Juliana

1933-2025

BURIAL
MEMORIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE

FOR THE LATE

JULIANA AWULA ADJOA VANDERPUIJE

31st July 1933 - 31st July 2025

Order of Service

OFFICIATING CLERGY
Very Rev'd Samuel L. Lamptey – Dean
Rev'd Canon Daniel Nii Attukwei Quaye – Precentor
Rev'd Fr. Thomas Wilson Jacobs – Succentor
Rev'd Fr. Ransford E. Titus-Glover – Priest Assisting

AT THE ORGAN
Mr. Nathaniel Amfo-Tetteh – Organist

PART I – PRE-BURIAL SERVICE
Processional Hymn – A&M 165
Prayer
Lesson – 1 Corinthians 15:53-58
File Past Hymns – A&M 220, 517, SUP 11
Tributes
File Past Hymns – A&M 169, 182, MHB 511
Closing of Coffin – SUP 3

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BIOGRAPHY

Affectionately known as Sister Awura Adjoa by some and Auntie Julie by others, Madam Juliana Awula Adjoa Vanderpuije was a woman of quiet strength, unwavering faith, and boundless grace. She was born on 31st July 1933 at Zongo Lane in the Greater Accra Region to Mr. J. E. Vanderpuije and Madam Emma Kwakai Quartey, both of blessed memory. She was the second child of her mother and grew up surrounded by love, faith, and strong family values.

Juliana began her education at Accra Royal School, where she obtained her Standard Seven Leaving Certificate. Soon after, she joined the Government Printing Press, where she worked diligently and rose through the ranks to become a supervisor. It was there that she met her beloved life partner, Mr. Gottwalt Kwami. In time, she chose to resign from her job to focus fully on raising her growing family—a role she embraced with deep love and devotion.

A devout Anglican, Juliana didn't just practice her faith—she lived it. Her life was rooted in Christ, and she served her church with joy and humility. At Holy Trinity Cathedral, Accra, she held several leadership roles, including:
National Treasurer of the Anglican Women's Fellowship
Vice President of the Diocesan Women's Fellowship
Chairperson of the Cathedral Women's Fellowship

Through these roles, she became a mentor, a spiritual guide, and a mother to many. She nurtured families, strengthened communities, and helped grow the work of the church across generations.

Juliana was also an enterprising woman with many talents. She ran a confectionery business, known for her delicious cakes, bread, and pastries. She found joy in gardening, sewing, and storytelling, often delighting children and adults alike with tales that taught values and brought smiles.

Elegant and humble, Juliana had a calming presence that comforted those around her. She carried herself with dignity and inspired others through her wisdom, warmth, and deep sense of compassion. Her home was a sanctuary—open to family, friends, and strangers alike. She had a gift for encouragement and often reminded others:

“Do your best and leave the rest to God.”

Madam Juliana had five children – Sheik Mustapha Watson-Quartey (deceased), Ruby Irene Quartey-Brown, Bertha Esinu Kwami, Walter Senna Kwami, and Maud Naa Sika Kwami. She is survived by her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, siblings, nieces, nephews, and the Vanderpuije, Quartey, and Kwami families. She is also remembered dearly by her church community and countless lives she touched with her kindness and faith.

Her passing leaves an irreplaceable void. We, her family, mourn the loss of a beacon, a mentor, a mother, a sister, and a beautiful friend. Yet we hold on to the promise of heaven, where there is no more pain, hardship, or toil.

“I am a sojourner here, a stranger. We are on earth only for a time. Our home is far from here—where God Himself dwells. That is home for us.”

Rest, Sister. Rest in perfect peace. You are deeply loved and forever missed.
Sister Awura Adzoa, auntie Julie
Nye Awo
Yaa wc odjogban
Yehowah abu ohe.

By Mrs. Hannah Owusu(Sister)

SHEIK MUSTAPHA WATSON-QUARTEY (DECEASED SON)

TRIBUTE BY NAA SIKA (DAUGHTER)

He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away."— Revelation 21:4 (NIV)

Awula Adjoa 1 as I affectionately call you, my comfort, my guide, my greatest cheerleader. Mum, your life was a beautiful symphony of love, service, and faith, and I am forever grateful to have been your daughter.

I remember sitting beside you in church, you prayed with such quiet power. Attending fellowship meetings, prayer nights, and women's retreats with gave me more than just spiritual nourishment — they gave me lasting memories of what it means to be a woman of faith, strength, and grace. Those memories are etched in my heart.

Church was your second home. I remember how your face would light up during worship, and how you never missed a chance to serve. You didn't just attend church, you lived it. Your love for hymns was unmatched, you sung and listened to hymns till your last breath. You were a pillar in the fellowship, always ready with a warm meal, a helping hand, and a heart full of grace. Your faith was not just spoken; it was lived out in every act of kindness. As a caterer, you didn't just cook., you nourished. You served your family and church with such joy and dedication that even the simplest meal felt like a feast of love. You thought me the value of presence, how just being there for someone can be the greatest gift.

Juu, I can't forget the calm joy of a quiet Christmas morning, the hustle and bustle of preparing for family gatherings. Your kitchen was a place of comfort, and your food carried the warmth of your heart and love could be tasted in every bite. here you taught me that service is sacred and thank you for teaching me that faith isn't just something you speak — it's something you lived. My memory rests on the times we just packed our bags and took off to Elmina, away from the noise in Accra, even if it was only a short trip.

