



Mrs. Juliana Kwakyewaa Dennis

Order of Service

PRE-BURIAL SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL

1. Call to Worship -
2. Hymn - PHB 555
3. Prayer-
4. Hymn - PHB 504
5. Reading - Rev. 7:9-19
6. Filing Past - PHB 468, 644
7. Reading - 1 Thess. 5:1-10
8. Tribute - Congratulations / Individuals
9. Filling Past - PHB 280, 270
10. Reading - John 11:25-27
11. Tributes - Congratulations / Individuals
12. Filling Past - PHB 557, 563
13. Reading - Psalm 39:4-9,12
14. Tribute - Family / Grandchildren
15. Reading - Job 19:23-27
16. Filling Past - Family (PHB 518)
17. Filling Past - Presbyters (Closing of Casket)

Officiating Ministers

Rev. Josephine Mateko Ankrah
Rev. Emmanuel Mensah Sarpong
Cat. Mary Ohui Djanbeng

Organists

Prof. Charles Barnor
Pres. Jacob Addy

Order of Service IN THE CHAPEL

1. Processional Hymn - PHB 317
2. Salutation/Sentences -
3. Hymn - **When peace like a river ...**
4. Liturgical Prayer -
5. Anthem -
6. Scripture Reading - **Isaiah 55: 8-10**
7. Hymn - **PHB 777**
8. Life History & Tributes - Family, Widower

Prayer of Thanksgiving	-	
Christian Charity	-	PHB 468
Dedication of Offering	-	
Announcement	-	
Closing Hymn	-	PHB 504
Benediction	-	
EBENEZER	-	
Recessional Hymn	-	PH 792

AT THE GRAVE SIDE

Sentences	-	
Hymn	-	PHB 839
Exhortation	-	
Hymn	-	PHB 837
Committal and Prayer	-	
Vote of Thanks	-	Family
Hymn	-	PH 728
Benediction	-	



Mrs.
Juliana
**KWAKYEWAA
DENNIS**

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love".

- John Milton

BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE JULIANA KWAKYEWAA DENNIS

***1. Our loving child, sleep well in Christ,
The eyelids close from earth
But God your Lord is close with you
Sleep well, beloved child.***

***7. The Spirit of God, Blessed One
Be with you and always.
God's Holy Name be with you now,
And bring you safe to Heaven.***

PCG English Hymn 819

Mrs. Juliana Kwakyewa Dennis (nee Martinson) was born at Pillar Enyo (Palladium) in Accra on Sunday, 22nd June 1947 to Mr. Francis Ensius Adu Martinson of Adomfode clan, Larteh and Mrs. Joana Elizabeth Amy Martinson (nee Abaidoo) of Anomabo and Accra, both of blessed memory. She was the third of six children.

She was baptized at Praeterus Presbyterian Church (presently PCG Resurrection Congregation, Makola, Accra) in 1947 and confirmed at the same church in 1961. She continued to keep her membership at Resurrection Congregation until she moved to South Odorkor where she joined the PCG Trinity Congregation (Dansoman Estates). She grew to become a regular and active member of the Trinity Congregation and held several positions in the church including being a Senior Presbyter, a Presbyter and a patron of the Singing Band.

Auntie Julie as she is affectionately called, had her elementary education at Bishop Girls School in Accra and proceeded to Aburi Girls Secondary School in 1959, where she joined her other two senior sisters for her secondary education. The cold climate at Aburi was not conducive to her

health and she ended up with many bouts of ailments, resulting in her withdrawal from the school in her second year. On the advice of the late Rev. Osae-Addo, the then headmaster of Wesley Grammar School and a close associate of her father, Julie was enrolled at Wesley Grammar School in Accra where she completed her O'level certificate in 1964. Thereafter, she secured a job at the Barclays Bank with the determination of pursuing a career in banking. Her father's desire to see her further her education disrupted her career as a banker and instead was enrolled in Ghana National College, Cape Coast, where she obtained her A' Level certificate in 1966.

After secondary school, she was employed as a Research Assistant at the National Institute for Health & Medical Research, now Noguchi Memorial Institute for Medical Research, Accra. Due to her passion for teaching she left in 1967 to take up a position for a year as a Chemistry Teacher at Adonten Secondary School. From there, she proceeded to Brandon University, Canada completing her bachelors' degree in Microbiology in 1971. Soon after, she got married and was blessed with 3 children (Juliette, Ernest & Olga). Julie was a very determined young woman and decided to pursue a postgraduate degree in Food Microbiology. She graduated from the University of Vermont, US in 1973.

She returned to Ghana in 1974 and in 1975 joined the Food Research Institute of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research (CSIR) as a Research Scientist in Microbiological Analysis and Food Product Development. In 1983, she established her first private business which she run from home. Later in the year, she resigned from the CSIR to fully pursue her entrepreneurial

dreams in the fish processing and export business, which became successful. She also ventured into other private businesses until the demands of her young family would not permit her. Finally, in 1990 she took leave off her businesses to concentrate on her young family.

Enterprising and hardworking Julie could not stay home for long. In 1991 her interests and her desire to uplift the lifestyle of Ghanaian women motivated her to join WIAD a division of the Directorate of the Ministry of Food and Agriculture as Deputy Director. She later moved to MOFA Extension Services Department in the same position. During her time at MOFA, she initiated and developed several gender programmes, strategies, trainings and publications which included the Gender and Agricultural Development Strategy (GADS), MOFA's HIV/AIDS and Agricultural Development policy and the HIV/AIDS and Agricultural Development Programme funded by the UNDP and the World Bank respectively. She was a strong advocate for women affairs and a gender expert hence, her contribution in the drafting and formulation of the National Gender Policy including the amendments to the PNDC 1985 Interstate Succession Law of Ghana. In 2003 she returned to WIAD as Deputy Director and was later promoted to Director of the division from where she retired in 2008.

She loved the Lord and took great pride in coming from a very strong Presbyterian background on her Paternal side and The Methodist Church on the Maternal side. She would often talk of her joy when her Maternal grandmother would occasionally have them assist in cleaning the current Wesley Methodist Church before they would return back to worship. Throughout her life, wherever she found herself, she joined the local Presbyterian Church. Julie served the Lord and the Presbyterian Church of Ghana so well that she

accepted to be a Presbyterian and subsequently the First Female Senior Presbyterian of Trinity Congregation, PCG.

Julie spent her retirement years in the US until the last 5 years, when she started shuttling between Ghana, US and Canada to provide the much needed support to her children. In 2019, she visited Ghana for a short period in June, to see to her ailing husband and in December to spend Christmas with family as well as attend the 20th anniversary of her late father. She returned to the US in late January 2020.

Shortly after her arrival in the US, she began complaining about severe discomfort. This was followed by a few admissions and discharges to resolve her illness. Unfortunately, on Monday May 11, 2020 she succumbed to the calling of the Lord.

She is survived by her husband, Mr. Edward Allswell Dennis whom she married on November 25th 1989 and her children Juliette, Ernest, Olga, Lorraine & Golda, grandchildren, many family members and friends.

The entire Martinson, Freeman and Dennis families thank the Good Lord for her life and for sharing her with us. The Lord provides in times of need and takes away at His determination. Indeed, death is the last chapter in life, but the first chapter in eternity... Julie, you have walked closely with the Lord, May the Good Lord sanctify you and welcome you into His presence. May the Heavenly wings blow softly over your gentle soul and give you rest, till we meet again!

Rest in Perfect Peace.







TRIBUTE BY HUSBAND

John16:22

²² So with you: Now is your time of grief, but I will see you again and you will rejoice, and no one will take away your joy.

“Though her smile is gone forever and her hand I cannot touch. I still have so many memories of the one I loved so much.

Her memory is now my keepsake which with I'll never part. God has her in her keeping I have her in my heart.

Sadly missed, but never forgotten”.

If I ever knew your Goodbye on the 24th January 2020 was going to be the last day, I saw u. I would have asked you to teach me how to manage the rest of my life without you. I never thought a day like this would come when I would have to say goodbye to you Julie. We always joked about who would leave who behind. You always said I always assumed I would go to my maker before you, but the truth is I did not know how I would survive without you. The day you gave up the ghost, I asked God why it had to be you and not me! You have nursed me for the past 10 years since my health started failing me, and if anybody deserved this life I have today, it should have been you my dear Julie. You served me and the family so well, we are all wondering how this void can ever be filled. I still do not believe you are gone. You and I still talk every day, and that was the bond we shared till your final departure.

Some would call it chance, but I would say it was by Grace that I met my lovely wife Julie on that fateful afternoon. She had come to my office to pick up an order she had made. This was during the 1983 Hunger period and goods were scarce, and here there was a lovely young corporate woman trying to venture into an entrepreneurial

dream. My curiosity to find out why such an intelligent researcher was interested in venturing into wholesaling and retailing of goods led to the birth of a friendship that lasted over 3 decades.

She was the most intelligent lady I had ever met. Her eloquence, her calmness, her grace, her smartness brewed natural beauty, and at that very moment I vowed to make Julie my wife.

Our friendship took off quite smoothly, here I was a local Takoradi chap finding myself in Accra due to work. My After-work hours were quite lonely, and Julie filled those moments so effortlessly yet not making me feel too comfortable. If you know Julie, you know how calm but principled she is. We would often spend our weekends at Bus stop eating Khebab and listening to Jerry Hansen and his band play or at our Favorite Chinese Restaurant Hinlone in Osu. Julie loved her snail Khebabs.

The day I expressed interest in buying a home in Accra was the day I knew I was not ready to live a moment without my Julie. Julie had finally converted the local Takoradi chap to an Accra man. We got married shortly after and God blessed us with our lovely daughters, Lorraine and Golda.

You took charge of the home and our other businesses so effortlessly I could afford to concentrate on my work and pursue other dreams. Together we run several Businesses. Julie was a very dynamic woman. I remember when we were building our First home at Sakaman, without any prior skills in construction, she took charge and singlehandedly executed the project. At a point, her dad(of blessed memory) recommended her taking up a profession in

construction full time -that is how versatile my Julie was. I didn't have to worry whether she would ever be successful at executing a task.

Julie was a very prayerful woman. Her love for God, belief in God and work for God was seen in all the aspects of her life. Julie's work often took her out of Accra and would make sure she is back home by Saturday to make it to church on Sundays. Nothing could separate Julie and God.

Julie you have been my best friend for over 3 decades and I do not know where again I shall find such peace. For all these years of life spent together, never once did I see you angry or fight me for anything. Whenever I would stay out late, the silence from you would keep me grounded for so many weeks without attempting to stay out late again.

Julie was an exceptional cook. Being a husband who never ate any food out of my home, she would make sure all my meals were fresh and on time. Who would cook my favourite chicken light soup and fufu on Sundays for me. Its only Julie's food that would make me drive home everyday to eat lunch and return back to work.

Julie, I do not know how I am going to continue this life without you. For 5 months I have lived with disbelief that you are truly gone. But whom am I to question God, when He decides. I know that I should not question God obviously because he knows and has His reasons, but I can't help constantly asking myself "Why did you have to die?"

I take it you are the best of the roses in the garden and the almighty wants the best.

