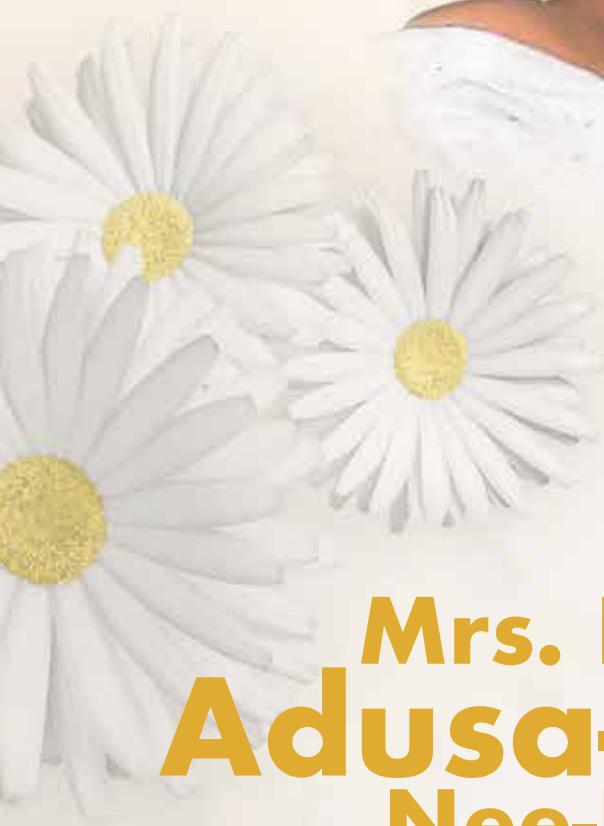




OUR
MATRIARCH
GOES HOME



**Mrs. Louisa Amie
Adusa-Amankwa
Nee-Doamekpor**

— 1932-2021 —



My Journey's Just Begun

Don't think of me as gone away
My journey's just begun
Life holds so many facets
This earth is but one
Just think of me as resting
From the sorrows and the tears
In a place of warmth and comfort
Where there are no days and years
Think of how I must be wishing
That you could know today
How nothing but your sadness
Can really go away
And think of me as living
In the hearts of those I touched
For nothing loved is ever lost
And I know I was loved so much

By Ellen Brenneman



Burial Mass for the late Mrs. Louisa Amie Adusa-Amankwa(Nee-Doamekpor)

Christ the King Catholic Church, Cantonments, Accra.
Friday 3rd November, 2021
Time: 9am

Order of Mass

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Very Rev Fr Dr Ebenezer Akesseh (Parish Priest)
Very Rev Fr Andrew Campbell
Rev. Fr Donatus Pallu

CHOIRS IN ATTENDANCE:

Christ the King Main Choir
Marian Choir
St. Cecilia Choir

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC: Mr J E K Anderson

ORGANIST: Mr. Victor Lokko

CONDUCTORS: Mr. J. E. K. Anderson and Mr Solomon Andoh
Mr. Ben Adjei (Soloist)

Guest Minister (Soloist)

Faith Encounter International Ministries

PRE-DEPARTURE MASS

Lying in state
Reception of the body into the church
Reading of tributes
(Musical Interlude interspersed with hymns) 7:30am – 8:50am

TRIBUTE READING – HYMNS

CH 311 Give me the wings of faith to rise
CH 245 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
CH 349 Abide with me
CH 413 Amazing Grace
CH 403 O Lord my God when I'm in awesome wonder
CH 350 Guide me O thou great redeemer
CH 339 God be with you till we meet again
CH 351 Lead, kindly light

CLOSING OF CASKET

MASS 8:50am

Introductory rite
Entrance hymn
Incensation

Kyrie

CH 308 O Christ, the glory of the angel choirs!
CH 4 Arise! Come to your God,
Sing Him your songs of rejoicing
Mass of St Jude

LITURGY OF THE WORD

First reading
Psalm 23

Romans 14:7-12
Responsorial psalm
CH 26 The Lord is my shepherd;
There is nothing I shall want
I am the resurrection and the life.
If anyone believes in me, even though he dies
he will live, and whoever lives and believes
in me will never die.

Gospel Acclamation

Matthew 25: 1-13

Gospel

Homily
Prayer of the Faithful
Collection and offertory

Medley of songs by the Mass Choir

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Preparation of gifts
Prayer over gifts
Sanctus: Mass of St Jude
Eucharistic Prayer
The Great Amen

COMMUNION RITE

The Lord's Prayer
Agnus Dei: Mass of St Jude
Communion Hymns
CH 245 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
CH 93 Soul of my Saviour
CH 350 Guide me, O thou great Redeemer
Post-Communion prayer

Second collection
Announcements
Mr. Ben Adjei (Soloist)
Biography
Final Commendation

Closing hymn: CH 305 Hark, Hark my soul

AT THE ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA CATHOLIC CHURCH – THREE TOWN DENU ON SATURDAY, 4th DECEMBER, 2021 @ 9:00AM

OFFICIATING PRIESTS

Rev.Fr Valentine Gregory Hlovor
Rev. Fr. Prosper Mensah

OFFICIATING CHOIRS

St. Cecilia Choir
St. Anthony Choir
Angelic Choir

- Memorial Acclamation
- The Lord's Prayer
- Agnus Dei
- Communion Hymns: Dz 134/135/129/115
- Post Communion Prayer
- Prayer after Communion
- Blessing

ORDER OF BURIAL MASS

PART 1: RECEPTION OF BODY & EUCHARISTIC CELEBRATION

- Reception of the body at the entrance of the Church
- Sprinkling with Holy Water
- Laying of the Pall on the Casket
- Procession with the Casket to the foot of the Altar
- Entrance Hymn: Dz 314
- Incensing
- Introductory Rites
- Opening Prayer

LITURGY OF THE WORD

- First reading:
- Responsorial Psalm:
- Gospel Acclamation:
- Gospel:
- Homily
- Prayers of the faithful
- Offertory collection -----selection from choirs

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

- Preparation of Bread and Wine
- Incensation of the gifts: Dz 287
- Eucharistic Prayer
- Sanctus

PART 2: AFTER MASS

- Second collection
- Reading of Biography and Tributes
- Announcements
- Vote of thanks

PART 3: FINAL COMMENDATION & FAREWELL

- Invitation to Prayer
- Final Commendation
- Asperges and Incensing
- Hymn: Dz 310
- Prayer of Final Commendation
- Final Farewell
- Procession to the cemetery

PART 4: AT THE GRAVE SIDE

- Blessing of the grave
- Interment
- Hymn Dz 302
- Committal Prayer
- Symbol of Committal – Earth
- Laying of wreaths
- Closing Prayer
- Closing Hymn: Dz 67

Biography

of Mrs Louisa Amie "Kokui" Adusa-Amankwa nee Doamekpor

24th September 1932 signalled the arrival in the then Gold Coast of a bouncing baby girl, the eldest child of Aloysius Kumanya Doamekpor aka Papa Simiti aka Zakadza of Xedzranawo and Susanna Doamekpor, nee Quashie aka Daavi of Adafieu. These two towns, together with Denu make up the seaside Three-Town, situated in todays Ketu South Municipality of the Volta Region. There were eight other children to follow, four of whom preceded her to eternity; Matildah Aku Osei-Appaw, Basil Eyor (Yao), Ireneus Kweku and George Kpododza Doamekpor.

She told the story of how as a young girl, her mum's female relatives who were traders and lived in Hohoe came visiting, and being determined to embark on an adventurous trip with them, made sure she slept with them the night before their early-morning departure, so that she would not be left behind. Successful as her venture was, she stayed with them for some months before her headteacher father, anxious that his eldest child might not get enrolled in a school over there, embarked on a "rescue mission" to bring her back home. She also recalled fondly that although being too young to start school, Papa Simiti would take her to his class and whilst teaching, give her a slate and chalk to do her own thing. In time, she started school in Denu when her right fingers could comfortably stretch over her head to touch her left ear.





School was interesting but she often spoke with pride about her hawking activities outside school hours that she engaged in with others her age, bearing various cooked food items that her industrious housewife mother had prepared. Her head was however not destined to carry only loads, and she together with another maternal cousin, the late Ben Acolatse were chosen by her mother's younger brother, J K A Kamassah Quashie, a dispenser/pharmacist (later a CPP founder in Volta Region and Ambassador to Ivory Coast, Congo and Egypt) to stay with him whilst he took up appointments in various parts of the Gold Coast. Their first stop was in Kumasi for about a month, then Asante-Bekwai, and Uncle JK, feeling liberal gave them a chance to decide which primary school to enrol in. The mischievous streak in these two reared its head; both being of staunch Catholic parentage, Ben rather chose ECM (English Church Mission) aka Anglican school and Louisa went Methodist, where she sat in class for a year with a certain Kwasi Karikari Adusa-Amankwa, who somehow would become her husband of five decades many years later. It was also during that period she learnt to speak Twi.

Next stop was Dzelukope/Keta hospital and this time Uncle J K made no errors; Keta Convent was his choice. A melting pot at the time where students from various parts of the Gold Coast attended for good quality primary and middle school education, she stayed there for the next four years, completing the middle school leaving certificate exam (MSLC) at the end of 1948, picking up some fluency in speaking Ga.

1949 saw her in far away Cape Coast, having gained admission to do the four-year teacher training course at Holy Child College and there were quite a number of Keta Convent students there including the then Sybil Tamakloe (Mrs Foli). At the end of the year, her academic excellence shone: the tutoring nuns (as well as her Uncle J K) felt she should be transferred to year 2 of the

four-year secondary school course but therein was a dilemma; how was she going to make up for the different subjects taught in first year? – someone recalled that a student had done that before; in the end their gamble paid off in a big way. It is to the credit of her father that he did not oppose this move which had financial implications because as a teacher, she would have started earning wages earlier and reduced his commitments to her. Louisa transferred, borrowed the first year notes off Theresa Baffoe(Mrs Debrah) to catch up, and went on with Ms Baffoe to be the two Holy Child students who were chosen at the end of 1952 after their School Set (O'level) exam, to join four ladies from Wesley Girls High School in early 1953 to pursue the newly-introduced Gold Coast two-year sixth form course at St Augustines College. She managed this whilst hurdling and netballing; and her long-jump skills on the games field earned her the nickname “The Indian Rubber Ball” – I leave it to your imagination how the name came about.

Her mates from Wesley Girls were Kate Twum(Mrs Abankwa), Esther Arko(Mrs Bernasko), Joanna Hinson and her fellow Kanda resident Victoria Nyarko.

After sixth form, she taught for almost a year in Holy Child School in 1955 which is why some HOPSANS called her Teacher.

The latter part of 1955 saw her gain a Cocoa Marketing Board Scholarship to study law at the University College, London on Gower Street where she left with LLB in 1958, her classmates including Ghanaians Ms Rose Taylor of Kumasi and Emmanuel Y M Dzeble of Anfoega.

She then went on to Guildford, Surrey, as she had opted for the (usually lengthier) Solicitor's course, as opposed to the Barrister's training (which were separate in England), and successfully passed her final exam in early 1962, whilst heavily pregnant with her first child Nana Kwabena Karikari.



She had on September 16th 1961 married Kwasi Karikari Adusa-Amankwa, a medical student in the then West Germany. They went on to have four more children; Kwasi Fobi, Kwame Sarpong and the twins Osei Yaw Panin and Yaw Asamoah Kuma.

She received her solicitor's certificate at a ceremony on the same day in 1962 as her lifelong colleague, Dominic Mills of blessed memory, one time Registrar-General of Ghana. On that day, she became the first Ghanaian woman to qualify as a solicitor in the UK.

She spent most of her holidays as a student in England doing various jobs to earn money to remit home to help her parents look after her younger siblings; nursing assistant at Oakwood Hospital, a mental health institution in Kent, London Linen supply etc.