I miss you more than I can express, but I rejoice in knowing you are now resting peacefully, surrounded by the glory of the One you so faithfully served. Though you are no longer with us in body, your spirit lives on—in the lessons you taught, the love you gave, and the legacy you left behind.

Until we meet again, I love you. Always.
Rest in the bosom of the Lord. – Maud Naa Sika Kwami (Daughter)

TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER RUBY IRENE QUARTEY BROWN (DAUGHTER)

A fond memory of my mother: I was in primary 6, when one fine day without any notice my mother showed up in my school and fetched me from my classroom after a tete-a-tete with my class teacher to discuss my academic progress.

When she was ready to leave, she asked me to walk with her out. She allay my fears when she said it was a friendly visit - a visit to find out what my school life was like. I was relieved to hear that. I had a shocker waiting for me on my return back to the classroom.

My class teacher went, “Ruby your mum is very beautiful, inside and out. It's no wonder you’re neat and well dressed.” I could see all my mates looking at me with awe. First, I was shocked to her that then the realization kicked in and I felt so good about myself that with head up and shoulders thrown back I walked proudly to my seat. It was my first moment of self-awareness and self-confidence which has lived with me till today and I relive it with nostalgia.

Juliana Awura Adjoa Vanderpuije - Auntie Julie, sister Awura Adjoa as all her loved ones called her, I affectionately called her Ju. She was more than parent; she was my friend, confidante, and guiding light. I'll cherish the memories of our laughter, adventure, and quiet moments together. Her kindness, generosity, and unwavering support for family inspired me to be a better person.

She wore many hats, as a seamstress, made our dresses and some to sell during Christmas time, a baker- baked cakes, bread and pastries, a jeweler- designed trinkets for her goldsmith to make for her to sell and at the same time worked at Assembly Press now Ghana Publishing.

I'm grateful for the lessons she taught me, the values she instilled in me, and the unconditional love she showed me and my siblings. Though she's no longer with me physically, her spirit lives on in my heart, and I’ll continue to celebrate her life and legacy.

Adios amigo, adios my friend.
Fare Thee Well,
Yaa wo ojogbann
Oke Nyiemo jro – Ruby Irene Quartey-Brown (Daughter)

TRIBUTE BY BERTHA ESINU KWAMI (DAUGHTER)

My dearest mother,

The world feels dim without you, and the ache in my heart is hard to put into words. Even though I knew this day would come, nothing could prepare me for the emptiness of losing you.

You gave us so much of yourself, fighting with such strength and grace to stay with us. I wish I could hear your gentle voice again, see your warm smile, and feel the love that radiated from you in everything you did.

You were not just my mother, but my guiding light. Your elegance, your strength, and your fierce sense of purpose shaped me in ways I will carry forever. You are no longer here in body, but your spirit, your love, and your example live on in me and in all who knew you.

I thank God for the priceless gift of being your child. What an honor it was to be loved by you.

Rest peacefully, my beloved mother. You will never be forgotten. Bertha Esinu Kwami (Daughter)

TRIBUTE BY WALTER SENNA KWAMI (SON)

I remember when I was little, how I would braid your hair with my clumsy hands and leave it messy, but you never scolded me. Instead, you laughed with that warmth only you had, teaching me early on that love was more important than perfection.

You worked so hard to make sure I never missed out on an education. Even in the hardest times, you carried that burden so I could carry hope. You taught me that knowledge is not just for myself, but a gift to be shared with others.

I still carry your last words to me before I left Ghana for the United States. They were a compass during my darkest moments, reminding me who I was, and whose child I was. In our final conversation, you made me promise to keep the family united. I hold that promise close, and I will honor it—for you, and because of you.

How I will miss our quiet afternoons, sharing tea and scones. No matter how old I grew, I never outgrew those moments. They are stitched into my heart. And the birthday parties you threw for us, so full of joy and life, remain some of my brightest memories.

You always reminded me to carry myself with dignity, to be proud of who I am, and to dress and live like a gentleman. Those lessons shaped the man I am today, and they will continue to guide me for the rest of my life.

Mother, your love was steady, your wisdom was deep, and your laughter was the light of our home. I will miss you more than words can hold, but I will live in a way that keeps your spirit alive.

TRIBUTE BY THE GRANDCHILDREN

Our beloved grandma, fondly called “Sister”, was truly a rare gift from God, not just to us, her grandchildren, but to everyone who was blessed to encounter her.

She was a noble woman of virtue, dignity, and grace. A woman of unwavering Christian faith and prayer, Grandma was our great intercessor always standing in the gap for her children, grandchildren, and even strangers. Her prayer altar in her bedroom was a sacred place where she consistently sought the face of God. She would spend hours in prayer, even keeping quarterly seasons dedicated to seeking the Lord. We grew up knowing that Grandma’s prayers were part of the unseen shield that covered our lives.

Her voice in prayer was strong and constant, and we always knew that as long as Grandma was around, we were carried on the wings of intercession. Her life taught us that true strength is found in prayer and that communion with God is the greatest heritage one can pass on to generations.

