

In Loving Memory of

Mrs. Anne Stella
Nyamadi

Nee Wemakor

1 9 6 0 - 2 0 2 4

PROGRAM

Viewing/Filing Past

Friday, 13th September 2024, at the Christ The King Church, Cantonments at 7:20 am

Burial and Memorial Service

Friday, 13th September 2024, Christ the King Catholic Church, Accra at 9 am

Burial at

Togbi Dzelu Cemetery, Dzelukope- Keta

Thanksgiving Service

Sunday, 15th September 2024, at the Christ The King Church, Cantonments at 10:30
am

Final Funeral Rites

Naval Wardroom, after Mass

ORDER OF MASS

Officiating clergy

Very Rev. Fr. Ebenezer Akesseh – Parish Priest, Christ the King Parish
Rev. Fr. Donatus Pallu – Parochial Vicar, Christ the King Parish

In Attendance

Christ the King Mass Choir

Part 1: Pre-Burial Rites

- Reception of the Body
- Filing Past and Reading of Tributes
- Biography
- Closing of Casket

Part 2: Burial Mass

- Entrance hymn: CH 308 – O Christ, the glory of the angel choir
- Introit: CH 162 – Yes, I shall arise and return to my Father Kyrie
- Opening Prayer
- Liturgy of the world
- First reading: Job 19:1, 23-27b
- Responsorial Psalm: CH 34 – My soul is longing for your peace
- Gospel Acclamation
- Gospel: John 12:23-28
- Homily
- Bidding Prayers: We ask you hear our prayer
- Collection/Offertory- Medley of Songs
- Liturgy of the Eucharist
- Communion Hymns
- Post Communion Hymns:
- Second Collection:
 - Recessional Hymn: CH 212 – Yes Heaven Is the Prize/Local Gospel Songs

Part 3: At the Graveside

- Opening Hymn
- CH 364 – Now The Laborer's Task Is O'er
- Blessing of the grave
- Interment and Commitment
- Final prayers
- Closing Hymn: CH 339 – God Be With You Till We Meet Again

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. ANNE STELLA NYAMADI

(NÉE WEMAKOR)

Early life

Mrs. Anne Stella Nyamadi was born on July 26, 1960, at the Margaret Marquart Catholic Hospital at Kpando in the Volta Region of Ghana to Mr. Felix J.K Wemakor and Mrs. Imelda King Wemakor, both of blessed memory. She was baptised with the name Anne-Stella-Rose Ablawemakor at the hospital chapel before she was discharged. She was the eighth of nine children and spent her childhood in a close-knit family that valued education, hard work, and compassion.

Education

Annie, as she was affectionately called, started her education at Keta OLA R. C. Convent Girls Basic School. Having passed the common entrance exam, she was admitted to Anlo Secondary School and was transferred to Keta Secondary School for the second year. After the 'O'Levels in 1978, her passion for cooking and desire to enhance her culinary skills took her to the Ho Polytechnic, now Ho Technical University, from 1979 to 1981 where she obtained her City and Guilds of London Institute 706 Stroke 1 and 2 certificates. In 1990, she obtained a Diploma in Institutional Management from the Kumasi Polytechnic, now Kumasi Technical University and much

later in her career, pursued a Bachelor of Technology degree in Hospitality and Tourism Management.

Career

Anne's first post was to the Princess Marie Louise (PML) Children's Hospital as a Staff Cook in 1981 and was later stationed at the Achimota School Hospital where she worked simultaneously until she obtained a full transfer to Achimota. After Achimota, she was transferred to the Komfo Anokye Teaching Hospital where she spent several years. She later relocated to Accra with her family. She was posted to the Ministry of Health Head Office in Accra and subsequently the Pantang Hospital where she retired as a Principal Hospitality Manager in July 2020.

Personal Life

In 1990, Anne met her sweetheart, Seth in Kumasi and got married in 1995.

Anne was a devoted wife and mother to all, both young and old. This was evident in the love and encouragement she showed all and sundry. Her passion for the culinary was one of the ways in which she expressed her love and affection, and for this reason, she set up a catering business.

Outside of her professional life, Anne was

an avid singer. She loved to travel, explore places with her family, and create cherished memories. She held her occasional getaway trips and visits to other parts of the country, as well as the trip to Israel, very dear, and she always recounted these experiences.

Anne felt a bit unwell for a few days early in July 2024. On the 7th of July, she woke up, prepared breakfast for her husband, and planned on having her breakfast later. However, she suddenly felt weak and unwell and was rushed to the hospital but was called to her Maker shortly after arrival. She taught us the importance of having a personal relationship with God through prayers and by demonstrating the fruits of the spirit through kindness and welcoming everyone with a smile. She also taught us the value of education, and we are happy to have witnessed the beauty of a life lived with purpose and love. Although her time on earth may have been relatively short, we are eternally grateful to God for the opportunity to have had her in our lives. Anne's passing leaves a void that cannot be filled, but her memory will live on in the hearts of all who knew her. Her legacy is one of love, compassion, and a deep commitment to helping and caring for others. She will be remembered as a pillar of strength and a source of endless love for her family, friends and even those who did not have a personal relationship with her.