She also had two wonderful flatmates in London at different times; the first was Ms Lucy Mensah (now Dr Mrs Pobee) of whom she said "throughout the years we lived together, Lucy and I never had a single quarrel. She has such a good heart. We called ourselves the ladies of Leisure". The second was Mrs Julie Reynolds, her later flatmate from Hong Kong at the students hostel in London with whom she shared the Catholic faith; for years after returning to Ghana, they exchanged birthday and Christmas cards without fail- Julie's always on time and Louisa's in true African style, occasionally late; they spent a day together visiting their old favourite places in London in 2002 when Louisa last visited England; Julie did the almost four-hour journey from Norfolk by coach just to see her old flatmate of forty years ago. On that visit, Louisa got driven from East London to Guildford, Surrey just to look for her old landlady, Mrs Shackles, a lady who gave her a lot of support when she was writing her final solicitors exam. She found the house but was disappointed when she could not trace her nor her two children.

The written communication they shared had stopped some years earlier.

In 2010, she did not receive a birthday card in Sept from Julie; she suspected something was wrong; when she did not get a Christmas card...she knew for sure that something had happened. Her numerous phone calls had also not been answered. In February 2011, she got one of her sons to drive the three-hour journey from London to Norfolk to investigate; as she suspected, her friend had died suddenly behind her desk at work and her friend's husband had died soon after - such was the true loyalty of her friendship.



She worked at the Attorney General's Department in Accra in the Civil Division and rose from an Assistant State Attorney in 1962 to a Chief State Attorney from 1981 to her retirement in 1996 a year before compulsorily due. There were two years, 1965 -1967 when she was seconded to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and worked at the Ghana Embassy in Bonn, Germany. She served on various boards eg Museums and Monuments Board, National Council on Women and Development, The Film Censorship Board, Medical and Dental Council, Pharmacy Council, Central Tender Board (where they were usually given deliciously posh packed lunch which she would often bring home to share with her sons), and various departments within the Ministry of Agriculture like the Irrigation Development Authority and Fisheries Department. She expanded her music tastes, adding reggae to her options when she served on a probe at Burma Camp because the army driver of the vehicle that drove committee members played Bob Marley cassettes enroute with tunes like Buffalo Soldier and Jump Nyabinghi. She also travelled all over the world as part of government teams to negotiate contracts and engage in dispute resolution when there were fallouts with implementation. We have memories of her filling a large Thermos flask with tea in the morning and four slices of bread with butter on one side and jam on the side of the slice that made up the pair. For years, this was her late breakfast at work and it was a common sight to visit her at lunch when she would be eating agbeli-kaklo or roasted-plantain and groundnuts. There were no microwaves in those days and rather than order expensive restaurant food, she would save her money to enable her give her boys an above-average education, costwise, whilst supporting others also.

In the politically-charged climate at the beginning of the 4th Republic in 1992, she was involved in many cases with political underpinnings and heard comments being made about her being an NDC lawyer because the NDC was the party in power then.

Her answer to this was simple "Don't they know; I have served every government from Nkrumah, NLC, Busia, Acheampong, Limann and now Rawlings. I am a government lawyer". It wore her down and after retirement, she stayed away from her beloved law books. She was of the view that there were many cases of citizens being denied justice at the AG's Department due to the sheer workload there and many of the political cases were unnecessary distractions. She brought home files on Fridays and spent weekends working on them when she should have been enjoying family time – like she used to say, "I am a senior officer; how can I chase those working under me to complete their tasks if I don't finish mine".



Most of her retirement was spent sparring with her beloved husband in arguments, interspersed sometimes with anger, sometimes with laughter, until his unfortunate death in October 2011, which left her visibly devastated, but her strong Catholic faith, buttressed many years earlier by association at work with her colleague prayer warriors, Mrs Cecilia Campbell and Mrs Jacqueline Zwennes, both of blessed memory, carried her through. Her other retirement passion was her grandchildren whom she doted on and had endless fun times with. She opened her home to her siblings, nieces, nephews, husband's family and friends of her children. Many were surprised by her unassuming nature despite her career achievements and she never forgot her roots.

Her memory remained sharp and she was relatively physically fit till March this year when she fell ill and although she got better, never got back to her previous level of activity till her sad death on the evening of 15th October 2021.

She is survived by four of her siblings; Philothea Adzo, Matthew Kwesi, Alberta Adzo (Mrs Kudonou), and Albert as well as her five boys, daughters in-law, grandchildren, nephews and nieces, very few aunts and uncles (most younger than her), cousins and the entire families of three-town Denu and Asante-Bekwai.

Eyata, Mummy, Grandma, Sisterga, Miada, Mianorvi, Auntie, LA3, Corporal Lou.....Xede nyuie, emordzi nekor na wo ne nade tefe yeye fafaa nyuiee le dzidzor kporkpor me.

Da yie.





Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

By Christina Rossetti

Tribute by Children & Spouses

NANA K.K. AND HELEN ADUSA-AMANKWA



Dear Mummy, Amie Louisa,

All I want, and need, to do, is ‘thank you for your service’. Your exemplary service to your parents and your wider family (both biological and ‘acquired’ through marriage and friendships), your service to your dearest departed husband ‘Chica’, to your God and your Church, your nation, and your cherished profession. But most of all, in this particular instance, to your ‘primogeniture’ (as you fondly called me, and as my grandfather did you before me), and to Helen, your beloved daughter-in-law, thank you for all you were to me, and to both of us.

Who I am today, for better or worse, I am because of you and your dear husband. You were a trailblazer long before I was even a twinkle in anyone’s eye. A few instances readily come to mind... as a young Ewe girl in the same

Methodist Primary school in Bekwai as Chica, you countered the inevitable, and probably incessant, teasing by showcasing your formidable academic prowess. Similarly, after your first year in Holy Child Teacher Training School, your excellent performance caught the eye of the nuns, leading to your transfer straight to second year in Holy Child Secondary School. At Holy Child Secondary School, you also overcame the resultant first year deficit to eventually be selected to be one of two students from Holy Child, alongside four others from Wesley Girls, to attend the inaugural Sixth Form classes at St Augustine’s (Boys) College. I am also led to believe that you were the first Government-sponsored Ghanaian woman to be trained as a SOLICITOR in England! By dint of ceaseless industry, and dogged determination (please, I did NOT say stubbornness ooh!), you set a high bar indeed, no pun intended!

But, most important of all, your priority was to teach me to be, and bring me up as, a good human, and a good Catholic (maybe not necessarily in that order, one may never know, but ‘one out of two’, 50% pass mark, is hopefully not too bad a result!). You, alongside my Dad, taught me the value of upholding principles, of standing up to be counted for what you believed in, of unconditional humility at all times, of treating others as one would want oneself to be treated by others, and above all, as equals, be they man or woman. For all these priceless lessons and much, much more, I sincerely thank you both from the bottom of my heart!

As a by-product of these life lessons, it has been a lifelong and ongoing principle of mine, to pay my respects to, and honour, people whilst they are still alive. I consider this a most valuable principle bestowed upon me by both of you, and I will continue to do my best to uphold these convictions as far as long as I am capable. Thanks to those values you instilled in me, I identified a kindred spirit, one in whom I saw lots of similarities to yourself, and one, I strongly suspect, whose reciprocal attraction to me was based largely upon those aforementioned attributes, as I am fully aware that I am neither tall, dark, handsome, nor rich. You and your beloved ‘Helene’ (as you fondly referred to her) took to each other like ducks to water, as amply evidenced by your decision to travel with her when she was relocating to the UK. The way your eyes lit up, and the happiness in your voice, during your interactions with her, were a constant source of joy that I will always miss.

My relationship with you was a special one, for whatever reason. It was, more than anything, an emotional and mental one, a sort of intuitive understanding that required few words. You understood me like no other (anecdotes abound, but those are for another time!), and, for that also, I am, again, eternally grateful.

One of our recurrent conversations that always brings a smile to my face, every time I came to Ghana, year after year, was your sentence beginning with “Eii, as for me I am in the ‘departure lounge...’” followed by my unfailing response “Ah, but if your plane is not coming, go home laa!... Now dier, I cannot retort anymore, as your flight has been called, and your plane has finally departed.

So, to conclude, for me, your epitaph? “A life well-lived, and towards the end, a good fight fought. No more pain, no more suffering, your peaceful rest, in the bosom of your beloved Maker, is most well-deserved. We will hang onto the memories, and we will love you forever!”

Till we meet again. KK and Helen.





Tribute by Children & Spouses

KWASI FOBI AND JOSEPHINE ENYONAM ADUSA-AMANKWA



**Dear Mummy, May the LORD grant your soul, eternal rest!
Till we meet again**



Tribute by Children & Spouses

KWAME SARPONG AND PEARL ADUSA-AMANKWA



TRIBUTE TO “THE AGED”

Mummy! Mummy! Mummy! The Aged!
One parent of two who loved me so.

You had to travel when I was 9 months old, so I had to go to Akosombo with my nanny. One night I fell off the bed and therefore had to sleep beside Daddy, marking the beginning of his emotional investment in me. I had frequent asthmatic attacks and you would often have to take time off work to attend to me. I don't know if any pharmacist of today remembers our favourite Tedral Syrup.

Whenever Daddy was unable to pick us from school because of his work, you would always find a way to pick us. You sometimes had to fall on a colleague because you did not drive or didn't have

a driver..thanks to Auntie Grace Orleans and the late Lawyer Amoo-Adare, to mention a few.

You were a disciplinarian and always assigned household chores to us even though we were all boys and made sure you were on top of our output by constantly inspecting...you could even use your finger to check how well we had swept the floor, very calm but very tough. You hardly came home during working hours but would use the phone to direct domestic affairs all the time.

The Amekudzis, our next-door neighbours became a part of our family and will often pick us from school. It was common for us to eat from their home or they eat from our home. This good neighbourliness was another tool you

used to keep the home together whilst committing to work at the same time.

You also made a deliberate effort to have us enjoy life as children. You very often came home from work with Corgi toy cars she bought from Ghana House but the total number of toy cars we had in our household could never match the number which was in the household of her bosom friend, the late Mrs. JL Zwennes. I never asked if you two were in some toy car competition but I've now grown up to become a passionate lover of classic cars. I still remember the day you took us to the Children's Park and walked back home with us, in the hope that, we will meet Daddy coming to pick us on the way, unfortunately, Daddy never showed up.

During the 1981 coup d'état, we were advised to sit on the floor in the corridor, as a move to prevent any stray bullet from hitting us within our house. It was very humiliating and mentally agonizing but you still shared cake just to bring some relief to terrified children. You sacrificed and "soffard" for us.

You were very excited when I gained admission to Achimota School, possibly because your father and siblings were Achimotan, and visited every weekend with so much food for me and my friends. You religiously visited my cousin, Dr Kwaku Adu-Tutu Amankwah and I every Sunday, with cashes for the pocket. Anytime I had health issues, you and Daddy would agree to withdraw me from the boarding house and make me a 'day student'. You will make sure that I am dropped and picked up by your driver...I can imagine how huge such a daily endeavour cost you. Ei, I still remember how upset you were when Daddy bought us a motor bike in the early 1980s. You never hid your resentment even though the motorbike had an Ewe nickname, 'Motovi', which in my view brought glory to your motherland. You however allowed us to ride the bike wherever we pleased and I know you knew that the Lord will protect us from any accident, which I assumed was your fear initially.