Beyond her prayer life, Grandma’s love was expressed in countless caring ways. She was sweet, tender, and thoughtful, always making each of us feel special. She had a beautiful way of turning ordinary moments into precious memories. At Christmas, her kitchen came alive with the aroma of freshly baked cakes, which she joyfully shared with everyone, accompanied by drinks and laughter. Those simple gestures of love remain unforgettable treasures in our hearts.

Grandma was also a woman of discipline and order. Her neatness and cleanliness were beyond understanding. Everything around her reflected her character—tidy, organized, and filled with grace. She often reminded us that “cleanliness is next to godliness,” and she lived it daily, showing us that outward orderliness was a reflection of inner discipline and respect for God’s presence.

She taught us unity, humility, and service to God and mankind. Her words, “we are stronger together,” continue to bind us as a family. She delighted in celebrating life with us—reminding us of her birthdays, assigning roles to make her celebrations meaningful, and longing to see us together at family gatherings, especially during Homowo. Yet, in God’s perfect timing, on the very day she turned 92, He crowned her with eternity and called her home. What a noble ending to a noble life!

Though she now rests in the Lord, her legacy shines even brighter. We, her grandchildren, will forever treasure the warmth of her love, the sweetness of her care, the wisdom of her counsel, and the blessing of her prayers.
From her life, we have learned precious lessons:
Prayer is the anchor of destiny.
Unity makes a family unbreakable.
True beauty is in humility, neatness, and grace.
Love is best expressed not in big gestures alone, but in the little daily acts of kindness.
A noble life is not measured by what one accumulates, but by the lives one blesses.

Grandma, you were more than a grandmother—you were our teacher, intercessor, and friend. Your memory will forever be a blessing, and though our hearts ache, we rejoice knowing that heaven has gained a faithful and noble soul. Sleep peacefully in the bosom of the Lord until we meet again.
YAA WOR DZOGBANN!!!
“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord... that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.” – Revelation 14:13

My grandma was a fire woman—strong, passionate, and full of life. She carried herself with courage and inspired everyone around her with her strength and resilience. Her love was fierce, her laughter unforgettable, and her wisdom a gift we will always treasure. Though she is no longer here, the fire she carried lives on in us, lighting our paths and warming our hearts. – Philip Alabi (Grand Son)

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.” – Psalm 116:15
Grandma,
You came into this world on the 31st of July,
and on the 31st of July, you returned home to your Maker.
A full circle of grace.

You were more than a grandmother—
you were a guiding light,
a quiet strength,
a heart full of love.

Your prayers shaped us,
your smile warmed us,
your faith inspired us.

Though you are gone from our sight,
your legacy lives on in our hearts.
Rest in peace, Grandma,
until we meet again in glory.

I will always love you. - Gabriel Watson-Quartey (Grand Son)

I first met my grandma when she came to visit us in Boston, USA. In her presence I always felt loved despite the distance. Whenever my dad tells me stories about her, it's like the story itself shines with the power of the Sun. When I visited her again in Accra, it was like we were never separated. Her presence was fabulously regal. Her strength, creativity, resourcefulness, and her fiery & lively nature will continue to inspire me for life. I love you grandma! Rest well. – Sienna Lynn Kwami (Grand Daughter)

The times we spent together are some of the moments I cherish the most, Grandma.

Growing up, the holidays were never complete without your cakes — soft, sweet, and full of warmth. I think of the holiday mornings filled with the sweet scent of cakes that you baked with such care— every slice carrying the essence of the season. I think of your beautiful garden, always blooming, which held more than beauty; that palm tree, and how its fronds became our Palm Sunday crowns. But more than that, it reflected you — nurturing, grounded, and quietly full of life.

You weren't just my grandmother; you were my sanctuary. Our bond was special, one that words often fall short of capturing. You gave me a home when I needed one — a peaceful, quiet place to heal, to grow, to simply be. Every moment spent with you — whether sitting together or taking slow, thoughtful walks through the Adenta neighborhood — is etched into my heart. I feel your presence beside me, walking, smiling, talking, loving. You always sensed my presence. At the growl of my engine, there you'd be — usually waiting at the gate to greet and wish me the best of the day. I'd look into my rearview mirror as I drove off to steal a glance at you before I curve into the street. You never let a day begin or end without wishing me well. Yes, this kind of love is everlasting

You were the glue that held our family together, Grandma. You shared with me the importance of unity. Your words, "Ny3fea ekome ni ny3 hiaa shi y3 ekomefeemc mli" — Live together in harmony. These words of wisdom, you'd speak to me during our usual check-ins and conversations. You didn't just say them; you lived them. You taught us unity, love, and the quiet strength of family. These words, you passed them on with the hope that I would carry them forward, just as I carry your love in my heart.

Your household was the gathering—a place where non-family folks call home. You welcomed them all from diverse backgrounds into your fold with love. The non-family folks became family folks and are proud to be associated with you. You embraced them all, and they paid it forward. I am a beneficiary of the reward of your good deeds. I have good friendships from near and far, and oh, what a small world — who would have known that our parents and their friends experienced your goodness long before we were born. These friendships are evermore stronger because our parents were before we became. You made it possible, Grandma! Many years ago, you laid the foundation for these wonderful friendships I enjoy. It's truly fascinating how life rewards goodness of heart, even down to generations unborn.

