quickly Flying.

Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon our bodies will be lying
Each within its narrow bed.

Soon our souls to God Who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight:
Able now by grace to save them,
O that, while we can, we might!

Jesu, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came.

Whence we came and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

363. When The Day Of Toil Is Done.

When the day of toil is done,
when the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
rest for evermore.

When the strife of sin is stilled,
when the foe within is killed,
be thy gracious word fulfilled:
peace for evermore.

When the darkness melts away
at the breaking of the day,
bid us hail the cheering ray:
light for evermore.

When the heart by sorrow tried,
feels at length its throbs subside,
bring us, where all tears are dried,
joy for evermore.

When for vanished days we yearn,
days that never can return,
teach us in thy love to learn
love for evermore.

When the breath of life is flown,
when the grace must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours thy crown,
life for evermore.

364. Now The Labourer'S Task Is Over.

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

Refrain:

Father, in your gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

Refrain:

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Refrain

365. Silently The Shades Of Evening .

Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.
O, not lost but gone before us,
Let them never be forgot,
Sweet their memory to the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!

How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven,
We may hope to gain at last.

374. Through All The Changing Scenes Of Life.

Through all the changing scenes of
life,
in trouble and in joy,
the praises of my God shall still
my heart and tongue employ.

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

O magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt his Name;
when in distress to him I called,
he to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
the dwellings of the just;
deliverance he affords to all
who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love;
experience will decide
how blest they are, and only they
who in his truth confide.

Fear him, you saints, and you will
then
have nothing else to fear;
make you his service your delight;
He'll make your wants His care.

391. Holy God, We Praise Thy Name.

Holy God, we praise your name;
Lord of all, we bow before you!
All on earth Thy sceptre own,
All in heaven above adore you.
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is your reign.

Hark! The loud celestial hymn,
Angel choir above are raising;
Cherubim and seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name you,
While in Essence only One
Undivided God we claim you;
And adoring bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin today,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo, I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

32. By The Labour Of Your Hands.

By the labour of your hands you shall eat.
You will be happy and prosper.
Your wife will be like a fruitful vine
In the heart of your house;
Your children like shoots of the olive,
Around your table.

Indeed, thus shall be blessed
The man who fears the Lord.
May the Lord bless you from Sion
All the days of your life!
May you see- your children's children
In a happy Jerusalem.

Praise the Father, the Son and the Holy
Spirit,
Both now and for ever,
World without end. Amen.
On Israel peace!

Antiphon:

O blessed are those who fear
The Lord and walk in his ways!

Antiphon:

May the Lord bless and protect
Us all the days of our life.

57. Accept, O Father, In Your Love.

Accept, O Father, in your love,
These humble gifts of bread and wine,
That with ourselves we offer you,
Returning gifts already yours.

Your Son, the victim and the priest,
Through human hands does here renew,
The perfect sacrifice of love,
To render God our worship due.

Behold this host and chalice, Lord
To you on high the gifts we raise;
Through them may we our honour pay,
Our adoration and our praise.

Into your precious blood, O Lord,
The priestly word will change the wine
O may our sins be washed therein,
Our hearts be made like unto yours.

No earthly claim to grace is ours,
Save what your sacrifice has won;
Grant then your grace, fulfil our needs,



And may your will in ours be done.
The Solemn Sacrifice Begins.
The Solemn Sacrifice begins,
The Lamb is offered for our sins.
He lies upon his alter throne,
High priest and victim both in one.

His sacrifice of love divine,
Renewed in veils of bread and wine,
Glory to your great name we sing,
For this most precious offering.

We too upon this alter lay,
Our humble offerings today,
We give our love though weak and small,
Our simple heart, ourselves, our all.

These gifts, dear Saviour, deign to bless,
And pardon our unworthiness,
While glory to your name we sing,
For your own precious offering.

210. Jerusalem The Golden City.

Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene.
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who are, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

254. Christ Is Our Cornerstone.

Christ is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled.
On His great love our hopes we place,
Of present grace and joys above.

Oh then with hymns of praise,
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing
And thus proclaim, in joyful song,
Each holy day, your blessings pour,

Here, gracious God, do now,
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, your blessings pour,

Here may we gain from heaven,
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day, when all the blest,
To endless rest are called away.

357. Oh, The Love Of My Lord, Is The Essence.

Oh, the love of my Lord, is the essence.
Of all that I love here on earth.
All the beauty I see,
he has given to me,
and his giving is gentle
as silence.

Every day, every hour, every moment;
has been blessed by the strength of his love.
At the turn of each tide,
he is there at my side,
and his touch is as gentle as silence.

There've been times when I've turned from his presence,
And I've walked other paths, other ways.
But I've called on his name;
In the dark of my shame,
And his mercy was gentle
as silence.

305. Hark Hark Angel My Soul Angelic Songs Are Swelling

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

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

Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!

Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
sea;
And laden souls, by thousands, meekly
stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
you.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!

Rest comes at length, though life be long
and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night
be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the
weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!

Angels, sing on! Your faithful watches
keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves
with weeping
Till life's long night shall break in endless
love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!

















**To exist is to change,
to change is to mature,
to mature is to go on
creating oneself
endlessly.**

Henri Bergson





APPRECIATION



The entire family of the late

**MRS. LAURINDA
FRANCESQUINHA AWO
ABOAGYE (NÉE AMORIN)**



would like to express their profound gratitude to you, our friends and loved ones for your show of compassion and support during our time of sorrow.

May God richly bless you.



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