

A life Well Lived

Opanyin

EMANNUEL OSEI

OWUSU

AGE 83
AKA. AGYA WUSU/ OSEI WUSU
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 2025

Celebration of Life



Opanyin
EMANUEL OSEI
OWUSU



OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Ps Fred Opoku Boakye
Ps Seth Ofori Boakye
Ps Bernard Adu-Yeboah

Ps Emmanuel Odamey Kagya
Ps Osei Bonsu Sarpong
Ps Sampson Osei Owusu
Eld. Samuel Ankomah Kyei
Eld. Stephen Okyere Larbi
Eld. James Okoampa

-Koforidua District Pastor
-Adweso District Pastor
-Stewardship/Strategic Planning Director (EGC)
-Retired
-New Life District Pastor
-Retired Educationist
-Elder, Koforidua Central Church
-Elder, Koforidua Central Church
-Elder, King Emmanuel Church, Koforidua

ORDER OF SERVICE

FUNERAL SERVICE – PART 1

Welcome and Introduction:

Opening Hymn:

Opening Prayer:

Special Song:

Biography & Tributes:

Hymn (Family procession):

Prayer for Bereaved Family:

Offertory:

Offertory Song:

Offertory Blessing:

Scripture Reading:

Special Song:

Sermon:

Closing Hymn:

Announcement:

Benediction:

Honourable Casket Conveyance:

Last Respect Hymn:

-Eld. Samuel Ankomah Kyei
-S.D.A.H 523 "My Faith Has Found a Resting Place"

-Ps. Emmanuel Odamey Kagya

-Singing Band

-Ps. Bernard Adu-Yeboah

-S.D.A.H 50 "Abide With Me"

-Ps. Osei Bonsu Sarpong

-Ps. Seth Ofori Boakye

-Eastern Central Band

-Ps. Seth Ofori Boakye

-Ps. Sampson Osei Owusu

-Church Choir

-Ps. Fred Opoku Boakye

-S.D.A.H 530 – "It Is Well With My Soul"

-Elder Agyei Nketia Obempong

-Ps. Fred Opoku Boakye

-A.Y.M.

-S.D.A.H 450 – "Beautiful Zion, Built Above"

BURIAL & COMMITTAL SERVICE (AT THE GRAVESIDE)– PART 2

Coordinator :

Opening Hymn:

Prayer:

Committal:

Wreath Laying:

Hymn:

Vote of Thanks:

-Eld Stephen Okyere Larbi

-S.D.A.H 441 – "I Saw One Weary"

-Ps. E. Osei Owusu

-Ps. Seth Ofori Boakye

-Elder James Okoampa

-S.D.A.H 445 – "I'm But a Stranger Here"

-Head of Family



THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF OPANIN EMMANUEL OSEI OWUSU (AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS AGYA WUSU OR KOFI WUSU) A LIFE OF QUIET GREATNESS

In a world that often celebrates noise and grandeur, Opanin Emmanuel Osei Owusu stood out by the quiet strength of his character. Affectionately called Agya Wusu or Kofi Wusu, he lived not for applause, yet left behind a legacy deeply etched in the hearts of all who knew him. His was a life rooted in humility, diligence, faith, and love—devoted to God, family, and service. Though his voice is now silent, the echoes of his goodness still resound.

His Early Life

Born on May 14, 1942, in Nkwantanang, Eastern Region, he was the beloved son of Obaapanin Adwoa Antwiwaa and Opanin Bukari, both of blessed memory. He was originally named Emmanuel Owusu, in honour of his maternal grandfather, a respected chief of the town.

He began his early education in Nkwantanang and later continued at the United Elementary School in Osiem, where he lived under the care of his uncle, Mr. Opoku. It was during this period that he adopted the name "Osei", distinguishing himself from another student with the same name. From then on, he became known as Emmanuel Osei Owusu—a name that would carry honour and distinction throughout his life.

Gifted and attentive, he proceeded to Tafo Boys Middle School, where he gained recognition for his brilliance, particularly in mathematics. Later, under the guardianship of another uncle, Pastor Samuel Appiah Dankwah, he began learning to drive, intending to build a career from it. However, when Pastor Dankwah was transferred as part of his missionary duties, the opportunity to continue his driving path ended.

Undeterred, he redirected his life toward farming—a decision that, though humble in appearance, would become a lifelong means of sustenance and contribution.

His Career

Agya Wusu later secured a role as Paymaster at the SDA Education Unit in Koforidua. His unwavering loyalty and integrity earned him the responsibility of handling substantial funds to pay the teachers in an era without banking institutions, and he executed this duty with utmost perfection. With his honesty, attention to detail, and composed demeanour, he quickly earned the respect of his colleagues and superiors.

Unfortunately, during the nationwide retrenchment under the Rawlings administration, he was laid off. But rather than giving in to defeat, he turned his focus entirely to farming—embracing it with quiet determination.



His farm not only sustained his household but also supported many others, embodying the quiet generosity that defined his life.

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY

Agya Wusu found a lifelong companion in Mrs. Margaret Adjare. Together, they nurtured a home built on strong Christian values, discipline, and deep love. Their union was blessed with six children—two sons and four daughters—all of whom have gone on to raise children of their own.

Through them, Opanin Emmanuel Osei Owusu became not just a father, but a grandfather and great-grandfather—a proud patriarch whose influence continues to span generations.



A FAITHFUL SERVANT

A committed Seventh-day Adventist, Opanin Kofi Wusu's life of service to God began with his baptism on 9th November 1968 in Techiman, performed by his uncle, Pastor Samuel Appiah Dankwah. This marked the start of his lifelong dedication to Christ and the church.

He became a foundational figure in the Koforidua Central SDA Church, serving first as a Deacon, and later in the Treasury Department, where he played a pivotal role in establishing the church's welfare system and promoting financial transparency.

Never one to seek titles or recognition, he served quietly but faithfully. His integrity, consistency, and deep spirituality spoke volumes. In every role, no matter how small or large, he conducted himself with humility and grace.

In a moment of deep appreciation, the church honoured him with a beautifully worded citation, celebrating his decades of unwavering commitment and loyal service. It was a moment of heartfelt joy—a public affirmation of a life well lived.

Shortly after receiving this honour, Agya Wusu peacefully bowed out of this life, as though having completed his earthly mission.

HIS FINAL MOMENTS

In his final week—on Tuesday—he visited Newlance Clinic for a routine check-up. No critical issues were discovered. But by Thursday, his health began to decline, prompting a return to the clinic on Friday. He was swiftly referred to the Eastern Regional Hospital, admitted to the Emergency Unit, and later moved to the Intensive Care Unit (ICU). Then, in the gentle hush of Friday evening, 6th June 2025, just as the Sabbath began, he passed away peacefully—a sacred and serene end to a life that had always walked with God.

A LEGACY THAT LIVES ON

Opanin Emmanuel Osei Owusu leaves behind more than memories—he leaves a blueprint of how to live faithfully, serve quietly, and love deeply. He was not a man of many words, but every act, every prayer, every seed he planted—both literally and figuratively—spoke louder than any sermon.

He lived simply.

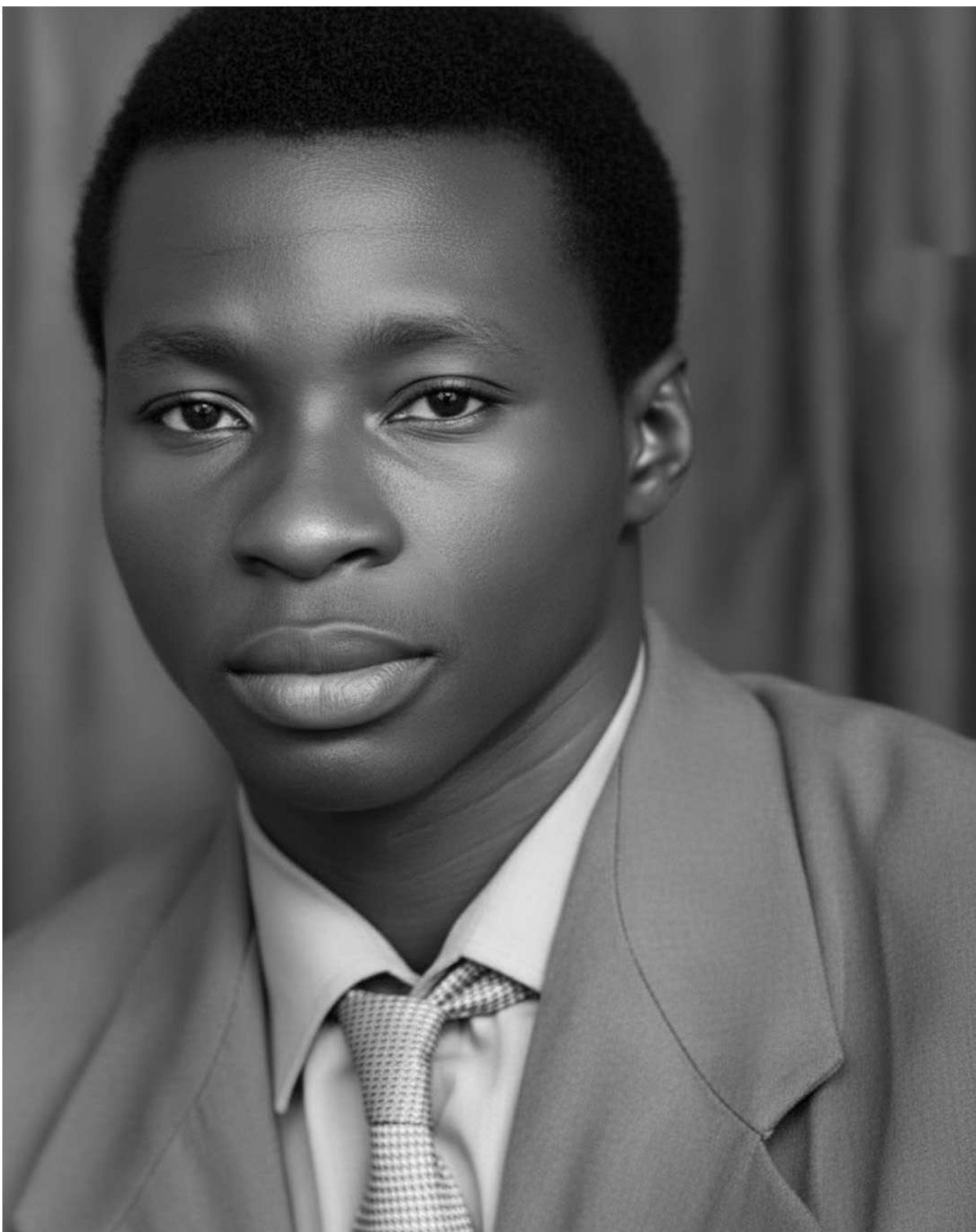
He worked diligently.

He served faithfully.

He loved wholeheartedly.

And now, he rests eternally.