I am proud to be part of your lineage. I carry your legacy with honor. Thank you for every moment, every smile, every prayer, and every bit of love you poured into me.Rest well, Grandma. I love you dearly. – Ralph Watson-Quartey (Grand Son)

Grandma was the light of our family and the soul of our holidays. She made long vacations feel like treasures and turned Christmas into pure joy. I will always remember how she never forgot to buy us knockouts — the little sparks and sounds that filled our nights with laughter. But more than that, she gave us love, warmth, and memories that time can never erase. Though we will miss her deeply, her spirit will forever live in our hearts, making every holiday a little brighter." — Jerry Alabi (Grand Son)

Grandma, you fondly called me 'my sister,' anytime i visited and together, we lifted our voices in Anglican hymns to praise the Lord. Your faith and devotion will remain a lasting song in my heart. – Lauraine Naa Kwarley Watson-Quartey (Grand Daughter)

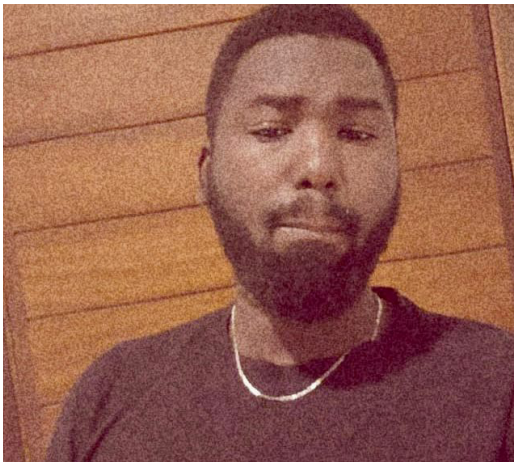
TRIBUTE TO MY BELOVED GREAT GRANDMOTHER

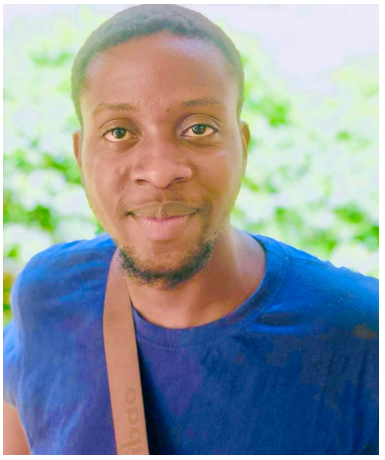
To My beloved Great-Grand Mother, You were a pillar of strength, love and wisdom. You were the shining light of the family. The greatest adviser and problem solver to any of my problems. You gave me the strongest hope to keep fighting. Your words always gave me the confidence to push forward and never to back down through the difficult times. Thank you for being there for me when I needed you all these years. Your Legacy would be forever be told. Rest well and I love you so much and am going to miss you for the rest of my life. **-Kelvin Vanderpuije**

Kadir Watson-Quartey (Grand Son)

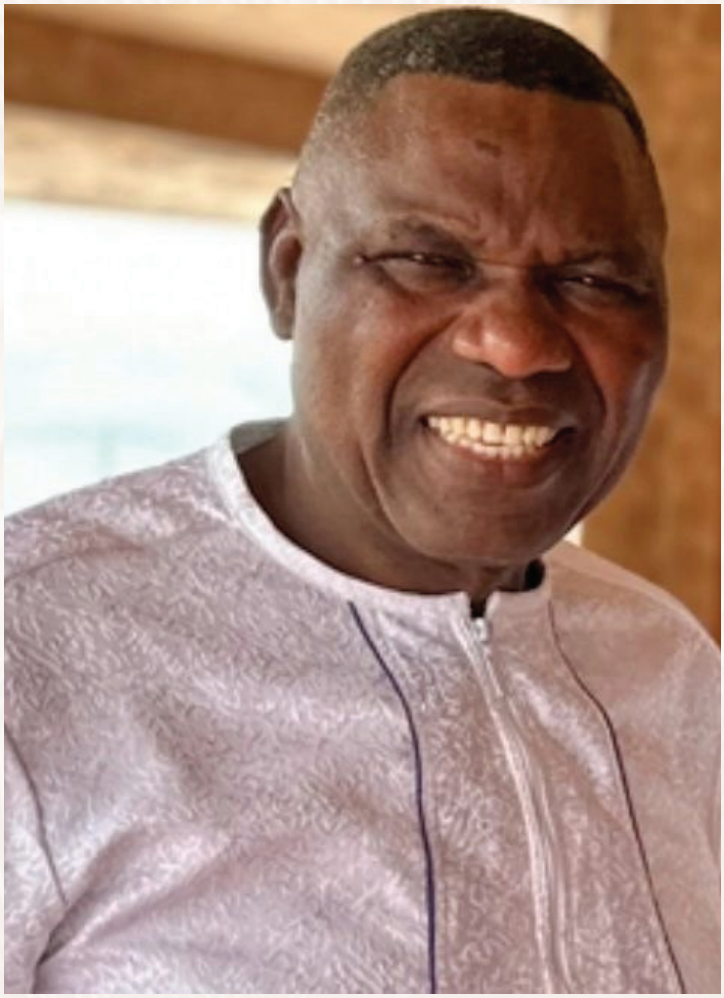
GRANDCHILDREN

Limited Edition





TRIBUTE TO OUR DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW



We stand here today with hearts full of both sorrow and gratitude as we reflect on the life of our beloved mother-in-law Maama as we affectionately called her. Though you were not our mother by birth, but you embraced us with open arms and treated us as your own from the very beginning. Your warmth, kindness, wisdom, and unconditional love was excellent (kept us grounded and safe).