Anne is survived by her loving husband, Seth, and her children, Derek Edem, Imelda Seyram, Yvonne Elikplim, and Allen Yayra.

*Xede Nyuie!!! Dzudzor le Nutifafa me.
Rest well.*





TRIBUTE TO MY DEAR WIFE

*'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' -1 Corinthians
15:55 KJV*

It is with a heavy heart that I stand before you all to read the tribute to my true love, Anne, whom we affectionately called Mummy. I thought Anne would have read me a tribute and not the other way round. By her passing on, it dawned on me the brevity of life.

Mummy and I have been together for over three decades. We had our differences, but over the years, our love became so intertwined that there was nothing one did without informing the other. We were like inseparable twins, and on most unofficial trips, we went together.

On that fateful day, Mummy dished my breakfast and sat by my side while I enjoyed my meal. Little did I know that she was serving me the last communion. Mummy, you left me without bidding me goodbye. Can we question our Maker? No. Mummy religiously said her morning and bedtime prayers, which she crowned with the sermon of Rev. Father Eustace Siame SBD. Mummy was a wife par excellence, my manager, adviser, doctor, coordinator, and comforter. She was humble, beautiful, intelligent, and loved with an open heart. She always took care of me in so many

ways, from the little things, such as ensuring I had a lunch pack when traveling.

Mummy was so time-conscious and meticulous and approached her work with professionalism. Mummy was so passionate about her work and put all her all into it. Her career was marked by a relentless pursuit of excellence.

Mummy, I know you loved those times when I elected myself as the timekeeper, popping in occasionally when you had orders with the sole aim of pushing you all to be on time. It was all joy when you came back after delivery to give an account of the customer's appreciation.

Mummy was generous by nature and had the gift of giving. I will fondly remember the times we would drive around Tema and Accra with the boot packed with pieces of cake or other food items, leaving a piece wherever we went. Mummy marked her birthdays by cooking and giving gifts to the children's homes.

Mummy touched our lives, and many who came to the house can attest to the care she demonstrated, especially through the

offering of food or pastries. She was a strong pillar in the family and a central nerve, for that matter.

Mummy's love for the children was beyond bounds. She desired most to see them all successfully married and have all grandchildren brought to her. By her early demise, these children have been denied her favorite jollof rice and cupcakes.

My love, I believe you are following the path the Good Lord has laid for you. Mummy, I hope you have found absolute happiness wherever you are and are telling me to fill the void you left behind.

I am consoled by the fact that we will bury only your body. Your spirit, beautiful soul, and uncommon ability to calm the storm remain with us.

Rest in perfect peace till we meet again.

Xe de nyuie, Mawu na de wo fafea de fe.



TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN

Edem

"The righteous perish, and no one takes it to heart; the devout are taken away, and no one understands that the righteous are taken away to be spared from evil. Those who walk uprightly enter into peace; they find rest as they lie in death." - Isaiah 57:1-2 (NIV)

Mummy, my first love and best friend, I cannot believe I have to write this tribute earlier than I had hoped. I always thought that penning down words to express how much I love and appreciate you would be easy, but it has turned out to be the most difficult thing I have done so far in life. Each word I type brings me to tears as I realise that I will no longer be able to hear your voice or see your face for the rest of my life. It is said that there is a time for everything: a time to be born and a time to die. But sometimes, I find myself asking if this really was the time. Was it truly the best time for you to go? Yet, through it all, I hold on to my faith. I trust that the Lord knows best and called you home for a reason. I am truly blessed to have you as my mum.

For over 27 years, you have taken care of me, fed, protected, and guided me. I am who I am because of you. You made my birthdays since infancy special, not just for me but for everyone around us. Your kind heart created a community at every stage of my life, and that community continues to support me even now. When my faith wavered in times of difficulty, you were



there to remind me of the goodness of God and to give me the strength to keep going.

I cannot believe I will not be able to jokingly complain about the design of your clothes when I am ironing them. I am going to miss our daily conversations—the life talks about school, work, relationships, and marriage. We were just finalising arrangements for my graduation. Who will I say “Yh ma” to when I am called? Who will send me daily inspirational messages and Bible verses? The absence of these small, everyday moments already feels overwhelming. I miss you so much, Mummy.

So many questions remain unanswered and no matter how much I write, it cannot fully capture the pain I feel or the joy I experienced through you. But if there is one thing I want you to know, it is how much Seyram, Yvonne, and I love you and how deeply we miss you.

Rest well, Mummy. Rest well.

Your love, lessons, and spirit will live on in us forever.

Seyram

A love letter to my mother.

Dear Mama,

Words can't capture the depth of the pain I feel from losing you, but as I look back, my heart overflows with gratitude for the memories you created for our family.

So, instead of dwelling on sorrow, I want this to be a letter of gratitude: for making every birthday unforgettable, for soothing every wound with care, for giving those occasional hair massages, for making sure I had enough clothes to wear, and for baking your special cakes not just at Christmas but whenever I asked. Thank you for encouraging me to chase my dreams and lifting me up every time I fell—literally and metaphorically.