May those who follow after him walk with the same humility, strength, and steadfast faith. Indeed, the melody of his life will continue to play in the hearts of generations to come.



TRIBUTE BY THE KOFORIDUA CENTRAL SDA CHURCH

"It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful." – 1 Corinthians 4:2
The Koforidua Central SDA Church gives glory to God for the life of our dear father and brother, Opanin Emmanuel Osei Owusu, affectionately known as Agya Wusu. Above all else, his life was marked by unwavering faithfulness to God and His church.

From the day of his baptism on 9th November 1968 by Pastor Samuel Appiah Dankwah at Techiman, he remained steadfast in the Lord. For over five decades, he served this church with humility, loyalty, and unshakable commitment. Whether as a deacon or in the Treasury Department, he gave himself fully to God's work. His honesty and diligence strengthened the financial life of the church, and his dedication helped lay the foundations of our welfare system. Like Nehemiah of old, he was a man who could be entrusted with sacred responsibility, and he carried out every duty faithfully and without blemish.

He did not serve for recognition or praise, but for the joy of the Master. Truly, he lived out the words of Paul: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith" (2 Timothy 4:7). His faithfulness was not in words but in action, not in appearance but in devotion.

It was therefore fitting that this church honored him with a great citation in his lifetime—a testimony that his labor was not in vain. Soon after this moment of joy, the Lord called His servant to rest. How blessed that his life ended as it was lived: in faith, in service, and in loyalty to God.

As a church, we affirm with hope: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord... they rest from their labor, and their works follow them" (Revelation 14:13). Indeed, Opanin Wusu's works follow him, and his example of faithfulness will continue to inspire generations yet to come.

Farewell, good and faithful servant. Until the resurrection morning, rest in peace, Opanin Emmanuel Osei Owusu.





Honorary Citation to Opanyin Osei Wusu for his long and dedicated service in the Treasury Department.



TRIBUTE FROM THE GRANDCHILDREN

We stand today with a deep sense of gratitude for the precious, God-given life of our grandfather, Opanyin Emmanuel Osei Owusu—the man we affectionately called Dada.

Dada was a man whose strength wasn't loud; it was deep and quiet. He embodied the best of human qualities: humble, peaceful, and overflowing with unconditional love. He never sought the spotlight, yet his life was a light that profoundly touched every one of us. His gentle manner was our most enduring lesson in living a life marked by kindness, unwavering patience, and deep faith.

Da was, quite simply, our anchor. His presence was a constant, comforting assurance throughout our lives.

We grew up shielded by his prayers, guided by his wise words, and surrounded by his boundless love. No matter the challenge or the celebration, Da was our steady hand, our safe harbor, and a comforting presence in every season. We are eternally thankful for every blessing his exemplary life brought to ours.