Maama, your love knew no boundaries. You were always there with a listening ear, sound advice and a comforting smile all the time. Your generosity and selflessness taught us the true meaning of family and unity. You celebrated our joys as if they were your own and stood by us through our struggles with unwavering support.
We are very grateful for the precious moments we shared together – the laughter, the conversations, and the quiet understanding that spoke volumes. You taught us not to only how to love, but also how to forgive, how to be patient, how to embrace and accept other nationalities into the family.

Though your absence leaves a void that can never be filled, your legacy of love, strength, and compassion will continue to live on in our hearts and through the generations to come.
Rest well dear mother. You will forever be missed, but your love will remain with us always. With love. – Thomas Alabi (Son-in-Law)

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MADAM JULIANA ARAJOA VANDERPUIJE

BY NAA DENSUA, NAA AMUA, NII OTU, NII AYI, NII YANCOS & NII OTINKORANG

A stranger pilgrim I am,
Distressed, I am in life
Sojourner, I am on earth,
I have a Home in Heav'n
PHB 585

We, the children of the late Nathaniel Nii Oto Vanderpuije, offer this heartfelt tribute to our beloved Auntie, whom we fondly called Auntie Arajoa.
Our memories take us back to the 1960s, when you regularly visited our grandfather, Papa Nii, at Adabraka. A beautiful soft-spoken woman, fair in complexion and tall in stature, you carried an undeniable presence. Those who underestimated you quickly learned of your fierce Bukom spirit, a side of you that commanded respect and left a lasting impression.

We cherish the memories of the baskets of food you brought to Papa Nii during your weekend visits. Your generosity extended to the entire family, especially during festive seasons. At Christmas, you delighted us with cakes, doughnuts, and atsomo. During the Homowo festival, you ensured Kpokpoi reached us, delivered first by Ruby, then Esi, and later Naa Shika.

Remarkably, you and our father shared more than a sibling bond—you were both born on a Monday and blessed with 92 years of life. In a poignant twist, you passed away on your birthday, while Dad left us on the birthday of his first granddaughter, as if you both chose these days to be celebrated forever.

We vividly recall your unwavering love and support. When our mother passed, you left everything behind and came to Mallam Gbawe to comfort your brother. That was your nature—devoted to family, always advocating for unity among your siblings and their children.

It feels like just yesterday when we saw you and Dad sitting on the porch, sipping morning tea, exchanging stories, and marveling at nature's beauty—the chirping birds and swaying trees. Your words still echo in our hearts: "If you can't visit, just pick up the phone and call. Hearing your voices is enough to make me happy."

Little did we know that our last visit would be a farewell. You embraced each of us, shook our hands, and, with joy in your heart, urged us to thank Esi and Naa Shika for their devoted care. Your happiness at seeing us remains unforgettable.

You never let us forget your birthday, always calling to remind us. But on that fateful day, the call came from Naa Shika. With a heavy heart and tearful voice, she shared the heartbreaking news of your passing.
Auntie Arajoa, we love you dearly. Words cannot fully express our gratitude to the Almighty for guiding and watching over you throughout your remarkable journey. You fought the good fight, you finished the race, and now a crown of glory awaits you in heaven. Rest peacefully in the arms of the Lord, dear Mum.

FARE THEE WELL AUNTY
REST PEACEFULLY IN THE BOSOM OF FATHER ABRAHAM
WO ODZOGBANN YE NUNTSO LE KPOKOIAN
DUE! DUE! DUE!, DAMIRIFA DUE!!

TRIBUTE FROM MRS. GERTRUDE NAA OYOE DOKU

Thank you, my sister, for all that you have done for me and my family. May the good Lord guard and guide you safely to eternity.
Yaa wo odjogbang

A TRIBUTE TO OUR BELOVED AUNTY JULIE BY THE ANGLICAN WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

The words of 2 Timothy 4:7-8 remind us, “I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.” There is no better way to describe the life of our dear sister, Onukpa Juliana Vanderpuije , whom we all lovingly called Aunty Julie. To tell the story of our Anglican Women’s Fellowship is to tell her story, for she was one of our most able and hardworking leaders.

Aunty Julie joined us in the Cathedral Deanery and quickly became the kind of member every fellowship dreams of. She carried out her tasks with such effortless dedication that we couldn't help but admire her. She was always ready, always willing, wherever duty called. Through her quiet hard work, she rose faithfully through the ranks—serving as our Deanery President, then as Diocesan Vice President, and finally, with great distinction, as our National Treasurer. Her profound passion for the work of the Lord was an inspiration to everyone around her.