Thank you for never letting me go hungry and for lying beside me in moments of frustration, offering nothing but your comforting presence, which was all I ever needed. I've lost count of how many times I wished, in another life, that you would be my mother all over again.

I pray that even in the afterlife, you always have that beautiful smile on your face because you were a special soul and will forever be the best thing that happened to this family.

But it will be alright, mummy, because your memory lives on. I will end with these lyrics, one final song to my mum:



*"A heart that's broke is a heart that's
been loved
So I'll sing Hallelujah,
You were an angel in the shape of my
mum,
When I fell down, you'd be there holding
me up,
Spread your wings as you go,
When God took you back, He said
Hallelujah, you're home.*

Yvonne

"In the quiet of my mother's womb, you knew me."

I am blessed beyond measure to call you my mother. You were the steadfast pillar in my life. Your love for me knows no bounds. Your compassion is a guiding light. Your dedication is unwavering.

I cherish you deeply. You've stood by me through every milestone. Though I wish you were here now, I trust in the Lord's plan. You've been a beacon, a radiant star. My comforting Teddy bear, I love you dearly.

In your embrace, I found solace and love,

You nurtured us with care, turning our house into a home. I will forever hold you in my heart, I love you endlessly.

I am blessed to have you as my mom, my friend, my guide. You believed in me, You cared for me, You showed patience and taught me so much, Your love embraced us all, Your influence on our lives is eternal.

I will never forget you. Thank you for being my mom. I love you ❤️



Allen Van-Tay

When my mother, her sister Helen Wemakor, passed away, Aunt Anne took me into her home and raised me as her own. For 11 years, her love, care, and guidance have been my constant beacon, shaping me into who I am today. Together with Uncle Seth, she supported me through high school and university, providing unwavering encouragement and support every step of the way.

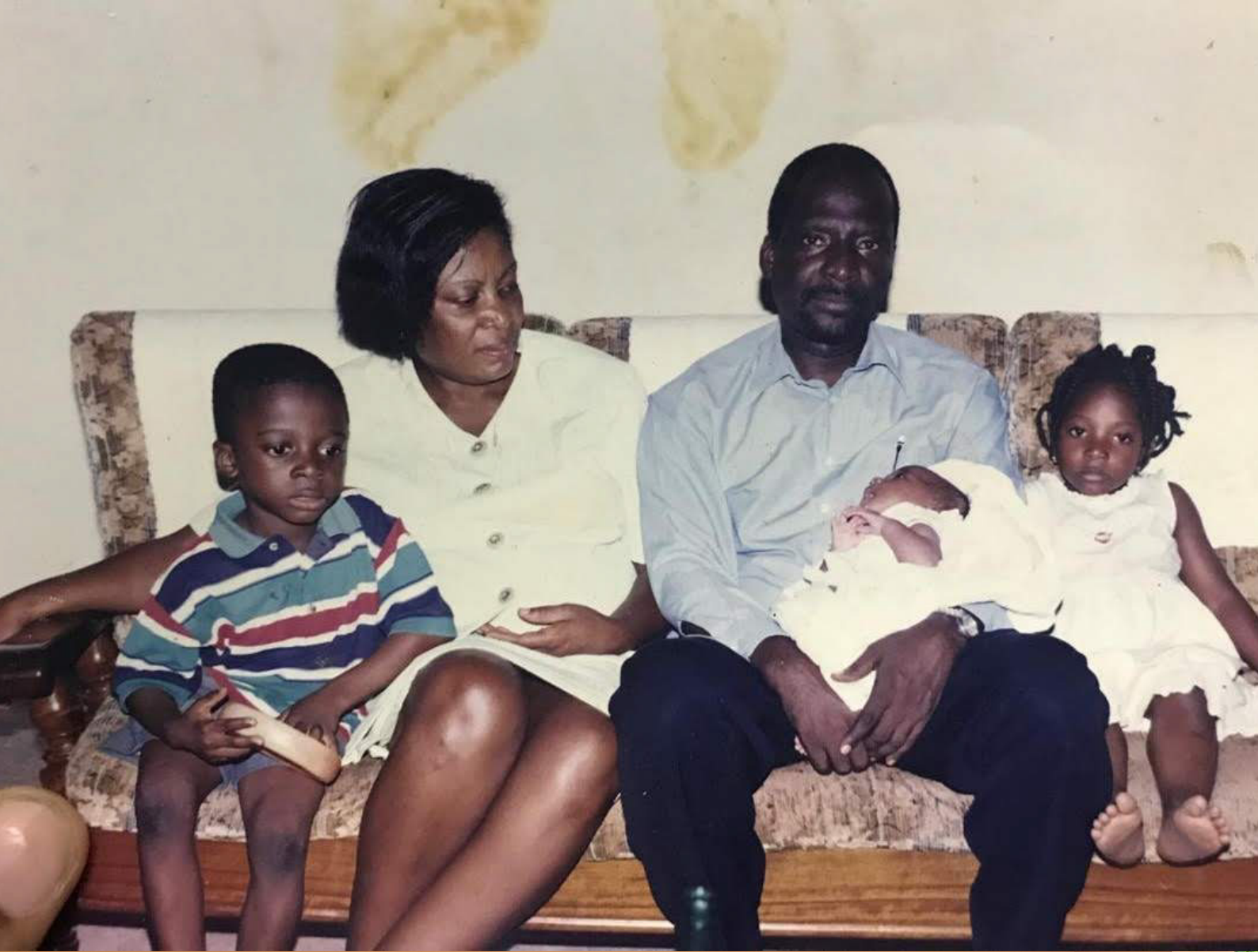
Our last conversation was filled with excitement as we discussed her plans to

attend my graduation next year. Now, it pains me deeply to say goodbye, but I take solace in knowing that she is resting peacefully in the arms of the Lord.