And now, dear friends and family, I close this tribute with a feeling of humility and submission to Divine authority. I know many men have wonderful wives, but no one has ever had a better one than I. I have lost a worthy helpmate, but I have nothing but happy memories of our nearly forty years of life together.

Our dear kids and I miss you. I Look forward to seeing you again... Fare thee well my dear wife;

Yaa wo ojogban, my Dear Julie!

Eddie your Husband





TRIBUTE BY JULIETTE

How do I start to write a tribute to you mama, where do I begin mama, where do I begin? I have searched for the right words to express what it means to me to be your daughter but I certainly cannot find the right words for you. No amount of words would suffice what you were. However, I will try by saying Thank you mama, Thank you.

When I think of you what comes to mind is God's creation of a magnificent woman and a gentle giant. As a child, I have many fun memories of times spent with you and my grandfather "Paa Nii". I remember how he would chase us on top of the roof in Kaneshie with you yelling for us to get down. We always got into loads of trouble from being mischievous. I enjoyed all our cousins coming around spending time at the Kaneshie house and going to Krokrobite beach enjoying quality family time together.

Family was the core of everything you did. Ooo goodness mama those were definitely fun times. Growing up as a teenager you taught me how to take care of myself. You taught me how to cook, as such I could make a dish out of any left overs, sew my own clothing, and braid mine and other people's hair. My most memorable moment was going to church with a new outfit every Sunday sewn by me with your guidance.

When I got married and started my own family you were filled with pride and joy as your first grandchildren came into this world. As a grandmother watching you with my children

always filled me with excitement. They adored you mama. "G" ma as they fondly called you always brought a smile to my face and brought and made me feel so good to see the fruits of your labor through me. You spoiled them rotten and they enjoyed the light soup, stew and other Ghanaian dishes you prepared every time you came to the house.

Although you were my mother you were also my friend and you shared a lot of cliches which were funny but wise quotations I will refer to as "mamaizims" such as:

"no man brought me into this world and no man who ever take me out"

"I can love you from a respectable distance"

"A gboo ni moko agboo"

Today, Because of you I stand here and proudly say I am a strong black African woman but also acknowledge my weaknesses, fearless but humble before God, independent but dependent on Christ and proud but respectful. These were all attributes you embodied.

As it is said there is an end to every journey and you have come to the end of your journey. Mama I knew this day was coming but I never knew it was going to come so soon. Trying to rationalize the idea that you are gone is a struggle but in those gut-wrenching times I try so hard to remember the good times. The most hurtful part of everything is the pain and anguish I witnessed in your last days.

As you squeezed my hand that last day before you eventually went to the hospital is a moment I will never forget. It was just a squeeze in response to a question but it was a final farewell to me. May your light continue to always shine in everything I touch in my life.

There are a million ways to say thank you but none will be good enough for you, Goodbye will not be spoken because we will definitely meet again.

I am eternally grateful for allowing God to use you as a vessel to give me life.

I love you mama forever you daughter “Juliette”



TRIBUTE BY ERNEST

Growing up, the word “Obaatpana” always reminded me of the image of a hen fearlessly protecting its chicks. My Mother was “Obaatpana Julie”, fearless protector of her children, a sacrificial lamb for her own. A mother who would do everything possible to ensure her children did not lack. A mother who would not judge and who gave her children unconditional Love. This was the Mother I grew up to Love so much.

Mother, when God blessed you with me, when my eyes opened to this world, as I felt the warmth of your embrace, I must have known as a new born baby that I was to become the son of a protector and a comforter. The first few years of my life must have been amazing because once I was old enough to understand and communicate as a child, my perception of the kind of mother you were was amazing.

“Ayitey do not mind them”, “Ayitey are you ok”, “Ayitey are you satisfied”, “My only son”, were statements so familiar to me during my childhood days. I felt protected, cared for, and loved. Fond memories of football gifts during Christmas, trips to Makola market on market days where you would purchase goodies we loved, were some of the exciting moments I remember as a child. Mischief and stubbornness brought about a lot of subtle punishments, yet you always found a way to make it okay right after those tears. Mother, all the times as a child I ended up hiding under your bed for fear of being harmed, was my way of acknowledging your protective nature.

My teenage years with you were a little different, by this time you had come to understand that I now had my own unique identity, your

relationship with me had metamorphosed into one of mutual respect. You had become the mother of tough love. You understood that if you continued to treat me with kids' gloves, I might not turn out as you would like your son to be. You rewarded me when I did right and disciplined me when I was wrong. We shed tears together during my lowest moments and celebrated my successes. I am very proud of you mother, for raising and shaping me in the manner you did during this critical time of my life.

My adult life was the most memorable time with you, I began to see your entrepreneurial traits manifest in me. Though this led me to a path where my schedule would not allow me to spend as much time with you as I would have wished, the times we got to spend together were magical. We became friends, we debated issues, laughed and teased each other. We got mad at each other and patched up so easily forgetting we had been mad at each other.

We learnt to have this awesome relationship yet still acknowledging the mother-son relationship. You advised me on my life choices, and made me fully understand that there are consequences to the choices we make. You challenged me to excel, and above all constantly encouraged me to build my spiritual relationship with God. You always advised that I be the best I can and not be too hard on myself, that I should live a balanced life and find time for loved ones. It was always a joy to see that smile on your face when you saw me. We had so many plans, just you and I. Who will continue to mount the pressure to get married in a tasteful manner mother? Who will encourage me to take that step in the midst of all the negative things I hear?

I feel a lot of pain knowing that you will never get to see me raise my own family, I pray someday I proudly get to tell my children about you.

You said life was short mother, yes, it truly is but I never understood how short until now. I never anticipated or saw this coming. I have played countless scenarios of your last month with us trying to understand what we did wrong, what we could have done better to have avoided this outcome. At some point mother it felt as though we had failed you. The past few months have been the most painful for me. I have comforted myself knowing that you were a few minutes' drive away resting. Writing this tribute makes this all real now mother.

My faith has been shaken through this experience, I never envisaged our journey together would end so soon, it is impossible to understand why God took you away from us under this circumstance, however just maybe, your kind and gentle soul is needed in heaven. It's not goodbye mother, because you will always be here with me.

I pray you are in a better place; I pray God grants you a special place in heaven till we meet again mum.



TRIBUTE BY OLGA

I was blessed to have the most wonderful mother ever ... my mama! You were the true definition of a real mother. One who truly loves her children and will do anything for them. A beautiful lady with a big heart; ready to welcome and fuss over everyone - us, our spouses, friends and even our spouse's friends.

As far back as I can remember, my childhood with you was filled with so much fun. I remember joining my older siblings as they got into a lot of mischief. When you eventually caught up with us, I was always exempted from punishment as I was supposedly "led astray".

Mama, throughout my secondary school education to University of Ghana, Legon and finally my career you were a pillar to me. ... my personal cheerleader. You were one of my biggest supporters, celebrating my highs and a shoulder to cry on during my lows. I recall the constant advise and encouragement about securing my career which would allow me to always stand on my feet but not forgetting that I am an African woman who should also balance that career with a great family life.

One of the most wonderful memories I can think of was the day I gave birth to Josie. It was a difficult delivery and as I was wheeled down the hall way with her in my arms, I looked up and saw that big beautiful smile of yours and the look of pure pride. You walked into my room still smiling and said "let me see my grandchild properly" then looked at me with inquiring eyes "did they give you the right baby ... where did the red lips and red hair come from". We all burst into uncontrollable laughter. At that moment I finally knew where I picked up my dry humor. You called it "say it and be damned"!

Your presence made motherhood so much easier

for me. You were an awesome grandma ... always there to lend a hand, shoulder or an ear. Whether it's going to doctor's appointments, watching them at school events, picking them up from school because we can't make it from work in time or taking them to the pool or playground ... you certainly fulfilled your role as "Grammy"! Thank you for taking such great care of all of us.

I have lost my wonderful mother, friend, adviser and mentor. Mama I try to pretend you have travelled although I know otherwise. I have struggled to write this tribute as I felt no words could adequately express the gratitude, pain, deep sorrow, loss and absence I feel. Every day when my mind becomes alert before my eyes open, the first place it goes, is to you ... the realization that you are no longer here with me. In my mind's eye it is Saturday morning and as usual I am walking across the hallway to your room. I open the door and greet you and you look at me with a smile asking if I slept well. I sit on your bed and you ask me if I have prayed and then tell me about how important it is to pray for the people in your life. Since your demise, every day I ask myself have I prayed hard enough for you and maybe if I did you would still be here with me? As I grieve for the amazing relationship, I had with you, I realize how blessed I am to be your daughter and to have had all these years with you.

Leaving us so soon and suddenly was the furthest thought from my mind. I knew you were a strong warrior and was convinced it was just a matter of time before you would be up and about again. I thought your constant response of "I am good" meant you felt good and so was getting better. I look back now and realize your statement was more about accepting your fate and being content with whatever outcome God had

planned for you. Although we have suffered a great loss, I console myself knowing that you are in a place where there is no more pain but only joy. I carry with me the value of the lessons you have left behind - that what is really important in life is to pray, love, support and care for family and friends in our lives.

Mama, I cannot say goodbye because I know you are near even if I don't see you. You are with me even if you are far away. You are in my heart, in my thoughts and in my life always - so I say rest peacefully till we meet again!

Love always
Olga



TRIBUTE BY LORRAINE

Proverbs 31:31

"Honor her for all that her hands have done, and let her works bring her praise at the city gate."

In my thirty plus years of life this I would say is the most difficult thing I have had to do. If we should go by the plan, you should have been planning your 2020 Xmas trip to Ghana. I am very sure your constant daily calls of "Kuntua what do you need from here" would have been your daily call to me. On your last Departure in January, it was very unusual of you wanting to be the last to be wheeled away. Mama would often request to be wheeled first so she could have ample time to settle down before takeoff and we would joke about an able Fashionista sitting in a wheelchair. This time around, you said "let me go last, I want to spend sometime with my daughter" Little did I know you were actually saying goodbye and the next time I would pick you up from the airport would have been your mortal remains.

Auntie Julie as I would always call her was a shoe too big to fit. Though you spoke extraordinarily little, you made us a part of everything you did and that was how you raised us all to what we know in this life we are living today. Mama believed her best investment was in her children and she invested all she ever had into us. Mama would often say, I do not have a million dollars in my account. My five children are my Million Dollar investment. Mama, we hope we have given you a good return on your investment. Mama, though my heart is heavy, and I can barely keep my eyes dry, I choose to use this opportunity to let the world know how proud I am of you as a daughter, your (testimony). Though without a doubt we would have wished you had stayed here longer, and probably enjoyed longer what you have toiled for. Growing up, Mama though was an exceptional professional woman, was equally very domesticated and she made sure all her children followed suite. If you walk into Auntie Julie's home on a Friday evening, or Saturday morning you would ask if you were at the back of house of a restaurant. Auntie Julie with her assistant cooks (4 daughters plus son). In Auntie Julie's home, though we always had help at

home, Mama would say, "they are here to help you, and not to do it for you". So, by Age 10, Mama would leave this responsibility to me and I would execute it excellently. Mama, I took so much pride in coming home with some change, when you sent me off to the market. Mama even though knew the very essence of education equally made all her children equally very domesticated.