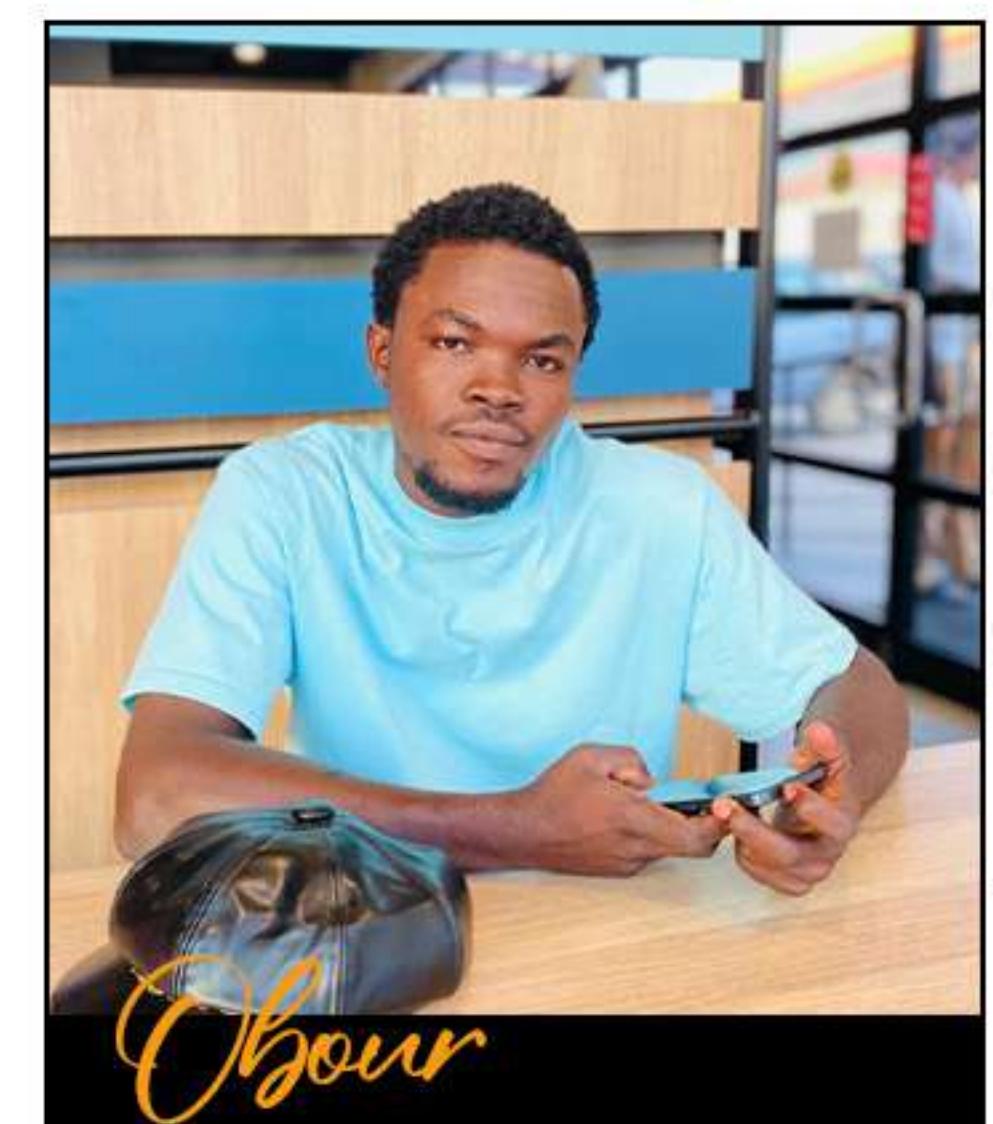
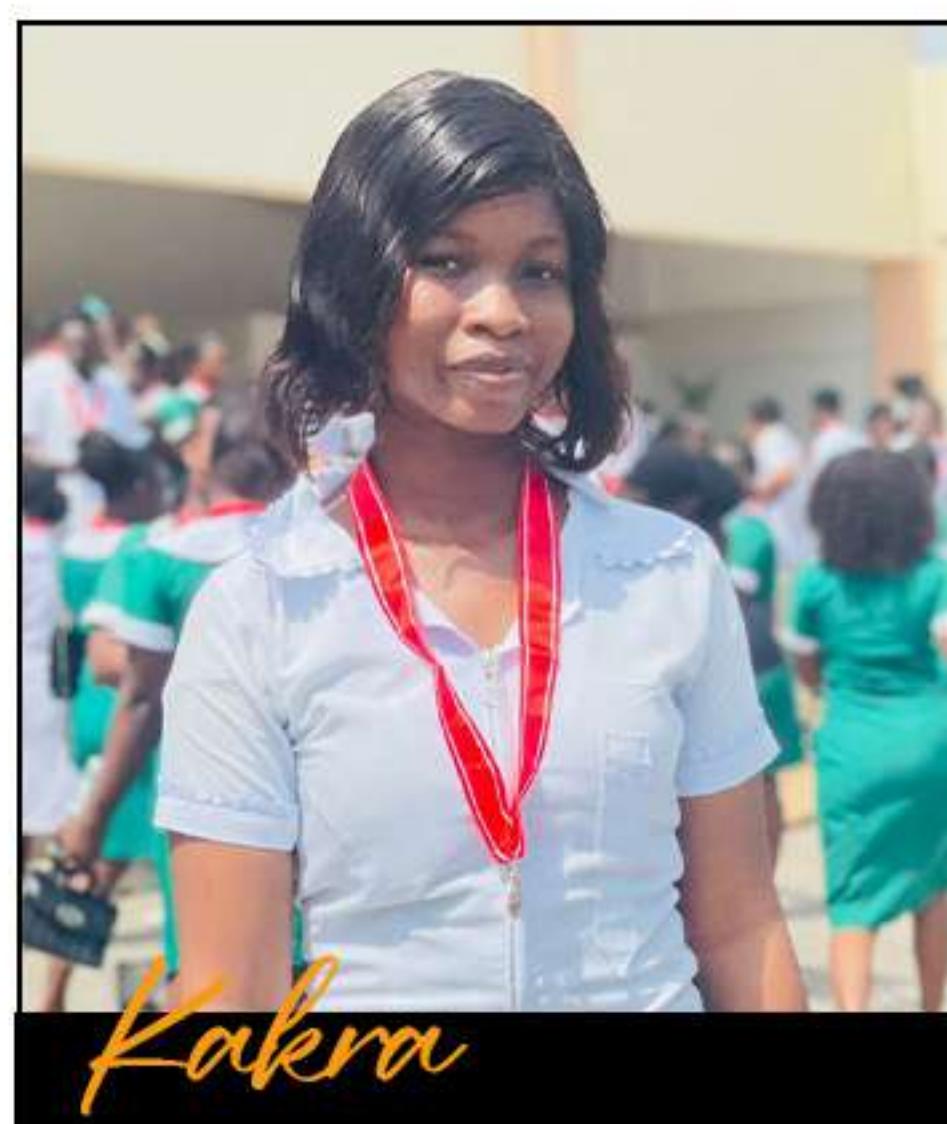
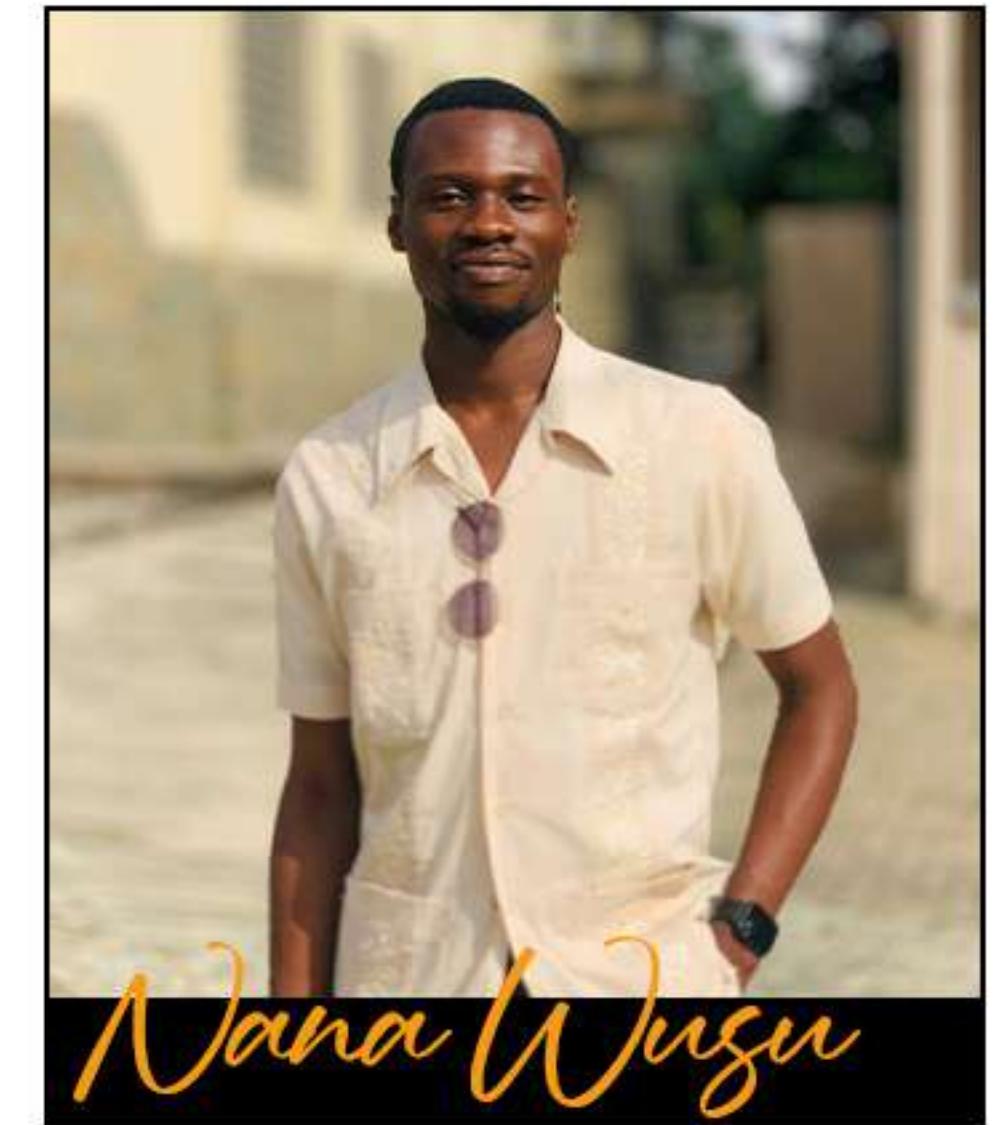
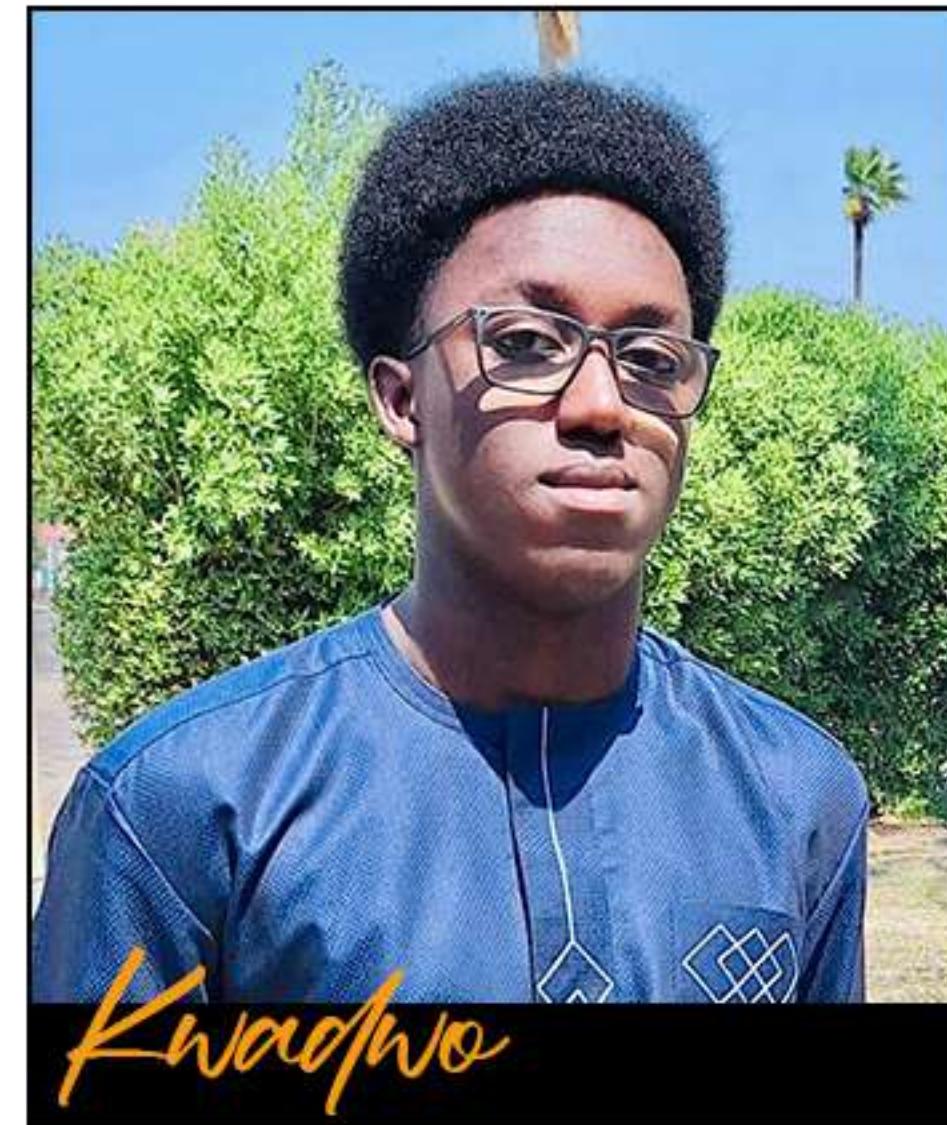
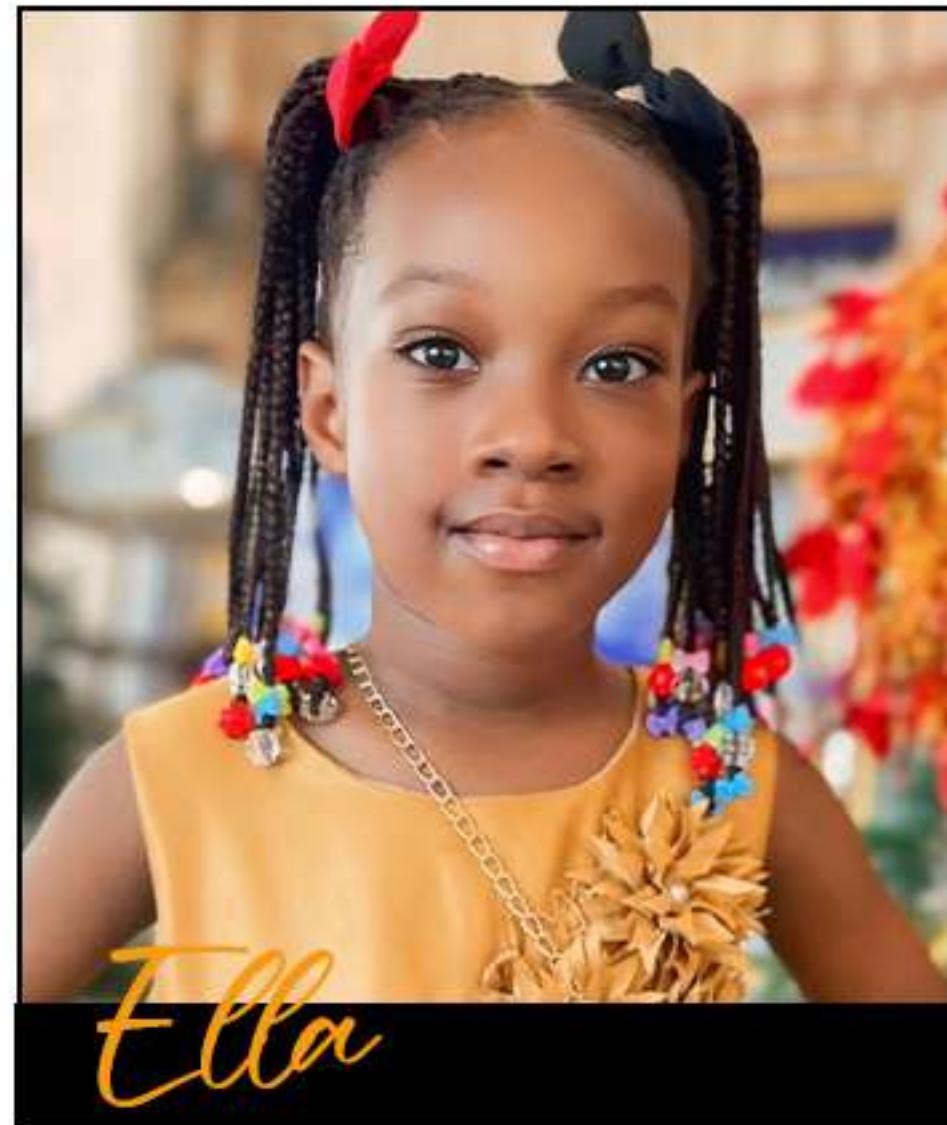
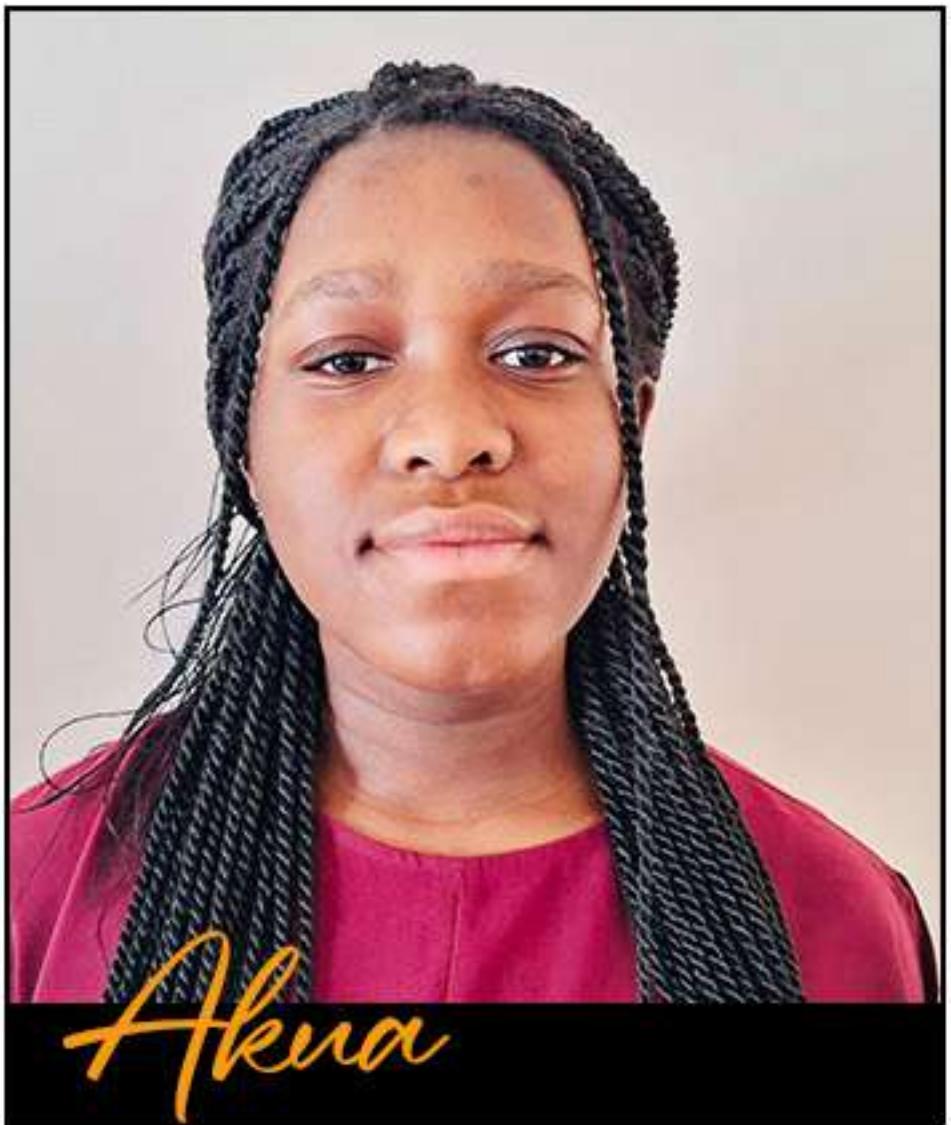
We will forever carry the memory of his remarkable compassion, particularly the selfless, loving care he provided for our dear cousin, Dennis, before his passing. This act of devotion revealed the true depth of his selfless nature and the incredible capacity of his heart. It was a powerful, living example of what it means to love and serve truly.

