

In Memoriam

MRS.
**Esther
EFUA OBEMA
ACKON
(A.K.A. SISTER EFUA)**

— 1963 – 2025 —

F O R E V E R I N O U R H E A R T S

FOR HER DAY HAD COME

*One day it happened
In a blink of an eye
So sadly her life ended
Without a chance to say goodbye
She was such a happy woman
With a beautiful smile
Without a care in the world
She made it worthwhile
She made everyone think
And played with their mind
She gave a quick wink
As their faces shined
The sisterhood has gone
With smiles and good times
No partner to sing our songs
No best friend to sing our rhymes
For her day had come
To fly off to heaven
And visit our mum
In a happy haven
She left us all
Without a goodbye kiss
She was the kind of woman
The ONE we will miss.*





BURIAL, FUNERAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE
OF THE LATE
MRS. ESTHER EFUA OBEMA ACKON
(A.K.A. SISTER EFUA)
1963 - 2025

BURIAL SERVICE
ON SATURDAY 25TH OCTOBER, 2025
AT EMMANUEL METHODIST CHURCH,
NEW TAFO AKIM | AT **7:30 AM**

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rt. Rev. Michael A. Bossman (Imm. Past Administrative Bishop,
The Methodist Church Ghana).
Rt. Rev. Dennis J. Boadu (Diocesan Bishop, Koforidua)
Very Rev James Ampiah- Supt. Minister New Tafo Circuit
Rev. Isaac Kyeremeh, Circuit Minister, New Tafo
Other Clergy

IN ATTENDANCE

Organist - Bro. Benjamin Ofori
Choir master - Bro. Frank Aryee
Emmanuel Methodist Church Choir, New Tafo-Akim
Christ The King Methodist Church Choir, Nsukwao Koforidua
Harmonious Chorale, Ghana



ORDER OF SERVICE

SATURDAY, 25TH OCTOBER, 2025



A. PRE-BURIAL SERVICE: 7.30 am - 8.30am

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Opening Sentences / Scripture Reading | |
| Hymn | MHB 99 |
| Opening Prayer | |
| Hymn | MHB 515 |
| Filing Past | MHB 611, 427, 199, 478 |
| Tributes | |
| Filing Past | MHB 490, 428, 602, 511 |
| Prayer | |
| Hymn | MHB 878 |
| Closure of Casket | |

B. BURIAL SERVICE 8:30 AM

1. Processional Hymn Choir
2. Sentences
3. Purpose of Gathering
4. Hymn - MHB 50 CAN 14
5. Prayer
6. Biography
7. Tributes
(a) Children
(b) Ewurakua (Sister)
(c) Church
8. Hymn - MHB 607 C.A.N. 198
9. Lessons:
(A) Psalm 90:1-12
(B) John 14:1-6, 27
10. Offertory - Mass Choir
11. Hymn MHB 831 C. A. N. 267
12. Sermon
13. Affirmation of Faith
14. Christian Charity - Hamonious Chorale

C. THANKSGIVING SERVICE

1. Hymn MHB 528 C. A. N. 172
2. Prayer
3. Commendation and the Lord's Prayer
4. Hymn MHB 651 C. A. N.
5. Concluding Prayer
6. Announcement
7. Closing Hymn M.H.B. 615 C.A.N. 203
8. Benediction
9. Dead March in Saul
10. Recessional Hymn

D. AT THE GRAVESIDE

1. Hymn MHB 468 CAN 152
2. Committal Prayers
3. Vote Of Thanks
4. Hymn MHB 967 C.A.N. 324
5. Benediction





A LIFE WELL
LIVED

Biography of the Late

MRS. ESTHER EFUA OBEMA ACKON
(A.K.A. SISTER EFUA)

**SO, TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS,
THAT WE MAY HAVE A HEART OF
WISDOM. PSALM 90:12**

The late Mrs. Esther Ackon, affectionately called Sister Efua or Esther Quartey, by family and friends was born on 7th June, 1963 at New Tafo to Mr. David Aidoo Quartey from Apam Anona Royal family and Madam Dorcas Orkoh (A.K.A. Auntie Esi) of the Agona Okusu Bentsir family of Mumford (both of blessed memory). Sis. Efua was the 4th of 7 siblings born to her parents. Namely, Grace, Adantwi(Uncle John), Sekum, Efua, Fiifi, Esi Atta and Ewurakua.

EDUCATION

Living with her parents, she started her elementary education at Roman Catholic Primary & Middle Schools, New Tafo-Akim (1970-1980) and completed the standard seven as it was then called. After that she continued her education at the Ofori Panin Secondary School from 1980 to 1981. She then continued to Tema Secondary School (1981-1985) where she lived with her maternal uncle, the Late Rev. Orkoh Ampah. After completion of secondary school, she decided to come back home and aid in the family business, a profession she held onto, till she was called into eternity.

RELIGIOUS LIFE

The Late Sis. Efua was born, baptized and confirmed into the Methodist faith. As a staunch Methodist, she joined the church choir in 1981 till her demise. Within the choir, she held various positions at both society and circuit levels. She also joined the Susanna Wesley Mission Auxiliary (SUWMA) from 2010 till her demise into eternity.



She never relented in honouring her spiritual obligations in the church. Her payments of tithes, harvest contribution, pledges, dues were regularly and faithfully honoured. Even in ill health, when she could not attend church, she made sure her contributions were sent through her family. She held unto her faith persistently even to the point that, on her sick bed, when she was asked how she was faring, her response was "Awurade Adom nti, me ho yε".

These were her last words. She gave up thirty minutes after her response.

FAMILY LIFE

Since her parents were staunch members of the Methodist Church, she also joined the church enrolling as a chorister. Her singing prowess and artistics were admired by the Late Edward Ackon who later asked for her hand in marriage. They were joined in a holy matrimony as husband and wife in the year 1988. They were blessed with three children; Theresa, Derrick and Samuel whom we are mourning with today.