Auntie Julie made her children her best friend. There is no where she would appear without us. You would wonder if mama had any friends at all, she sure did, because they all showed up at her parties too. Never once did I see mama leave home to visit a friend. Mama would often say, if you stay in your home, you never attract trouble to yourself. Mama, it was in your death, as we started reminiscing things you had said, only did we realize you had a different and unique relationship with each child. She made five friends out of us, and I sure believe that was enough. Mama, I never took for granted the Successes I chalked through life, what I knew and was very certain of was that I had a mother who constantly interceded on my behalf. I recall that faithful day in high school, I was due to go for my interview at the American embassy, Mama and I had done all the paperwork and had retired to bed. At dawn I woke and here my mama was on her knees pleading with God to make the interview successful. At that moment I asked myself, who needed this visa most, myself or my mama.

Mama had her Special relationship with God, of which she did not fail to enroll us in. Mama would often say, my only entertainment for the week was my Sunday service, so even though her work would often take her out of accra, she would make sure she is back home on Saturday to make it to her Sunday service. Mama would show up everywhere with us. The only time Mama ever threatened to leave us behind, was if we tried to make her late to church. That was Mama's Absolute devotion to God right there.

Mama, you were a perfect example of "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth". Mama was a lady of very few words. Never once did I see you fight

anybody, and never once did I see anybody succeed in winning a fight with you. She would often say “Kuntua, you don't have to go down to their level”, and you know what, they were never confident to bring the fight up her level either. Mama I am still learning how to perfect this one. Mama, you always pushed us to pursue our careers first to enable us to be independent as women. Several Days I would wake up in the middle of the night and would find my mama sitting on her bed typing on her laptop, developing work programmes and planning conferences. By the break of dawn, you would be on your way probably to the North. Mama would run all these busy schedules till the end of the week and still make it to Wesley Girls on a visiting Saturday with all my requests. Any visual Art student or Architecture student can attest to some of the weird things we were often asked to buy. How Mama found the time to even find those items is still a mystery to me today. Mama here I am, the testimony of your hard work.

I would not end this tribute without telling the world of your fashionista skills. I am sure you would have passed for today's super slay queen. You still dressed all of us up till your last days. Mama would show up with varieties of accessories when ever we had to attend a programme together. She left her home with the mindset to make sure you are dressed up just like she wants for the occasion. Mama, even on your sick bed,

you fought like the Mama I know. You tried so hard to hide the pain and bore it all upon yourself like the Super woman mama we know. I guess we all tried to tap into this super strength of yours, but you caught us each day. Mama we only wanted to help you win and bring you back home.

Mama I would miss you not for all the aspects of life you guided me through. You sure did more than enough. I will miss you because I have lost my best friend and confidant.

Mama, as you lay in the aisle of this Church you worked so hard to see to it becoming a reality, I pray the God of grace to Grant you your final wish as he separates you from us. I trust the God you devoted your life to, the God you always asked us to rely on, that you are far better positioned to intercede on our behalf.

Sleep well Mama, May God grant you a well deserving peaceful Eternal rest.

Indeed "Honor her for all that her hands have done, and let her works bring her praise at the city gate."



TRIBUTE BY GOLDA

In Christ alone my hope is found, He is my light, my strength, my song; This cornerstone, this solid ground, firm through the fiercest drought and storm; What heights of love, what depths of peace, when fears are stilled, when strivings cease; My comforter, my all in all...here in the love of Christ I stand!

Words fail me Mama... words truly fail me! **My Beloved Mama!** I am so proud to be Mama's child! I am blessed to have always known you Mama - as my beloved Mama and the unmatched soul you embodied! I am certain and confident that before I say a word here... you know and knew the depth of love and all you mean to me at every given opportunity, through my life's journey with you, Mama! You are my truest friend and confidante! Mama will sacrifice anything; no matter what it takes, Mama will make it happen for baby last- Guaranteed! You are my definition of the truest and purest love there can be... none Mama... nobody under this sun, can ever replace you in my life and heart; for aside my Redeemer, there is no greater force that backs my life than your love and protection! You are One Blessing I know is **CONSTANT** in my life! Never failed me; never changed... Not Once! When life's tough battles show up, Mama as she will always do, will put that fire in me that burned brighter than the fire that was around me and often add one of her favorite quotes "this one too shall pass". Hmm... Mama, Mama... I don't know about this one???

Mama promised and delivered a beautiful childhood for me... beautiful memories that I cherish and often talk about to my family. I remember after my wedding when I was getting ready to move to Canada... Mama as usual came to sit with me and said "I know you may be more familiar with US... but trust me you will quickly settle in in Canada. Oh yes that is my all-knowing Mama... quickly Mama got into her usual mode of "Mama has it all figured out." She started with the "you know I lived in Canada for a while..." story line... and quickly added "I hope George knows that too". That was Mama trying to say "don't think Canada's a new territory my in-law. My eyes are on my beloved child!"

and every now and then Mama will repeat this statement to my husband and have us all burst into laughter.

Today, when my children shout out "Mama", I always turn with that gleam of warmth in my heart ...at the same given, a part of me flashes straight to my Mama because I sure know she loved that title with such great pride- one thing that clung to her heart the dearest... her children, her pride! Truth is, life as I know it will never be the same again. Mama was so intertwined in my daily life and routine. WHAT I KNOW FOR SURE... is that I will treasure our daily midday calls and how you fill my afternoons with so much laughter! Mama will ask to see the face of each grandchild before she hangs up as though she didn't see them the day before. Yes, that's Mama...inspecting her grandchildren to make sure I was meeting her expectations! Where are you to back up my freezer with your delicious 3 months meals when you visited... Mama?!!! My Mama loved life more than itself... more than half the clothes I own is from Mama or Mama inspired or we having the same clothes cause Mama will always say "Titi ene ni eba no". At 34, my 72 year old Mama still got my clothing style in check; and not once have I had to question it! I trust Mama's judgment! The youngest old soul...that's Mama for you! Hmm... What happened to our 2020 rose gold and champagne Christmas tree we planned to set up... Where are you to go pick the decorations out with me...?

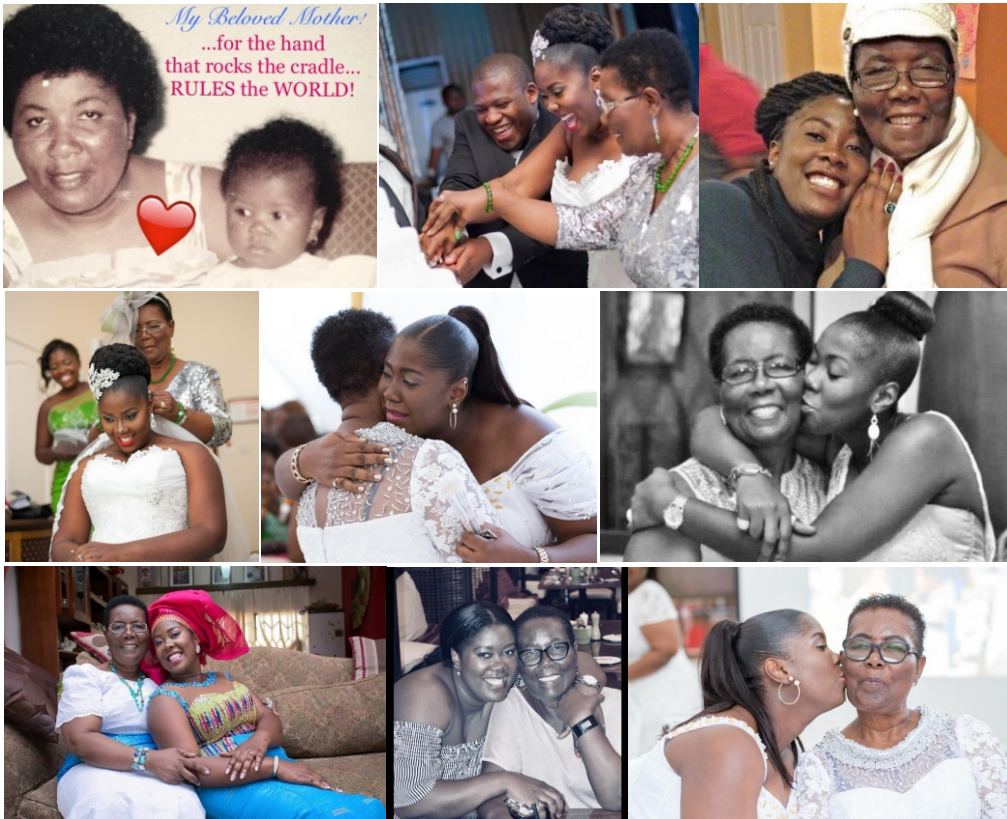
In November last year when you visited you said you were taking a short trip to Ghana, the following week and the... "I'll see you in February, Titi!" ...Mama, what happened to "Managing the pain, ...Think I will be ok soon"; Mama! What happened to all the "I'm good, Titi...I'm good"... "I'll see you soon." Mama I miss you sooo much... this is painful Mama and never in my wildest dreams, ever, imagined this! Today my biggest fear is my new reality - Life without my beloved Mama! I'm drowned in sooo much sorrow and fear of the unknown future without you, Mama, but as you have taught me to hold to my belief in God; after all said and done, I trust you are at a better place without

pain...even though I know you will give anything to be here with us. This is all I have and hold on to as comfort. Whatever my lot... Our Good Lord, has taught me to say... "it is well !" I feel you and I see your gentle spirit everywhere especially, when I look at my dear daughter Guillli-Anna. Please do what you do best - protect and guide me... for it is a scary and confusing world without you, Mama! I remember your daily prayers on my life, Mama. Your prayers have always followed me, they have clung to me all my life and continue to!

Thank you for the pleasure of holding your hands in your final hours. I will cherish our last hugs with all my heart, all my life! This is the best Mother's Day gift I'll have - the few hours you waited for me to drive all the way from Canada to see you for the last time! I had no idea Mama... no idea... those were your last hours. Even then, I felt the love and peace of your gentle soul as I held your hand. I love you my dearest Mama and, in all humility, I thank you, Mama for all your advice that shaped and continue to shape my life. I miss you... incredibly, Mama! Thank you for all the beautiful memories you created with and for me; one sure thing you taught me - to create beautiful memories with family and cherish them for **life is truly fragile!** Live on my Hero...for you are the fiercest soul I'll ever know... in my eyes and heart that is everything you are to me- One "fierce Hero!" E Mami Ekome! - Mama, my heart is shattered; I say no lie... but I won't question God... God is God and for that reason, I will forever be grateful for the time I had you in my life as my everything- the time that God granted. I'm truly overwhelmed with sorrow...but **I stand in the Power, Love, Blood, Name and Peace of God, trusting that you are resting peacefully!**

***It's never a goodbye Mama; for ours is ...love that knows no boundaries ...my Lifetime heartbeat...
Mama, we only part, to meet again!
Signed with loads of Love & Reverence, Mama (My Priceless Treasure!)***

Your baby Last... Titi (Golda M.N. Asante)





TRIBUTE BY GRANDMA

My Grandmother was a caring and kind person to almost everyone she met. When I was younger Grandma would look after me and my siblings. I loved the time I spent with her. She was a strong woman who had raised her children to be loving and confident individuals. She lived a life that was full of joy being stolen away from her through illness. But I know she is looking down on us and knows that we cherish her and our memories with her.