Though our hearts ache because Da is no longer physically with us, his spirit is an indelible part of who we are. It lives on in the values he instilled, the lessons he left behind, and the rich tapestry of our shared memories. His prayers, like a lingering echo, continue to resonate in our hearts, and his profound love will forever be our guiding star.

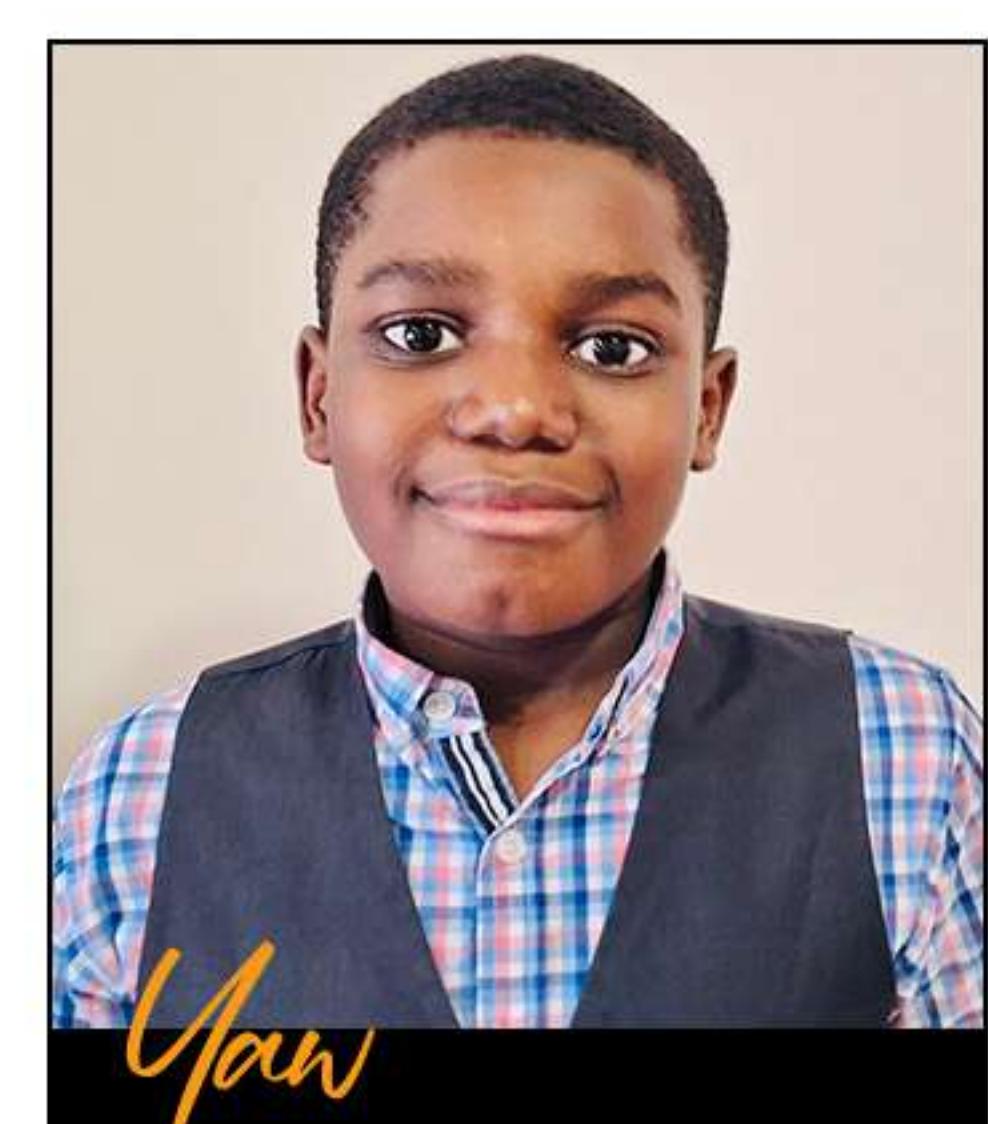