You were very supportive of my entrepreneurial endeavours. I'd drop you at work with your driver, and set off to timber market to hire musical equipment from King Bruce who you knew, with chop

money you gave me. I never thought you really enjoyed the idea that I had set-up a jazz band with friends, knowing that you were a lawyer and wouldn't want your son to drift off into becoming a professional 'band boy'. I was therefore shocked when I entered your office one day, and you proudly told your friends, the late Charles Tettey and Chris Ahiabor, that Fusion Jazz Band will be playing in public that weekend. It was an expression of a mixture of the trust, love and pride that you had for me. You two were just so liberal and today I look back and conclude that you emotionally invested in us 'big time'. I still wish I would one day become a lawyer just to tick the box that many of your colleagues and friends ticked. But the day I drove you to the Supreme Court, on Judgement Day for one of the political cases you handled in the mid 1990s, might have put the fear of the profession in me. I entered the court and finally observed that Justice Kpegah alone was reading his judgment for two hours approximately...no break! The fear of the legal profession entered me right there and I was not surprised that you retired one year prematurely.

During my days in university, the collateral benefit of your friendships was manifest in the way the late Auntie Bertha Amonoo-Neizer treated Panin and I in 'faraway' Kumasi. Can you imagine, she actually brought us 'home-made' personally and frequently.

You welcomed many of my friends like they were your nieces and nephews, whether they were work friends, church friends, school friends, Achimotan friends or girlfriends. You were super. You actually told stories about their parents making them feel at home and 'indispensable'. Of course, I tried not to abuse the leverage I had thereof. I will miss how you gave me 'fans'; I quote "Ei mu Achimota fuor!" any time you heard about something great involving Achimota, even when I had no clue about it.

I am grateful that you never run from one job to the other, to seek greener pastures outside Ghana, primarily because of your interest to protect and direct our family. And you didn't join the bench. It was such a sacrifice.

You were an 'epitome of philanthropy' by the standards of our family and extended

family. It didn't matter the need, whether it was for a wedding, funeral, rent, school fees, health needs, infrastructural development, SME bail out...you name it! You will rush to our aid whether the need was in Denu, Bekwai, Accra or wherever. You proved that it is possible for a human being to sit at one place and rush at the same time. Don't we all aspire to 'do some' one day?!! When God makes you a custodian of blessings in substance, your job is to do the onward disbursements; that is the lesson you taught us.

I promised I will live in, and work from Kanda until both you and Daddy were called by your Maker. You both accepted the offer. I thank God for my wife, Pearl and many others who made it 90+% possible. I also thank Dr. Kwasi-Kumah, among others, who made one of my personal KPI's possible; to bring the doctor, etc, to fit in your verandah.

You got me very involved with your extended family, The Doamekpor & Allied families (Doamekpor descendants). I fit in very well, notwithstanding our double-barrel Asante surname, and I know I walked in your beautiful shadow.

I will miss the good laughs we had and the stories you told, like, "Same teenk"- The story of a Twi speaking lady traveller who had more than four or so suitcases, with only one containing koobi. When the 'white' immigration officer opened the suitcase and the aroma of koobi filled the air, he decided to ask about the contents before he opened any other suitcase, and all the traveler would say in English was, "Same teenk" (same thing), and none of the remaining suitcases we opened and checked.

I will miss you dearly and the different names you called me; "Nutsiyekpornawo", "Mensah", "Obrefo", "Saaarpong", "Fusion", "Raasta".

I strongly believe Daddy has a hand in all this. He must have texted you exactly ten years after he passed, on the 4th of October and wrote,

*"Zroneye Lolotor,
For goodness sake, it's been 10 years since I
left. What are you doing there with the boys?
I thought you were at the departure lounge?"*

Look, I'm here with JS, KAT, Kofi Adu Tutu, Andre, Adelaide, Bertha, Aggie, Jacquie, Charles, Ayigbe Millionaire, Alphonse, Irey, Phili, Norbert and all. Please, take your Covid-19 jab and get on the flight. Love Kwasi"

And as a show of love you really boarded that flight eleven days later, on the 15th of October, 2021.

So Philippians 1:21 -and to die is gain! Amen

Mummy, Maaama Lou, The Aged, may you find perfect rest in Heaven.!!





PEARL ADUSA-AMANKWA (Daughter-In-Law)

peace) who would want to understand our conversation but could not. Try as you did many times to speak Twi or English for his sake, you were more comfortable to speak your own language and you said so to Daddy.

As a believer in Christ Jesus and a child of God, you committed to fellowshipping at your parish, Christ the King, Accra and until Kwame and I left to join Covenant Family Community Church, we usually went for Mass on Sundays together. Many times, you would, encourage, admonish, caution or entreat me and many others with the word of God...you loved to sing, "...Prayer is the key, prayer is the master Key." Thus, you encouraged that we commit every situation to the Lord in prayer. You showed kindness to me in many ways and to many other people.

Your patience, love, care, even longsuffering, are all evidence that you manifested the fruit of the Holy Spirit; a necessary indicator of every true child of God. You treated everyone with dignity and respect, even if you were not so pleased with them. Even when people wronged you, your motto was still the WORD; "Vengeance is Mine, says the LORD".

Your example was a positive influence for my own walk of faith and I am grateful to God that, as it has pleased Him to allow you exit this side of eternity, you made a mark in the Kingdom of God.

As a mother-in-law, you never ceased to tell us, your Daughters-in-law that we are the daughters you never had. I indeed felt blessed to have such a mother- in law. The numerous conversations, rebukes, corrections, laughter, love, gifts, wise counsel and numerous stories and trips down history lane is treasured and shall not be soon forgotten. Even in our diversity and uniqueness, you made us feel welcome. You treated me with respect, genuine concern and love. Your constant call for unity is remembered especially now. You have definitely set a high standard for me to follow when in the future, by God's grace, I also become a mother-in-law.

As a grandmother, I daresay this entire brochure will not be enough to capture how you so loved your role. A loving, caring, doting, pampering and endearing grandmother you have been to all the Adusa-Amankwa Grandchildren. They all loved you and you loved them back...from chips, to KFC, to birthday gifts, to Ewe songs, to conversations, laughter and joy...Yes you were indeed blessed as your later years was filled with this joy.

Our Matriarch, you have indeed left a void which no one can fill. I had hoped that we will celebrate your 90th birthday in 2022 but God allowed you rest before that time. I will certainly miss so many things about you which I cannot list here. Though I sorrow at your passing, I also rejoice because you are absent from the body and present with the Lord...even with the saints in glory! Therefore, to us here, you only sleep. This is my faith and firm belief, even by the word of God.

Thank you Original! Akp3 ga na wo. For bearing these 5 strong men and giving them a strong covering even the covering of the blood of Jesus! For Kwame, my husband and many other things...Your good work and labour, shall not be in vain...your legacy shall not die. For "This is the victory that has overcome the world, even our faith. (1 John 5:4).

Mummy, dzudor l3 nutifafa m3...Hedenyuiee... May the LORD grant your soul, eternal rest!



Tribute by Children & Spouses

PANIN OSEI YAW & GERTRUDE RAFIATU ADUSA-AMANKWA



Then I heard a voice from heaven saying to me, “Write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.” “Yes”, says the Spirit, “that they may rest from their labours, and their works follow them.” Revelations 14:13 (NKJV).

Mummy, Mama Lou, Grandma Louisa, Grann Mama, Louisa, were some of the names I called you. I called you these names, subtly motivated by the situation, mood, or the content being communicated. You sometimes called me ‘my father’, because I had similar mannerisms and attitude. You called Kuma your father-in-law’ because he exhibited Osikani Kwaku Amankwa traits. Unfortunately we did not meet them, since they both died in the same year (weeks apart) before we were born.

You would always be remembered for your commitment and dedication to all the roles you played in the many years of your life on earth.

You were a committed Wife to your husband, the late Dr. Kwesi Karikari Adusa-Amankwa. You remained a committed wife for fifty (50) years. You were by Daddy’s side, he was in a coma, on the day of your golden jubilee of marriage. In spite of your busy schedules at work, you made sure Daddy had his choice of food available, (snail stew on my mind). We experienced your times of laughter, disagreements, and how you jointly parented us.

Thank you for your commitment to the institution of marriage, it has greatly instilled in us the principle of commitment in marriage.

You were a very dedicated and exceptional Mother of five boys. You had decided to put a 'full stop' to conception at the arrival of your third son, but God knowing the grace He had given you to nurture boys, transformed the 'full stop (.) to a comma (,), and gave you twin boys. You ensured we did our chores and would not hesitate to 'whip' us when we go wrong. Sometimes we tried to outrun you, forgetting you were a former 110 metres runner and a long jumper, (which earned you the nickname, 'Indian rubber ball'). I can never forget your office telephone number, 63081 later 663081, because you would pick up our frequent calls and give us an ear even when we were asking permission to drink water.

You visited us every Sunday evening with 'home-made' food sufficient supper for us and six other friends. You did same for Kwame and our cousin Dr. Kwaku Adu-Tutu Amankwah (USA), who were both in Achimota. Our friends in the dormitory always relied on you and Rt. Hon. Aaron Micheal Oquaye to provide 'homade' every Sunday evening. He did your same route, Achimota to Presec or Presec to Achimota every Sunday evening, no wonder you were old time friends. I am eternally grateful for this sacrifice because I was not only fed good food from home but was saved from the dreadful claws of cerebrospinal meningitis, (CSM). You said all odds were against your regular visit that day, but you persisted and visited with Fobi. You took me home, that was the first time Kuma and I had not gone on exeat together. Daddy accurately diagnosed the illness, quickly started treatment that night, and sent me for admission at the Korle-bu Teaching Hospital the next day. You visited every morning and evening to bathe me and feed me, for all the days of the weeks I was on admission. Thank you.

You were an exceptional Mother-in-law, our wives became your daughters you never had. You kept a good relationship with them. This made it easy for them to accept living close to you when they had to. Thank you for accepting them as your children. You were a loving and caring Grandmother. Your grandchildren became your topmost priority, after your husband passed on. You made them feel special always. You so met their needs and wants that, I sometimes wondered how I could keep with the KFCs and cash birthday presents. I guess they would come to know the difference between a parent and a grandparent.

You were a very committed Employee. You did not compromise on work and its ethics. You worked for long hours and still brought some files home to continue working. You were loyal to your bosses and very disciplined in relating with your colleagues and assistants. I saw you reject gifts brought home by people whose cases were still being heard in court. You refused to use your office materials to meet private needs. Your work ethics, have really become our work ethics. Thank you for modelling good work ethics for us follow.

You were a great Member of your extended family. Your home was open to our cousins and other relatives from both Denu and Bekwai. Till your demise, you gave generously to those who needed financial support, counsel, leadership and mediation when you were invited or approached. You always said you were your father's primogeniture, the role you played very well until your demise. You were non-confrontational, so you saved yourself from being taken for granted by consciously avoiding or giving 'a cold shoulder' to those who either disrespected you or offended you. You would eventually forgive them and gradually allowed them into your space. You were a 'Serious Student' and became the first Ghanaian Woman Solicitor. You exposed me to the difference between a Barrister and a Solicitor. Thank you, because I now understand the role difference of Jesus the Advocate (1 John 2:1 NIV) and the Holy Spirit the Advocate (John 14:26 NIV). The Holy Spirit, like a solicitor, helps the believer prepare his/her case outside the Court of Heaven. Jesus, like the barrister, stands in Court of Heaven pleading the case on behalf of the believer. God the Father, presides as the Righteous Judge (Psalm 75:7) over Heaven's Court of Competent Jurisdiction.

Mummy, Mama Lou, Grandma Louisa, Grann Mama, Louisa, as in Revelations 14:13, it is clear you have rested from your labours and your works are following you. I promise to transfer the impact of your works from generation to generation, God being my Helper.

I have more to write about you, but time and space may not allow me to do so. I also know there will be more to write about you because your absence would reveal more of your value your presence blinded us from seeing.

I give God all the praise and thanks for giving me You. Rest well with the Lord, till we meet again.