JAYDEN, KALEB & ZIPORAH

Hi Grandma– We miss you sooo much ... we have so much to tell you. We wish you were still here with us. Thank you for always buying us toys every time you took us to the store. Oh, and you have the best stew ever! We love you Grammy! **JOSIE & JULIANNE**

Dear Grandma,

We miss our daily video calls with you and also the early morning snuggles with you when you are with us here in Canada. We miss your presence and warmth, Grandma and yes, we shall continue playing our pretend phone calls with you in heaven. THANK YOU for all the beautiful presents you brought us... you are the best of the best, Grandma!

Good night Grandma! We love you so much and will never forget you!

GULLI-ANNA, GEOVANNA & GOLDYNNE-AMY





TRIBUTE BY SONS – IN-LAWS



It is with a heavy heart that I write a tribute to my Mother in law, Mrs. Juliana Dennis. I have fond memories of meeting her in Ghana for the first time in her office. I had no idea that she was a “Big Woman” working on behalf of the rural women of Ghana. It was impressive spending those times in her office as she directed members of her staff and work colleagues to handle themselves professionally and with dignity.

Equally impressive was how she conducted her household and staff. She made sure that every time I came to Ghana, that I was well taken care of. Therefore, when she moved into our household, I acted as her personal assistant and would make her favorite breakfast omelet and have her grandchildren personally deliver it at her bedside. I will miss my mother in law, I will miss her smile and most of all, I will miss her kind gentle spirit.

Kwame Gyamfi



Mama, with each passing day I cannot help but think about the calmness you exuded in the years we shared in the same household. I always appreciated your presence, not just for the calming effect it had but for all the lessons it brought with it. Your presence was always felt yet it never seemed to intrude on our lives, especially as a young married couple.

I always wondered how that was so... in death I find the answer. That inherent attribute that defines

who we are, and which makes us unique is what I experienced with your presence over the years. I know that now because I feel your absence every day. Not just your physical absence, but all the subtleties that were highly noticeable with you in our home. From the special greetings (Ayekoo) the minute I walked through the front door after a long day at work, to the food you prepared including dishes that you knew I liked.

You were an immense help to us- caring for our children while we were away at work without any complaints, picking them up from school, showing love and compassion in difficult times. I will cherish the memories of the times we spent being around each other; sharing special occasions together and being right there with us as my young family marked significant milestones in our lives. Mama, although this was all cut short by your untimely passing, they were glorious occasions that no doubt, leaves a lasting memory for me. You truly were a blessing and for that I am grateful.

I hope I showed enough gratitude while you were here with us. If I did not, I regret that but for now, all I can say is **Thank you**. Thank you for all you taught us; the wonderful wife you gave me, the beautiful grandchildren and thank you, Mama for allowing us to be us.

I miss you.

Tony Osaghae



A Golden Heart stopped beating, hardworking hands at rest.

It broke our hearts to see you go so suddenly but God knows best.

“True mothers are not the ones who have never struggled. They are the ones who never give up, despite the struggles.” A Mother holds her child’s hand for a while, their heart forever!

There is nothing refreshing like a mama!

You didn't just mother your children but you mothered many including me with countless fond memories over the years since becoming a member of your family. They say memories are golden. Well, maybe that's true but we never wanted just memories, we wanted you. I remember one evening while having our usual warmly chitchats, details meant only for me, she took a look at me and with this warm smile, she said...” I told your wife that you are a smart cookie!!!” And we all burst out laughing. It's always been a wonderful moment anytime with you. Last Christmas was

one but final moments we shared with you here in Ghana. We had numerous lunches and dinners together and each time I said, “grandma can I serve you this or that”? She would reply, Achelles. I'm still working on my weight plan. We planned for a vacation with you this summer and at the airport on your way back to the States, you said...” Achelles, will see you in summer” but little did we know that it was not meant to be. This life here on earth is a journey, it's a resting place along the road to Eternity. We all have different paths along the way but never meant to stay here forever. Our journey finally ends with the Lord as in **John 14: 1-4** “Let not your hearts be troubled. Believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also. And you know the way to where I am going.”

Rest in Peace, Maa Julie, You Have arrived at the end of your journey in the bosom of the Lord where you are crowned with everlasting peace.

Achelles Addo



May the Good Lord say to you “Ayekoo Ayekoo Ayekoo!”

I had the pleasure of living with Mama when my wife and I had our first child (fully named after my beloved Mother-in-law) and she came over from the U.S.A to give us a helping hand. When we picked Mama from the airport, one of the first thing I remember her saying was " You know George, I use to live in Canada, so this place is just like home" and we all burst out laughing. That was Mama passing on a mild warning shot to her in-law! “Ayekoo!”, that was what Mama would say to me every time I came home from work, and it did not matter even if I got home late from work, Mama would always say “Ayekoo” with a warm smile on her face. Mama showed us love in many forms during her visits with us in Canada. As old as she was, she was always on her feet cooking sumptuous meals for us. I recall saying to her once, “Mama please relax small” and she replied “George, cooking is my passion but don't allow men in the kitchen when I am cooking so you go and relax.” Then again, we all burst out in laughter - Oh Mama!

Mama will always pick up our oldest child and when I say “Mama please, she is heavy let me take her”, Mama will always say “it's okay George that's grandma's job, Grandma is for spoiling” and for sure our kids had a lot of spoiling from her! The sound of “Grandma is here” has been silent, the sound of Ayekoo! has been silent and those are surely missed, Mama. You are missed and you will be missed forever! I thank God for sending Mama Julie into my life and I know the good Lord said to Mama, “Ayekoo!!! into My Kingdom!”

George K. Asante

TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS SIS JESSIE, NAA AWAA, BRA ASA & NANA ADU

God blessed us with a beautiful sister, the third girl in a row (our Mansa). Though tough and vocal like a typical Mansa, our sister was also a gentle soul. Her sympathy for the underprivileged was legendary. Kwakyewaa as we affectionately called her was very intelligent and always eager to learn new things.

She was amongst the youngest in her class at Bishop Girls School. Talented as she was, at age 13 she could sew her own clothes and prepare sumptuous dishes.

Kwakyewaa was very proud of her lineage and at the least opportunity would introduce herself as a direct descendant of Rev. Thomas Birch Freeman (a Methodist missionary to the Gold Coast), the granddaughter of Mr. Theophilus Asa Martinson popularly known as 'Adawso Governor' (a Presbyterian teacher/catechist), the grandniece of Bishop Ezra Douglas Martinson (first Ghanaian Bishop of the Anglican church) and the daughter of a committed Senior Presbyter of the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Francis Ensius Adu Martinson. No wonder she ended up being a Senior Presbyter of the Presbyterian Church as well.

After your retirement from government service, you shuttled between Ghana and USA to support your children and other family members. Your last visit (November

2019 – January 2020) was memorable. Your interaction with us your siblings in Ghana was intense. On several occasions, you invited us to go shopping together with Nana Adu in the driving seat. We had so much fun reminiscing about our childhood especially our holidays at Larteh and Adawso. We recalled snapshots as we walked down memory lane.

Larteh our 'little London', had the treat of the real London at the time, cool weather during the day and very chilly at night. We used to huddle on Grandpa's bed whilst he sat in his rocking chair, telling us Bible and Ananse stories. There was always a coal pot in the corner to keep us warm and to keep Grandpa's tea flowing ceaselessly— a real 'By the Fireside' experience.

Oh, how we laughed when we recollected the day our Grandma (Nana Betty) nearly hit the roof. Her househelp called Odeibea had cooked our favourite Quaker Oats in an earthenware pot instead of an aluminum saucepan. As if that was not enough, Odeibea had also placed the cake we had brought along near the traditional stove to get rid of ants. "Ayirebi kpankpa" meaning naughty child, Grandma screamed. Naughty as we ourselves were, we shed a few crocodile tears only to realize that the oats and cake tasted better and we really enjoyed the breakfast. We came back to Accra with

the slogan “Ayirebi kpankpa” and with the determination to learn the beautiful language of our grandparents. That was wishful thinking!

Our vacations at Adawso before our grandparents moved residence to Larteh were equally enjoyable with running amongst the huge trees and the variety of fruits in the orchard, the nicest being the stevia berries which made everything we ate taste so sweet.

Growing up at Palladium was equally awesome. It was one big family with our grandma, Maa Kistina steering affairs. We watched with delight as our grand uncles and aunties, the Freemans, Ribeiros, Ayivors visited. We recall with nostalgia the abolo/akpiti (baked corn dough) Auntie Lulu, Aunt Kakra and Uncle Ambrose brought from Cape Coast. We had planned a visit to Cape Coast on your next visit to relive some of that history which we share today in your memory.

On 8th January 2020, you, Naa Awaa, Asa and Nana Adu visited Paa's grave at the Military Cemetery. After singing you said emphatically “Sister Naa Awaa, this time bo solemɔ” meaning “Sister Naa Awaa this time you should pray”. It was very unusual as you always performed that function as a presbyter. Little did we know that you were handing over the baton of leadership. Indeed, the Holy spirit moves ahead of us and orders our utterances.

During the activities honoring our late father in February, we strayed into reliving our Mama's early demiseit was all tears. When Naa Awaa took the opportunity to thank you once again for all that you taught her, you emotionally reminded her that she was the one who encouraged you to pursue further studies at the university to pave way for her and other females in the family. She is eternally grateful. You opened the doors for many.

Nana Adu recalled how in 1975 when he tried to run away from pursuing a career in Medicine in place of his dream of being an engineer, you convinced him that the first was his destiny. He has never regretted. We also expressed our deepest appreciation to you for taking good care of Paa and Bra Asa when you relocated to Kaneshie.

Your relocation was a blessing to your siblings. You filled a gap that had been created by the movement of all the other siblings. Your sharp inquiring mind enabled you to extract valuable information about the Martinson family from Paa, our beloved father. Anytime we had the opportunity to go through family albums, you recognized and linked every family member as narrated by Paa. Thanks for all this and the magnanimity showed to Paa and all your siblings.

The history of the Freeman Family (Mama's family) was not left out in your interactions with her family members who came by. Mrs. Ethel Ribeiro Lamptey who stayed close by, was a great source of knowledge and you

developed a close relationship with her. For us, you were indeed our family historian and encyclopedia.

Not too long ago, we gathered in your home to celebrate your 70th birthday with you not realizing how close the end was. Thereafter you travelled to the USA and back many times and on each occasion of your departure from Accra, you assured us you will be back and you did. In the same manner on January 24, 2020 you bid farewell again hoping to return later that year for a long stay but it was not to be.

The last time we had a zoom-meeting with you was when you were on your way to the hospital. It was so refreshing even though short. You mentioned you were tired and wanted to sleep. Little did we realize it was to sleep eternally.

Sister Julie, your name still lives with us and your loved ones. As we bid you farewell, our hearts are not troubled because we believe in eternity. Do not be troubled because you have fought a good fight in your time on earth and those of us left behind will take over from where you have left. We are aware that life in this world is transitional and as you have always said, no living being shall forever remain on earth as a stone does.

The children and grandchildren you have left behind are in good hands so let your heart rest in peace. We will remain strong, be of good courage and not be afraid of tomorrow

because you and those who have gone before you will guide and guard us.