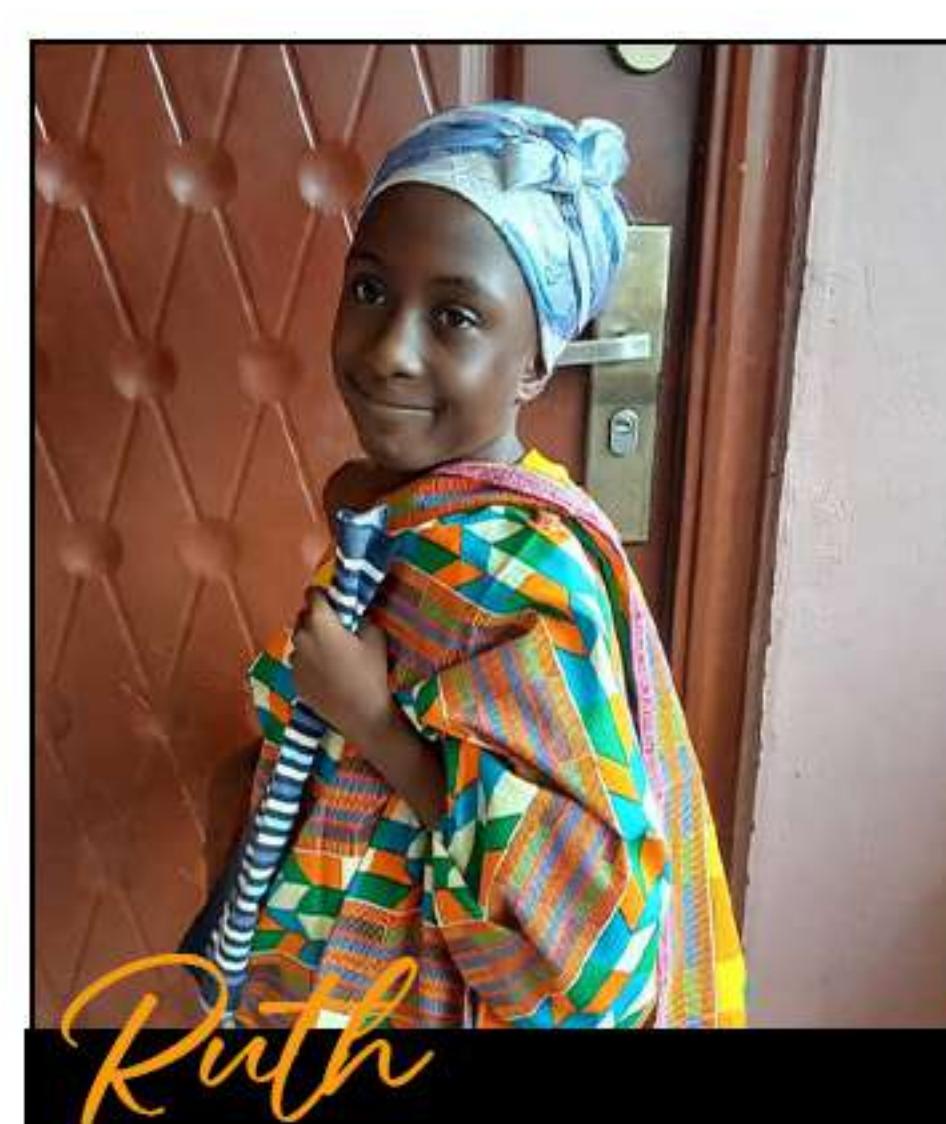
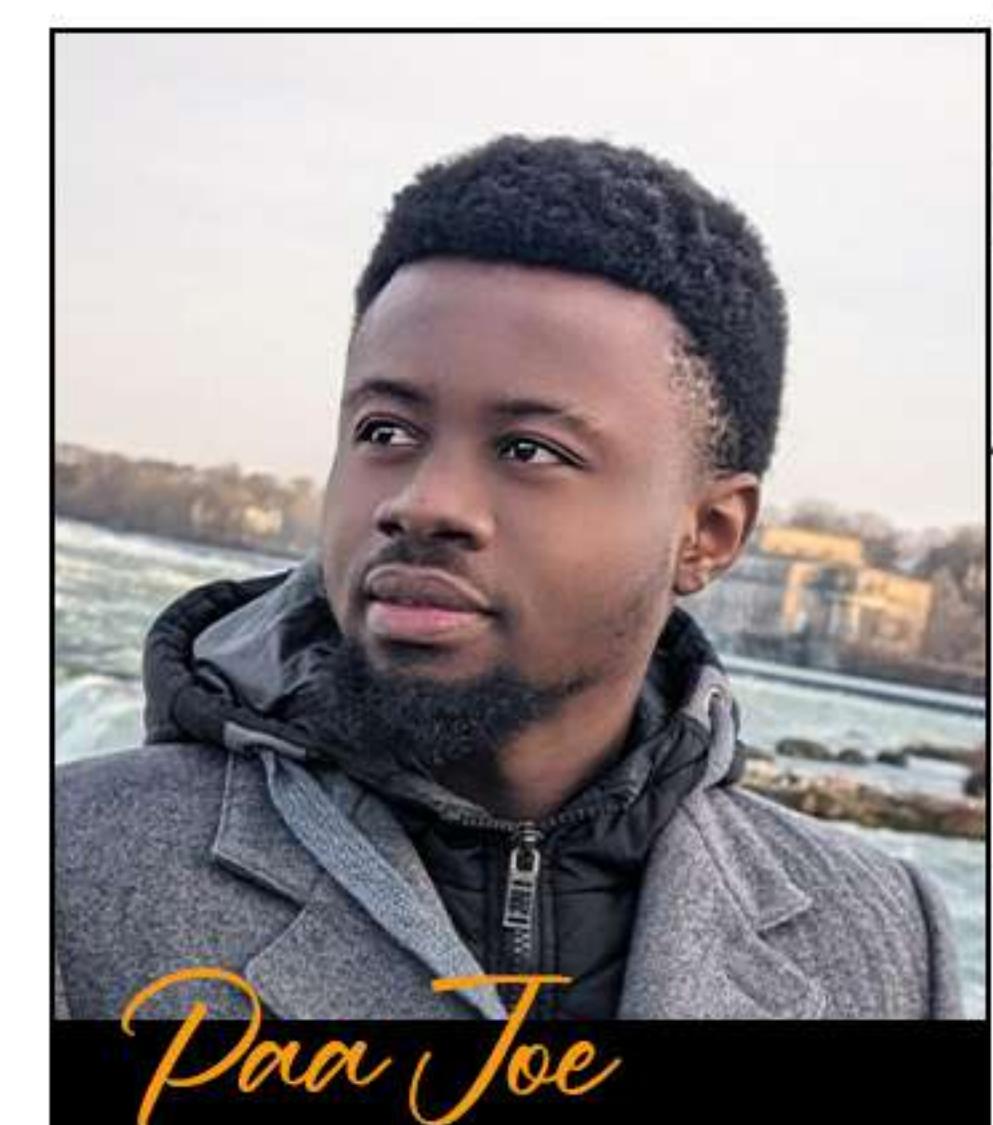
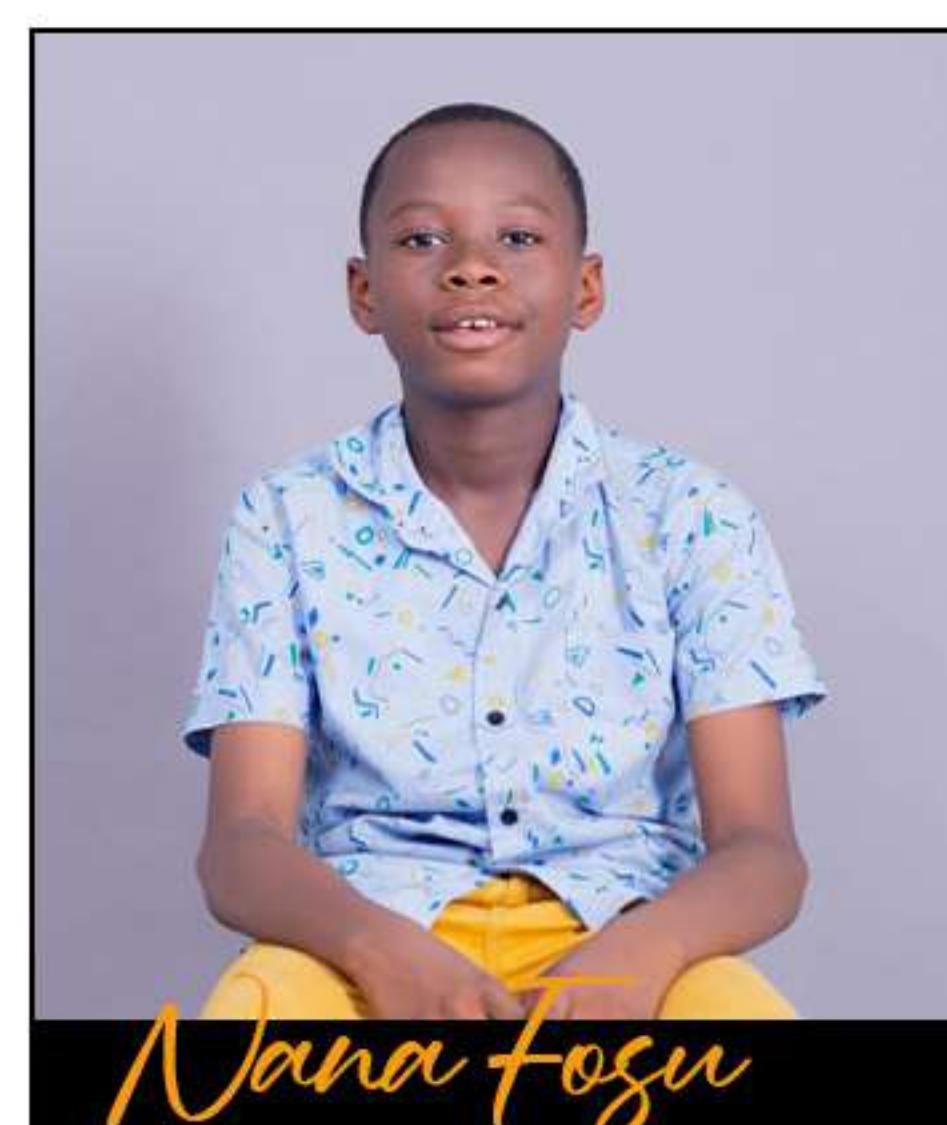
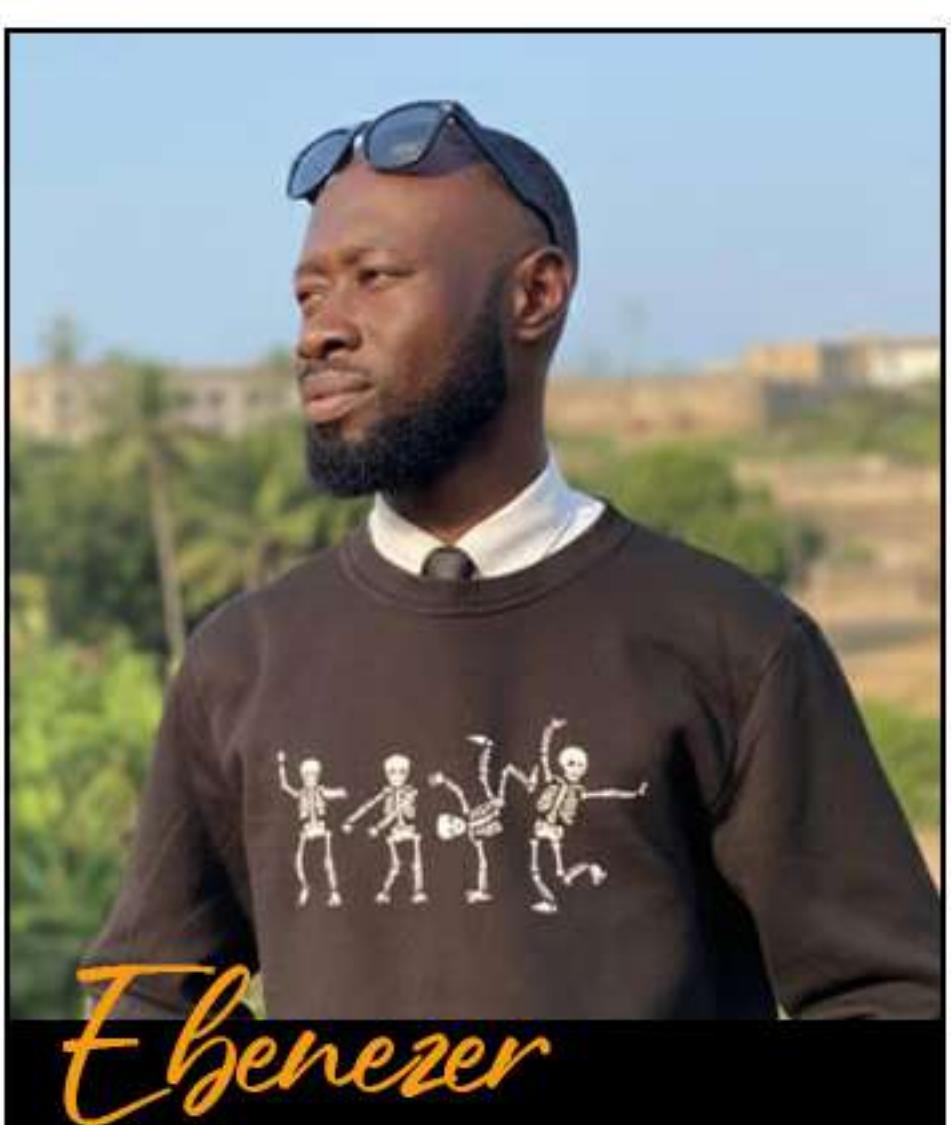
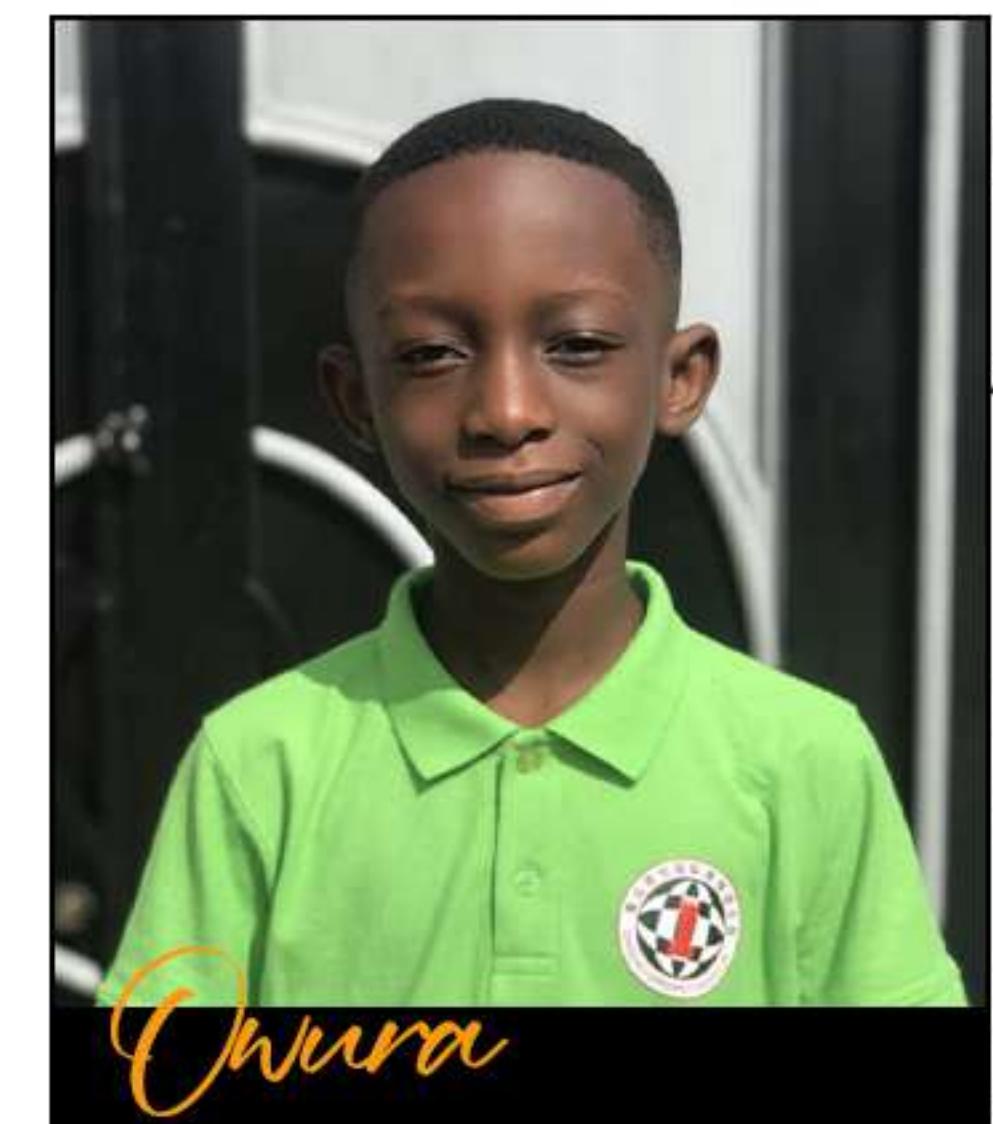
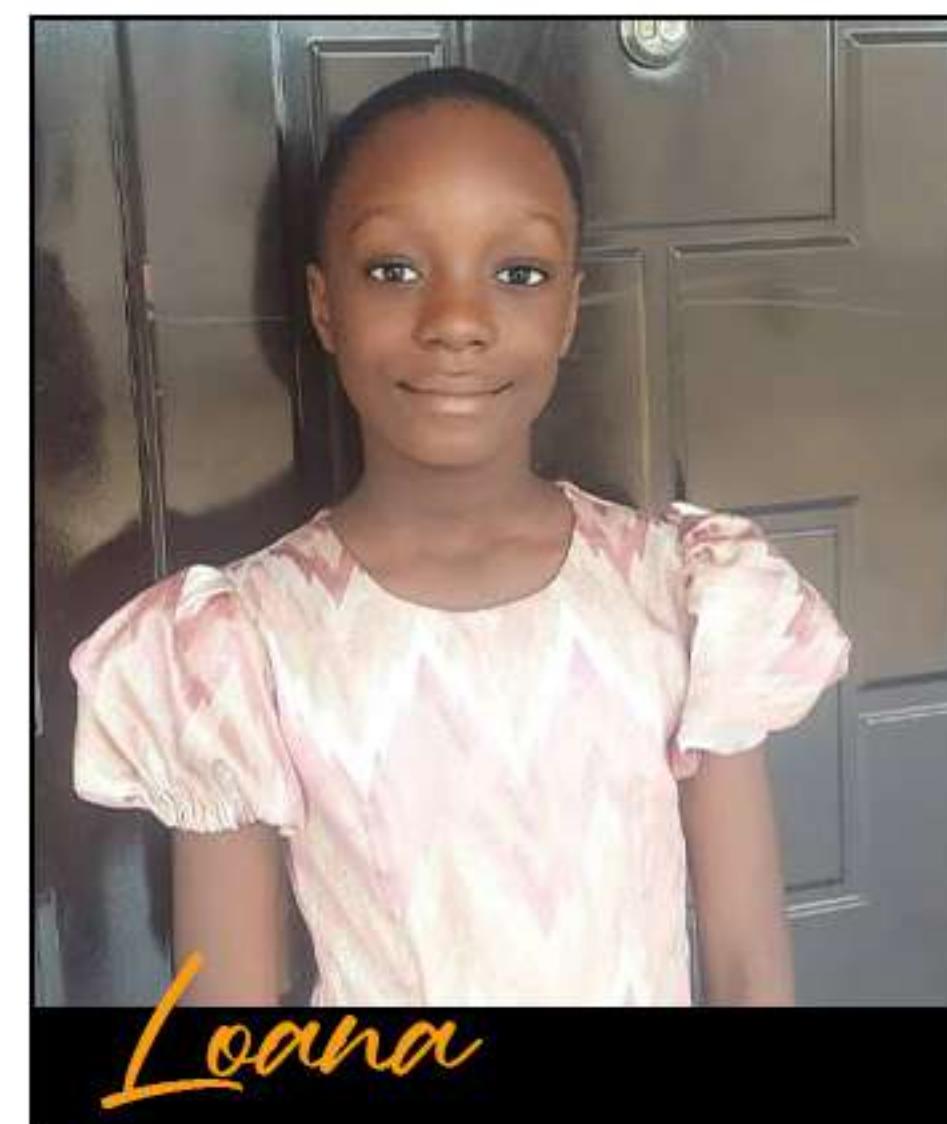
Rest in perfect peace, Da. You fought the good fight and ran your race with grace. We love you more than words can say and promise to honor your memory always.