BUSINESS AND SOCIAL LIFE

Sis. Efua was very sociable, jovial and generous. She will give out her last penny even when it will affect her. "She fed me when she didn't even know my name", said someone who heard she was no more. A lot of people benefitted from her benevolence – gifted bread to lots of people.

Since her mother was a baker, she needed no introduction to enter the baking business. She was her mother's right – hand person in her endeavors. She assiduously helped her mother in selling bread and pastries both in the market and around town with her siblings.

In her baking business, she took some people under her wings and taught them the art of baking. She guided them through learning the baking of bread and pastries at large.

SUNSET ON HER LIFE

On the 1st June, 2025, she together with the family had a thanksgiving at the church. Together, they thanked the Lord for her good health after a series of illness over the past year, but was later admitted after complaining of stomach ache on the 18th June, 2025 at the New Tafo Government Hospital and gave up on life at exactly 10:00pm on the 19th of June, 2025, that was twelve days after celebrating her 62nd birthday.

She is succeeded by three children, a grandson and two biological siblings.

We thank the Almighty God for lending Esther to us and at the appointed time; He called her home. May His name be glorified.

Fare thee well Sister Efua.
Nyame mfa wo kra nsie yie.
Da yie.
Amen.

TRIBUTE TO OUR BELOVED MUM



It's been the hardest thing to lose you. You meant so much to us. Indeed, you are in our hearts mum, and that's where you'll forever be. Today, we mourn a stalwart and the pillar of the family; our superhero, whose love, affability, generosity, caring and patience can never be replaced. Mum, we did not want to lose you, but we wish you could have stayed. Remember one thing mum, we are not apart – you're with us in our memories and in our broken hearts.



From
MAAME T:

If I had the opportunity to rewind the clock, that would be my ever-best moment, as I keep struggling to accept your demise into eternity, Mummy. Today, your eternal departure into eternity has created a deem atmosphere, however, the fulfilled life you lead would continue to linger on as we, your children, will bring to bear what you hoped to achieve.

Mum, in my metaphorical representation, I always accorded you in my thoughts as a spilt honey drawing an army of ants to be fed on. Yes, you were that sweet soul because you made sure smile is put on the face of everyone around you no matter your situation. Even at your down moments, you felt reluctant to express it. You valued our happiness than your personal emotions. Personally, you were my greatest source of encouragement. Even though, you knew some of the predicaments would not be possibly surmounted, you found every possible means to instill hope in me and that has sustained me to this height, as you constantly bleated “Maame! Nyame beye wate”.

Indeed, your departure has hit me hard, considering the personal relation I had with you, my gist partner, and a wonderful friend who even pampered me after I got married. Hmm! I really miss the jovial atmosphere that existed between us. Whom shall I call “Otele” and who then will respond “bombom”? Yes, that was the friendly atmosphere my mum and I created for ourselves.

Mum, I passionately feel the pain with your demise. It would have been so lovely for Papa Yaw’s siblings to encounter you before you go. Papa Yaw misses the hymns you sang for him, and yearning to hear more but where are you today? Who will sing hymns for Papa Yaw for me when I am busy? Who will I inquire from, on some of Papa Yaw’s actions whether they are normal or not? You could not wait for Papa Yaw to also call you “Grandma Obama” as you were affectionately called.





From **MAAME T:**

I really miss our usual calls in which we share jokes to generate laughter. Who will I worry, and would respond “Maame, meny3 abofra saa oo”. Now, coming home would be extremely difficult for me as you are no more. The emptiness is overwhelming, it feels my joy has been taken away.

She will always want you to teach her a new song, especially when you return from choir practice. Such a gem of a chorister could sing the hymns with varied tunes; you eventually became a repository of the hymn numbers. There was not a day a line in a hymn was mentioned without you recalling the hymn number.

Ah! This moment is painful, and I wish it never existed, but my consolation is born out from the words of Anna Warren in MHB 602:

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,

And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

After your surgery, I realized you were not getting better, but you kept instilling hope in me, saying, “Maame! Nyame nti meho beto me na magyina me nanso biom”. Only God has answers to why He called you this time. You left on a same fateful Thursday that daddy left, and that speaks volume of the divine connection you had.

Today, you have joined daddy in the angelic choir and among the “Ten thousand times ten thousand in sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints throng up the steeps of light. ‘It is finished, all is finished’. Your fight with death and sin’, and as the golden gates are flung, I know you are let in because you are a victor.

On behalf of your children, Mum! I want to passionately thank you for the perfect future you gave us. To us, your death has been untimely and we wished it delayed but, we have no answers as eventually Christ has won. We promise to make you and daddy proud wherever you are. We are indeed forever grateful for making us who we are today, and I know you are resting peacefully in your father’s bosom as there are no more stomachache, knee pain, body aches, and tiredness.



From **Derrick**

Mama Love, I pen down this tribute to show appreciation for everything. Your love, care, prayers, guidance and support have made who I am today. I'm forever grateful for how you raised me. You trained me in Christianity. You taught me the importance of giving and being kind to others. Though I can't see you, I know you will forever be with me.

Nothing can ever take away your love my heart holds. I can't pretend to be strong because the tears keeps flowing each and every day. From infancy, I've been proud of having you as my mother. The time for you also to be proud of me as your son is due, but you are nowhere to be found. This is a hard hit. It's quite unfortunate that those who gave me everything in life couldn't wait a little while to enjoy the fruits of their labour. Coming home on holidays will be difficult for me now, I will be full of sorrows when I am home.

Who will I call for advice when I am stranded in life. Who will make me feel I'm back home on holidays? Who will call me and ask "Derrick, what will you eat?", who will call and say, "Derrick its late, please come home and sleep". Mama, I really miss you. If you are laid today, I ask for your guidance in my life. I stand by my promise "Make mama proud". I will make you proud wherever you are. As the Akans say "asamando y3 oman", please extend my greetings to Edward Kwadwo Pasco Ackon and Auntie Esi when you finally meet them. I end this tribute with Anna Leticia Warring's words from MHB 602 v 1.