Your son, Panin



GERTRUDE RAFIATU ADUSA-AMANKWA (Daughter-In-Law)

For if we live, we live to the Lord and if we die, we die to the Lord, therefore whether we live or die, we are the Lord's. Romans 14:8

I found such an amazing second mother in you, Mrs. Louisa Amie Adusa-Amankwa, when God blessed me with your son Panin Adusa-Amankwa as my husband. You were dear to us. You always said God gave you five boys and no girls, but now you have an addition of five girls. Then you would smile after you said that. Even my Dad found such a great friend and mother in you. He would always ask about you and loved it when he visited you at home. My Mum, who had been your friend before Panin and I met, also benefitted from your wisdom and counsel.

With your grandchildren growing up around you, we stopped calling you Mummy and called you Grandma. You were such a great Grandma, you went all lengths to meet the wants of your grandchildren. You were so protective of and helpful to them. They meant so much to you. I would always long to have my grandmother alive as I watched you show them so much love.

Mummy, Grandma, it has been very hard for me to accept that you have gone to be with the Lord. Writing this tribute to you has not been too easy for me. I get so emotional as I remember the times I spent with you, and to know it is not going to happen again. You were my Saturday morning story teller. You told me about your childhood, your years as a teen, your travels and studies abroad, your experiences as a mother, and your work life.

One morning you told me about a dream you had and did not understand. You said you were about to climb a bus for a journey, but when it was your turn, you did not have your luggage so you returned. I laughed out loud and interpreted it to you as having more years to live. Indeed, you lived for three more years. We give God all the glory for you long life.

I cannot forget the short letters I wrote to you, that was our secret. When I was unhappy about something and could not handle it myself, I would run to you. You would always ask, "Raf have you spoken to God about it? Tell God, He would do it. Nothing is impossible with Him." You were such a precious gift to me.

I cannot thank you enough for all your great love and easy to relate with you. Thank you for allowing me to be a part of those who nursed you whenever you fell ill in your latter years. Recently my Mum was unwell, my nursing experience played out very well as I nursed her.

My heart continues to miss a beat when I see your pictures, making it more difficult not to find you on the veranda or in the hall of your house. I know, for sure, you are in the bosom of the Father and it makes me happier. I pray to God for greater grace to mother your fourth child Panin and your very dear grandchildren, who became your topmost priority after my father-in-law passed on ten years ago.

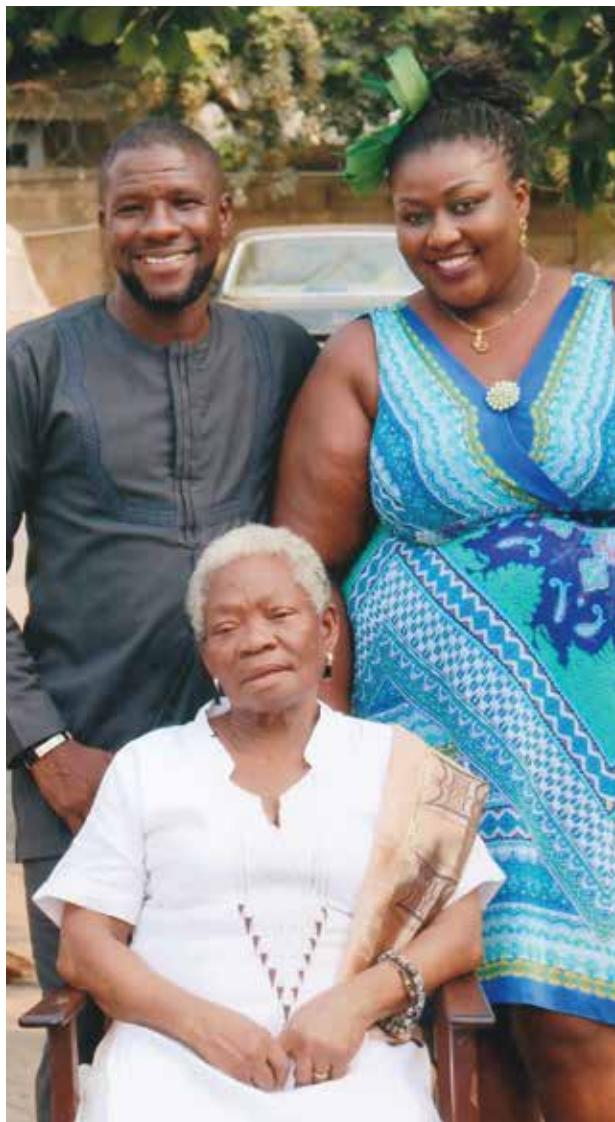
Rest in Perfect Peace.





Tribute by Children & Spouses

KUMA YAW ASAMOAH & BAABA ADUSA-AMANKWA



Dear Mummy,

Thank you for being my MUMMY all these years!!!

You didn't allow age to take that role away from you. Thank you and thank you again.

You did so well, combining your professional life with motherhood. Never did you fail to be there for all five of us from school, to hospital admissions, to church here at Christ the King, to providing for us and when we grew older you took our wives as the daughters you didn't have.

I remember how Panin and I, as well as our dormitory mates, in secondary school, will wait eagerly for your weekly Sunday visits because you'd always bring food that will cater for more than just the two of us.

Growing up, our home was always open to our uncles, aunties, cousins and friends, and by that, you made us understand that extended family is family, and also that it is more of a blessing to give than to receive. You never missed out on our birthdays, you called on the morning of Monday March 15, 2021, to wish me happy birthday and add the usual, 'I have something for you, so when you come....' I promised to be in Kanda, to celebrate with you. It was on that day when I visited, that I realized you were not well and by Thursday you had to be admitted at the Hospital. You returned from hospital, not too strong though, yet you forged on, however, you gave up for eternal rest on October 15, 2021. That's exactly seven months, hmm...I am sad for a few reasons but joyous that you're resting in the presence of our GOD almighty!!

I am also joyous you fulfilled your promise, in spite of your deteriorating state, to wait for the appearance our long-awaited child and your grandson, Nsenkyereni-Nkunim Albert-Louis Kojo Adusa-Amankwa. I remember how excited you were when Baaba and I told you about his conception. I didn't know until after you left us, that it was a burden on your heart and you had shared your feeling with a friend of mine. I'm grateful to God that you were able to hold him twice in your arms and you know we named him after you, even though you couldn't attend his naming. However, he did not get to enjoy, 'Grandma can I have chips, Grandma can I have a drink and Grandma can I have KFC', knowing the answer will be in the affirmative.

I am also joyous that Baaba and I decided to move in to live with you after Daddy passed on. It was a good time to show our appreciation for all the sacrifices you and Daddy made for us, your children, to experience a relatively comfortable life. I'm grateful to God for that opportunity to be with you in one of your loneliest moments. And also, to take care of you when you had to be admitted in hospital in 2015 and afterward, when you were discharged. That was the first time I ever saw you in Hospital, on admission.

I am also joyous for teaching me the values of hard work and integrity. I remember as a child, when some people drove in to our home to see you. They came with a live goat, and you went out to see them and after a short conversation, they drove away with the goat. Our curious minds at that age, sort answers for what we had just seen. And your answer was that you were the lawyer on a case that involved them and that it was inappropriate for them to come to your house, bearing gifts whilst the case was ongoing. Another example that never left my memory was when you refused our request to photocopy a book for us, with stationery from your office, and instead bought the book irrespective of the cost. Your answer to that refusal, was 'I will not use government stationery for my private work and even though it is a norm, it is not right!'

Thank you Mummy, that value has stayed with me and I pray and hope to transfer it to the next generation. I also remember how you worked so hard and you'd always come home with files and sometimes with your lunch you couldn't eat, because of work. That virtue has also has stayed with me, however I replace my lunch with "Coca-Cola".

I am also joyous you thought me that marriage is our cross and that we should make the necessary sacrifices to ensure it works. You exemplified that in your fifty years of marriage with Daddy. Unfortunately, Daddy was too ill for the 50th celebration.

I am also joyous you thought me to love and trust in God. You'd always say, 'Kuma use your prayer power' and how you'd call on the Holy Spirit to help you, even if it's about finding your earrings. For me it was a practical example of Proverbs 3:5-6 'Trust in the Lord with all Your heart, and lean not on your own understanding; In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct your paths.'

Mummy, there are so many things I am joyous for, but time would not let me list them all, you know we have to put your earthly representation to rest at Denu, so I'll stop here.

I am very grateful to God for giving you all the resources to be our Matriarch!!

I will always be your son and last born... "Domle" it is, in Ewe!!

**Rest well Mummy, 'Mama Lou',
'Grandma Louisa', 'Grand Mama'**

Love you Kuma



VICTORIA BAABA ADUSA-AMANKWA (Daughter-In-Law)

For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain
Philippians 1:21

She spoke calmly and sweetly,
Though her lips did not move,
She made me one of her own.
She opened her heart wide,
And with her arms embraced me
With every beat of her heart, I felt her love.
She was smart, wise and strong
In every experience, there was a story to remember
In every chapter of her life there was a lesson to be learnt
In every trial faced, there was a testimony to be celebrated
She stood for beauty, and her strength was her brains,
She defined womanhood, and broke the barriers
For me her daughter.
(Sweetie Sam 2021)

Grandma as I called her, was my mother from the very first day her last born introduced me to her. As usual anyone Grandma meets has to undergo an interview and at the end, we realised my Grandma Victoria had taught her at Keta Convent and she was in Holy Child

school with my Grand aunties. I felt at home immediately!

When I made the bold decision to resign from my 8-5 job, Grandma supported me wholeheartedly. I started baking from her kitchen, rolling fondant and decorating cakes on her dining table, and she gave me a place to set up and to this day, I owe my successful journey to her!

She would purchase a fascinator in the early days of my business, and model it at home; when I would ask her where she was going that she would need a fascinator, her response would be, 'I wear it at home to market it to those who will be visiting'. She was my biggest fan and critic.

Her sense of fashion was an inspiration; she would always adorn herself in beads and would make sure her beautiful silver-grey hair was styled and never unkempt. She also spoke with so much grace and wisdom.

Grandma, I might not have said it loud enough but I pray and hope you know how much I loved you. Your departure has created a void that will never be filled. I will miss us watching old soap operas especially Bold and Beautiful or goggling every old book, celebrity, monarch or an old movie. Coming to the bakery now will never be the same, passing through the hall, your bedroom...

Thank you for standing with me these past 14 years. Some people do not have a mother-in-law like mine- and for that, God I am forever thankful and grateful for blessing me with her. Grandma, you are one of my greatest gifts in life, through every miscarriage you loved me more, through all the years, you encouraged me and in unspoken tongue prayed for me. For I am happy that your Creator answered one of your earnest prayers- to see my child! Though it was not for long, it is more than enough.

Though Nsenkyereni-Nkunim Albert-Louis will not get to know you physically, he will grow to know you in his heart.

I could write a whole book about how truly the woman I had the pleasure of calling mother was. But am sure some of us in one way or the other have either experienced her remarkable nature or heard about her.

Grandma, Grandma I will miss you ...

I will miss arranging your medication in your pill box ...I won't hear you say Baaba "Nye atsike vor"

I will miss our signature greeting "Good Day Good Day" with my fake Ewe Intonation.

I will miss all the KFC and China house I used to enjoy as a result of being an adopted Grandchild (most of my clients think you are my Grandma because of the bond we have).

I will miss all the stories you used to tell, (some I have heard over and over but I had to pretend I had never heard them before) because of the excitement and joy you had when you remembered those memories.