Her memory will forever live in my heart, and her kindness and wisdom will continue to guide me as I move forward. Thank you, Aunt Anne, for the love and care you so generously gave me. I will miss you dearly.

Rest in perfect peace.





TRIBUTE BY BROTHERS & SISTERS

*"Life isn't fair; that's a hard thing to find out, but
sooner or later, everyone does."
Barbara Loots*

Ladies and gentlemen, a big tree has fallen, and an essential part of us has departed, leaving a void that can never be filled. But we say "it as well."

Since the departure of our biological mother in 1995, our dearest sister, Anne, has been recognised in the family as our mother. Her nurturing nature was a beacon of warmth and care, making her a mother to us and our children. Anne's warmth and care brought joy and smiles wherever she went. Her kind heart and gentle soul touched the lives of all who knew her. She was a pillar of strength, a source of wisdom and a beacon of hope. Her love for family was unwavering, and her presence will be deeply missed.

Anne, you have left an indelible mark on our hearts, and your legacy will live on in the countless memories we share together. These memories, filled with smiles and kindness, will continue to inspire us. Though you may be gone, your spirit will always be with us, guiding us and watching over us. Anne, your unexpected journey has robbed us of a gem. You were ever relentless in your duty as a darling mom. Rest in peace, dear sister; knowing you were cherished and loved beyond, you will forever hold a special place in our hearts. You have indeed run the race of life according to the will of your Maker, and we believe you will receive the victor's crown.

Farewell, our wonderful and unique sister; fare thee well till we meet again.



TRIBUTE BY NIECES AND NEPHEWS

Sel, Jeanne, Tsetse & Tsutsu

*"The Lord is near to the broken-hearted and saves
the crushed in spirit" - Psalm 34:18 NIV*

When someone you love becomes a memory, that memory becomes your treasure. Today, we are united in sorrow, grieving deeply, yet in our hearts, we cherish the joy that was our greatest delight—your boundless love. You gave us security, always there with listening ears and a comforting presence.

Mummy, we were truly blessed to have multiple mums. The twins fondly remember how they would beg you not to travel, pleading for just one more day. And if you did leave, it seemed something would always come up—perhaps a broken vehicle—to delay

your journey. They'd affectionately boast, "atsi mota." That joy now feels shattered, but we hope to live on in your sweet memories, holding fast to the care and love you gave us, ensuring we continue growing together.

Your little grandkids miss your outstretched arms, ready to soothe their insatiable craving for your special delicacies, but most of all, they miss your endless love. We thank the Lord for the incredible gift you were to us. We will forever be grateful for the love you showered upon us.

Rest in peace, Auntie Anne.

With love,

Rudith and Felix Wemakor

As I reflect on all the cherished moments spent with you, Mummy, my heart is filled with gratitude, love, and a bittersweet sense of loss. You were more than an aunt to me; you were a guiding light, a pillar of strength, and a constant presence in my life.

I remember vividly how you took me to the market to shop for all the items I needed for secondary school. You labeled everything "Rudiwem," and before I knew it, that became my name to everyone at school. It makes me smile to think about how you gave me a unique identity that connected me back to you, even when I was far away.

And when those vacations at your home became more permanent, you welcomed my brother and me with open arms, never making us feel like a guest. We stayed with you through university and even after graduation. Your home was our home.

One of my fondest memories is of you coming to Kumasi with my cousins for my graduation. You were so proud, and I knew it was an event you were looking forward to as much as I was. As you always did, you showed up with more than enough food—your famous party jollof and chicken—which fed me and all my friends. That was just you, Auntie Anne: never attending an event empty-handed, always bringing more than enough to share.

You were always there for the big moments in my life, from graduation to my 30th

birthday. Even when I insisted you didn't need to worry about bringing food, you would come through with plenty anyway—because that's just who you were.

Oh, how you were already planning my wedding, even when I wasn't in a relationship yet! You had so many ideas, sending me designs you'd seen online and imagining how everything should be. And when the opportunity finally came, you were up and ready. Whenever I mentioned my 100-person guest list, you would laugh and say, "How much is a bag of rice and a carton of chicken that I can't provide?" I still smile when I think of that. You had already put me in contact with vendors, and the plans were well underway when God called you. The thought breaks my heart—who will now cook for all the 250 guests we had planned for?

I'm curious if you are up there smiling down on us, teasing us as you always did, or feeling the same longing to be here with us. Whatever the answer, I pray constantly that you find peace and that you are resting in the bosom of the Lord.