FATHER, I know that all my life,
is portioned for me
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see
But i ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.





To my dear mother **Sammy**

Today, I stand here not just to mourn, but to honour a woman whose love, strength, and quiet grace shaped every part of who I am.

I'm glad everyone had the privilege to encounter her – a woman who embodied both selflessness and care, often giving even when it cost her so much. Her presence was a gift, not just to me, but to everyone fortunate enough to cross her path.

I remember the day she sat me down and shared the pain she felt when she lost her own mother. I listened then, but I understand now. I thought I knew what grief was, but nothing could have prepared me for this kind of pain. It's deeper than words, heavier than silence.

She took me to places – physically, emotionally, and spiritually—that opened my eyes to know how real life is. She did not shield me from its harsh truths, but she always walked beside me through them, even though the rest of the family thought she had shielded me because I was her favourite, but the truth is everyone was her favourite.

Even though I didn't say it out loud often, there was love in my silence. She was my anchor, my calm and my quiet strength. In my darkest moments, she was the light never had to ask for.

And now, she becomes memory – but what a memory she is. The kind you hold onto, the kind you replay on the lonely days. She'll always be my favourite one.

I'll miss her teasing me every Sunday, calling to laugh, to check in – just to hear my voice. I'll miss the time you intentionally call me to find out if I was at the choir practice. I'll miss the way she'd ask about the Christmas tree, never letting December go by without making sure I was still celebrating, still holding on to joy.

I run to you anytime I hear beautiful hymns. I'll miss singing hymns with you. But I promise, when we meet in heaven, I'll teach you the songs you always asked me to teach you – and maybe, you can teach me a few too.

I used to take pictures of the food I prepared and send them to you. That was our little routine, our simple joy. Who am I going to send them to now?

It has always been “see you later” between us. But this time... it hurts. Because this goodbye feels final. It feels unfair.

But even flowers – the most beautiful of creations – were never meant to last forever.
Goodbye, Mom. Rest well.
Please...send my love to Dad.





From **Maame Araba**

Not everyone is fortunate enough to have an aunt who steps in like a second mother. Everyone has one mother, but God in His own understanding gave me two mothers.

A lot of people get confused whenever I tell them you were my aunt. And I know I'll keep on with this explanation forever. Your love had no limit, and your kindness was gentle and always calming.

Our information minister, konkonsa partner, always calling to give information. Our family calendar, she remembers every date that something happened in the family, and this vacuum can never be replaced.

The bread house feels so empty whenever I enter and not seeing you sitting at the window of your room watching outside. I always feel you'll be joining me for checkups on Thursdays, when I pass by for the bread in the mornings.



On that Wednesday, when you were admitted at the government hospital, we knew that was a normal admission where you'll be discharged soon. I had plans for the kind of food you'll be eating with strict supervision but since the Lord's plan is always the best, He called you to rest just two days after. I remember you telling me your brother is calling you at the hospital bed on that Thursday evening, little did I know you were going.

When is Grandma Obama returning from the hospital? the question your grandchildren keep asking. But I know with time they will understand.

With tears and a heavy heart, I write this little memory with the rest hidden in my heart forever. You'll be remembered every day in my home and heart. We know you are our guardian angel, and you are always with us.

As we end this tribute to say the final goodbye to our dear mother, we want to extend our sincerest gratitude to every single individual who are mourning with us today – know that your words of consolation mean a lot to us.

Mum, fare thee well till we meet again.

TRIBUTE BY EWURAKUA



***WHEN THE DAY OF TOIL IS DONE
WHEN THE RACE OF LIFE IS RUN
FATHER GRANT THY WEARIED ONE
REST FOR EVERMORE.
MHB 975 Vrs.1***

OWhere do I start, and whom do I turn to? Of all the gifts of life, my sister was one the greatest gift God gave me. I was blessed to have you as a sister, and our bond was so special, forged through life experiences, laughter, tears and many more.

Efua, I took you as my mother the very moment our mum died. I saw my mother in you, and so I called you MAMA. I had always pride myself as one who has a mother just because I had you. Now that you are gone, I have to accept the truth that I am an orphan.

My heart is grieving. Esther, words cannot capture the pains I feel as I battle your absence in silence. You were my inspiration, my go to person, my guide, my pride, my champion. A voice that always remind me that I'm capable and worthy. You were always there for me, one of a kind. Spending time with you was so precious and special, of which I will cherish those memories for ever. Your loss has ripped a deep hole in my heart, and I do not know when and how it will be filled.

TRIBUTE BY EWURAKUA

My resignation from my workplace was to take care of you and the business, but just after six months, you left me all alone. Sometimes, I ask myself if I did not take good care of you, but I know God knows best and His timing is always perfect. God saw your sufferings, your numerous visits to the hospital, (Cocoa Clinic in Tafo and Accra, UGMC in Accra, and the New Tafo Government hospital) and decided to call you home. I was at your bedside that night, and asked how you were faring. Your positive response gave me high hopes, but no, you were gone in the next thirty minutes. I watched you slipped away. What a black night it was. I pray for God's strength and comfort as I accept the truth that you are gone. Please, come back if possible, for I have so many gist for you, from A-Z.

I am so grateful to you for loving us (Kwaku, myself and my kids). You took very good care of my children when they were young, especially when I had to travel out of town on work trips and other engagements. You cared with compassion. Nana Yaw, though not here, and Mae are forever grateful and wish you a safe journey back home.

Esther, with the help of God, I, Ewurakua, promise to be there for your children, Maame T, Derrick and Sammy as you and Pasco would have done. Please be our guardian angel.