Her generosity was as practical as it was profound. Using her gifts as a caterer, she baked what felt like tons of cakes, sharing them freely with church members during harvest so that everyone could enjoy. She was so trusted and beloved that she was often the people's unanimous choice for Chairperson, frequently voted into office without opposition. Her legacy is woven into the very fabric of our church. It was Aunty Julie who funded the Bishop’s Canopy on our fellowship’s behalf and who provided the beautiful altar linens for every season in all their colours. When we celebrated our 25th Silver Anniversary, it was her idea to organize a food fair. The funds she raised were used to build the original Humility Gate at the cathedral’s main entrance. She had a special heart for new members, too; every year after confirmation, she would personally buy scarves for them, gently encouraging them to join our AWF family.

When the National Council decided the fellowship should have a national cloth, Aunty Julie was a natural choice for the committee. Alongside the late Gladys Vanderpuije and Florence Quarcoopome, she worked tirelessly, making trip after trip to Tema GTP until the design was perfect. Her leadership also saw the inauguration of the first Diocesan President from the Tema Archdeaconry. Her influence even reached beyond Ghana when the then Archbishop of West Africa, Okai, asked for her help to revive the AWF in Liberia. Characteristically, she arranged for bundles of the St. Ann cloth to be sent there free of charge.
For her selfless and unrelenting service, she was rightly honoured with a citation during our 40th Anniversary in 2014.

Now, as we bid you farewell on your journey to your Maker, our hearts are broken twice over, having just lost our dear OP Mary Pountney a few weeks ago. The loss is deep, and the question "why?" is on our lips. But we find comfort in the certainty that goodness and mercy have followed you home because of all you have done in the Lord's vineyard.
We salute you, Aunty Julie. Fare thee well, our good and faithful servant.
Your labour was never, and will never be, in vain.
Auntie Julie w jogbann y3 Nuntsc l3 mli
Onukpa Julie, Nuntsc l3 k3 bo ato y3 ekpckci amli. Amen

TRIBUTE BY THE KORLE WONKON HETSELOI AKPEE

Well done, good and faithful servant! You have been faithful over a few things, I will make you rule over many things. Enter the joy of your Lord. – Matthew 25:21

It is with a heavy heart the we pay this tribute to a loving and hardworking member Juliana Vanderpuije. She joined the Korle Wonkon Hesteloi Akpee popularly known as Agbaa Jei Naa in 1980, as a patroness 45 years ago, in Anaa Abo Group. She did all that was expected of a good member, carried herself with grace and elegance, and was easygoing.

On our 30th anniversary, she prepared a very nice cake to grace the occasion. Upon hearing of her sickness, we paid her a visit and prayed with her. We are saddened by her passing. We shall always remember you; we love you, but God loves you more. Dear Sister Juliana, the twelve groups bid you farewell.

TRIBUTE BY THE ANGLICAN NATIONAL WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP, GHANA

"The radiant morn hath pass'd away,
And spent too soon her golden store,
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more. A & M 19

Opanyin Juliana Vanderpuije started her Women's Fellowship life with members of the Accra Diocese in early years when the Fellowship was formed. She was one of the old members who advocated for the Fellowship issues to be heard in the church.

By dint of hard work, Opanyin Juliana Vanderpuije was elected to the highest position in the Fellowship as the National Treasurer for four-years. She worked with Op Sarah Ampah, National President, Op Hannah Yalley, National Organiser, Op Juliana Asamoah National Secretary and the General Overseer, Op Elizabeth D. Quaye.

During the term of the executive the National Cloth – St Ann's was introduced to members. We say ayekoo for that initiative. Op Juliana Vanderpuije and Op Florence Quaiocoo Pom, the then Accra Diocesan Asst Organiser were in-charged of selling the National Cloth. Op Juliana was one time an Accra representative of the Women's Fellowship on the Christian Council activities.

Op Opanyin Juliana was honoured with a Citation during the Fellowship's 40th Anniversary dated 21st August 2014 for her dedication to the Fellowship. Fellowship will continue to remember your dedication to service and your love for the Fellowship.

We side with the Psalmist in 116:15 that "the Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints'.

As you have been called to join the holy people, the Fellowship wish to bid you fare well. Your loved for God and the Fellowship would follow you to your Maker.

Until we meet again,
Op Juliana Vanderpuije, our Past National Treasurer,
Fare Thee Well. Amen
A & M 702

Hymns

A&M 165 – O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

Isaac Watts, 1719; 9 stanzas in A&M

•O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

•Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

•Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men";
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

A&M 220 – JESUS SHALL REIGN WHERE'ER THE SUN

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

•Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand Lie withering ere 'tis night.

•O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.!

A&M 517 – WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD

•*Jesus shall reign where'er the sun*
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

•*People and realms of every tongue*
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

•*Blessings abound where'er He reigns:*
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

•*To Him shall endless prayer be made,*
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like incense shall rise With every morning sacrifice.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud Amen.

A&M SUPPLEMENTAL 11 – THEY WHO TREAD THE PATH OF LABOUR

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys,Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

•*Unnumbered comforts to my soul Thy tender care bestowed,Before my infant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.*

•*When in the slippery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran, Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.*

•*Ten thousand thousand precious gifts-My daily thanks employ, And not the least a cheerful heart Which tastes those gifts with joy.*

•*Through every period of my life, Thy goodness I'll pursue, And after death in distant worldsThe glorious theme renew.*

•*Through all eternity to Thee, A joyful song I'll raise, For O, eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise.*

A&M SUPPLEMENTAL 11 – THEY WHO TREAD THE PATH OF LABOUR

They who tread the path of labour Follow where My feet have trod; They who work without complaining Do the holy will of God. Nevermore Thou needest seek Me; I am with Thee everywhere; Raise the stone, and Thou shalt find Me; Cleave the wood and I am there.