May God keep your beautiful spirit and grant you eternal rest. I hope that when the time comes, you will rise again with the angels, as the light you were here on Earth surely deserves to shine in heaven, too.

Until we meet again, Mummy, you will always be in my thoughts and prayers and in every laugh, every celebration, and every meal shared with love.

Rev. Dr. George K. Wemakor

I was barely five when you first held my hand and took me to Dzelukope R.C. L/A Primary School. Even though I didn't understand the concept of closing time, there you were, waiting by the entrance to take me home. That memory remains with me, Mummy.

The following day, I was told you had left for Kumasi, a place I couldn't even comprehend at that age. I cried, and Grandma, with her blessed memory, comforted me with a black-and-white toffee known as "Aleiwa." I was constantly reminded that if I didn't go to school on time, you wouldn't come to see me again, so I was always eager to be there. You encouraged me so much that I quickly learned to understand pictures, even in kindergarten. I still remember how you teased me when I misinterpreted a picture in a storybook, saying, "Kofi is water." Such sweet memories.

You always called me your "first son," guiding and encouraging me even in my marriage. My little boy never missed your calls on his birthday—except this year. He reminded me that you, his Grandma, would bake cupcakes as usual. Little did we know that you would leave us behind to continue this journey without you. Mummy, you fought a good fight, and I believe even the heavenly hosts are applauding you now. You were a unifier and sincere in all your endeavours. You rebuked me when I went wrong but always followed with words of encouragement. This is why I never

hesitated to call you back, no matter the time. You never discriminated against me, always treating me like your own. Whether running your business in Accra or introducing me at the market, you ensured everyone knew me as your "first son." Thanks to the lessons you and Grandma instilled in me, you've truly moulded me into a responsible man who takes pride in going to the market.

But now, where will I find that love? When I received the call about your hospitalisation, the man in me vanished, replaced by the child you raised. Even your grandsons knelt to pray. I was so disoriented that I missed familiar routes while driving to see you. I prayed, asking God why this burden was placed upon us.

Your constant reminders helped Kwesi, Kobla, and me live in peace, and we continue to do so. Everyone who knew you admired your infectious smile and willingness to lend a hand. I always boasted that you, my Mum, would cater any event I planned. Your love and encouragement have brought me far, and your legacies will live on for generations.

Dear God, it's me, George. I'm not asking for forgiveness but to speak to my mother this time. If there's a phone in Heaven, please put me through so I can tell her one more time how much I love and miss her. Until we meet again, may the good Lord grant you peaceful rest, Mummy.

TRIBUTE BY DR. PEARL ESENAM ATTIPOE

Oh, Mummy! Your sudden transition to glory has left us stunned and heartbroken. Yet, my hope is anchored in the promise of comfort from Matthew 5:4: "Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted."

I think back to that Sunday morning when you lovingly checked on your grandson, Eyram, ensuring we were ready for our trip. As you usually do, you asked if we needed anything. I can still see your warm smile and endless care. If only I had known what was to come just a few hours later, I would have made just one request: "Stay with us a little longer; don't leave yet." But who can fathom the mysteries of this life?

Even in our sorrow, I find solace in John 6:40's promise—you are now in a better place, embraced by the Lord Jesus Christ, smiling down on us, cheering us on.

The void your departure has left is immense, and the loss feels unbearable. Yet, I understand that though you are no longer physically here, the Lord is our strength, and He will carry us through this pain.

Your love, kindness, and presence will forever be cherished, Mummy. I will miss you dearly. May your beautiful soul find eternal peace, in Jesus' name.

TRIBUTE BY THE KING FAMILY

(FROM THE FAMILY HEAD AND COUSINS)

*"For we do not live for ourselves, if we live is to honour the Lord, and if we die, it is to honour the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord."
Romans 14:8*

Dear Anne, you are gone but not forgotten. Your memory will live on because of who you were and the good memories you left with us.

The news of your sudden passing came as a shock to every member of the King family. To think that a lively, cheerful, energetic, and kind-hearted person like you would leave us suddenly was the last thing any of us expected.

Sometimes, it is not how long we lived on earth that matters but how we lived and what we did in our time. Of all our deeds on this earth, it is the care, compassion, goodwill, understanding, and humility we show toward our fellow human beings that count the most.

We mourn you, Anne, with heavy hearts because of who you were and the many lives you touched positively. You have indeed left an indelible footprint in the

sands of time.

Your departure into eternity is a loss not only to your husband, children, and immediate siblings but also to us, your cousins. To us, you were more than a cousin, indeed a sister.

The family you predeceased loves you, but the good Lord knows and loves you best. We, therefore, give glory to the most high for blessing us with your life.

A glorious crown awaits you as the Angels of heaven lead you to the bosom of the Father.

May her soul find the light and continue in joyful existence in the presence of her creator.

Adieu Sister Anne, na dzudzor le nutifafa me

TRIBUTE FROM MRS PEARL ADASE

- (FRIEND)

*"For me to live is Christ, and
to die is gain" Phil 1:21 (KJV)*

It is with a heavy heart that I write this tribute in honour of my dear friend and sister. My siblings and I have known "Sis. Annie", as we called her, since the time she started working in Achimota School with our mother.