Our hearts are indeed very heavy as we part way with our sister on her journey to meet her Maker. All that remains is our LOVE for her. It has been a life gallantly fought. You really proved your worth. Now it's time to rest in the bosom of the Lord.

***Rest In Perfect Peace, Yaa wo odjogban.
Safe journey home***



OUR DEAR and DAINTY JULIE

by In-Laws

Mrs. Juliana Dennis, your In-Laws via your dear late father Mr. F. E. A. Martinson, **Prof. Robert Yaasi, Engineer Paul Korsi Amati, Emeritus Prof. Richard Biritwum and Mrs. Miriam Martinson** are still shocked and quite unrecovered from your sudden departure from us. With a heavy heart do we earnestly and humbly pen this joint tribute.

Prof. Robert Yaasi recalls his first intense interaction with Auntie Julie when she visited Washington DC in 1971 to be Maid of Honour to her elder sister, Jessie. She established a beautiful bond with her new in-law, and this was further entrenched when Julie took the memorable picture of Groom (Bob) lifting the Bride (Jessie) into 4850 Eastern Avenue, Washington, D.C. A few Ghanaians in metro D.C. remembered that Julie taught them chemistry at Adonten Secondary School in Ghana. Little did they know that she had qualities, to be a competitive paparazzi. During these recent months, even more so than has always been, Auntie Julie has been quite a right hand person and very supportive. Auntie Julie thank you so much. We shall continue to be strong.

Our Marine Engineer, Torgbui Korsi... the one and only "Apostle" Paul Amati recalls: At many a family events, to lighten the occasion, I would tell a couple of my Ewe or seafarers' jokes. Auntie Julie, in her own unique coy way, would try to stifle the impact of the punchline. Not able to hold it, she would burst out with her broad infectious smile and laughter..... and all present laughing heartily. Has a spark, a flame of the family been just about doused? Oh no. The beautiful fond memories of Julie, will always be aglow with us.

And so it was that Prof. Biritwum, when walking, had a little gimp in the knee. Here came Auntie Julie, who dispensed medication from America (which old and new 'patients' simply called 'Gluco'). Though the good Dr. may now not necessarily do the hop, skip and jump, he's now got much pride in his stride. A case of the patient treating her Doctor. And that was not the only doctoring you did Auntie Julie. The entire Biritwum family (and all) have benefitted from the numerous acts of healing and comforting extended from you. And lest we forget. The sumptuous lunch you organized in Kumasi, during the funeral celebration of Dr. Biritwum's father in 2006. It was a landmark! So indelible!! Julie your love for your church, the Trinity Presbyterian Church of Sakaman, Accra, was unique.

Richard and Kistie ...we have fond memories of the numerous occasions you honoured us to chair the Annual Day-Born Church Harvest event.

One can talk incessantly about the glorious relationship that existed between Mrs. Miriam Martinson and her sister-in-law, Auntie Julie. Many confidential parley and intimate tete-à-tete often took place between them. They shared many pleasant moments chatting about numerous things of mutual interest to them and the family. Is there universal merit to the assumption that there would always, inevitably, be acrimony between sisters in law? Anyone wanting to parade this thought, is not privy to the joyful relationship between Mrs. Julie Dennis and her Sister in law, Mrs. Miriam Martinson. Simply and joyfully put. It has been a loving and endearing sister/sibling-like affectionate friendship..... par excellence. Mutually enjoyed and appreciated by both ladies.

Their last interaction ended with “Miriam, I will be leaving tomorrow and will be back soon”. Here we are today and these are just words gone with the winds. You looked so healthy and full of life that day and it's taken me so long to accept that the interaction on that day was our last. “I will forever rest on my precious memories and dreams of you, sister-in-law”. Rest gracefully in peace.

Auntie Julie we all will miss your warmth, love and flow of care. You have always been gentle and of good heart. We have benefited from your advice and encouragement. You always shared joy and blessings.

Ewura Kwakyewa you faithfully and with distinction served Ghana and mankind, holding many prominent positions. In the midst of it all, you have raised your children to attain excellent accomplishments. You were indeed a Child of God. You have done more than your duty to all. Indeed the Good Lord beckons you to a Good Rest

PEACEFUL REST
PEACEFUL REST

TRIBUTE BY NIECES & NEPHEWS

Aunties are like second mothers that you love forever. We are bound by blood and we count on them for guidance and support. Auntie Julie was always a wonderful presence in our lives; from our childhood trips to Ghana through adulthood in the US, we remember your warmth, encouragement and generosity.

Auntie Julie, as we write this tribute your absence is surreal. We are remembering your smile, laughter and the infectious way you lit up a room. You were a woman of great faith who moved peacefully, but with a thirst for life and a fierce love for the Martinson clan. Our earliest memories are from the long summer visits to Kaneshie as young girls. You mothered us from day one; buying us sweet bread for breakfast and the occasional hamburger and ice cream after many nights of eating kenkey and shito. Times were hard in Ghana, but you always found a way to make it sweet.

Honestly, you were there for many of our major milestones; even as we became mothers you were a great auntie to our kids as well. These are the memories we will hold on to as we come to grips that you are no longer with us.

Dearest Auntie Julie, that light, that smile, that aura which you possessed, is now gone and has created a tremendous void in our lives. You are irreplaceable and we find it extremely difficult to come to terms with your passing. However, you will live on in our hearts and minds forever! You may be gone from us physically, but your spirit is always

here; reminding us that *family is paramount!* We thank God for your life!

Rest in paradise till we meet again!

Love, Jessie's Girls.....Joana and Francesca

Growing up and witnessing the bond between our mother and her siblings gave us a great sense of security. We believed we were part of the greatest family on earth, led by our grandfather of blessed memory, who obviously instilled in our mother and her siblings the need to be each other's keeper. Their deep bond and respect for each other was unparalleled in our eyes.

Auntie Julie's passing has brought painful memories of our mom's passing almost 10 years ago. It has also further shaken the very sense of security we had in the beauty of our family as we know it. As the saying goes, the only constant in life is change. We are struggling to accept this but know there isn't much we can do about it. Auntie Julie was an embodiment of strength, had an amazing work ethic and was a very accomplished person. We have fond memories of witnessing her business acumen on the shores of Accra and when she worked all over Ghana for the Ministry of Food and Agriculture. She was also an amazing mother and that protective Auntie, that showed up at our brother's school, threatening to beat up a senior who bullied him. Auntie Julie's passing has come as a great shock to us. Indeed, a mighty tree has fallen, but God knows best.

Rest in perfect peace Auntie Julie, until we meet again!

Dzifa, Paul, Pearl & Perry

Aunt Julie, we remember the numerous times you would bring Golda and Lorraine over to McCarthy Hill to play with us all day. You were ever so cheerful and had endearing names for all of us. Our Mum was always so proud of you and would always recount how in your childhood, you were one of the few chosen girls who stood in line to welcome the Queen of England when she visited Ghana many years ago. It is hard to believe our "Auntie Julie" is gone. She was a wonderful, kind and fun-loving aunt. Our fondest memories of her as children were during our yearly fun-filled family reunion at Kokrobite Beach where she would always come with huge platters of mouth-watering dishes and drinks for a great barbecue. She taught us what it meant to be a hardworking, successful career woman, she exemplified love for God and a strong devotion to family, qualities we hope to instill in our own children someday. We will cherish the memories we made together knowing that someday we will meet again.

May she rest in perfect peace.

Pokuaa, Kwabena, Panyin, Kakra & Abena

Tribute to Our Ever-loving Auntie Julie

By Francis III, Janice and Jessica Martinson

Auntie Julie embodied warmth in everything she did. Even though we saw little of her, whenever we saw

her, she instantly had a smile on her face, making us feel like the most loved and special persons in the world. She instantly welcomed anyone of us into her home, offering to serve us until we felt like we were in our own home. We will never forget how as soon as you walked through her front door, you were whisked away into the living room to make yourself comfortable and treated like royalty. And when she sat down to talk to you, you felt like the only person in the room because of her focus and love she poured onto you. She was easy to speak to, and conversations with her filled us with long lasting warmth.

Auntie Julie was full of stories and was a great companion to have in all stages of life. We remember our trip with her, Auntie Jessie and our immediate family on the long journey to Connecticut to attend our brother's graduation. Whenever she laughed, you couldn't help but laugh. When she spoke, she spoke with wisdom and elegance. She would remember the details in your life, making it easy to pick up right where you left off the last time you talked. Auntie Julie had a sixth sense too. She would call whenever she was needed, even before you realized you needed her. She instantly would offer comfort and life advice. We hope to continue her legacy of welcoming strangers, family and friends with no hesitation, but excitement and love. We hope to continue her legacy of investing into those we love because giving time and love are the best gifts to give. She has touched our lives immensely and will continue to touch our lives with her spirit.

May the good Lord grant your soul a peaceful rest.

HYMNS

317

1. Yesu jurɔ, ba miɲɔ
ni okɛ mi ahi shi!
Eshaafeelɔ naanyo, ba,
ɲɔ mitsui ofee owe.
2. Daa midɔmɔ ohe ɲtsɔi;
nɔ ko bɛ ni hāa mi tsui;
enɛ he mifoɔ daa;
Yesu jurɔ, ba miɲɔ.
3. Je nɛɛɲ nibii haaa matɔ
haaa mi miishɛɛ, no hewɔ
bo 'kome, mi-Yesu lɛ,
ji mitsui he nɔ kome!

When peace, like a river

1. 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.

Chorus:

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

787

1. Heyelɔi lɛ akpeehe
ji amɛjwetri kɛ tsui,
amɛjielɔ Yesu lɛ,
amɛwala hilɛhe.
2. ɲmɛnɛ mɔ ko faa gbɛ,
wɔ mɔ kroko aaatee jɛi;
ni abiii hu akɛ biɛ
mɔ ko ahi lolo lo?
3. Kɛ wɔ-Nuntsɔ ɲmɛ wɔ gbɛ
kulɛ te wɔbaakɛɛ tɛɲɲ?
Wɔɔfo wɔɔwo enijian
akɛ mɔ nɛ amɛ dā.

615

1. Wala Tɛɛ Naa Nyɔɲmɔ jurɔ
obɔ wɔ yɛ osuban nɔ;
ni oos'mɔ ni wɔna o.
Ojɔɔ, ofeɔ wɔ ej'rɔ
ni wɔwala afee o fɛɔ,
ni oto gblashihilɛ.
Naa, gbɔmɛi nɛɛ yɛ ohɛ,
ɲɔ ojɔɔmɔ ohā amɛ,
ni hā amɛ kɛ o abɔ.

2. My sin—oh, 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.

777

1. Kristo, lɛ ji miwala,
ni gbele sɛɛnamɔɲ;
lɛ nɔɲɲ mikɛ mihe ha,
hejɔlɛ mikɛdom.
2. Kɛ nyamɔɲ mije biɛ,
mibaya Kristo ɲɔ;
minyɛmi ɲɔ miyaa nɛɛ
ni daa mahi ɛɲɔ.
3. Enɛɛ miye amane,
fimo kɛ jramɔ nɔ;
esɛɲmɔtsɔ lɛ sane
ha mikɛ Nyɔɲmɔ bɔ.