-GRANDCHILDREN





GRANDCHILDREN





GREAT GRANDCHILDREN



A TRIBUTE BY IN-LAWS TO OUR BELOVED FATHER-IN-LAW, AGYA OWUSU

We wish you were alive to hear these testaments. The question is, what would it profit the dead when we shower praises upon him? We know this will not impact your life; we should have sung your praises while you were alive. However, we understand that we are singing and reciting your praises and testament today to edify ourselves, draw strength from your legacy, and find inspiration in your remarkable life, for "a wise man's heart discerns both time and judgment" (Ecclesiastes 8:5).

Agya Owusu, your legacy lives on through the countless lives you touched and has become a yardstick and testament for us today. Your warm smile and open door welcomed everyone, creating a sense of belonging and love that transcended family ties. Your simplicity and humility inspired us to live life with purpose and kindness, showing us that true greatness lies in serving others.

We remember your gentle guidance, your listening ear, and your generous heart, which always seemed to find a way to make everyone feel seen and heard. You showed us that true strength lies in compassion, calmness, simplicity, patience, empathy, and understanding. You never rushed to talk; instead, you listened more and spoke less, which made you a repository of knowledge and wisdom.

As the African proverb goes, "A tree is reflected by its fruit," and your children, thus, our wives and husbands, have borne fruit in their lives, reflecting the values and character you instilled in them. Your fairness and impartiality were remarkable; you never took sides or favored one over the other, always seeking to understand each perspective. Your wisdom and balanced perspective helped us navigate family and marriage conflicts, and we deeply respect your approach, which was always guided by a deep sense of justice and compassion.

Though you are gone, your humane, resolute, and finest approach to resolving family and marriage conflicts lingers on, a testament to the enduring power of your legacy. Indeed, you may be gone, but you will live on for years to come, in the hearts of those who knew you and in the lessons you taught us. As another African proverb says, "When the parent's house is clean, the children's house will be clean," and your legacy has set a high standard for us to follow.

We testify that your presence in our lives as in-laws brought a wave of rich and memorable experiences. Yet, one in particular stands out, shared by one of us, Mr. Ayisi Gyekye. He recalls:

"As I was about to marry Rachael, I recalled the wise saying, "When you are going into marriage, ask." This resonated deeply with me, and I realized that your family's values and character were a significant part of what I was marrying into. When I met a man who congratulated me on my upcoming wedding and asked about my bride-to-be's family, I mentioned your name, and his face lit up with delight. "You're lucky," he exclaimed, his happiness stemming from the knowledge that I was marrying into a household renowned for its warmth, peace, good moral values, and integrity."

Agya Owusu, today the good moral precedence you set up is telling us that parents who, because of their moral decadence and bad parenting style, are casting a snare on their children's marriage and even preventing others from marrying from their family, should change the narrative from attributing their predicament to negative influences and rather consider their own actions. As the proverb goes, "A child who is not taught how to respect others will not respect others." Indeed, you taught your children and others the importance of respect, kindness, and compassion.

As we bid you farewell, dear father-in-law, we take comfort in the promise of a future reunion. And as the Bible says, 'For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed' (1 Corinthians 15:52). Until then, rest well, knowing that your legacy lives on in our hearts and will continue to inspire us to live lives of love, kindness, and compassion. May your memory be a blessing to us, and may we one day reunite in the presence of the 'Obbolebole' (Almighty), where love and joy will be forever. When a great tree falls, its seeds remain, and so do the countless lives you've touched and the sweet memories we've shared. Amen!



IN-LAWS



TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

Brother Owusu is the name we used to call him. It is indeed a Herculean task to find words to describe his nature, for we may underestimate his virtues. In fact, on the ladder of perfection, no human is perfect, but Mr. Owusu could be considered a superhuman being under any critical examination of his personality.

Apart from being a quiet man, he was a very respectful person—kindhearted and humble—and exhibited a high degree of humility toward all manner of people.

Being born into a family of Adventists, he did well to walk in the path of righteousness, exhibiting Christ-like character, avoiding all forms of social vices, and tempting situations that could lure him to the devil's bait.

His love was not only to the family but extended to every human being, regardless of his or her status.

Touching on his spiritual life, the fruits of patience and humbleness could be clearly seen in him. He could be described as a person who could walk on eggs and not cause a break. He loved every member of the family dearly.