**Grandma, Rest Peacefully in the Arms of your Maker!
Love you, Baaba**





To Those Whom I Love and Those Who Love Me

When I am gone, release me, let me go.
I have so many things to see and do,
You mustn't tie yourself to me with too many tears,
But be thankful we had so many good years.
I gave you my love, and you can only guess
How much you've given me in happiness.
I thank you for the love that you have shown,
But now it is time I travelled on alone.
So grieve for me a while, if grieve you must,
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It is only for a while that we must part,
So treasure the memories within your heart.
I won't be far away for life goes on.
And if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you can't see or touch me, I will be near.
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear,
All my love around you soft and clear.
And then, when you come this way alone,
I'll greet you with a smile and a Welcome Home.

Unknown

Tribute by Siblings

PHILOTHEA ADZO 'SISTAVI' DOAMEKPOR



All who have laboured and are heavy laden come to me I will give you rest. Matt 11:28

My elder sister was a loving sister. She was always ready to help in every situation. She did not discriminate. Anybody who knew her knew how helpful she was.

The tree that is in our forest has broken down. We are left without that tree. We believe that tree is in the garden of sweets.

Lord, have mercy on her and give her a peaceful rest.

Fare thee well, good sister, fare thee well, good sister, fare thee well.

Sister, hede nyuiee . Do gbe na ameyinugbeawo kataa. Dzidzor le nutifafame.

HAVE A PEACEFUL REST. AMEN



Tribute by Siblings

DR. KWESI DOAMEKPOR



Sistergā!!!

"Some may go and some may come, but she goes and comes no more."

In Achimota, we used to sing a song, at the end of each academic school year, that reminded us of the day that would come when we would sing the words....." A few more days, Seniors shall go home, shall go home and come no more, shall go home and come no more..."

Those were the thoughts that came to my mind when I heard the devastating news that my eldest sister Amevi was no more. I was half expecting this, having been in regular contact with her medical doctor son Fobi, still, the shock I felt, when it happened, was too great to allow tears to flow.

My earliest recollection of my eldest sister Amevi (a name she later changed to Amie; our father Kumanyā liked to give his children names that were not typically Ewe names, so also Eyor, Kweku, Kwesi) was during my early years as a little boy, enjoying the company and loving care of his big sister, who only came home during school holidays... she had been living with our maternal uncle, Enyruigā Johannes Quashie, before going to Holy Child Secondary School. We called her Sistergā, and the second elder sister became Sistervi Adzo, because our mother Susana was already called by everybody "Daavi".

Sistergā taught me, her little brother, a lot.... for example, my first meaningful Latin words...." Facta, non Verba ", the credo or motto of her beloved Holy Child Secondary School, meaning " Deeds, not Words" freely translated. From those days on, she was always my private teacher.



Yes, she was indeed the "Torchbearer", the personification of our father's frequent quotation..." Show the Light, and the People will find their Way".

After Sistergā left for Britain to study law, I would go and sit at Xedzranawofuta, on the beach, yearning for the day I would also leave home for overseas, to discover what was lying there beyond that line called "horizon", where the sky kisses the waters of the ocean.

She supported my wish to study abroad, let me live with her in her Accra Airport flat while I was teaching in secondary schools in Accra to earn money for my flight ticket and the only pocket money, I had for West Germany was from her and Sistervi, while I, in turn, arranged for regular money remittances through my friend Brig. Kpeto, to our parents and our youngest sister and brother, namely, Alberta and Albert, to lower the heavy burden on the shoulders of our two elder sisters.

When Sistergā came to Germany, attached to the Ghana Embassy, I would come down to Bonn from Kiel in the North, during my semester holidays, to help her in the household, knowing very well she was a full time professional, full time wife, and a full time Mum, needing a helping hand in the house; she would give me her car to go out after the day's work, sometimes with little five year old KK Jr., her first son , who loved to criticise me, that I didn't know how to drive and that his Dad could drive better...and I would say "yes Sir, thank you for the information " and we would both laugh.

Back in Ghana, Sistergā kept the contact to me, she and I often wrote letters to each other. Later it was voice telephoning, and of late, video telephoning per whatsapp, when

we would chat for many hours, remembering the good old times of our younger days and our loved ones and teasing each other about our gray hair and whatever we were wearing.

Whenever I came home on holidays, Sistergā would never let me fly back to Europe without taking me out to dinner when my last evening in Ghana came around, always telling me to invite relatives and my personal friends around in Accra, who had the time to come. Those evenings, we all had a good time each time , enjoying the good food and exciting conversations , bathing in an atmosphere of brotherly sisterly love and friendship, leaving me with the great joy of being home among my own...there, I often told myself, yes, "There is no place like home".

She was the ideal First Born, a trailblazer, our role model, who became in her later years the "Grande Dame" of both the Doamekpor and Quashie Families. Now, all that has become the past. There will never be such evenings for me again.

Sistergā may be gone , but she lives on in my heart, in all our hearts: whenever you want to look for her, just look into your hearts, for, there, you will find her.

So, as we say good bye, we send her off with the message....." Sistergā, xede nyìee , miedò gbe na ameyinugbeawo kataā siwo dze ngor na wò....find your peace in the midst of all the loved ones who departed before your time ,rest , like them ,peacefully in the bosom of our Creator.

**Your brother "Gavuvu ",
Dr. M. Kwesi Doamekpor.**

Tribute by Siblings

ALBERTA

*"The glories of our blood and state, are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Scepter and crown must tumble down;
.... Since death a necessary end, will come when it will come."* (J. Caesar).

Big Sister, Sistaga, as we all fondly called you.... you've just walked on ahead of me... and I've got to understand, you must leave the ones you loved. And let go of their hand. God saw you getting tired so He wrapped His hands around you and whispered "Come to me". you responded to this call and He gave you rest. God's garden must be beautiful; He only takes the best.

And when I saw you sleeping so peacefully and with your last anointment received, I couldn't wish you back to this life. Sistaga, I cannot end it all here without this prayer we shared when discussing life matters:

*"Lord, make me an instrument of your peace:
where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
where there is sadness, joy.*

O divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console, to be understood as to understand, to be loved as to love. For it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen." (St. F. of Assissi)

Sistaga, till we meet again, sleep well in the bosom of the Lord.

**KEKELI MAVO NEKLE NA WO, EYE
NADZUDZO LE NTIFAFAME.
ADIEU ADIEU ADIEU**





Weep Not for me

Weep not for me though I have gone
Into that gentle night
Grieve if you will, but not for long
Upon my soul's sweet fight
I am at peace, my soul's at rest
There is no need for tears
For with your love I was so blessed
For all those many years
There is no pain, I suffer not
The fear is now all gone
Put now these things out of your thoughts
In your memory I live on
Remember not my fight for breath
Remember not the strife
Please do not dwell upon my death
But celebrate my life

Unknown





Tribute by Grandchildren



Tribute by Joey Kofi Karikari Adusa-Amankwa

My Grandma was one of the best people anyone could ever have around. She was kind, loving, and very compassionate. She loved it when we, her grandchildren, spent time with her. She would tell us a lot of stories and constantly give us advice on how to work hard for what we want in life, using her life as an example. Grandma was always there for us, she would quickly step in and offer to help when we said we were either hungry, bored, or sad. She was just the best. She really expressed her love for us, her grandchildren. She loved sports, just like I do, and would watch some football matches with me.

Grandma made everyone happy and always sought to do the best for people. She was God-fearing, in simple terms, she was for Christ. She taught us to pray always and put all our trust in God. She made it very clear that, with God anything is possible. I have so much to thank my Grandma for. I just wish I had spent more time with her, to show her how much I appreciate her and love her. I love her so, so much. I can still hear her call, Jo-eeii, or 'my first grandson.'

I will always remember you, rest in perfect peace Grandma Lou.

Tribute by Judah Kwabena Suhumasim Adusa-Amankwa

"Hello Kwabla", "How are you Kwabla?", "Are you okay Kwabla?", "Does Kwabla need something?" "Kwabla come for your birthday present."

Grandma, these were your sweet words to me anytime you saw me. I would follow with a kiss or a hug, just to say thank you for your constant concern and love for me.

Sometimes I would lie on your bed, because I wanted to spend time with you. Sometimes I would hit your arm and immediately mumble “I am so sorry” when you react from the pain. You would say it is okay even when your arm was still hurting. I know you understood my difference. You knew I was only communicating my stress, and not intending to hurt you. You quickly asked who or what was upsetting me. Your concern and your efforts to take me out of the feeling really communicated your deep love for me. Thank you for reinforcing your acceptance of me despite my difference.

Grandma, I am ready to go to school, I have run to the ‘main’ house to say goodbye, you are nowhere to be found. I checked the hall, your room, the bathroom. Have you gone out? When would you be back? Are still at Uncle Fobi’s house? Why then are we not visiting as usual? Mummy Raf says you have gone to be with the Lord. What does “gone to be with the Lord” mean?

Grandma, you know it will take some time for me to fix this puzzle of your absence, I was only 4 when Grandpa permanently disappeared 10 years ago. Not hearing me called Kwabla, no frequent KFCs, no ‘cash’ birthday presents, no grandma to lie by, no more sweet experiences with you, the many regular visitors and maybe seeing you lie motionless in the casket with all the mourners around, would eventually fix this puzzle of your long absence.

You may be absent physically, but I know you would permanently be in my heart. You would no more be gone anywhere with the Lord, since He would be here with you in my heart forever.

I love you Grandma Louisa, rest in perfect peace.

Luke Kwasi Karikari Adusa-Amankwa

When I found out Grandma Louisa had passed away, I was very sad.

She was a caring and kind person. Whenever there was a request or problem, she was willing to do something to help. She could ‘charge’ but she was calm and relaxed. Over the past few months, seeing her in pain has been frustrating but now God has her where He wants her... May She rest in peace.

louisa Ama Mawuena Adusa-Amankwa

Dear Grandma, I can’t still come to terms with the fact that you are gone forever. I am trying to process the reality that you are no more with us. I wish I could express to you how I feel when I wake up every morning with the thought of not seeing you again. I never imagine you would leave us even though you were old and not feeling well. I expected you would get well and be strong as always. I will miss you Grandma, and all the stories you told my cousins and I. Grandma you really loved us and you were kind to us. I remember the things you bought for us, our favourite KFC and chips. You were very helpful to us, even when you were not that energetic. You never forgot to give us presents on our birthday. You would give me mine and ask me to call Kwabena, who I share a birthday with, to come for his.

You always brightened up my day with your smile and your comments when you saw me dressed up. You would say, “eii, my namesake is looking good”, you would go to your room and look for a matching chain or beads, for me. Whenever, we were in your house, you allowed us to do anything we wanted to do. We would ask for chips and because we knew the answer would be ‘yes’, we headed for your bedroom to take our chips before you said ‘yes’.

Grandma, you were one in a million and you still are. I believe you are happy in heaven with your Lord and personal Saviour, but sometimes I wish I would wake up and say, “oh, it was just a dream.” I will always love you. Rest in peace.

Your namesake, Louisa.

Lucia Mama Sarpong Afi Adusa-Amankwa

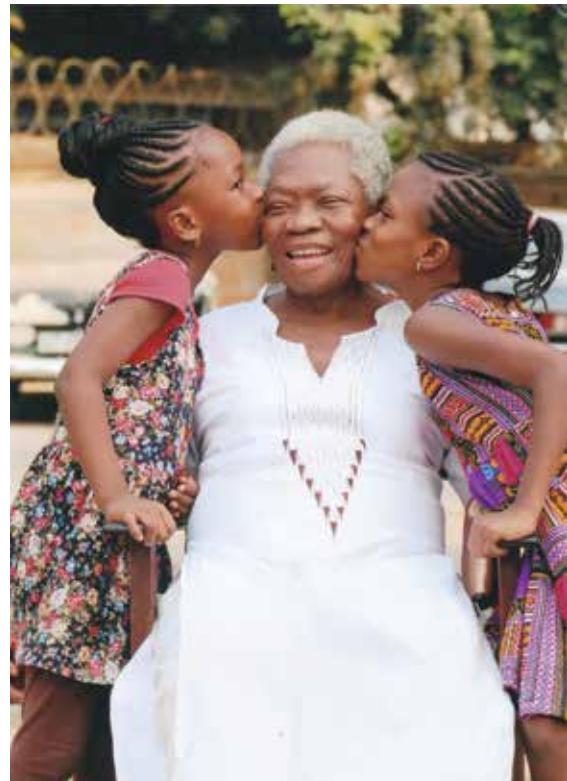
When I heard the words, “Grandma has passed away”, I felt a part of me come out. Grandma Louisa was always kind to me and would take time to talk to me whenever she had the chance. She was truly a loving and caring mother, wife and grandmother. She was kind to everybody and was a good person to ask for advise.