2. Bo, Yesu, osafɔ yitso'
osafɔ ji ogbɔmɔtsɔ
ni okwɛɔ kɛ suɔmɔ.
Okɛ ola ehe amɛ;
ojie amɛ kɛjɛ eshan,
okɛ amɛ bɔɔ naanyo.
Wɔɲkpa o fai: ɲɔ osuɔmɔ
ohā nuu lɛ kɛ ɛɲa lɛ,
ni amɛkɛs'mɔ o jogbanɲ.
3. Tɛɛ kɛ Bi kɛ Mumɔ Krɔɲkrɔɲ
okɛ Naa-Nyɔɲmɔ nii kpakpai
wɔɔ heyelɔi atsui mli.
Otsuɔɔ gbɔmɔtsɔ lɛ he
ni efeɔ owe krɔɲkrɔɲ,
Nyɔɲmɔ yeɔ nɔ ye mli.
ɲɔ gbɔmɛi nɛɛ ofee owe
ni ohi amɛmli gbii fɛɛ
ni amɛna owala lɛ.

468

1. Mitaade kɛ miwoo lɛ fɛɛ
ji Kristo lā kɛ jalɛ lɛ,
ni mikɛaatɛɛ Nyɔɲmɔ hiɛ,
beni mabote ɲwɛi maa lɛɲ.

2. Hewo le nake la nee pe
afee mimiishajemo le
ye wala mli ke gbele mli;
ema mikpomo le no mi.
3. Le, Nyoro Toobi kroykroy le,
ni gbo ye sarmotso le no
ye mihe eshai le ahe,
miiyoo ake mi-Nuntsa le.
4. Ke saadii foji hao mi le,
mikweo Yesu gbele le
mikeo saadii ke hewoo:
"No noro hewo mi-Nuntsa gbo!"

792

1. Ha maya :,
ni mi-Yesu le mana!
Keji na mana le laeler,
bo ni manya ehe mahá!
Enyam sei le he mahi!
2. La ni roo :,
bo ji la ni gbeo duj!
Te be ni mana oroomo,
no ni ji ohie ke suomo
ke heyelbi le hu fee!

3. Kwe bo ni gbele tete ji hejole,
ke too le ka ekwelo mlishi le!
Ekwelo kpakpa eye gbele no pe;
ble gbele nyero ewo ehe gbeyei.
Tse gbomotso le gboo moj,
shi esusuma le gboj, ni efiten
[doroj.

839

1. Hetse man Jerusalem!
kroykroybii naa jei hegbe,
Jei wanaa wo-Nuntsa le;
wake shidaa aha le!
2. Shi egbo eha jen fee;
no hewo le sa ake
wo hu woyanyis esee
keyashi wogbele be.
3. Shi je neero jeee wano ji;
wo fee le, gbenyielbi ni,
ni woleee he ni woyaa:
esha eshwila wo kwraa!

3. Eye feo :,
bo ni bofoi jie eyi!
Ha mi fiji, ha mi fiji!
Mafliki ye jo ke goji

504

1. Mee anumnyam,
ke Kristo toobi otsa
ni kwelo kpakpa le miikwe ono!
Shihile kpakpa be shikroy
le fee no
fe Yesu toobi ni ena le no.
No ni jen fee kwa nyero aha
no ke ni too nee ke ekwelo
kpakpa na.
2. Ero le enaa laehi pii ke romo,
ni daa ejeo nubu hee eháa.
Hiromi ko be ni shoo enyam
[nokwemo.
bo ni esaa ena ye bie kwraa.
Shi bie anaa wala ye,
ni hio shi daa nee; anaj afo see.

837

1. Mishia be bie ye esha je neero:
Amane, hejramo ke haoma soroj
ji nii le ni fata je neero nii ahe.
Nee miishae ke nyamo ke
[hejole hi
Jei :, :, :, kake eyoo;
hee, rwei ni mimiishae ke
[shia le yoo!
2. Ha wokwa je neero nii ni
[wona jen hee!
Mo ni wu ni eye kunim
[jogbaroj le
aaana akekere ni je Nuntsa le der;
ehie aaaba nyam ni eefata ehe.
Hee, :, :, :, eke le yoo;
ni eke le yeo enii le ano!
3. Mijiel! Miiba o ni ojie mi
ye mihe eshai le ke fitemo mli,
ni oha mi gbe ye Jerusalem
[heerj
ye ewala tsei ke efaai le aterj!
Fao, :, :, :, jeme ye feo!
Oo Yesu, mi-Nuntsa, ha
[mashe jei!

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1. Ke mi ahi shi: eshe hisbule;
duj miiwo, Nuntsa, ke mi
ahi shi: Ke bualoi krokomei
shi mi le,
bualo kome, ke mi ahi shi.
2. Miwala be le hoo tamó hooj
jen miishae, romo, nyam ke
nii fee yaa;
fitemonii soroj hu ebale mihe:
Oo bo ni tsakeee, ke mi ahi shi.
3. Ohe hiaa mi rmeletswaai
[fiaa kwa;
jeee odromo aaaye kalo le no?
Namó tamó, o, migbetsolo
kple!
Nyoro ke shwane fee ke mi
[ahi shi.

**TRIBUTE TO SISTER JULIE (A.K.A. SISTER KWAKYEWA)
FROM YOUR PALLADIUM COUSINS (BANNERMAN,
BLAVO AND ACQUAH FAMILIES OF PILLAR ENYO - PALLADIUM)**

"To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven; A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck what is planted." (NKJV) **Ecclesiastes 3:1-4**

This day is a profoundly sad one, though even in this time of grief we cannot help but reflect on the many wonderful experiences that we, her maternal cousins - shared with Sister Julie or Sister Kwakyewa as we called her. In navigating this loss, it's important for us to remember how much richer our lives have been as a result of our relationship with Sister Julie.

To Sister Julie, family always came first. We are proud to have been able to call her my big cousin, and to have had the experience of loving - and being loved by - someone who set such a good example of what it really means to put family first. Today we will share with you just how much she meant to this family and ask all of you pray for us as we learn what it means to move forward without her in this life.

To those of us who grew up at Pillar Enyo (Palladium), everyone was a brother or sister. Growing up as one big family was a great pleasure. Unity was not only preached, it was actually practiced. From then on, the unity continued through Kaneshie until she left for Canada, returned to Ghana and settled down.

Sister Kwakyewa never missed a family occasion when she was in town. She was always the cool

big cousin who was always available to give sound advise. She was also a good listener and would put up a charming smile whenever she was with the bigger family.

Her gentle posture was best seen during her 60th birthday celebrations at Coconut Grove Hotel, North Ridge and again during her 70th birthday celebrations at Dansoman Presby Church and at her home near Bortianor. She mingled and danced with guests like a young girl celebrating her 21st birthday.

As a more senior cousin to most of us, she was appreciated a lot for her readiness to provide a word of encouragement or advice anytime there was the opportunity.

"In May, we were saddened and shocked to hear of your demise. In your last Whatsapp message to one of us, a month earlier, you indicated that you had not been well of late but that God had been good to you and you could see improvement in your health. When you were well, you forwarded Whatsapp messages to us very often. Sometimes, your messages had information from Ghana we here had not seen or heard. We appreciated your gifts brought us anytime you came back to Ghana. During your last visit to Ghana in January, you indicated you would be back before the end of the year. Alas, this was not to be. We shall miss you, Sister Julie." (Cynthia Bannerman).

"It is painfully sad for me. So, so sad. I loved Sister

Kwakyewa dearly. She was always, always kind and sweet to me and I always held her in highest regards. May God bless her precious soul.” (Cyril Fifi Blavo)

At this time, Sister Julie, we must let go. Your fond memories will live on with us. Your fondest memories we will keep alive.

**Rest well, our dear cousin with peace of mind,
GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN.**



TRIBUTE TO MRS. JULIANA DENNIS FROM TRINITY CONGREGATION OF THE PCG, DANSOMAN ESTATE.

“For none of us lives to himself and none of us dies to himself for if we live, we live to the Lord and if we die we die to the Lord. So then whether we live or die we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ and lived again. That He might be Lord for both the living and the dead”. (Romans 14:7-9)

Auntie Julie, as she was affectionately called, was one of the few members who joined the Trinity Congregation from the old site to the new site in the early 1980's. Auntie Julie worked very hard for the growth of the church. She attended church service and all other programs of the church regularly and punctually. She was a member of the Women's Fellowship. She always engaged the women to dwell together in love and unity. Auntie Julie served the church with all her heart, mind and soul. She served in the various committees in the church which she was assigned to the planning committee for the naming and dedication of the Trinity Presbyterian Church on 2nd June 1996.

Auntie Juliana Dennis was elected as a Presbyter and was dedicated on 3rd January 2003 for a 4-year term by Rev. Dr. Nii Noi Odonkor. During her first term as a Presbyter, she worked under several Ministers with dedication, namely: Rev. Solomon Nii Mensah Adjei, Rev. Nii Blebo Annan, and Rev. Dr. Sam Akuete Adjei. She was re-elected in 2006 and dedicated into office by Rev. Dr. Victor Oko Abbey, the then District Minister of the Accra Central District. At that time Rev. Col. Rtd. David Padi was the Resident Minister. She was then elected as the first female Senior Presbyter for the Congregation. During her tenure as a Senior Presbyter, she worked with the following Ministers: Rev. Col. Rtd. David Padi, Rev. Paul Larbi-Ofori and Rev. Emmanuel T. Tekperthey.

During her term as a Senior Presbyter, she worked

very hard for Trinity Congregation to be adjudged one of the best Congregations in the District. It was during her term that windows and doors for the basement of the new church building were fixed and the children's service begun worshipping there. Auntie Julie as she was known by all, spearheaded the institution of the First Service of Trinity Congregation with 57 members in attendance while Rev. E.T Tekperthey delivered the first sermon. It was during her term as Senior Presbyter that the Session agreed on working conditions and work schedules for all staff. She worked for two years as a Senior Presbyter. She however, resigned and handed over to a new elected Senior Presbyter due to her frequent travels, which she felt did not allow her to perform her duties very well. She was loved by all especially the youth who she devoted most of her time to advice on career oriented courses and visited them in their various institutions to support them. We must work the works of the one who sent us while it is day; night is coming when no man can work. Auntie Julie, Senior Presbyter you have worked very well while it is day; night has come when you cannot work anymore, the Lord has called you saying *“Thou faithful servant you have worked hard in the little things, come into my rest”*.

All the Presbyters with one voice sing Presbyterian Hymn numbered 502 which says:

“We shall soon reap much rejoicing, what we sowed in tears on earth. He that goes forth sowing, weeping, with loud shouts she shall come home. God who sits enthroned on high, he shall recompense us all, all His good and faithful servants, they will have great joy in God's reward”.

**AUNTIE JULIE, WO OJOBAN!
REST IN PERFECT PEACE. Amen!**

TRIBUTE BY THE SUNDAY BORNS FAMILY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF GHANA, TRINITY CONGREGATION DANSOMAN ESTATES

*When the day of toil is gone, when the race of
life is run, Father grant thy wearied run, rest
forever more!*

Senior Presbyterian Juliana Kwakyewaa Dennis, as we affectionately called Aunty Julie or Sis. Julie was a Sunday Born and belongs to the Sunday Borns Family of the Trinity Presbyterian Church, Dansoman Estates. She was a leading member of the group who exhibited a strong sense of belonging for the Sunday Borns Family. She loved the Sunday Born group and she was very active in every program by the Sunday Group for the Church.