•Where the many toil together, There am I among My own; Where the tired workman sleepeth,
There am I with him alone. I, the Peace that passeth knowledge, Dwell amid the daily strife; I, the Bread of heaven, am broken, In the sacrament of life.

•Every task, however simple, Sets the soul that does it free; Every deed of love and mercy. Done to man is done to Me.Nevermore Thou needest seek Me; I am with Thee everywhere; Raise the stone, and Thou shalt find Me; Cleave the wood and I am there.

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A&M 169 – MY GOD, HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART

•My God, how wonderful Thou art, Thy majesty how bright, How beautiful Thy mercy seat, In depths of burning light!

•How dread are Thine eternal years, O everlasting Lord; By prostrate spirits, day and night, Incessantly adored.

•How wonderful, how beautiful, The sight of Thee must be, Thine endless wisdom, boundless pow'r, And awful purity.

•O how I fear Thee, Living God, With deepest, tend'rest fears, And worship Thee with trembling hope, And penitential tears.

•Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,Almighty as Thou art; For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.

•No earthly father loves like Thee, No mother e'er so mild, Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done With me, Thy sinful child.

•Father of Jesus, love's reward,What rapture will it be, Prostrate before Thy throne to lie, And ever gaze on Thee!

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A&M 182 – HARK! A THRILLING VOICE IS SOUNDING

Latin, 6th century; tr. Edward Caswall, 1841; 6 stanzas in A&M

•Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding,"Christ is nigh," it seems to say; "Cast away the dreams of darkness, O ye children of the day!"

•Startled at the solemn warning, Let the earthbound soul arise; Christ, her Sun, all sloth disdaining, Shines at midnight in the skies.

•Lo! the Lamb, so long expected, Comes with pardon down from heaven; Let us haste, with tears of sorrow, One and all to be forgiven.

•So whene'er the signal sounding Bids her pilgrims to the fight, Let us hasten to the battle In the strength of Jesus' might.

•With the morning dawning golden Earth's great light once more shall rise; Christ, our King, in glory reigning, Shall dispel our night of sighs.

•Honour, praise, and endless glory Be to God, the Father, Son, And to Holy Ghost proceeding, Now and while the ages run.

MHB 511 – BEGONE, UNBELIEF, MY SAVIOUR IS NEAR

•Begone, unbelief; my Saviour is near,And for my relief will surely appear; By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform; With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

•Though dark be my way, since He is my guide, 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide; Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail, The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.

•His love in time past forbids me to think He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink; Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review, Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

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

•Since all that I meet shall work for my good, The bitter is sweet, the medicine, food; Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long; And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

A&M SUPPLEMENTAL 3 – IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING

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

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

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

A&M 236 – JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

•*Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me, When shall my labours have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?*

•*When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates behold? Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?*

•*Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets there Around my Saviour stand; And all I love in Christ below Will join the glorious band.*

•*Jerusalem, my happy home, When shall I come to Thee? When shall my labours have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?*

•*O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare For that bright home of love; That I may see Thee and adore, With all Thy Saints above.*

A&M 231 – FOR EVER WITH THE LORD

"For ever with the Lord!" Amen; so let it be; Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis immortality. Here in the body pent, Absent from Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.

•*My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's foreseeing eye, Thy golden gates appear! Ah! then my spirit faints To reach the land I love, The bright inheritance of Saints, Jerusalem above.*

•*For ever with the Lord!" Father, if 'tis Thy will The promise of that faithful word Even here to me fulfil. Be Thou at my right hand, Then can I never fail; Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand, Fight, and I must prevail.*

A&M 228 – JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

•*Jerusalem the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice opprest. I know not, oh, I know not What joys await us there, What radiancy of glory, What bliss beyond compare.*

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

•*There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast: And they, who with their Leader Have conquer'd in the fight For ever and for ever Are clad in robes of white.*

•O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect! O sweet and blessed country That eager hearts expect! Jesu, in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the FatherAnd Spirit, ever blest.

A&M 240 – PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS ABOVE

•Pleasant are Thy courts above In the land of light and love; Pleasant are Thy courts below In this land of sin and woe: Oh, my spirit longs and faints For the converse of Thy Saints, For the brightness of Thy Face, For Thy fulness, God of grace.

•Happy birds that sing and fly Round Thy Altars, O most High;Happier souls that find a rest In a heavenly Father's breast; Like the wandering dove that found No repose on earth around, They can to their ark repair, And enjoy it ever there.

•Happy souls, their praises flow Even in this vale of woe; Waters in the desert rise, Manna feeds them from the skies; On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy Throne at length, At Thy feet adoring fall, Who hast led them safe through all.

•Lord, be mine this prize to win, Guide me through a world of sin, Keep me by Thy saving grace, Give me at Thy side a place; Sun and Shield alike Thou art,Guide and guard my erring heart; Grace and glory flow from Thee; Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me..

A&M 290 – THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE

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

•O magnify the Lord with me, With me exalt His Name; When in distress to Him I call'd, He to my rescue came.

•The Hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just: Deliverance He affords to all Who on His succour trust.