Mena Aya, Efua Obama, gye nkra yi, se, asamando ye oman a, me gyedi se w'ahu Papa ne Auntie Esi. Ka kyerε wɔn se wo'a ɔmo de me gya wo no, εnε w'agya me hɔ ama aka me nkooa. Eyε den ma me, na nso, me srε Awurade se ɔma me ahoden na mentumi mfa nhwε w'akyi.

You are and will always be in my thoughts. You are gone, but your memories are etched in my heart and lives with me. May mother earth lies gently on your mortal remains. Thank you so much for everything.

Sleep well my love,
Fly high Ohemaa,
Mena Aya, may your beautiful soul rest well with the Lord till we meet again.
Dayie
Amen



TRIBUTE

TO THE LATE MRS. ESTHER ACKON (A.K.A AUNTY ESTHER)
BY THE EMMANUEL METHODIST CHURCH- NEW TAFO.

The passing of our beloved Sister, mother and friend whom we affectionately call Auntie Esther is a difficult one to accept, but the stark reality is that our beloved kind and caring sister is no more with us.

The late Mrs. Esther Ackon was a full member of the Emmanuel Methodist church - New Tafo.

She was born into the methodist faith since both parents were methodist and has been with the church as old as she is.

She was a member of the Adabraka class with madam Hannah Debrah as class leader later she was moved to the Presby / Ecamack class with Bro. Ransford Dornyoh as class leader, finally to the Post Office class with Bro. E A Nelson as class leader due to change of residence.

Her dedication to the church did not end at being just a member but as a choiristor to sing to the praise of her maker.

She was also a member of the Susanna Wesley Auxiliary group (SUWMA) which dedicates themselves to the care of pastors in the church.

As a baker, Auntie Esther would donate bread to the church at the least opportunity. We will remember her especially on Easter Monday picnic where we will miss the presence of "bread" from the ovens of Auntie Esther.

Our hearts are heavy with grief, yet filled with gratitude for the legacy you have left behind.

Mad. Esther Ackon, we will agree with the book of 2 Timothy 4:7-8: that You have fought the good fight, you have finished the race, you have kept the faith, finally, there is laid up for you the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to you on that Day, and not to you only but also to all who have loved His appearing.

The entire church community bids you fare well, we say demirefa ! demirefa due. Amen.

TRIBUTE

BY IIIFI QUARTEY



'But death will be destroyed forever and Lord God will wipe away all tears from every face. In the past all his people were sad but the Lord will take away that sadness from the earth' ISAIAH 26:8

We are gathered here today in memory of my dear sister, Efua Esther to acknowledge and share both the joy that her life was to us and the pain that her passing brings.

It's hard to pay tribute to you. Over the past few weeks, I have recounted about the moments shared - the laughter, the smile, little disagreements, sighs and tears. I remember about the little fights we used to have when we were kids, how I always bullied you and wanted to be the leader and in everything even though you were the eldest. Then the beautiful moment both of us shared at the bakery while you'll be sitting across me every morning. I never imagined you'll be leaving me this early because we've always been together. And I begin to ask why you've left us....Ewurakua and I miss very much, the family misses and the bakery miss your presence.....Sister Efua I cannot find words to describe what you were to me, SPECIAL would have to do for now.

On 19th June, I asked how you were doing, "Nyame adom me ho ye" was your reply not knowing that was going to be my last moment with you. I was devastated when Ewurakua called less than 3hours after seeing, that you are no more. I cannot quantify our loss. Ofcourse, there is emptiness, pain, confusion and maybe anger at death but all of this will happen because the Lord said it will. I find solace in the fact that you are having rest in heaven and there is no stomach and knee pain. I will love and cherish you till eternity.

CONTINUE TO SLEEP WELL TILL WE MEET AGAIN...
DA YIE ONUA PA

TRIBUTE BY PROSPER KPODO



My heart is heavy with grief as I remember my beloved mother-in-law, who left us far too soon. You were more than just a mother-in-law to me; you were a guiding light, a source of comfort, and a pillar of strength. Though our time together was short, just over a year since I married your precious daughter, your kindness, generosity, and care left an indelible mark on my heart.

Your daughter is my world, and I know how much you adored her. Watching you two interact was a joy to behold – your love for each other was palpable, and it filled my heart with joy. I know you're now at peace, watching over us from above, and I take comfort in that thought.

Your Sunday calls were a highlight of my week, as you'd check in on us, ask about our well-being, and even inquire about my parents. Your concern for our family knew no bounds, and I'll forever be grateful for your selflessness. Your encouragement to attend church services touched my soul, and I'll always cherish the spiritual guidance you provided.

Your hospitality was legendary, and every visit to your home was a feast for the senses. You'd ensure we were well-fed and loved, and your kitchen was always filled with delicious meals. Your warm smile and generous heart made us feel like family.

I'll never forget our last conversation on Father's Day, June 15, 2025. You were the first person to wish me, and your thoughtfulness brought tears of joy to my eyes. Little did I know it would be our last conversation.

The days that followed were filled with uncertainty, as you were hospitalized, and I had the privilege of being by your side. Though, it was a difficult time, your strength and resilience inspired me. Even in your final moments, you taught me the value of love, family, and faith.

As we prepare to lay you to rest today, my heart aches with grief, but I'm also filled with gratitude for the time we had together. Your legacy of love, compassion, and strength will continue to inspire us. Your daughter and I together with your grandson will cherish the memories we shared with you, and I'll strive to make you proud as I build a life with your daughter.

Rest in peace, dear mother-in-law. Your memory will live on in our hearts, and we'll continue to celebrate your life, love, and spirit. May your soul find eternal peace, and may your love continue to guide us through life's journey.
Amen.

Tribute by: Kwaku



PHB 789

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Ohwefo wui dua ho
n'ode ayi yen bone:
enti se ne nguan wu a,
na wobu won se woada. | 2. Wonko se mumoyefo
wonsuro weredifo;
wote se akofo a
woawie ko, na woada. |
|--|--|

I find it very difficult paying this tribute to my dearest Sister In-Law whose lifeless body lies right here before us.