In her last days, she always loved to see her grandchildren but we were able to see her only once before she passed on. Grandma treated all the people she knew with respect and kindness. May she rest in perfect peace. I know you are happy now resting in heaven.

Tribute by Fuseina Salifu

Grandma, you were really a special woman. You may have passed on, but your memories would always live on with us. I can't forget the beautiful stories you used to tell me, how you praised me, and how you always called me when you needed something. All these, made me feel special around you. Thank you for your love, your care and concern. Wherever you are, I know you are in a much better place. I will be forever grateful and thankful that you are my ‘grandmother’.

Rest in Peace Grandma, we will never forget you and we will forever love you.





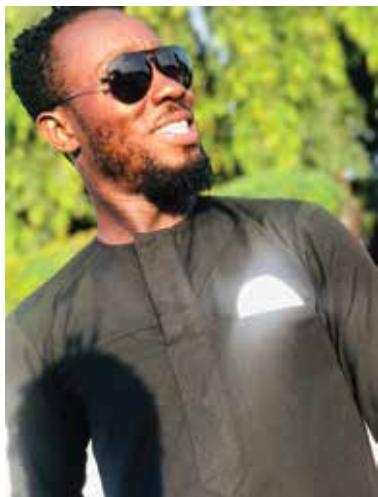


Tribute by Abdul Rahman

Speechless Is how i feel. I am overwhelmed with a mixture of emotions, deep sorrow, pain, gratitude, pride and love. You were an amazing mother to me and my family. Life without you seems incomplete. You were a pillar of support, always there to encourage and advise me. You stood firmly by me when things were not going well.

Mum, you were a unique gem and a real blessing to me and my family. Thank you for the love you and your family have shown to me all these years i have worked with your family.

Mum, I Love You And I Will Miss You So Much. Rest In Perfect Peace.



Tribute by Jennifer, Rita And Judith (Granddaughters By Association)

Grandma, we just want to say thank you for all your sacrifices, care, love and everything you did for us.

Wherever you are, we know you are in a much better place. May your soul Rest in Perfect peace.



Tribute by Lucy Okrah

John 16: 22, And Ye Now Therefore Have Sorrow: But I Will See You Again, And Your Heart Shall Rejoice And Your Joy No Man Taketh From You.

Grandma, Ever Since I Came To Your House, You Have Been A Blessing To Me. You Took Me As One Of Your Family Members. It Is Sad That You Are No More With Us On Earth, But Your Endless Love And Peaceful Memories Will Continue To Live In My Heart. I Will Miss You, Especially The Sunday Morning Mass On Crystal Tv.

***I Know, From The Above Scripture, That One Day We Will Rejoice With You When God Calls Us Home. Grandma, I Love You But God Loves You Best.
Rest Well Hede Nyui.***



Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.

By Mary Elizabeth Frye





Tribute by Nieces & Nephews



Death is no punishment to the believer, it is the gate of endless joy.

Auntie Sisterga as we affectionately called her was many things to us and she will live in our hearts forever. She was a colossus in our family, a trailblazer, a role model, a strong woman and a steady foundation for all of us over the decades and across continents; who spurred us on especially the ladies as the first woman solicitor of Ghana.

She was the stem of the family, loyal and principled, knew her own mind and did not change it easily. She was tough and yet tender with some of us especially. She provided a home for us. Her home was our home, a refuge to us, where some of us stayed with her for a number of years; a place of rest from school and where we spent our exeat and holidays.



How can we forget the bread that was always on her dining table for all and sundry and the Kanda Luga waakye that was always there for us to eat? Auntie Sisterga took an active interest in our lives and stood in for some of us when we were getting married. She was an elderly friend to those who needed encouragement. We will surely remember her extremely sharp mind and stories about her life in various parts of the world where she lived. She has been a hardworking woman, an abiding presence, a steady influence and a provider of support, both financially, emotionally and spiritually; a first born par excellence who extended her responsibilities to bless us also, her nieces and nephews.

Sisterga, you have finally taken off from the departure lounge. You have joined all those whose pictures adorned your walls and who you used to mentor. Our hearts are heavy. Kanda to us will never be the same without you. You lived to see us grow up and also see our children. It is better for you to be with the Lord but that does not in any way diminish the yawning vacuum you have left in our lives.

You are dearly and sorely missed but we thank God for giving us an Auntie such as you. Your legacy and memory lives on.

We will love you forever. Rest in peace from all your labours.

Auntie Sisterga, Cecilia, Kafui, Kwesi, Esinam, Junior, Nana, Afua, Lola, Enyo, Senam, Worlanyo, Asiwome, Collins, Dzifa and Emma all say hede nyuie! Dzudzor le nutifafa me!

Damirifa due!





Tribute by Nieces & Nephews In-law



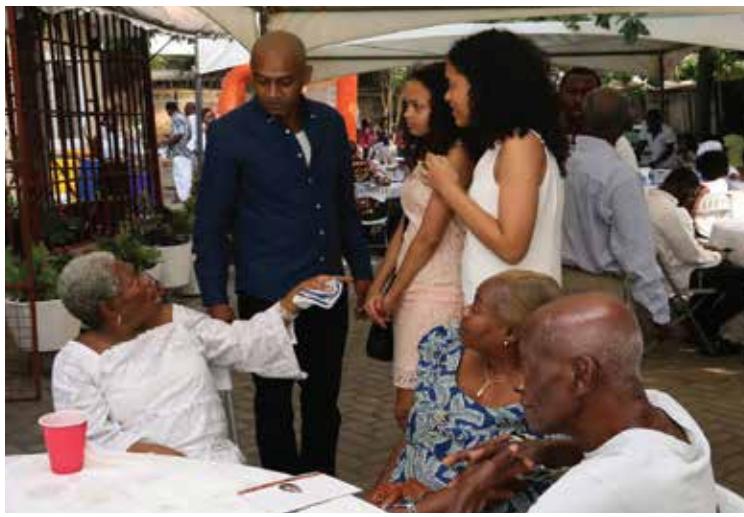
We are still trying to come to terms with the demise of Aunt Louisa, wife of our dear uncle Nyamekye. Some of us were regular visitors to her home in Kanda where we were always warmly welcome. In 2020, such visits had to be curtailed due to the COVID-19 pandemic. Occasionally however, we called her to find out how she was faring. A couple of months ago, we learnt that she had not been feeling too well. We went to Kanda to pay her a visit, but found out that she was recuperating at Fobi's home where she was being managed for her health issues. We immediately went to see her and although she was not in the best of health, we had a good chat and were hopeful for her speedy recovery.

Therefore , it came as a shock, when on the 15th of October we woke up to receive a message reporting of her death at the Health Link Hospital in Accra where she had been referred to for further management.

Aunty Louisa was an unassuming woman of very few words. We always felt very much at home in Kanda. Your love shown to us over the years will never be forgotten. We remember the great support you gave our uncle with your presence during our engagement ceremonies, weddings, and our late father's funeral in Bekwai.

Your departure has robbed us of your hospitality and kindness. You may be gone from our midst, but our memories of you will remain forever..

Rest in Peace Aunty Louisa. God be with you till we meet again.





Tribute by Niece

CHARLOTTE BAAH AMANKWAH



My dear auntie Louisa, I will never forget how you exclaimed ‘Carlotta’ with such exuberance when I visited many a Sunday morning. How you would dote on Charlene saying that she looked like a film star just like Ruby. And how much you thought Daryl looked like Kofi. You never neglected to check on everyone starting the roll call with Mama and, until recently, ending with Alexander-Michael. Drinks and snacks were a must when we sat down to update you on each of our lives. Oh how we will miss those times.

Thank you so very much for all that you did for us, auntie Louisa. I don’t think I expressed enough how much you mean to us. You truly made me feel like one of your own and I will be forever grateful. You were a mother and grandmother to us and definitely top tier in that regard. The word of the Lord says that everything you do, you must do with all your heart as though you were doing it for Lord and you will receive inheritance from the Lord as a reward. (Colossians 3:23-24) I truly believe that your inheritance awaits you, my dearest auntie Louisa.

But of that day and hour no one knows, not even the angels of heaven, not the Son, but the Father alone. (Matthew 24:36)

I am so sorry that I was unable to speak with you or feel your warm embrace one more time before you left us but the good Lord who is all knowing knows what is best for us. May you continue to rest in the bosom of our Father in heaven until we meet again.

Tribute by Niece

ANGELA BASOAH



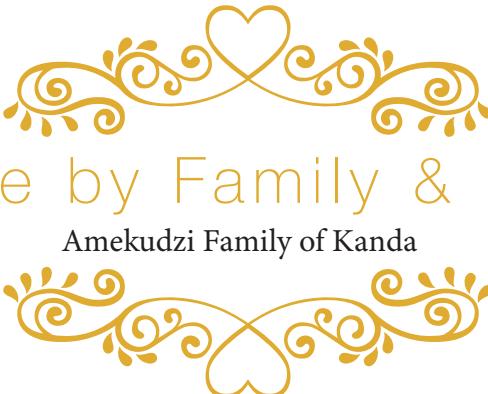
Dearest Aunty Louisa,

Da yie Onyame nfa wo Kraa nsie
As the song goes... "You've done so much for me; I
cannot tell it all. If I had ten thousand tongues, it still
won't be enough..."

For taking my brother, Kwame, and I in for weekends when my mother had to work, or be away and for your calm, unwavering support throughout my life's difficulties, I can only say an incredibly special thank you. I have childhood memories galore! But as an adult, I had come to take for granted your consistent presence on my trips to Ghana over these past 20+ years. Your words of wisdom, quiet humour and non-judgemental attitude simply endeared you to me. You embodied the Akan proverb – "Ahwenepea nkasa" (superior quality beads do not speak). You had a soft zest for life that sometimes caught me off guard as when I arrived to visit you unannounced, to be told that (at 80years+), you had gone to the gym! How we laughed together on your return! I can still feel the mirth of your gentle reminder that you were "still on road". Always ready to listen, you would ask me a very "understated" question to prompt me to rethink a hare-brained idea such as, relocating to Ghana as a single parent without a proper plan. I could also always count on your support for my enthusiastic ventures: At 86 years+, you were a willing model for my blood pressure awareness campaign. O Aunty, I will really miss you.

My trips to Ghana will not be the same without you. With whom will I share my childhood memories? With whom will I laugh at life's mishaps and ironies? Who else will remember or care to listen? My one consolation is that you are now swapping those intimate stories with my late mother (aka Aunty Aggie) and your beloved husband, Uncle Amankwah.

**So dearest Aunty Louisa, until we meet again, rest well: Da yie Onyame nfa wo Kraa nsie
Much love Angela Basoah**



Tribute by Family & Friends

Amekudzi Family of Kanda



THANK YOU AUNTIE LOUISA

Over 40 years ago, we moved into Kanda Estates and were privileged to share a fence with our new neighbours, the Adusa-Amankwas. Within a very short time, we the Amekudzi children, nominated Auntie Louisa as one of our mothers.