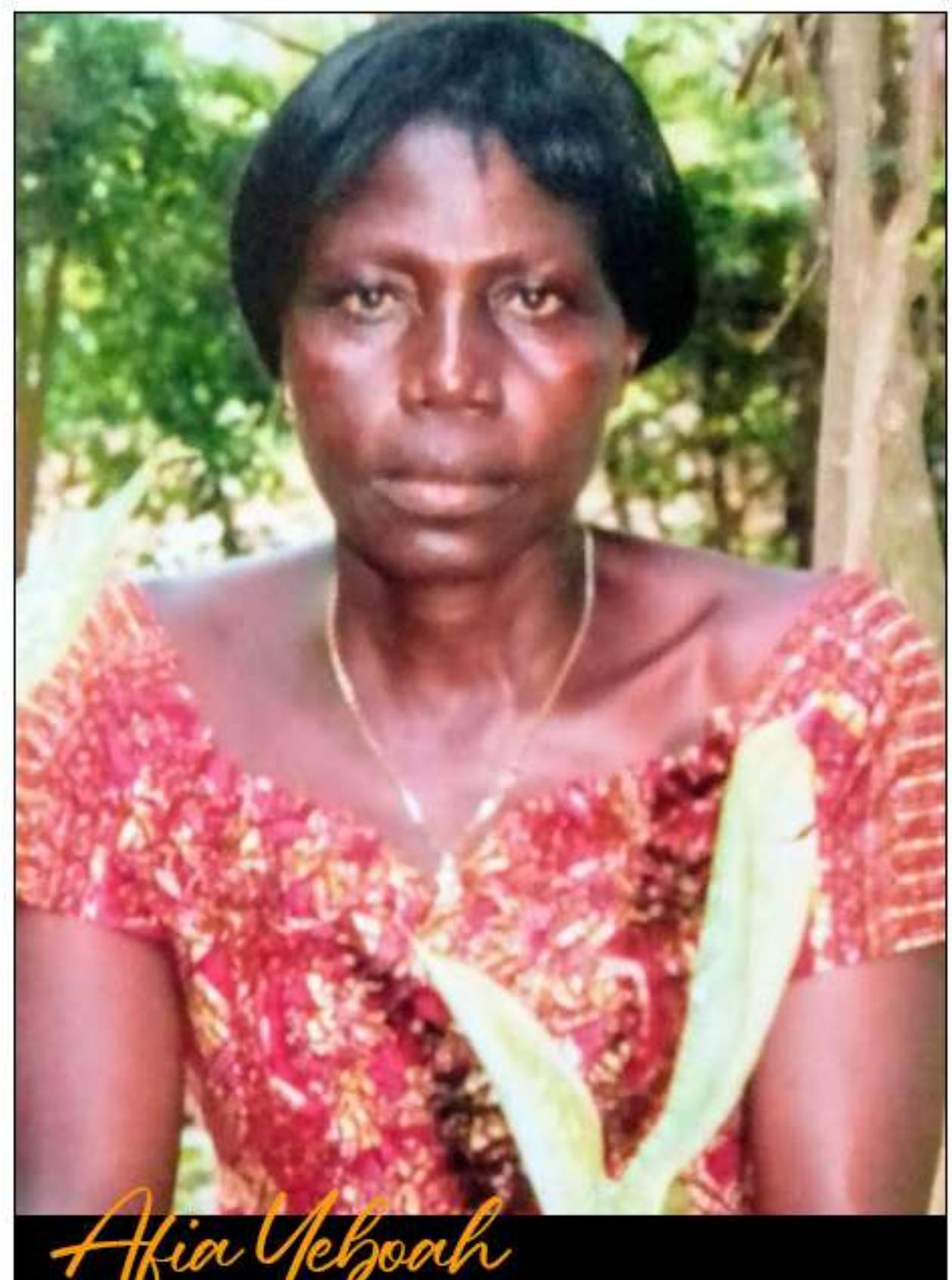
He was fair and firm and avoided selective justice in dealing with issues.

The greatest challenge of the family was how long such a legend would live to serve as a model for future generations to emulate.

The death of our brother has created a big vacuum that might be extremely difficult to fill. It is our hope that the Good Lord would do that for us.

Our beloved and good brother, we wish you a peaceful and perfect rest in our Lord. Brother Owusu, Nante yie!

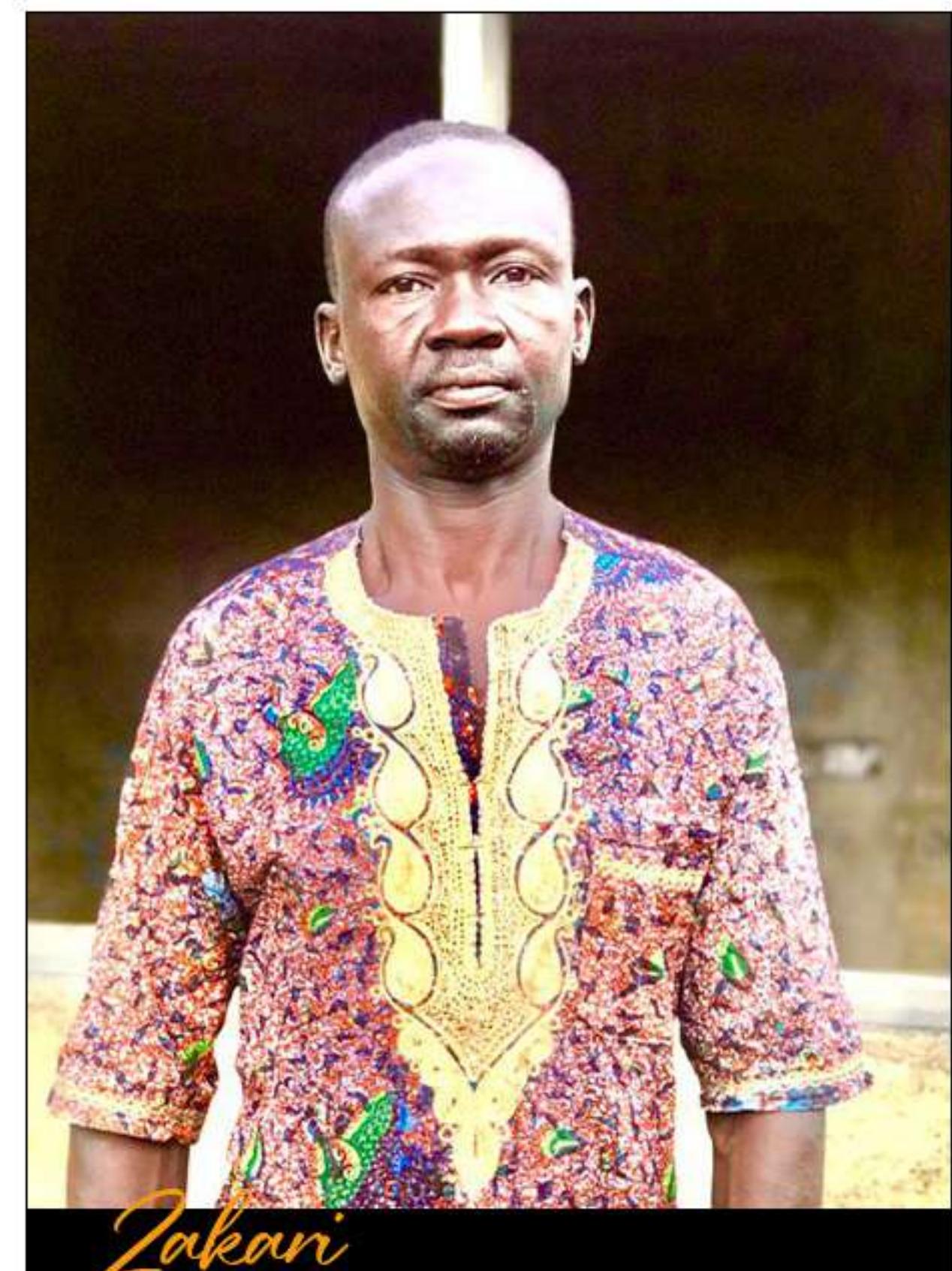
SIBLINGS



Afia Yehoah



Pg. Adu-Yehoah



Zakari



EULOGY FOR A DEVOTED FATHER

We gather today not only to mourn a loss but to celebrate the life of our father. A life marked not by grand titles or worldly accolades, but by quiet, relentless strength.

Though words can never fully capture who he was or the depth of our loss, we will try — because he deserves to be remembered and honored.

Agya Wusu, as he was affectionately called, was a man of modest beginnings, whose formal education may have stopped early, but whose schooling in resilience, discipline, and selflessness was lifelong.

With calloused hands and unwavering determination, he shaped a future far brighter than the one handed to him. No hardship was too heavy. No sacrifice was too great. He carried them all on his back if it meant his children could walk a smoother path.

He worked through storms, through droughts, through hardship — pushing past pain and exhaustion, driven by a dream he held not for himself, but for us, so that we, his children, would never have to carry the same burden. Because to him, our future was everything.

No matter how little was in his pocket, he made sure there was food on the table, that there were shoes on our feet, and love in our home. There was no sacrifice too great, no need of ours too small.

Agya Wusu didn't read from textbooks, yet he taught us lessons we'll never forget:

- **That integrity matters more than recognition**
- **That consistency is more powerful than brilliance**
- **And that love—real love—is shown in action, not words**

He was the kind of man who didn't speak of love often, but showed it every single day. He showed his love in the cracked hands that built our lives. He showed his love in the tired smile he wore after a long day in the field. In this way, he stood as both father and provider, never asking for thanks and never expecting praise.

To many, he may have seemed an ordinary man. But to us — he was a giant. A hero. Our foundation.

As we say goodbye, our hearts are heavy, but they are also full. Our hearts are full of the love he gave us, full of the lessons he taught us, our hearts are full of gratitude for the life he lived.



Rest well, Daddy. Your work here is done. You may not have worn titles or earned degrees, but in our eyes, you were the greatest teacher, the strongest protector, and the kindest soul we've ever known.

The Lord has called home a faithful servant. Dad's journey on earth is complete, but his spirit rejoices in the presence of his Creator.

Though his voice is no longer heard, the lessons he taught and the love he gave remain etched in our hearts.

We will carry your legacy with pride. We will walk the paths you cleared for us. And we will honor you not only in memory, but in the way we live, in what we give, and in how we love.

We grieve, but not without hope, for we know we will see him again in glory.

Thank you.