My friendship with her blossomed in Kumasi when she was working at the Komfo Anokye Teaching Hospital (KATH), where my husband and I were also working. Sometime between 1995 and 1996, we stayed together. Sister Anne kind, soft-spoken, and ever-smiling, was much loved by my husband and our young children. Our little son Edem became so attached to her that she later named her first son after him. They became known as Edem' snr' and Edem' jnr'.

When my family relocated to Accra in 2000, we had the opportunity to interact closely with Sis Anne and her family, who were also now living in Accra. I have fond memories of some of our visits and the endearing nicknames we had for our children at that time.

I moved to London in the early 2000s, but distance only strengthened our relationship further. We communicated regularly, updating each other on work

progress and our children. Whenever any members of my family or I visited Ghana, she took care of us by providing sumptuous meals. When our daughter relocated to Ghana for many years, she 'mothered' her like her own, leading to the formation of strong bonds between her and the Nyamadi children.

Sister Anne was an accomplished caterer, as you all know. We were blessed to have her cater all family functions and occasions, such as weddings, birthdays, and funerals. In joy or sorrow, we only had to tell her our requirements, and she never disappointed. During my last visit to Ghana in May this year, Sis Anne and her husband, Fo Seth, visited me, and we had a nice time together. I was eagerly expecting to host her in London for the first time in November this year, as she planned to attend her son's graduation ceremony. Alas, this was not to be. Instead, we heard the shocking news of her demise.

Sis Anne, I can't believe you've left us so soon, but I take consolation in the word of the Lord, which says, "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me, though he dies, yet shall he live" John 11:25 (RSV) Sister Anne, babaa loo, hede nyuie, Rest in Peace.

TRIBUTE FROM MRS SALIAH

- (FRIEND)

Anne was not only a coworker but more like a sister to me. At work and in the Madina market, most people would ask if we were twins.

On that fateful day when she passed away, her nephew, Etse, called at 6:26 pm saying, "Mummy has passed away". I was in disbelief and shock. I asked, "Where?" He said, "Gone". I asked again, "Where?" and then he said, "Dead". I screamed so loud. So many questions followed, "What? Where? When? And what happened? Was she sick?" It felt like something ran through my body like an electric current because we had been texting each other until Saturday.

She called on the 1st of July to wish my daughter a happy birthday. A week before

the big Salah, she sent me an invitation card for her sister's 70th birthday. I told her I could not make it because it would be on Salah day, but she quickly said, "Hajia, go for the Salah prayers and then come along with all your family for the celebration." That was exactly what happened. You can imagine the kind of person she was.

Anne knew everyone's birthday in my house, and even on Salah days, she would be the first to call. Anne was a loving, caring, hardworking, reliable, dedicated, and no-nonsense person. She was sympathetic and always prepared to help others. Anne was an angel.

My sister, we love you, but the Almighty God loves you most. My dearest sister, may the Almighty grant you paradise. Amen.



TRIBUTE BY PANTANG HOSPITAL

- TO THE LATE MRS. ANNE STELLA NYAMADI



"Then I heard a voice from heaven say," Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on." (Revelation 14:13)

It is with profound respect and deep sadness that we remember and honour the life and legacy of Mrs. Anne Stella Nyamadi, who passed away after a distinguished career and a life of dedicated service. Mrs. Nyamadi joined Pantang Hospital in 2005 as a Catering Officer and swiftly demonstrated her exceptional skills and unwavering commitment. Through her diligence and passion for her work, she rose through the ranks to become the Principal Hospitality Manager, a position she held with grace and competence until her retirement in 2020.

Mrs. Nyamadi's tenure at Pantang Hospital was marked by her exemplary leadership

and her steadfast dedication to excellence in catering and hospitality. Her role extended beyond mere management; she was a pillar of support and a beacon of discipline and professionalism within the department. Her meticulous attention to detail and deep care for the well-being of patients and staff alike were evident in every aspect of her work.

Her legacy is one of integrity and compassion. Mrs. Nyamadi's contributions were not only in executing her duties but also in fostering a nurturing environment for all who worked with her. Her approach to hospitality was not just about delivering quality service but about creating a warm

and welcoming atmosphere, which had a profound impact on the lives of many. As we reflect on her remarkable journey and her indelible mark on our institution, we are reminded of her unwavering commitment to her role and dedication to the values she held dear. Mrs. Nyamadi's exemplary life and her disciplined approach to her work have set a standard of excellence that will continue to inspire us.

Pantang Hospital has lost a cherished member of its family, and her absence will be deeply felt by all who had the privilege of working with her. We extend our heartfelt condolences to her family and loved ones during this difficult time. Her memory will live on through the many lives she touched and the high standards she set.

Rest in peace, Mrs. Anne Stella Nyamadi. Your legacy of service, integrity, and compassion will forever be remembered and cherished.

TRIBUTE FROM KETASCHO 78 TO OUR BELOVED COMRADE

ANNE STELLA NYAMADI

*"Now the labourer's task is over,
Now the battle day is past,
Now upon the farther shore lands the voyager at last."*

Words cannot express the void we feel in our hearts today, knowing that we will no longer set our eyes on Anne. Death, we know, is inevitable, but the manner in which it comes makes it look like something with a variety of definitions.