The Sunday group was initially formed to only organize fundraisings for the church but with her passion for her day borns, Aunty Julie later formed the Sunday Ladies Group with the aim of promoting Unity, Love and Happiness among its members. She was one of the pillars of the Sunday Born Family, very vibrant, committed and contributes so much to the success of the group activities. The Sunday Family was the biggest family among the day borns of the Trinity church and the Sunday Born Family was the hope of all the group fundraisings because the Sunday Born group had the largest numbers and was the lead fundraising group in the church for many years without breaking our records.

We attributed our successes to the members of which Aunty Julie was one of the great pillars. All the committed and active church members were mostly in the Sunday Born Family and Aunty Julie was our Pride in the Sunday Family. She was a woman of substance, soft spoken but very firm and active in all dealings in the Church. She exhibited selfless commitments which led to successful fundraisings which brought us this far

as a church. Her immense contributions in every activity led her to being elected as a Senior Presbyterian and we were very proud of this achievement in the Church. We as Sunday Borns Family regularly met after church services at a member's residence to deliberate on issues affecting the Sunday Borns Family and later have lunch. It was at one of these meetings that Mrs. Dennis suggested that, the host would pick one iconic biblical female character for members to dissect and deliberate on. This advice was put into practice so on the day she hosted the Sunday Ladies she chose Mathew 15: 22-28 as her text. This story was on a woman and her encounter with Jesus whose cry and plea combined with her faith made her receive her heart desires from our Lord Jesus Christ. Aunty Julie often stressed and reminded us to go on our knees as mothers to pray for our children, grandchildren and our entire families. She was our unique Member, Mother, Aunty, Sister and Friend.

We shall miss you, Sister Julie, our pride; our precious jewel- we shall miss you very much! You left us without a word but we take consolation in your values and Christ-like life that made us believe you are at peace wherever you are. Thank you for the Sunday Born and Ladies Family; Thank you for all you made us to be in the Church; Thank you for your contributions love and commitment to the Sunday Born Family and the Trinity Presbyterian Church.

We love you but God loves you most! We shall one day meet again on the beautiful shore!

Rest in the blossom of Our Lord Jesus Christ!
Ewurasi Julie, Akosua Julie, Hogbaa Yoo, Awula Julie, Yaawo Odjogban! Senior Presbyterian, Aunty Julie, Sister Julie, Our Pride! Da Yie!

Good Bye Our Sunday Rose! Amen!

TRIBUTE TO MAD. JULIANA DENNIS BY THE WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP
OF TRINITY CONGREGATION, PCG - DANSOMAN ESTATE

“Teach us to number our days so that we may apply our hearts with wisdom”.
(Psalm 90:12)

There are three things that only God our Creator knows - the beginning of everything, the cause of everything and the end of everything. Death comes up on us when our work on earth is complete and the Lord Almighty calls home His own.

The news was shocking and painful indeed when we heard of your demise just a few months after your return to the USA. Our beloved Aunty Julie who joined this fellowship in the late 80s and continued with us until her demise was an active member until she travelled out of the country.

She never failed to be with us anytime she visited and brought goodies to the fellowship. She performed her duties creditably and contributed to the development of the group and was a paid up member.

She also took part in the District programs when invited and contributed greatly and gladly. Aunty Julie also gave talks on various topics on numerous occasions to the Fellowship.

Although she is no longer among the living, she will always be in our hearts. She made a positive impact in her quiet and humble manner. She will be remembered for her kindness, simple lifestyle and calm nature which touched many lives!

We are forever grateful and comforted by her love and care. Her passing is a tremendous loss for us but we are assured that she is resting peacefully in the bosom of Abraham.

*Oke Yesu aya shia, anyemiyoo...
Rest well till we meet again!
Farewell Sister Juliana Dennis.*



TRIBUTE BY SIS. REBECCA OSEKRE

“For I know that my Redeemer lives, and at last, He will stand upon the earth and after my skin has been thus destroyed, yet in my flesh I shall see God” (job 19:25-26)

It is an honor and privilege for me to pay tribute today to a very special person, my sister and friend. There is a saying that great minds think alike. In our various meetings in the Church, whether at Session, Women's Fellowship or Sunday Born group, the two of us often spoke on the same wavelength. We discussed issues along similar lines and offered suggestions in like manner. The affinity between us was natural and soon we became good friends. Later, my daughter Abi happened to work in the same department where she worked. This gave us additional topic to talk about as I often enquired about her performance and progress on the job.

Our friendship grew, and befittingly, at the wedding ceremony of another daughter Sita, I invited her to cut the wedding cake with the couple. She was so graceful and elegant on that occasion that she added extra ambience to the atmosphere at the event. Since she travelled about seven years to the USA, she kept in touch on a regular basis. She often sent money to me to pay

her tithe and other church commitments. Again, when her daughter was to be engaged, she asked me to liaise with her husband to assist in the preparation and planning prior to her arrival. At the time I celebrated my 80th birthday in 2016 she was not in the country. Later when she returned, she personally seeded a Thanksgiving offering on my behalf to thank God for His mercies towards me. This was in addition to the many presents from herself and her children. Such was our friendship.

I also vividly recall a couple of years ago when I had taken ill. She had only arrived in the country shortly, but as soon as she heard my predicament, she arrived at the hospital with other friends from the church to visit. She offered me words of encouragement and greatly lifted my spirits. Indeed, she was an embodiment of true friendship, love and sisterliness. The pain therefore of losing you is unbearable but we find consolation knowing that you are in a better place.

**Sis. Julie, rest peacefully in the arms of the
Lord till we meet again!
Oyitso atsole ojielo le
Yaawo, Yaawo, Yaawo dzogbann!**



**TRIBUTE TO THE LATE
JULIANA DENNIS (NEE MARTISON)
BY LYDIA ODDOYE**

**“To those who by persistence in doing good, seek
glory, honor and immortality, He will give Eternal life” (Romans 2:7)**

Juliana and I became childhood friends when both of us lived in the same area in Accra, Ghana. We attended the same elementary and middle school, so every day, we would walk together to and from school. After finishing middle school, we attended different high schools (boarding school) and this separated us for some time.

Later in our adult and motherhood lives, we met again when I attended her daughter's wedding in Maryland, USA. We were again living in the same state where our children live. Coincidentally, two of my children and two of her children attended the same colleges and had also become very good friends. Both children did not know their mothers knew each other. It was just a wonderful coincidence. My friendship with Julie, as I called her, became like family. We were so happy that we were together again and anytime we met, we talked about our childhood days and the fun, and sometimes, naughty things we used to do in our school days. Our two families have become so close that we celebrated our children's wedding celebrations, grandchildren christenings, and birthdays together. We talked every few days when she was sick and had planned to go out every weekend to have fun after she got better. Unfortunately, our plans did come to fruition as our dear Lord had a better plan for her.

Auntie Julie, you are a sister to me and a mother to my children. Your timely departure has left us with a profound loss. We will hold unto the great memories of our shared times together.

MY CHILDREN AND I LOVE AND HONOR YOU!

MAY YOUR SOUL REST IN PERFECT PEACE AND RISE IN GLORY.

AUNTIE JULIE, ENYEMI KWAKYEWA, YAAWO ODZOGBAN YE NUNTSO LE GBEE MLI!



**TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS JULIANA KWAKYEWAA DENNIS BY THE
WOMEN IN AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT DIRECTORATE (WIAD),
MINISTRY OF FOOD AND AGRICULTURE (MoFA)**

Mrs. Juliana Kwakyewaa **Dennis** now departed, joined the then Ministry of Agriculture in the year 1991 as a Senior Agricultural Officer and posted to the Women in Agricultural Development (WIAD) Unit, under the Extension Services Department. She got into in a familiar terrain with the Unit, headed by the late Mrs Rosetta Annan (nee Tetebo), a schoolmate of her eldest sister, Auntie Jessie.

Mrs Sarah Akpabi, a staff, was a school mate and childhood friend. She shared an office with Rev. Mrs Adiepenah, who remained a close friend until her demise. She had previously worked at the Food Research Institute (FRI) of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research (CSIR) and so assigned the Headship of the Food Laboratory where the culinary and sensory qualities of newly released crop varieties were tested.

She led most of the work on maize, soybean, cowpea, cassava, Black Sigatoka resistant varieties of plantain among others, bringing her expertise in food processing and preservation to bear. At the Food Laboratory, we worked together with one dedicated lady Auntie Adorkor, who passed on early this year. Her response to that funeral notice posted to her in February, was the last until we were greeted with the sad news of her passing last April.

Through her network at the University of Greenwich's Natural Resources Institute (NRI), she got several staff trained in the

rudiments of Sensory Evaluation with an expert, Keith Tomlins. A lot was done on food enrichment and fortification as well as the proper processing of soybean in a bid to boost nutrition for both the young and old.

The Maize and Cowpea workshop which used to be an annual affair by the Ministry and held in Kumasi with Agricultural Researchers and Policy makers was never complete without the WIAD Stand. We used to showcase a wide range of food products that could be made from various agricultural commodities as well as from newly released crop varieties. We compiled several recipes, some of which are still in use today. Several Food Fairs were conducted under her leadership to levels of excellence, sometimes involving the wives of the Diplomats who exhibited indigenous Foods from their respective countries.

She chaired the Exhibition Committee for the National Farmers' Day and World Food Day for several years until she retired. She was also very instrumental during the preparatory works towards the grand launch of the Comprehensive Africa Agricultural Development Programme (CAADP) under the New Partnership for Africa Development (NEPAD) held in Accra in October 2005.

One cannot be a staff of the ministry without travelling and she did travel extensively within the country and beyond on duty tour. For some of the trips it was a back to back mode with Mr Ntow, Lawrence and later

Kwabena Manu on the driving seat. There was a day we had returned from Kyebi for the observance of World Food Day (16th October) on a Friday and just when we all got back Accra, there was an order from above to travel to Navrongo for the burial of a staff, Ms Gladys Damba. We had no other choice than to make an about turn travelling through the night, arriving at Navrongo around 7am the following day.

We drove straight to the Paga airstrip to join the funeral cortege and back to Navrongo for the burial service. We left Navrongo just after the burial to Tamale, slept and took off at dawn arriving in Accra late Sunday afternoon. By 9.00am Monday morning, we were all at post and she said “we are working like soldiers so we have to be combat ready.”

There was a time she sprained an ankle and just after a brief stay at home she was back to work with crutches underneath her arms moving around with great difficulty but very cheerful. What a sacrifice!

She rose through the ranks to become a Deputy Director and moved to the Extension Services Directorate where she changed her course to become an advocate of Gender and HIV/AIDS. She worked with the Ghana AIDS Commission and the Joint United Nations Programme on HIV/AIDS (UNAIDS), the Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO), Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), United States Agency for International Development (USAID), among others.