Those were the days when homes were not separated by tall walls but by porous fences which allowed us to sneak in and out of a neighbour's home without even noticing it. Living in our home and in the home of Auntie Louisa gave us the unique advantage of having more than one mother to feed our growing bodies and shape our upbringing.

Today, saddened by the passing on of one of our mothers, we look back and say THANK YOU for so many priceless contributions to our life and upbringing.

THANK YOU for teaching us to combine being principled and firm with being warm and friendly. You combined these different attributes like no one else.

THANK YOU for feeding our young growing bodies on countless occasions. Your trademark fried plantain will stay with us forever.

THANK YOU for opening your home to us like a 24-hour shop. We had the opportunity to walk in and out at any time, the only hindrance being the dogs.

THANK YOU for the many times we saw you chat with our Dad and Mum (of blessed memory) who often referred to you as Auntie Louiiiiiiii. We are also grateful for the countless occasions when you asked how we were doing through the fence.

THANK YOU for organising our transportation to and from PRESEC on some occasions, during our Secondary school days. So strong was the bond that we the children had decided to be neighbours at home and neighbours in school too.

THANK YOU for reminding us about professionalism. Observing you go to work and return daily at the back of your car was a gentle but consistent reminder that we must work hard in life.

THANK YOU for all we are today. You were a significant part of shaping and moulding us and we hope, when you watch us from the heavens, you will smile at what you see.

Our Dad could not agree with us more when he said "Louisa was such a great neighbour who often checked on me to make sure I was in good health and doing well. We will miss her very much"

Please remember to extend our warmest regards to our beloved Mum, and also to Dr. K.K. Adusa-Amankwa

Our pain is a lot but our gratitude is even more.

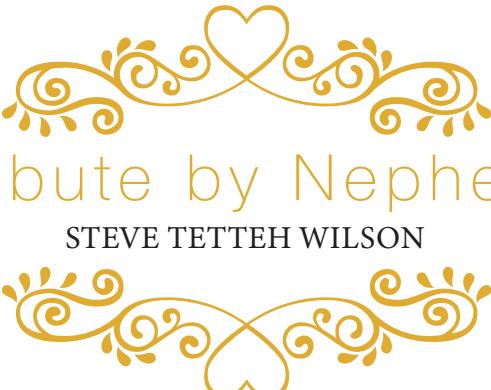
THANK YOU, Auntie Louisa.

May the Lord grant you eternal rest. Your mission is accomplished. Sleep well in the bosom of your Maker.

THANK YOU

Kwabla, Kofi, Dzinyo and Dzigbordi Amekudzi, Adjo Amekudzi-Kennedy (Children) and Uncle Daniel Amekudzi (Father)





Tribute by Nephew

STEVE TETTEH WILSON



It is indeed a delight and an honour to be able to contribute towards the celebration of the life of this great woman. I got to know Dr and Mrs Adusa-Amankwa, popularly known as Aunty Louisa, when I was in my teens. We lived on the same Street, then known as Abongo Road at Kanda Estates. The couple, at the time, were the youngest family in the neighbourhood. They were also the liveliest. Her husband, Dr Adusa-Amankwa (Senior), was a charismatic icon and had the gift of drawing people closer to his family. We only knew them as being a doctor and a lawyer respectively. It was only in one of the conversations we were having a few years back that I found out she has been very instrumental in the setting up of the Ghanaian Legal Service.

Aunty Louisa was a very caring person. She did not only love and care for her own family. She looked for where ever there was a need and she often will intervene in kind or in deed. For her, Kanda was an inclusive community. Everyone mattered. Her general approach was for members of the community to look out for each other. She has inculcated this value system in her children. As was her practice in the years gone by, she would make time to visit many of the homes near her. She made some very close friends in the process. She knew people, young and old, by their names. She grieved and rejoiced

with the community appropriately. Even though I have been away from Ghana for many years, Aunty Louisa will always ask of the children and grand children by name.

Aunty Louisa was very welcoming to all and sundry. I happened to have been a very regular visitor to her home whenever I was around. In fact, one of her grandchildren met me outside and called me his grandma's friend. I thought that was very interesting indeed. She was very good at holding conversations just like her late husband. Aunty Louisa possessed a wide range of knowledge base. Discussions often were very objective and devoid of partisan politics, which was quite refreshing.

She loved to reminisce mainly around her time and studies in the UK. In her later years, Aunty Louisa was also very keen on recalling historical events and personalities in and around Abongo Road, now Aboso Street located at Kanda Estates. I have always maintained that my time in Ghana was never complete without a visit to Aunty Louisa. She was a legend in her own right. Her legacy must live on.

The one thing that stands out for me is her humility. Prov.22: 4 says, "HUMILITY AND THE FEAR OF THE LORD BRING WEALTH AND HONOUR AND LIFE."

Thank you Aunty Louisa for sharing your life with us.

May you rest safely in the arms of the Lord.

**DENUVI VAVA, DORLOR NYUI.
AUNTY LOUISA DA YIE
YAAWO ODJOGBANN**




Tribute by
THE WILSON FAMILY OF KANDA

"Brethren, we do not want you to be ignorant about those who fall asleep or to grieve like the rest of men who have no hope. We believe that Jesus died and rose again and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus, those who have fallen asleep in Him." 1 Thess 4:13

And so we believe that our beloved, Mrs. Louisa Adusa-Amankwa has only fallen asleep. When Jesus our Lord appears, auntie Louisa will also rise with him. Auntie Louisa and her family have been wonderful neighbours to the Wilson family for nearly 50 years. The Wilson family, because of the close relationship we had with the Amankwas, witnessed, certain aspects of Mrs. Adusa-Amankwa's life.

First as a young active State Attorney and a mother, she was very approachable, affable and friendly to all the family members without distinction. Though she was bold to speak her mind on Issues. Such was the lady we are mourning today. Secondly, as a Senior citizen, auntie Louisa was very caring. The family will forever cherish her frequent visits. She was also a committed evangelist - preaching the Good news of Jesus Christ to the neighbours

Auntie Louisa rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord until we meet again at the rapture.

**Auntie Louisa, yaawo jogbann
Mama Louisa, da yie**

Mrs. Adusa-Amankwa, hede nyui le guti papa me

Amen.





Tribute by Family & Friends

THE NEEQUAYES OF KANDA



Dear sweet Auntie Louisa,

We never, ever fathomed that this day will come, but life is full of the unpredictable and unexpected (even though we never believed it would happen to us or one of ours.)

We shared a close relationship with the Amankwas, in Kanda as our Daddy was a close friend of Doc., our Mother was close to Auntie Louisa and all the children were friends. I must make a special mention of KK as a big catalyst in the very special friendship between the two families.

This relationship commenced right when we first moved to Kanda as our permanent home in Ghana (1970), which is over half a century ago.

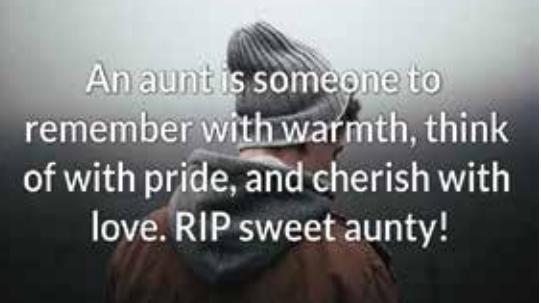
Auntie Louisa was very close to everyone in our family. She fondly called Marjorie "babykai" anytime she saw her, which the twins continue to call her to this day.

You were such a sweet and gentle soul that anytime one thought of understanding and solace, your face would come to mind. You always knew that if you were to have a chat with Auntie Louisa you would have a patient, listening and understanding ear. The way we feel (and I suspect most of us feel) about her is best expressed in poem.

Not How Did She Die, But How Did She Live?
Author Unknown (modified)

Not how did she die, but how did she live?
Not what did she gain, but what did she give?

These are the units to measure the worth
 Of a person, regardless of birth.
 Not, what was her church, nor what was her creed?
 But had she befriended those really in need?
 Was she ever ready, with word of good cheer,
 To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?
 Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say,
 But how many were sorry when she passed away.



Auntie Louisa, you always worked hard, and I have to believe it is the reason why you have 5 strong, upright and independent sons who continue to make you proud.

You were one of Mummy's remaining best friends and on her behalf, we cannot express the sheer breadth and depth of how she misses you right now. You were more than a sister to her and she kept in touch with you regularly up till date. Recently mummy visited you in the Kanda house and the vibe in the air felt just like old times with both of you reminiscing over yester years.

Fare thee well auntie Louisa, you fought a good fight and won the race. You left a mark in our hearts, and nothing will ever erase. It is indelible in our hearts. You were a gem and will remain to be cherished. Surely auntie, our love for you will forever remain.

“Death ends a life, not a relationship.’ This quote has helped me come to peace with the passing of Aunt Louisa. Although she is no longer here in earthly form, I know our memories together live on.”



Always There

When you remember me,
Please do not weep.
My body may not be there.
It has chosen to sleep.
I'm not that far away.
My soul lives on,
Looking down, watching over
You and everyone.
And when you feel sad
And life seems so blue,
Just remember
That my spirit has its arms around you.
And on those special days,
Times that you wish I could see,
That cool breeze flowing past you...
Well, that will be me,
So don't be sad.
Have no fear.
God has taken me under his wing,
But I'll always be near.
I still watch you
Every minute, every day.
My love and soul are with you,
And that's where they will stay.

by Emma Marie Etwell



Tribute by Cousins

ALI, BB AND CC



We, my brother and sister and I, first met you, "Auntie Louisa" back in the late 70s. When my parents came back to Ghana to help look after our mum's aging parents and grandparent and help improve the status quo of the country and brought us children along for good measure. A blessing beyond our understanding to us.

Auntie Louisa you were great. We got to your place in Kanda and were introduced.

We, the children, called her "Auntie Amie". Forever the teacher and enlightener, you promptly told us that you weren't our auntie but our cousin and how that was so. I tried to defend your status but you'd have none of it. "Ali" as you and some others called me, "I am your cousin". Future visits only reinforced you being a stickler for knowing the facts.

Xedranawo, a village, hmm! You let me know that it was not and was part of 3-Town Denu (You loved your town). I always tried figure out how that didn't make it a village but never argued with you on points of fact.

We'd end up chatting, actually you pleasantly educated us on some our historical roots that we'd missed out on.

You were proud of your family, your hometown, your heritage and country in a very loving and humble yet and firm way.

"Sistaga" as my father called you, were very dear to him, probably siblings. You had a bond that seemed to have been there forever. You took us as an integral part of your family. We could come around anytime.



"Ali" you'd call, auntie I'd respond, "I'm not your auntie" you'd say, I know, but I'll still call you Auntie Amie. We'd smile and silently agree to disagree and move on. I smile at memories. Our father called you Sistaga. You would respond loving to dia. You referred to him as Awudza, a name you used growing up and we his children collectively referred to as Awudzavio.

You spoke with so much love and affection. So calming, yet authoritative and putting one at ease at the same time. You were a pleasure to be around a gem of knowledge that she dispersed freely and in a way you'd stop what you were doing and listen.

You always fought to bring people together, to sow harmony and peace. You were generous, loving and caring to a fault.

Through the years we didn't get to see enough of you and the family, yet we grew closer together.

When my mum transitioned to eternal life you were a major support. You comforted, reassured, advised and supported us. You were there for us. When my dad, followed my mum four years later, your Awudza was gone, as you said "he'd had left you behind". It was very hard on you. We grieved together as one.

You subsequently took on the mantle of my father, one that we unanimously bestowed on you, that of the head of Doamekpor family. You were a matriarch, a leader, a role model, with integrity above reproach.