Esther, you were not only my Sister In-Law, but a mom, sister and a cherished friend. You were such a beautiful soul with a kind heart and a genuine smile.

On the morning of your last birthday, which was the 7th day of June 2025, I came up to you to congratulate and wish you well. We had a little cool conversation and just as I was about to take leave of you, you dashed me a Fifty Cedi note and said Kwaku, this is just a little token for a beer beverage to express my deepest appreciation for all that you do for me.

I felt a bit emotional but managed to say to her that all thanks be given to the Almighty God, rather than me, because we are one people. I littlely ever believed that was a sign of farewell and the last gift.

My formal engagement with Esther for approximately three decades has been cordial, gracious, respectful and interesting. Of particular mention is about the last seven years, and our routine rides from Tafo to the Cocoa Clinic, Kaneshie-Accra, Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital, Sunshine Laboratory at the Airport Residential Area, the UG-Medical Centre at Legon and many others. I do also recall the fun times we had at the UG-Medical Centre canteen when we used to take breakfast or lunch together. Not to think about the interaction we used to engage in at the Cocoa/Coffee shop at the Cocoa Clinic at Kaneshie-Accra.

I found in you the spirit and ability to overcome challenges, your devotion to family and friends, kindness, words of wisdom, peace and cordiality that made you a unique, great and special Sister In-Law. You treat everyone with respect and avoid creating conflicts. I am positive that your good deeds will definitely have you registered in Heaven.

[And to Theresa, Derrick and Sammy, as I share your pain today in these difficult times, I can assure you I will be there for you].

Esther my dear, you will be missed deeply, especially your funny jokes and sweet laughter.

SLEEP BEAUTIFULLY, OHEMAA.

TRIBUTE BY NANA YAA (MAE)

**TO THE DEAREST OF AUNTIES
TO HAVE WALKED THE EARTH**



MHB 427...

*THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE,
IN TROUBLE AND IN JOY THE PRAISES OF
MY GOD SHALL STILL MY HEART AND TONGUE EMPLOY.*

Mama, as I affectionately called you, I grew up to you being the person I see first each day after school. Growing up, through primary, through jhs, shs till university you were the person I saw first after each vacation. I always got home and your warm smiles welcomed me. Back in primary school, I came back from school and you made sure my korkor and beans was ready for me. Even when you were busy with the bakery you found a way to make sure I was fed and satisfied. Mama, I remember coming back from school one day and your business at the bakery had kept you so occupied that you forgot my lunch but you had a saucepan on your table and I without knowledge of its content asked that you give it to me to eat, which you did. Upon realizing the content of the saucepan, I said, "Ah mama, na eyé omo ase? Wo hwe me ah me di omo ase?"

Staying with you was a time I would always be grateful for and miss dearly. After work each day we stayed up talking and laughing over the littlest of things as we watched Weslyan TV and sang hymns. I remember our rice and jollof banter on who cooks the best rice dishes. Gone are the days when I would tease you about the methods of food preparation. Why I think yours wasn't any better but yet tastier.

On your birthday, you said you had found so many clothes for me I would like. "Mae, ma nya ntaade bi, wo ma kwan ah na wa be hwe se wo pe". You always got me clothes and got me things without me having to ask. Mama, I was eager to come back home and try out the clothes you had gotten me.

Not long After that, I was awoken at 6:30 am on 20th June by a call from my mom that you were no more. Words alone are not enough to express the void created by your demise. With a heavy heart, I bid you farewell for I believe our Lord has granted you a good place to lay your head.

εna pa, obaatanpa, nko si se, ye be hyia bio.
Nyame mfa wo kra nsie yie.
Amen.



A TRIBUTE TO MRS ESTHER ACKON (EFUA ESTHER), THE BAKER OF OUR HEARTS BY KWAME HAMMOND-A COUSIN AND BROTHER



Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. Mathew 6: 19-20.

There are some people who leave behind more than memories when they pass on to glory; they leave behind a legacy. Sister Efua was one of those souls. To most, she was a professional baker. To us, she was a family, a sister, a cousin, a friend, a mother to her children, a confidant, and a source of constant warmth and light.

Baking was never just a profession for her-it was a calling, a craft, and a way of showing love and something that she learned from her mother -Auntie Esi of blessed memory. From the first whiff of bread rising in the oven to the careful swirl of frosting on a cake, she treated each creation as a piece of art. The kitchen was the studio, and the world was lucky enough to taste the masterpieces that came from her hands.

But what made her truly special wasn't only her skill, though it was undeniable, it was the heart she poured into every loaf of bread. To walk into the bakery was to walk into a place of comfort. The aroma of the ingredients, the golden crusts of fresh bread, and the soft hum of ovens at work and all the noise around make you just stick around to eat fresh bread. Customers didn't just leave with food; they left with joy, with a smile, with the feeling of being cared for.

Sister Efua showed that baking is about more than mixing flour and sugar. It's about patience. It's about resilience-waking before dawn, working long hours, and perfecting the smallest details. It's about generosity-sharing not only what you've made but a part of yourself with everyone who comes through your door. She portrayed to everyone that the secret ingredient wasn't butter or spice-it was love, always love.



TRIBUTE BY KWAME HAMMOND

Beyond the bakery, Sister Efua was someone who gave just as much sweetness in life as she did in her craft of baking. She had a laugh that filled a room, a kindness that made you feel seen, and a spirit that lifted you when life felt heavy. To sit with her was to feel at home, no matter where you were.

As we remember her today, it's impossible not to feel the ache of loss. But it's also impossible not to feel gratitude-for the lessons she imparted to many people, the joy she shared, and the love she sprinkled so freely. Her legacy is not only in the recipes she perfected in her baking profession-it's in the countless lives she touched with her gifts and her heart.