She came back to WIAD and assumed the directorship in the year 2003 after the retirement of Mrs Rosetta Annan. Whist there she spearheaded the development of the Gender and Agricultural Development Strategy (GADS) and was able to marshal the then Chairperson of the Council of State, Professor Adzei Bekoe to the grand Launch in 2004. Without any reservations, we credit her with the following publications:

- I. Gender and Agriculture Development Strategy 1 (GADS 1)
- II. Gender Training for Directors of Agriculture
- III. Gender Trainers' Manual and
- IV. Gender Training Manual for Agricultural Extension Agents

These documents have all been reviewed and being used at the moment by the ministry and departments of agriculture nationwide.

Diana Templeman (FAO), Kathy Cusack (CIDA) and Mrs Joana Opare are some of the names that easily come to mind as her close working pals on the Gender trail.

She chose Kumasi as the central location for her training to ease the stress from travelling for staff coming from the four corners of the country. Her choice location was the Sarfo Hotel, at Santasi. The 'ABC' of AIDS and Gender mainstreaming stand out among the legacies she left and it is worth mentioning that her vision to expand our facilities beyond our beach area office has proved so useful as the Demonstration Home built on the

Nungua Farm has now become our Office. We are indeed grateful.

We got to know her family and homes: Palladium, Kaneshie, Dansoman and later Amanfro and participated in most of her family events. As a working mother she sometimes had to come to work with her children especially her little daughters who were always in tow during vacations. After work on some days it was time to freshen up, tie her scarf and go for Women Fellowship Class as the Resurrection Presbyterian Church. She had shared the story of how her late Father led the migration from the Praetorious to the current location adjacent to the Supreme Court.

After all the commitment and dedication to work, she retired in June 2007 and joined us for a small Send Off which the office organized for some retired Staff. The agricultural ministry has remained a big family and there has been cordiality among several. She was one of those who after retirement found time to pop in to see the progress of work anytime she was close by.

She never left without a commendation, feedback or a souvenir to strengthen the ties we shared. We had admired her healthy

status and natural beauty especially that nice hair cut in her later years making her look younger.

The news of her sudden demise was received with great shock as we never heard of any ailment on her part but we have to nurture great strength of spirit to shield us in such sudden misfortunes. Mrs Dennis, Aunty Julie, Madam, all the staff you encountered on your working expedition across the length and breadth of this country and beyond, those in active service and the retired, remember all your good works and bid you farewell. You did your utmost best and now, it is time to say good bye. ADIEU!

We pray the good Lord to grant you perfect Rest.
Amen



TRIBUTE BY Rev Mrs. NYUIEME ADIEPENA



My dear Mrs. Julie Dennis, I had to put up the courage to write this tribute for you. I can't imagine, but for sure I will understand it better by and by. I am paying this tribute to a woman who really imparted on my life holistically.

The good Lord brought her into my life at the appropriate time. Two weeks after I resumed work at WIAD she also joined and we sat in the same office. We lived together as if we knew each other before. She was more than a blood sister to me. Her family was my family and my family was her family. We worked together as if we planned to meet there.

Working with her was such blessing. She developed me, encouraged me, and I really enjoyed how we shared ideas together. I did really enjoyed working with her to my full potential. The ideas I had from her impacted so much on my work as a minister of the gospel.

Trials Dark on every hand that we cannot understand. All the way that God will lead us to that Promised Land. But He will guide us with His eyes and we follow till we die

We will understand it better by and by.
By and by when the morning come s
When the saints of God are gathered home
We will tell the story how we have over come
We will understand it better by and by.

Often our cherished plans have failed
Disappointments have prevailed
And we wandered in the darkness heavy-
hearted alone
But we are trusting the lord and according to his
word
We will understand it better by and by.

Mrs. Dennis, I cannot thank you enough but I believe God is praising you for how you work through me to reach the world. I can say that souls that were touched by my work in the ministry, God used you to contribute to the development of their Christian life. You wouldn't know them, but God does.

AUNTIE JULIE! HOW CAN I EVER FORGET YOU? I WILL SURELY MISS YOU. My desire now is to meet you again in Heaven.
Sleep well and rest with the Lord.

Rev Mrs. NYUIEME ADIEPENA.
WOMEN PROGRAMME OFFICER OF
EVANGELICAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

TRIBUTE BY VICTORIA ANIAKU, FORMERLY OF WIAD/MOFA

“Good people pass away; the godly often die before their time, but no one seems to care or wonder why. No one seems to understand that God is perfecting them from the evil to come. For those who follow godly paths will rest in peace when they die” Isaiah 57: 1-2

Words cannot express the devastation of your sudden demise. Indeed a mighty tree has fallen and its shades and fruits are lost forever! Tears cannot replace this big loss!

Mrs. Dennis as I affectionately call her was my Director at the Women in Agriculture Development (WIAD) of the Ministry of Food and Agriculture (MoFA) until she retired from the Ministry in 2008.

I first met Mrs. Dennis in the early 1990s when she was a member of the panel conducting promotions interviews. Little did I know would be working with her as my Director.

As a Director for WIAD, I worked closely with her on the gender program. I was always with her on any local travel to organize gender trainings at the Regional levels. I learnt gender mainstreaming into programs and policies from her as on the job training which guided and supported me to execute my duties on gender, until my retirement. As part of building my capacity in gender I was always with her at meetings related to gender issues.

She was a hard working person and I nick named her “workaholic”. She never got tired. Even if we returned from a trip on Sunday, she will be in office the following day. She was a strong woman and I admired her.

Being close to her, I knew certain things she disliked that also made me to be closer. I learnt from her the importance of taking good care of children and that also guided me.

The memories of your hospitality, friendship and smiles will remain in my mind and heart.

Even though saddened by your death, one thing that I take consolation in is that you are home with your maker, the Almighty God.

Rest well; rest in perfect peace Mrs. Dennis, till we meet again!

Life Is But A Stopping Place

Life is but a stopping place,
A pause in what's to be.

A resting place along the road,
to sweet eternity.

We all have different journeys,
Different paths along the way,

We all were meant to learn some things,
but never meant to stay....

Our destination is a place,
Far greater than we know.

-author unknown

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Call to Glory

Dr. Agartha Martinson, Head of Martinson Family, The Martinson Family of Accra & Larteh, Mr. Miguel Francisco Ribeiro, Head of Freeman Family, Accra, The Freeman Family of Accra and Cape Coast, Nana Apeatse Kwesi, Matwemoho Kona Ebusua of Anomabo & Secondi/Takoradi, Rev. Josephine Mateko Ankrah, Resident Minister, Trinity Congregation, PCG Dansoman announce the death of their beloved



Mrs. Juliana Kwakyewaa Dennis (nee Martinson)

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FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS

Pre-Burial and Filing Past:

Saturday, 17th October 2020. 7am - 9am
Presbyterian Church of Ghana,
Trinity Congregation, Dansoman
(near the Keep Fit Club)

Burial Service:

Saturday, 17th October 2020. 9am - 10am
Presbyterian Church of Ghana,
Trinity Congregation, Dansoman
(near the Keep Fit Club)

Interment:

Private Burial at Peace Gardens, Lashibi
(Lashibi Funeral Home)

Thanksgiving Service:

Sunday, 18th October 2020. 8am - 9am.
Presbyterian Church of Ghana,
Trinity Congregation, Dansoman
(near the Keep Fit Club)

Attire:

SATURDAY: Black
SUNDAY: White / Black & White

CHIEF MOURNERS

Dr. Agartha Martinson, Mr. M.F. Ribeiro, Mr. Edward Allswell Dennis, Mrs. Amy Ofori, Madam Angela Martinson, Mr. Eric Awuku Martinson, Madam Edna Martinson, Squadron Leader (rtd) Ben Martinson, Mr. Andrews Awuku Martinson, Mr. Vincent B. Freeman, Madam Hilda Freeman, Madam Mary Ribeiro, Mrs. Ruby Duplan, Madam Elizabeth Ayivor, Mrs. Augusta Odotei, Dr. E.Q. Blavo, Mrs. Matilda Afful, Mrs. Josephine Acquah, Nana Apeatse Kwesi, Matwemoho Kona Ebusua of Anomabo & Secondi/ Takoradi, Ebusua Panyin Acquah Harrison, Ebusua Panyin Kofi Wu (Respect), Okyeame Kwesi Paintsil, The Larmie Family & Rev. Josephine Mateko Ankrah

WIDOWER: Mr. Edward Allswell Dennis

CHILDREN: Dr. Juliette Naa Ayele Larmie-Gyamfi, Mr. Ernest Nii Ayitey Larmie, Mrs. Olga Susan Naa Ayorkor Osaghae, Arc. Mrs. Lorraine Mame Kuntua Addo, Mrs. Golda Mame Nsafoah Asante

GRANDCHILDREN: Jayden Kwabena Gyamfi, Kaleb Kojo Gyamfi, Ziporah Kwakyewa Gyamfi, Josephine Isiuwa Osaghae, Julianne Osasu Osaghae, Guill-Anna Kwakyewa Asante, Geovanna Menaye Asante, Goldynne-Amy Abedi Mansa Asante

SONS-IN-LAW: Mr. Oheneba Kwame Gyamfi, Mr. Anthony Otabor Osaghae, Mr. Achelles Addo, Mr. George Kofi Asante

SIBLINGS: Mrs. Jessie S. Yaasi, Mrs. Violet L. Amati (deceased), Mrs. Kistina N. Biritwum, Mr. Joseph A. Martinson, Prof. Francis E. A. Martinson

IN-LAWS: Prof. Robert Yaasi, Eng. Paul K. Amati, Prof. Emeritus Richard Biritwum, Mrs. Miriam Martinson

NIECES & NEPHEWS: Mrs. Joana Yaasi-Oteng, Mrs. Francesca Yaasi-Watson, Mrs. Patricia Boison, Mr. Paul Amatie Jr., Mrs. Pearl Turner, Mr. Perry Amati, Dr. Ama Pokuaa Fenny, Mr. Kwabena Biritwum, Dr. Akua Adwubi Panyin Amoo, Dr. Akua Adwubi Kakra Agyei-Owusu, Mrs. Abena Konadu Baidoo, Dr. Francis Martinson, Dr. Janice Martinson, Ms. Jessica Martinson

COUSINS: Mrs. Elizabeth Okang, Mr. Smyly Bannerman, Dr. Cynthia Bannerman, Mr. Harold Bannerman, Esq. Ms. Eva Bannerman, Dr. Cyril Blavo, Mrs. Dorothy Lewis, Mrs. Margaret Obanigba, Mrs. Patience Acquah, Mr. William Acquah, Mrs. Lucinda Sowah, Mr. Charles Martinson & siblings, Mrs. Juliana Addy & siblings, Mr. Francis Adu Martinson (UK) & siblings, Mrs. Elizabeth Hayford & siblings, Mrs. Juliana Yankey & siblings, Mr. Albert Solomon & sibling, Col. Elizabeth Aku Grant (rtd) & siblings, Mrs. Bridget Crabbe & siblings, Col. D. D. Ribeiro-Addy (rtd) & siblings, Mr. Andy Lawson & siblings, Mr. Eddie Duplan & siblings, Mrs. Hilda Annan & siblings, Mrs. Naa Lamiley Lamptey & siblings, Mrs. Magdalene Quaye & siblings

PLEASE NOTE THAT ALL COVID - 19 PROTOCOLS SHALL BE STRICTLY OBSERVED