You were always so excited when we'd call for a chat always asking about BB and CC, or Ali and BB or Ali and CC, and our children, even if we'd recently called. Subtly probably ensuring that we talk to each other and relay your love.

When we'd come to town you'd always insist on taking us out to a restaurant before we left. Your home was a home away from home. Always welcoming, surrounded by children and adults alike. We always had to make sure there was space for something to eat when we'd pop by to say hi. You made sure we weren't leaving till we'd had something in our tummy.

Your faith was strong, a guide to you and those around you.

You were blessed and you always shared your blessings. If you could help you would. If you could give you would. As for caring you always cared, always saw the good and the potential for good in all. You were a true follower of her Lord Christ. Your actions spoke a lot louder than words and your words were comforting very comforting.

As you join your Lord and Saviour and the those that have gone before you into the heavenly planes, you will live forever in our hearts, our minds and our memories. You have indeed run your race, finished your course, a true example of a follower of your Lord Christ Jesus. Go receive your inheritance in the heavenly realms with Christ Jesus forever missed on this earthly sphere.

Sistaga, Auntie Amie, Auntie Louisa xede nyuie.

Your "cousins" Ali, BB and CC

Tribute by Church

THE ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA CATHOLIC CHURCH, 3-TOWN, DENU



“ When the day of toil is done, when the race of life is run, father, grant thy wearied one rest forevermore.” GH 363 VI

The late Mrs Louisa Adusa-Amankwa (Nee: Doamekpor) was the child of the late Susana Quarshie and Kumanya Doamekpor. The late father of Louisa was a teacher and later on a headteacher who took keen interest in helping the community he hailed from. It is worth nothing seeing the children of the late Mr. Doamekpor finding ways and means to give back to the community they were nurtured and schooled. Mrs Louisa Adusa-Amankwa was one of them. By the nature of her profession, Mrs Louisa always found herself in Accra and so worshipped at Christ the King in Cantometrics.

Before her retirement, she made every conscious effort to get in touch with her home parish where her faith journey in Christ began.

Infrastructural development and the needs of the St. Anthony of Padua Catholic Church, 3-Town, Denu was her great concern. She always wanted to support the church in the quite through the priest and the church pastoral council. She knew her reward and would not like any recognition.

Mrs Adusa -Amankwa, normally issues a cheque couple of times to the 3-Town Church. She gave such contributions towards the completion of the new church that we worship in today.

She later on supported the works of the presbytery. During the time of the late Rev. Msgr Joseph Gbortsu Agoha, the Cheque she gave was used to purchase the deep freezer currently being used at the presbytery. Her donation towards funds raised for various activities and project cannot be overemphasized.

Once, a delegation led by the late Msgr Agoha visited her at her residence at Kanda. She served a memorable lunch to the team. We mourn a diligent, dedicated and a committed woman who loves works of mercy and works of charity as her Christian virtue. No doubt she helped few young ones from her family relation and beyond to realise their dreams. Mad. Louisa, your pious religious life you led will remain a legacy for those who really got closer to you.

We have lost a very dynamic, gallant and self actualized lady. She was a model we shall sorely miss. We pray that the good Lord whom she dedicated herself to in prayer and worship grant her eternal rest.

Father in your gracious keeping we leave now the soul of thy servant, Mrs. Louisa Adusa-Amankwa sleeping.

**May your soul rest in perfect peace.
Dzidzor le nutifafa me.**



Tribute by the Pharmacy Council

JOSEPH NYOAGBE (FORMER REGISTRAR)



*"He saw the road was getting rough
And the hills were hard to climb.
So he closed your weary eyelids
And whispered, 'Peace bethine'.
It broke our hearts to lose you
But you didn't go alone,
For part of us went with you
The day God called you home"*

Katie Evans

With long days on the job, work associates often become like a second family.

My first encounter with Mrs Louisa Ami Adusa-Amankwa dates back to November 1995 when I was a young officer and had just returned from a study leave in the United Kingdom and she was a legal member of the first governing council of the Pharmacy Council. She brought with her the wealth and depth of experience having worked many years with the Attorney-General's department.

She was an astute person, caring, loving, jovial but disciplined and committed member of the Council. Due to these unique traits, it was no surprise that she was appointed to serve on a number of the Council's committees such as Registration and Disciplinary Committees. She also chaired the Review Committee on Food and Drugs Law PNDCL 305B. She brought to bear on these committees her guidance and professional legal expertise to the desired effect.

Under her leadership of the Review Committee, Mrs Adusa-Amankwa ensured that the emerging two institutions from the elsewhere Pharmacy Board i.e Pharmacy Council and Food and Drugs Board (now Food and Drugs Authority) work independently as separate organisations without any structural or systematic conflict situation.

Her other contributions found expression in the numerous regulations and guidelines that were developed by the Council. Her instrumentality cannot be forgotten with the passage of the regulation L.I.1645 PHARMACY PRACTICE (DISCIPLINARY PROCEDURE AND FEES) REGULATIONS, 1998 under the hand of Dr E. Brookman-Amissah, the Minister of Health at the time.

She was also at the forefront of many stakeholder engagements on the new law, Pharmacy Act 1994 (Act489). During one of such workshops organized for pharmacists and pharmacy proprietors on 17th September, 1997 in Accra under the auspices of the Pharmaceutical Society of Ghana, she presented an elucidating paper on the topic "Current laws on Pharmacy Practice and Drugs".

During our years of working together on Committees of the Pharmacy Council, Auntie Louisa as we affectionately called her became not only my mentor but a senior sister to me. I will always remember how she, though with a busy schedule managed to grace my wedding ceremony at Corpus Christi Catholic Church, Sakumono in 1999. That was the extent of how she cherished progressive social norms and Christian values as a devout practicing Roman Catholic.

Sorrow fills my heart now because I have to bid such an amazing person farewell forever.

Here is a life that exemplified brilliance, that inspired emulation and that will forever have a special place in my life.

**Rest in perfect peace Auntie Louisa.
God be with you till we meet again.**

Gallery of



Mrs. Louisa Amie
Adusa-Amankwa
Nee-Doamekpor

70th Birthday

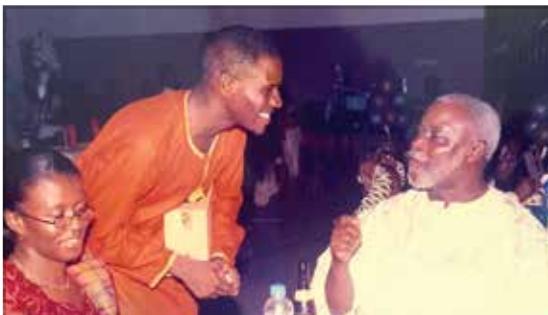




















CH 311 Give me the wings of faith to rise

1. Give Me The Wings Of Faith To Rise
Within The Veil, And See
The Saints Above, How Great Their Joys,
How Bright Their Glories Be.
2. Once They Were Mourners Here Below,
And Poured Out Cries And Tears:
They Wrestled Hard, As We Do Now,
With Sins, And Doubts, And Fears.
3. I Ask Them Whence Their Victory Came:
They, With United Breath,
Ascribe 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.

CH 245 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
and drives away our fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.
3. O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
accept the praise I bring.
4. How weak the effort of my heart,
how cold my warmest thought;
but when I see you as you are,
I'll praise you as I ought.
5. Till then I would your love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of your name
refresh my soul in death.



CH 349 Abide with me

1. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
2. 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 Thou who changest not, abide with me.
3. Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
4. I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.
5. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

CH 413 Amazing Grace

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch; like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!
3. The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.
4. When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.



CH 413 Amazing Grace

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch; like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
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As long as life endures.

4. When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

CH 350 Guide me O thou great redeemer

1. Guide me, O my great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but you are mighty;
hold me with your powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
where the healing waters flow.
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
ever be my strength and shield,
ever be my strength and shield.

3. 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, songs of praises
I will ever sing to you,
I will ever sing to you.



CH 403 O Lord my God when I'm in awesome wonder

1.Oh Lord My God, When I In Awesome Wonder,
Consider All The Worlds Thy Hands Have Made;
I See The Stars, I Hear The Rolling Thunder,
Thy Power Throughout The Universe Displayed.

2. Then Sings My Soul, My Saviour God, To Thee,
How Great Thou Art! How Great Thou Art!
Then Sings My Soul, My Saviour God, To Thee,
How Great Thou Art! How Great Thou Art!

3. And When I Think, That God, His Son Not Sparing;
Sent Him To Die, I Scarce Can Take It In;
That On The Cross, My Burden Gladly Bearing,
He Bled And Died To Take Away My Sin.

4. Then Sings My Soul, My Saviour God, To Thee,
How Great Thou Art! How Great Thou Art!
Then Sings My Soul, My Saviour God, To Thee,
How Great Thou Art! How Great Thou Art!

5. When Through The Woods, And Forest Glades I Wander,
And Hear The Birds Sing Sweetly In The Trees.
When I Look Down, From Loft Mountain Grandeur
And Hear The Brook, And Feel The Gentle Breeze.

6. Then Sings My Soul, My Saviour God, To Thee,
How Great Thou Art! How Great Thou Art!
Then Sings My Soul, My Saviour God, To Thee,
How Great Thou Art! How Great Thou Art!

7. When Christ Shall Come, With Shout Of Acclamation,
And Take Me Home, What Joy Shall Fill My Heart.
Then I Shall Bow, In Humble Adoration,
And Then Proclaim, "My God, How Great Thou Art!"

8. Then Sings My Soul, My Saviour God, To Thee,
How Great Thou Art! How Great Thou Art!
Then Sings My Soul, My Saviour God, To Thee,
How Great Thou Art! How Great Thou Art!

CH 339 God be with you till we meet again

1. God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep in love enfold you;

2. God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

3. God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4. God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again!

5. God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!



CH 351 Lead, kindly light

{REFRAIN} Lead, kindly Light, amid the gloom of evening.
Lord, lead me on! Lord, lead me on!
On through the night! On to your radiance!
Lead, kindly Light!
Lead, kindly Light, kindly Light!

1. The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Direct my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
So lead me onward, Lord, and hear my plea.
[Refrain]
2. Not always thus, I seldom looked for you,
I loved to choose and seek my path alone.
In spite of fear, my pride controlled my will,
Remember not my past, but lead me still. [Refrain]

3. So long your pow'r has blest me on the way,
And still it leads, past hill and storm and night!
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.
[Refrain]

CH 308 O Christ, the glory of the angel choirs!

1. O Christ! the glory of the Angel choirs,
Of man the Maker and Redeemer blest!
Grant us one day to reach your kingdom bright
And in your glory rest.

2. Angel of Peace! O Michael, from above,
Come down, amid the homes of men to dwell;
And banish wars, with all their tears and blood,
Back to their native Hell.

3. This grace on us bestow, O Father blest;
And you, O Son by an eternal birth:
With you, from both proceeding, Holy Ghost,
Whose glory fills the earth.

Let us pray. O God, you arrange in wonderful order the functions of angels and of men; grant to us as protectors on earth those who serve you forever in heaven. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, your Son, who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever. Amen.



CH 4 Arise! Come to your God

1. Arise, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.
2. He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead.
His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers;
They strongly speak for me.
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!
4. The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son.
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
5. To God I'm reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

CH 26 The Lord is my shepherd; There is nothing I shall want

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
2. Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near,
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love,
Through the land of their sojourn Thy kingdom of love.



CH 305 Hark, Hark my soul

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

Refrain:

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

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

3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. [Refrain]

4. Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. [Refrain]



May God Protect you all



The family of the late
Mrs. Louisa Amie
Adusa-Amankwa Nee-Doamekpor

wish to extend our most heartfelt
appreciation to you ... our friends, well-wishers
and loved ones for your prayers, donations,
support and presence as we mourn
the loss of our beloved.

May God Richly Bless You