Every time we smell fresh bread, every time we cut into a cake at a celebration, every time we share food with loved ones, we will think of her. Sister Efua was more than a baker. She was a reminder that life, like baking, is about creating something beautiful, sharing it generously, and savoring every moment. I talked with Sister Efua in February while recovering from a major surgery. She was upbeat. She recovered enough to begin her daily routine. In late May, she called me and we discussed some important things and made some plans but God had different plans. In June when she was admitted at Tafo hospital, I called her and she told me she was not doing well and that we should pray for her. God called her home that night into glory and I know she's singing praises and hymns in heaven.

Rest well, Efua, your sweetness lingers in all of us.

I'll praise my maker while I have breadth, and when my voice is lost in death,
praise shall employ my nobler powers, my days of praise shall ne'er be past,
while life, and thought, and being last, or immortality endures



TRIBUTE BY THE HAMMOND FAMILY

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more pains, for the former things are passed away. Rev 21:14”.

The Hammonds cannot be separated from the Quarneys of New Tafo. They are from the same grandfather and grandmother from the same house in mumford in the Central Region as well as the Agona Okusubentsir family. With the above narrative, one can see that no one can separate the two families, therefore the loss of Sister Efua, one of the pillars of the families, has been a very big blow to us. She was a great unifier and supportive in all things.

When our two mothers left us to join their ancestors, it was Sister Efua the eldest of the female borns who stood in and rallied all the support needed to keep the families above waters.

Her presence, financial support, advises and encouragement was our consolation. Whenever there is a misunderstanding amongst us, Sister Efua’s opinion was paramount in all matters. Her advises goes beyond the family circle and eventually calm is restored when she speaks.

She was the kind of person who lifted others; not just with encouragement but with example. Sister Efua was very much in the thick of affairs in all times with cooking, baking and getting things done.

A great tree where the Hammonds and the Quarneys rest beneath its branches has fallen and its replacement would be hard to come by but with God on our side definitely there would be a replacement.

We pray that the Omnipotent God provide a peaceful and perpetual resting place for your spirit and soul.

Rest In Perfect Peace

Amen...



TRIBUTE TO THE LATE ESTHER ACKON BY ACKON FAMILY

Do not be amazed at this, for a time is coming when all who are in their grave will hear his voice and come out-those who have done what is good will rise to live and those who have done what is evil will rise to be condemned – John 5: 28-29 .

Madam Esther Ackon popularly known as Sister Efua was a wonderful wife of our beloved brother the Late Edward Ackon (A.K.A Pasco). She was an affable wife who made sure that concerns of her late husband's siblings became a reality. Sister Efua was not only hardworking but remarkably humble, peaceful and generous.

She was the kind of woman who extended kindness even when she had little. Her heart was always open to those who were in need and she gave with sincerity and love.

She was a staunch christian who lived out her faith with integrity. Her life reflected the principles of Christ-faith, love, and service. Her departure is a great loss to the family.

Even after the demise of her husband, she kept caring for her late mother –in- law Elizabeth Ayensu (our late mother). There were times she would insist the mother-in-law spent some days with her at Tafo because she was missing her.

She called frequently to find out how we were fairing.

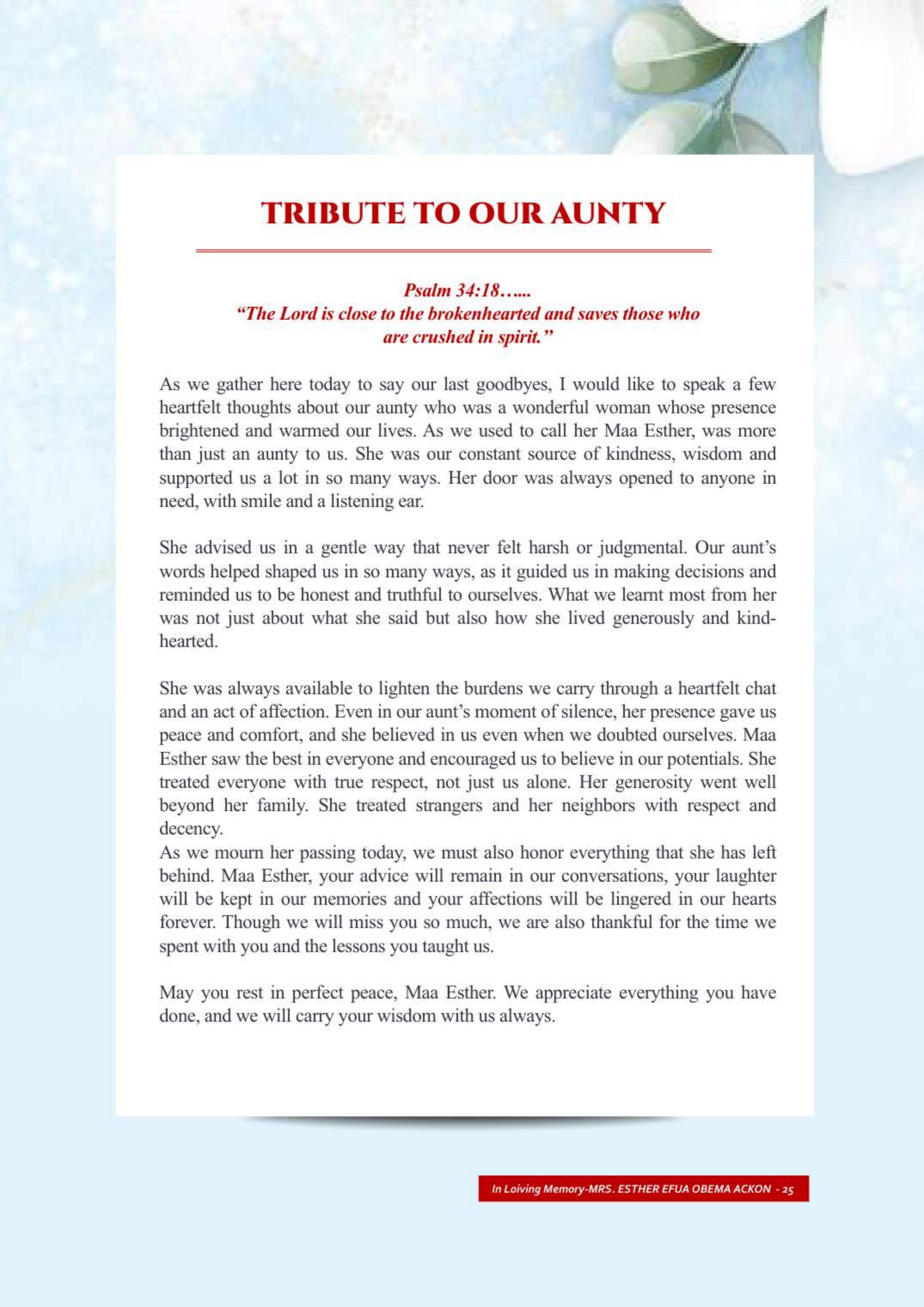
We grieve the loss of sister Efua, yet in the midst of our sorrow, we give thanks to God for the blessing of her life one that was lived with strength, unwavering faith, and heartfelt devotion. May her legacy of love, service and faith continue to inspire us.