-Children

CHILDREN

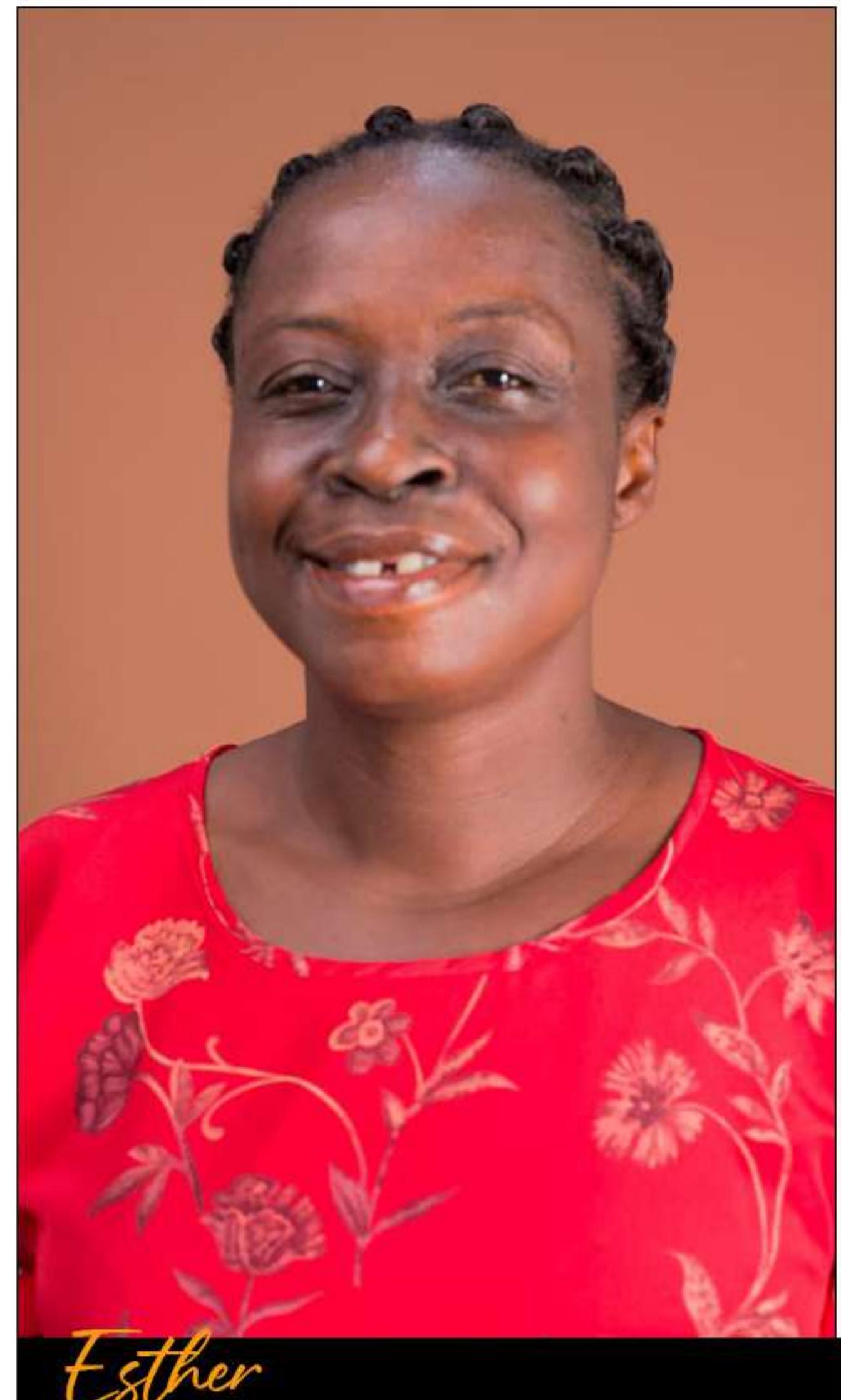




Francisca



Chris



Esther



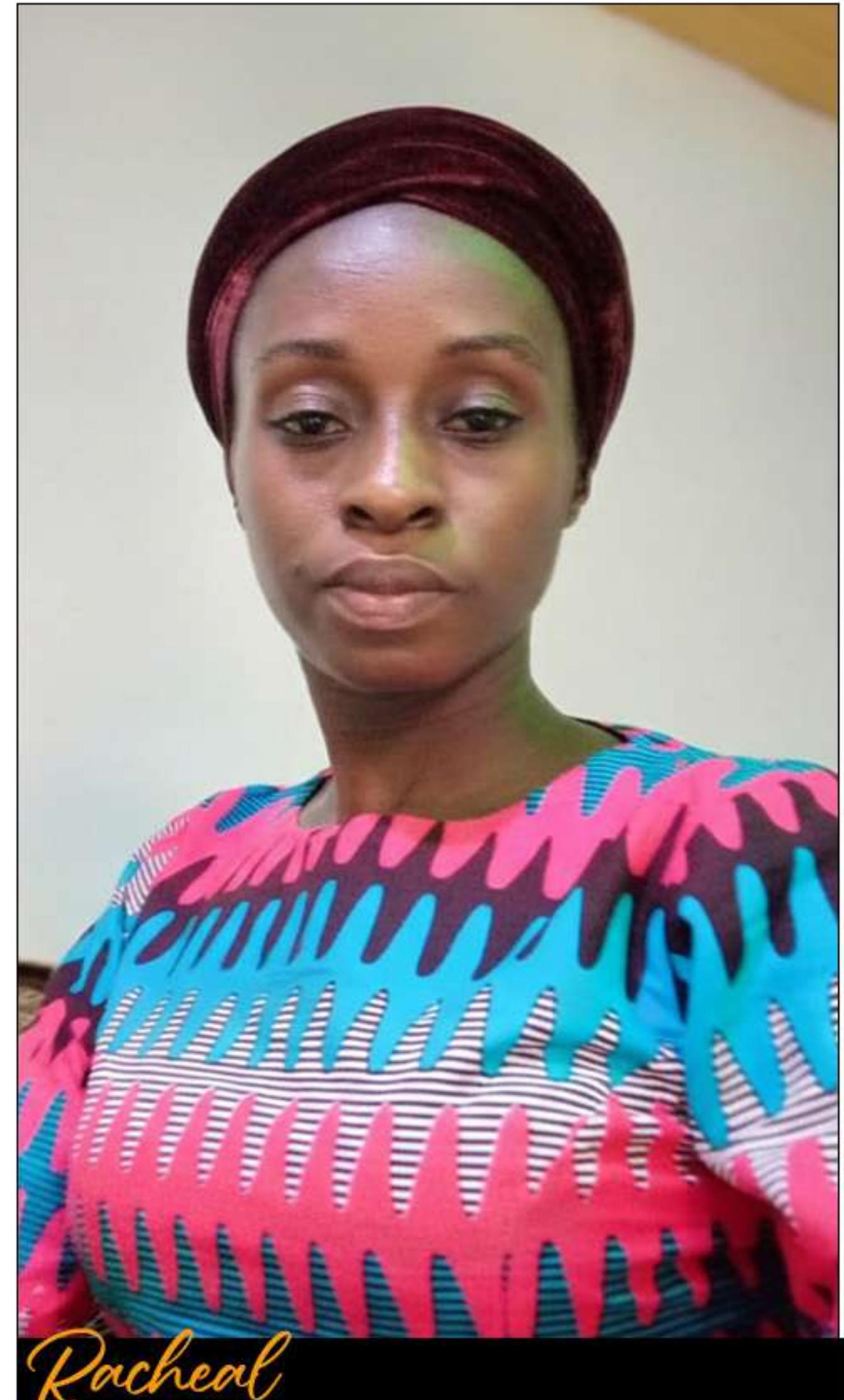
CHILDREN



Becky



Sammy



Racheal

TRIBUTE FROM YOUR BELOVED WIFE

Ao, Kofi Wusu... hmm.

My dear husband, my companion, my everything — how can I put into words the pain of losing you? Each day without you feels empty, each night unbearably long.

You and I shared everything — our joys, our struggles, our laughter, and our faith. You were my partner in all things, and together we built a life of love and devotion.

Now that all the children are married and living in their own homes, it was just the two of us left in this house — sharing laughter, stories, and companionship every day. And now, you too have gone, leaving me all alone. Who will I have conversations with when everyone is away? How could you not tell me it was time? Ah, death is such a cruel visitor.

Indeed, Ecclesiastes was absolutely right: "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, one will lift up his companion." You lifted me up countless times, and walked faithfully by my side through every season of life.

Even our neighbors knew how inseparable we were. They never saw one without the other — especially on Sabbath mornings, when we would step out together, dressed and ready for church. That picture of unity, of love, of companionship, is broken, and I feel the emptiness every day.

You lived your life in sacrifice, always putting your family first. You worked hard, denied yourself many comforts, and carried heavy burdens just so your wife and children would never lack. Your love was not only spoken but shown in the sacrifices you made daily. For that, I thank you — and so do the children. We are forever grateful.

You were my rock, my life partner, my greatest blessing under the sun. You loved me with tenderness, cared for me with devotion, and honored me in all things. Truly, you were not only a faithful servant of God but also a faithful husband to me.

What more can I say? Death has separated us for a while, but it has not silenced my love for you. That love will remain with me until the day Christ calls us to rise, when we shall meet again and never part.

Sleep well, my dearest. Rest in the arms of the Lord you served so faithfully.

- WIFE



Mrs. Margaret Afoare Owusu







SDAH 445
I'M BUT A STRANGER HERE

I'm but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heav'n is my fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.

2

What though the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be over past;
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home.

3

There at my Savior's side
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I, too, shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

SDAH 441
I SAW ONE WEARY

I saw one weary, sad, and torn,
With eager steps press on the way,
Who long the hallowed cross had
born,
Still looking for the promised day;
While many a line of grief and care,
Upon his brow was furrowed there;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
"O this" said he—"the blessed hope."

2

And one I saw, with sword and shield,
Who boldly braved the world's cold
frown,
And fought, unyielding, on the field,
To win an everlasting crown.
Though worn with toil, oppressed by
foes,

No murmur from his heart arose;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
"O this!" said he—"the blessed hope."

3

And there was one who left behind
The cherished friends of early years,
And honor, pleasure, wealth re-signed,
To tread the path bedewed with tears.
Through trials deep and conflict sore,
Yet still a smile of joy he wore;
O! what can buoy the spirit up?
'Tis this alone—the blessed hope.

4

While pilgrims here we journey on
In this dark vale of sin and gloom,
Through tribulation, hate, and scorn,
Or through the portals of the tomb,
Till our returning King shall come
To take His exile captives home,
O! what can buoy the spirits up?
'Tis this alone—the blessed hope.



SDAH 50
ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2

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

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, Lord, abide with me.

4

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!

SDAH 523
MY FAITH HAS FOUND A RESTING PLACE

My faith has found a resting place,
Not in a manmade creed;
I trust the ever living One,
That He for me shall plead.

Refrain

I need no other evidence,
I need no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And rose again for me.

2

Enough for me that Jesus saves,
This ends my fear and doubt;
A sinful soul, I come to Him,
He will not cast me out.

3

My soul is resting on the Word,
The living Word of God,
Salvation in my Savior's name,
Salvation through His blood.

4

My great Physician heals the sick,
The lost He came to save;
For me His precious blood He shed,
For me His life He gave.



SDAH 450
BEAUTIFUL ZION

Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple, God its light.

2

Beautiful trees forever there,
Beautiful fruit they always bear,
Beautiful rivers gliding by,
Beautiful fountains never dry.

3

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.

SDAH 530
IT IS WELL

When peace, like a river, attendeth my
way, When sorrows like sea billows
roll—Whatever my lot, Thou hast
taught me to say, It is well, it is well
with my soul.

Refrain: It is well with my soul, It is
well, it is well with my soul.

2.

My sin—O the joy of this glorious
thought—My sin, not in part, but the
whole, Is nailed to the cross, and I
bear it no more: Praise the Lord,
praise the Lord, O my soul!

3.

And, Lord, haste the day when my
faith shall be sight, The clouds be
rolled back as a scroll: The trump shall
resound and the Lord shall descend,
Even so—it is well with my soul.

SDAH 428
SWEET BY AND BY

.There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar; For
the Father waits over the way, To
prepare us a dwelling place there.

Refrain: In the sweet by and by, We
shall meet on that beautiful shore; In
the sweet by and by, We shall meet
on that beautiful shore.

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3. To our bountiful Father above, We
will offer a tribute of praise, For the
glorious gift of His love, And the
blessings that hallow our days





Sincere

THANKS

We wish to express our sincere gratitude to all those who have supported us during this time of loss.

Your efforts have not gone unnoticed and may the Almighty God richly bless you.

The Owusu Family

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If my parting has left a void, then fill it with remembered joy,
a friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow, I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I've savored much; Good friends, good times,
a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief Don't lengthen it now
with undue grief. Lift up your heart and share with me...
God wanted me now, He set me free

~ Anne Lindgren