•O make but trial of His love, Experience will decide How bless'd are they, and only they, Who in His truth confide.

•Fear Him, ye saints, and you will thenHave nothing else to fear; Make you His service your delight, Your wants shall be His care.

•To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God Whom we adore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

A&M 400 – CHRIST WILL GATHER IN HIS OWN

Christ will gather in His own, To the place where He is gone; Where their heart and treasure lie, Where our life is hid on high.

•Day by day the voice saith, "Come, Enter thine eternal home;" Asking not if we can spare This dear soul it summons there.

•Had He ask'd us, well we know, We should cry, "O spare this blow!" Yes, with streaming tears should pray, "Lord, we love him—let him stay!"

•But the Lord doth nought amiss, And since He hath order'd this, We have nought to do but still Rest in silence on His will.

•Many a heart no longer here Ah! was all too inly dear; Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call— Thou wilt be our All in all.

A&M 135 – THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
•The strife is o'er, the battle done; Now is the Victor's triumph won; O let the song of praise be sung. Alleluia!

•Death's mightiest powers have done their worst, And Jesus hath His foes dispersed; Let shouts of praise and joy outburst. Alleluia!

•On the third morn He rose again, Glorious in majesty to reign; O let us swell the joyful strain. Alleluia!

•Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee, From death's dread sting Thy servants free, That we may live, and sing to Thee. Alleluia!.

A&M 265 – THY WAY, NOT MINE, O LORD

•Thy way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be; Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.

•Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best; Winding or straight, it leads Right onward to Thy rest.

•I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk aright.

•The kingdom that I seekls Thine; so let the way That leads to it be Thine, Else I must surely stray.

•Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or sorrow fill, As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good and ill.

•Choose Thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health;Choose Thou my cares for me, My poverty or wealth.

•Not mine, not mine, the choice In things both great and small; Be Thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom, and my all.

A&M 609 – SAFE HOME, SAFE HOME IN PORT

Joseph of the Studium, 9th century; tr. John Mason Neale, 1862

•*Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And only not a wreck: But oh! the joy upon the shore, To tell our voyage—perils o'er!*

•*The prize, the prize secure! The athlete nearly fell; Bare all he could endure,And bare not always well: But he may smile at troubles gone, Who sets the victor-garland on.*

•*No more the foe can harm; No more of leaguered camp, And cry of night alarm, And need of ready lamp: And yet how nearly had he failed—How nearly had that foe prevailed!*

•*The lamb is in the fold, In perfect safety penned;The lion once had hold, And thought to make an end: But One came by with wounded side, And for the sheep the Shepherd died.*

•*Safe home, safe home in port! Sail out again no more; No stormy tempest's roar, No fierce rock's vexing foam: Safe home, safe home in port! The voyage done, the anchor cast, The sailor safe at home.*

A&M 401 – NOW THE LABORER'S TASK IS O'ER

Now the laborer's task is o'er; Now the battle day is past; Now upon the farther shore Lands the voyager at last. Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

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

•*There the sinful souls that turn To the Cross their dying eyes, All the love of Christ shall learn At His feet in Paradise. Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.*

•*There no more the powers of hell Can prevail to mar their peace; Christ the Lord shall guard them well, He Who died for their release. Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.*

•*"Earth to earth, and dust to dust," Calmly now the words we say,Leaving him to sleep in trust Till the Resurrection-day. Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.*

A&M 27 – ABIDE WITH ME

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847; 5 stanzas in A&M

•Abide with me: fast falls the even-tide;The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide: When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

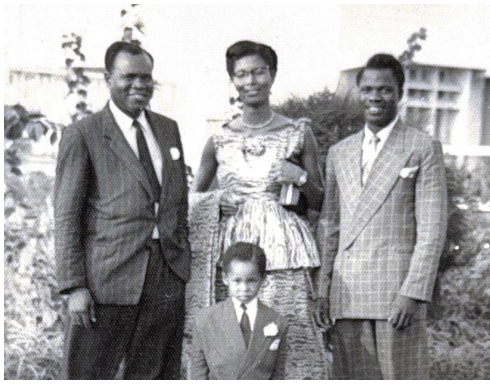
•Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

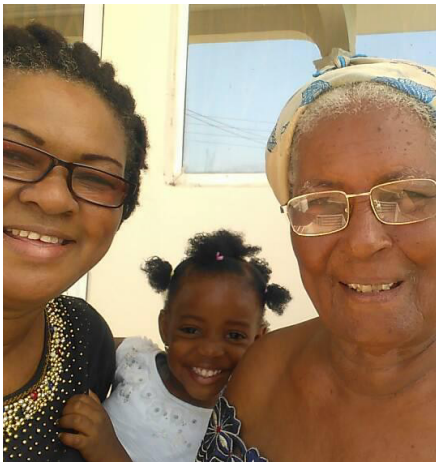
•I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

•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.

•Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies: Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

GALLERY





"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."
1 Corinthians 15:53-58 KJV

"And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world."
John 9:1-5 KJV

Juliana

Appreciation

JULIANA AWULA ADJOA VANDERPUIJE

The family extends its sincere appreciation to all friends and loved ones who contributed in diverse ways to help make this day successful.
We cannot forget the kind words and psychological support you have offered us since our dearest mother left.

God richly bless you!

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