Now the labourer's task is over
Now the battle –day is past
Now upon the farther shone
Lands the voyager at last

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping (MHB 976 Stanza 1)

Sister Efua you are gone but not forgotten, the Ackon Family remain grateful to you. We entrust you to the Good Lords care until we meet on the beautiful shore of Heaven on the resurrection day.

Fare thee- well.



TRIBUTE TO OUR AUNTY

Psalm 34:18.....

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit."

As we gather here today to say our last goodbyes, I would like to speak a few heartfelt thoughts about our aunty who was a wonderful woman whose presence brightened and warmed our lives. As we used to call her Maa Esther, was more than just an aunty to us. She was our constant source of kindness, wisdom and supported us a lot in so many ways. Her door was always opened to anyone in need, with smile and a listening ear.

She advised us in a gentle way that never felt harsh or judgmental. Our aunt's words helped shaped us in so many ways, as it guided us in making decisions and reminded us to be honest and truthful to ourselves. What we learnt most from her was not just about what she said but also how she lived generously and kind-hearted.

She was always available to lighten the burdens we carry through a heartfelt chat and an act of affection. Even in our aunt's moment of silence, her presence gave us peace and comfort, and she believed in us even when we doubted ourselves. Maa Esther saw the best in everyone and encouraged us to believe in our potentials. She treated everyone with true respect, not just us alone. Her generosity went well beyond her family. She treated strangers and her neighbors with respect and decency.

As we mourn her passing today, we must also honor everything that she has left behind. Maa Esther, your advice will remain in our conversations, your laughter will be kept in our memories and your affections will be lingered in our hearts forever. Though we will miss you so much, we are also thankful for the time we spent with you and the lessons you taught us.

May you rest in perfect peace, Maa Esther. We appreciate everything you have done, and we will carry your wisdom with us always.



TRIBUTE TO THE LATE ESTHER ACKON FROM THE SUSANNA WESLEY MISSION AUXILIAR (SUWMA) NEW TAFOSOCIETY.

With heavy heart but grateful spirits, we, the members of the Susanna Wesley Mission Auxiliary (SUWMA) New Tafo Society, pay tribute to our dearly beloved sister, Mrs. Esther Ackon.

Sister Esther was a woman of unwavering faith, grace and diligence. She exemplified the virtues of a true Christian, living a life that reflected her deep love for God and dedication to His service.

We especially acknowledge her significant role as one of the founding members of the Susanna Wesley Mission Auxiliary in the New Tafo Society. She was regular in the payment of her dues and other volunteering contributions.

She also contributed her time, energy and resources whenever there was a programme, never holding back from supporting the society in any way she could.

Her selfless giving and wholehearted involvement made a lasting impact on every event and initiative we undertook.

Indeed, she was a pillar among us – a shining example of the Susanna Wesley woman.

Though her passing leaves a great void in our hearts and in our society, we are comforted by the knowledge that she had fought the good fight, finished the race and kept the faith. (2 Timothy 4 : 7).

Rest Well, dear Sister Esther.
Damirifa Due, Nyame mfa wo kra nsie.



TRIBUTE BY THE ASSOCIATION OF METHODIST CHURCH CHOIRS, NEW TAFO SOCIETY TO OUR BELOVED SISTER ESTHER EFUA OBEMA ACKON

“Good people die, and no one understands or even cares.

But when they die, no calamity can hurt them.

Those who live good lives find peace and rest in death” (Isaiah 57:1-2)

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death neither Sorrow, nor crying neither there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. Rev: 21:4.

Cold death has cast its shadow on our mother and sister, and we stand here, faced with the bitter truth that, a stalwart of the choir is gone for good. Beloved brothers and sisters in Christ, today we gather not just to mourn a great loss, but also to celebrate a life that was truly a gift from God to the Methodist Church and to our society. We are here to honour the life and service of our dear sister in Christ, a chorister whose voice, life, witness and generous soul has touched our hearts in countless ways.

Sister Esther Ackon joined this noble choir in 1981 and tied the knot with her late husband Edward Ackon (PASCO) in 1988. Her husband had an indescribable passion for music and our late mother and sister had an amazing love for singing. This marriage of music lovers was sure to bear sweet fruits of great lovers of singers. By virtue of the late husband's dent of dedication to choir activities of which teaching of songs was prominent, she sometimes followed him as he moved round society choirs in Kukurantumi, Adonkwanta, Asafo, Ayinasin and Maase under the Kukurantumi Circuit to teach songs. She loved hymns as a methodist chorister and among her favourites were MHB 413 and MHB 150, with MHB 427 being the standout best.