We dropped as little kids through the main gates of Ketasco from different angles. And Anne, as we used to call her, was one of us.

Yes, she was one of us!!!

Joining the Ketasco fraternity then was like graduating from the University of Ghana. We all shared the excitement and pride of becoming Dzolalians in a special way. As an individual, we knew her to always be closed to herself, extra careful not to offend others, calm but ever-smiling, generous, and charming. In fact, she was a lady of so many parts. She was also very principled but tolerant and blended quickly with colleagues who differed with her in opinion. Peace was her trademark.

Yes, she was one of us!!!

After writing G.C.E.' O' Level in 1978, we all moved in pursuit of our dreams. Despite this, as a team player, she had been in contact with many of us, especially our ladies.

Our Annual General Meeting this year, 2024, was centralised in Accra and tagged "Home-coming" and not just a mere meeting. Anne's enterprise was in charge.

1st May, 2024 was the date.

Lizani Event Centre, Lashibi, Accra, was the venue.

It was all cheers and hugging, as some had not met since 1978. In fact, one of the happiest moments shared by college mates was a dream come true.

Anne, with her workers, presented us on that day, a set of palatable festive meals, with her workers offering unique and professional services.

To this day, we can imagine her sitting behind a long table, in her blue outfit, and dishing out instructions to her workers.

Before the program started, a minute's silence was observed in remembrance of the twenty-six (26) colleagues who passed

on into eternity. Little did we know that Anne would be the 27th.

Before our departure, some of us casually commented on the service of her enterprise and told her we wished she could travel across the Aflao border with her team to deliver the same services when we hoped to have our next Annual General Meeting in Lome, Togo, in 2025. She gave her usual charming smile.

Yes, she was one of us!!!

THE SHOCKER - The news of Anne's demise shook us all to our roots and sounded unbelievable. Was she waiting for this Home-coming of Dzorlali' 78, which was long overdue due to our various social commitments?

Who can imagine what the year group is going through today?

The future we don't know, is more scary.

Death is really inevitable, but the timing of Anne's demise makes it unacceptable. However, we remain committed to the belief that we shall meet again.

Truly, we bid Anne farewell the hardest way.

May her goodness lead her to eternity.

Rest, rest, rest, Amewonorvi, Rest in everlasting peace.



TRIBUTE BY THE RETIRED CATERING OFFICERS & HOSPITALITY

MANAGERS OF GHS/MOH

"He will wipe away 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

Anne-Stella Wemakor joined the Ministry of Health as a staff cook in 1980. Her first station was Princess Marie Louise Hospital, then transferred to the Achimota Government Hospital. She was again transferred to the Komfo Anokye Teaching Hospital, where she took advantage of her location to enroll at the Kumasi Polytechnic in a Diploma in Institutional Management course from 1988 to 1990, which qualified her as a full-fledged Catering Officer.

At the Komfo Anokye Teaching Hospital, she executed her duties very well and won the admiration of many. That also made her Mrs. Brookman—Amisah's 'pet.' She moved to Accra after getting married and was posted to the Inspectorate Unit of the Catering Division in 1997.

One of the exquisite women one could encounter at the head office was Ann Stella. She executed professionalism, competence, self-assurance, and intelligence while there. She also had the opportunity to go on a

healthy diet programme to Israel.

In 2005, she was posted to Pantang Psychiatric Hospital to head the catering department.

She was a sincere person who could work with anyone and exhibited diligence in her work.

In the year 2010, she pursued a degree in Hospitality and Tourism Management (Bachelor of Technology) and graduated with 2nd Class Upper Division while she was still at Pantang Psychiatric Hospital.

Anne–Stella retired from active service in July 2020 and joined this family of beautiful and lovely retired ladies.

She was an active member of the group and loved sharing inspirational messages on our WhatsApp page often. While in retirement, Ann still ran her private catering services and catered for most family events of colleagues.

We have lost a gem, a precious jewel that

might be irreplaceable.

Our dear Sister Anne–Stella, we are all here today to bid you farewell, especially your closest friends Gloria, who was your mate in both IM and BTech and Fati, your twin "Sister."

Hede nyuie, Rest well, our sister

"To part is the lot of all mankind. The world is a scene of constant leave-taking, and the hands that grasp in cordial greetings today are doomed ere long to unite for the last time, when the quivering lips pronounce the word – 'FAREWELL.'"

RM Ballantyne.

TRIBUTE BY “POWER CITY RESIDENTS ASSOCIATION”

We were fortunate to know Mrs Anne Nyamadi through one of our members, her neighbour, when our association needed a caterer for an end-of-year gathering about eight years ago. She delivered food that exceeded our expectations, and members were thrilled with her culinary skills. Her cooking skills and menu planning to any budget made many of her neighbours engage her for their home meals. Her pleasant demeanor, friendliness, and willingness to help with menu planning and resource optimisation made her an invaluable partner.

Who can forget the delectable goat kebabs

she prepared for our last get-together? They were so delicious that by the time members asked for more, they were all gone! Her annual tradition of baking cakes for clients at the beginning of each year was a testament to her love and dedication.