Sister Efua, as you were affectionately called by many, your painful and unexpected demise has left the choir bereft of a humble, kind and generous woman. You wholeheartedly devoted yourself to the work of God. It was her selflessness and conviction that led her to be elected as the Circuit treasure for New Tafo Circuit when we broke away from Kukurantumi to become a full Circuit from 2011 to 2021. You dedicated your time to serve the Lord through the ministry of the choir and never looked back. Your love for God and His work was so apparent that, you freely shared your resources to support the choir – whether by contributing to refreshments, supporting choir conferences, Diocesan all-night rehearsals, supporting choir projects quietly, without seeking recognition.

At the time she could not come to church, the choir often visited her and the family to offer prayers and songs of inspiration. She will always advise us to forgive and forget about our problems and surrender all to God in prayers in her calm and soft voice.

Indeed, we can boldly say that our dear sister has fought the good fight, finished the race, and kept the faith. Though her earthly voice has grown silent, we believe with all our hearts that she has joined the heavenly choir, where songs of praise never end. She has merely moved from singing among us to singing before the throne of grace, in the company of angels and saints. Beyond the music, what made our dear sister truly special was her humility and generosity.

As we bid farewell, we will not dwell only on the sorrow of parting, but also on the blessing of having shared life with such a remarkable person. Your legacy of humility, kindness, dedication and generosity is now entrusted to us. May we continue the work she began and may we serve God with the same unwavering devotion.

Rest well beloved chorister. You have left a melody in our hearts that time cannot erase. Though we will miss you dearly, your life will forever remain a testimony of God's love and faithfulness. Till we meet again in eternity to receive our crowns, we say fare thee well, Sister Efua.

Sister Efua, da yie!!!

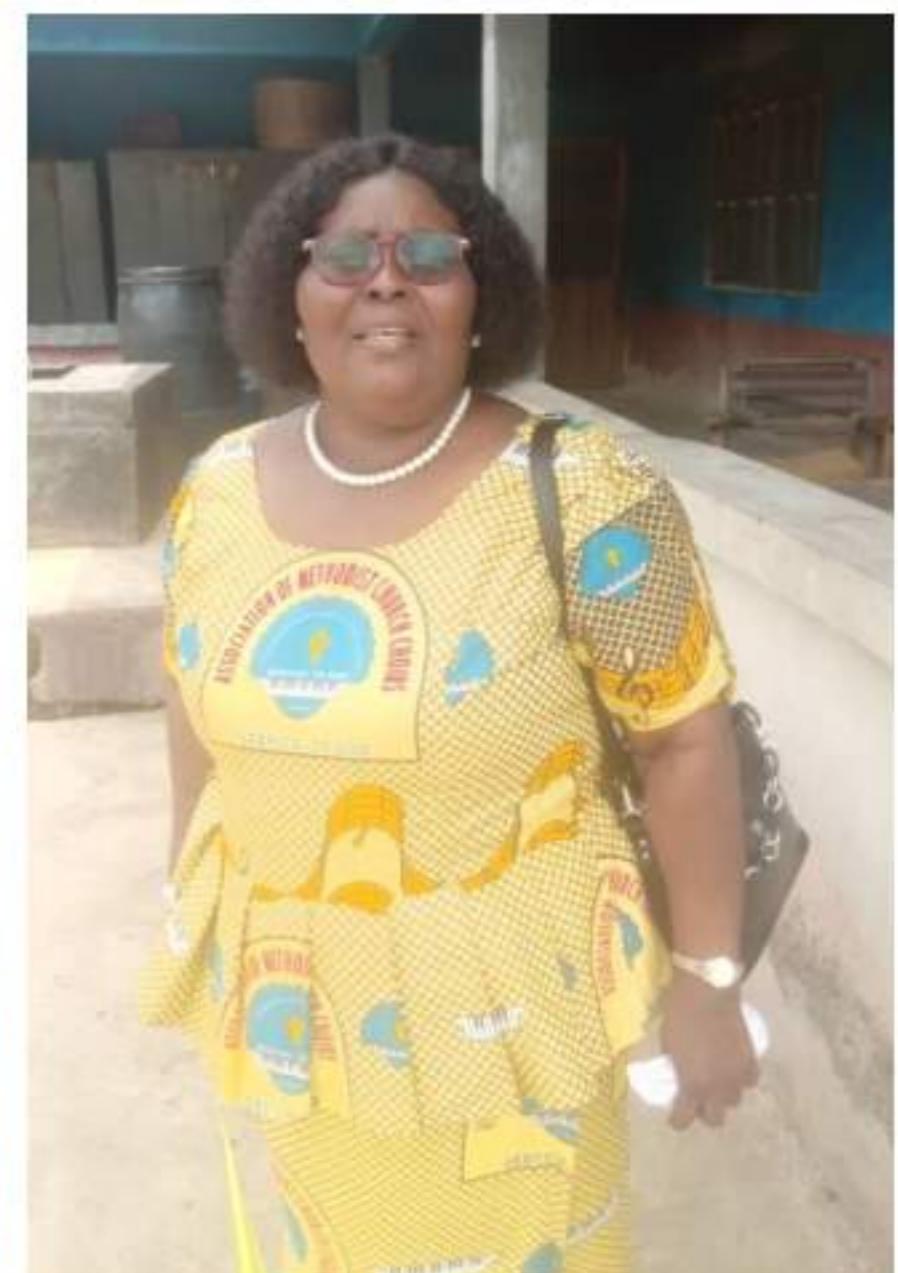
Sister Efua , fare thee well!!!

Amen!!! Service!!! To God!!!









Appreciation

THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVE AND SUPPORT THROUGH EVERYTHING. WE ARE DEEPLY TOUCHED BY YOUR WORDS OF CONDOLENCE AND ARE THANKFUL THAT YOU ARE THERE FOR US AT THIS DIFFICULT TIME. IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PRIVILEGE TO HAVE YOU.

May God Bless You All

CREATIVE-KONA: **0543459497**