Mrs. Nyamadi, we will deeply miss your exceptional cooking skills, your cheerfulness, and your unwavering commitment to your work.

Rest peacefully, Auntie Anne. Your legacy will live on in our hearts and taste buds.
Fare Thee Well



Hymns

CH 308. O Christ The Glory Of The Angel Choirs.

1. O Christ, the glory of the angel choirs!
Author and ruler of the human race!
Grant us one day to climb the happy hills,
And see your blissful face.

2. And oh, you Raphael, physician blest,
Send down to us from your celestial height,
To heal our soul's disease and direct,
Our life-long course aright.

3. You too, O Mary, Mother of our God!
And happy Queen of Angels, hither speed,
Drawing with you the army of the Saints,
To help us in our need.

CH 162. Yes I Shall Arise And Return To My Father.

Antiphon:

Yes I shall arise and
return to my Father!

1. To you, O Lord, I lift up my soul;
In you, O my God, I place all my trust.

2. Look down on me, have mercy, O Lord;
Forgive me my sins, behold all my grief.

3. My heart and soul shall yearn for your
face;
Be gracious to me and answer my plea.

4. Do not withhold your goodness from me;
O Lord, may your love be deep in my soul;

5. To you I pray; have pity on me;
My God, I have sinned against your great
love.

6. Mercy, I cry, O Lord, wash me clean;
And wither than snow my spirit shall be.

7. Give me again the joy of your help;
Now open my lips, your praise I will sing.

8. Happy is he, forgiven by God;
His sins blotted out, his guilt is no more.

CH 34. My Soul Is Longing For Your Peace.

Antiphon:

My soul is longing for your peace,

Near to you, my God

1. Lord, you know that my heart is not
proud,
And my eyes are not lifted from the earth.

2. Lofty thoughts have never filled my mind,
Far beyond my sight all ambitious deeds.

3. In your peace I have maintained my soul,
I have kept my heart in your quiet peace.

4. As a child rests on his mother's knee,
So I place my soul in your loving care.

5. Israel, put all your hope in God,
Place your trust in him, now and evermore.

CH 60. Oh, God, Our Father, Kindly Bless.

1. Oh, God, our Father, Kindly bless
This bread we sinners offer you;
Let ev'ry grain of wheat express
Our longing to be saved anew.

2. Receive this chalice for a sign,
Of many voices joined in prayer;
As many grapes become one wine.
So we unite to plead your care.

3. O Loving Father, hear our call,
Forgive our works of sin and strife;
Send down your Son to feed us all,
The Bread of everlasting life.


CH 104. O Lord, I Am Not Worthy.

1. O Lord, I am not worthy
That you should come to me,
But speak the word all powerful
My soul then heard shall be.

2. I'm longing to receive you,
The Bridegroom of my soul;
No more from you I'll wander;
Nor flee your sweet control.

3. In awe, O Lord, all holy,
The angels you adore;
How then ought I most deeply,
My lowliness deplore.

4. But when you soon will enter,
O Lord, my sinful heart,



Then heal me, be my shelter,
For you my Saviour art.

CH 350. Guide Me, O You Great Redeemer.

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

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

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

CH 93. Soul Of My Savior, Sanctify My Breast.

1. Soul of my Savior,
Sanctify my breast;
Body of Christ be,
you my saving guest;
Blood of my Savior,
bathe me in your tide,
Wash me with water
Flowing from your side.

2. Strength and protection,
may your passion be;
O blessed Jesus
hear and answer me
Deep in your wounds Lord;
hide and shelter me,
So shall I never,
never part from you.

3. Guard and defend me,
From the foe malign;
In death's dread moment
Make me only Thine
Call me and bid me
Come to you on high
When I may praise thee
With your Saints for aye.

CH 212. Yes Heaven Is The Prize.

1. Yes, heaven is the prize,
My soul shall strive to gain
One glimpse of Paradise,
Repays a life of pain.

Chorus: 't Is Heaven; yes heaven;
Yes, Heaven is the prize;
't Is Heaven; 't is heaven;
Yes, Heaven is the prize.

2. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
My soul, Oh think of this;
All earthly goods despise,
For such a crown of bliss.
't Is Heaven, etc.

3. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
When sorrows press around,
Look up beyond the skies,
Where hope and strength are found.
't Is Heaven, etc.

4. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Oh, it's not hard to gain;
He surely wins who tries,
For hope can conquer pain.
't Is Heaven, etc.

5. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
The strife will soon be past,
Faint not, but raise your eyes,
And struggle to the last.
't Is Heaven, etc.

6. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Faith shows the crown to gain,
Hope lights the way and dies;
But love will always reign.
't Is Heaven, etc.

7. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Too much cannot be given;
And he alone is wise,
Who gives up all for Heaven.
't Is Heaven, etc.

8. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Death opens wide the door,
And then the spirit flies,
To God for evermore.
't Is Heaven, etc.



Appreciation

We are immensely grateful and overwhelmed by your support, love, and kindness during this difficult time. Your presence during our bereavement, your comforting words, and the help you provided with the planning and arrangements meant the world to us. We are forever grateful. God richly bless you.