



MRS
Josephine Comfort Forson
1950 - 2023

MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE

FOR THE LATE

MRS
Josephine Comfort Forson
1950 - 2023

ST. MATTHEW ANGLICAN CHURCH, TEMA

FRIDAY 31ST MARCH, 2023 - 7.00 A.M.

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rt. Rev. Dr. George Kotei Neequaye	Suffragan Bishop of Accra
Very Rev. Robert William Thompson	Anglican Diocese of Dunkwa
Very Rev. Maj. Ebo D. Ephraim (Rtd.)	Superintendent Minister, Bethel Methodist Church, Tema
Venerable Samuel Hansen-Addy	Parish Priest/Archdeacon, Tema
Venerable Dr. Joseph Lankwei Lamptey	Archdeacon, Accra East
Venerable Ebenezer Nii Addy Laryea	Archdeacon, Accra North-East
Venerable Isaac Kwartei Quartey	Archdeacon, Dangme
Venerable Joseph Sam	Archdeacon, Cape Coast
Rev. Fr. Julian C.S. Okine	Priest Assisting, St. Alban
Rev. Fr. E. Namoale Laryea	Priest Assisting, All Saints Adabraka

AT THE ORGAN Emmanuel Koomson

IN ATTENDANCE St. Alban Church Choir
Tema Chorale GH

PART ONE – PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

- Processional Hymn A&M 228 – Jerusalem the Golden
- Scriptural Sentences
- Opening Prayer
- Hymns - Filing Past/Tributes A&M 334, 575, Suppl. 40,
A&M 233, Choir
- Closing of Casket

PART TWO – BURIAL SERVICE

- Hymn A&M 231 – For ever with the Lord
- Prayers
- Psalm 121
- Scripture Reading 1 Corinthians 15: 53-58
- Biography, Tributes by Husband & Children
- Hymn A&M 264
- Homily
- Hymns for Offertory A&M 517 –
When all Thy mercies, O my God
MHB 550 –
O for a heart to praise my God
A&M 436 -
Hark! The sound of holy voices
- Blessing of Offertory
- Thanksgiving Prayers

Order of Service

PART THREE

- Hymn MHB 511–
Begone, Unbelief: my Saviour is near
- Absolution of the Dead
- Dead March in Saul
- Announcements
- Hallelujah Chorus Tema Chorale GH
- Recessional Hymn A&M 437 –
For all the saints who
from their labours rest

AT THE CEMETERY

- Hymn A&M 609 –
Safe home, safe home in port
- Prayers
- Hymn A&M 401 –
Now the labourer's task is o'er
- Committal
- Wreath Laying
- Closing Hymn A&M 19 –
The radiant morn has pass'd away

Biography

*Yes Heaven is the prize
My soul shall strive to gain
One glimpse of Paradise
Repays life of pain
'Tis Heaven: yes, Heaven: yes
Heaven is the prize:
'Tis Heaven: yes, Heaven: yes
Heaven is the prize*

A&M suppl 55

Mrs. Josephine Comfort Forson was born on Friday 24th March 1950 in Cape Coast to Mr. Robert William Thompson, Snr and his wife Mrs. Jessie Victoria Thompson, both of blessed memory.

Naana as she was affectionately called started her primary education at the convent of our Lady and St. Monica School in Cape Coast. On successful completion of the entrance exams, she gained admission to Mfantsiman Girls' Secondary School, Saltpond in 1964 and completed in 1969. She then proceeded to the Government Secretarial School in Accra and continued at the Accra Polytechnic completing in 1972.

In 1972, she married Robert Ben Forson and moved to Tema to build her home. Their union was blessed with three children; Baaba, Efua and Kojo.

On completion of her studies, she gained employment at the Liberian Embassy in Accra as a secretary. In 1976, she joined Ghana Aluminum Products Limited (GHANAL) as the secretary to the Works Manager. She later became the secretary to the Managing Director, a position she held till her retirement. After thirty years of dedicated service she retired from GHANAL.

Naana was entrepreneurial in nature. She had a side business with her car boot as her shop where she sold men's shirts, shoes, ladies handbags and beddings. She set up ROPHINA Enterprise whilst still employed at GHANAL and opened a gift and cards shop in Community 8, Tema. She started her hiring business with 50 chairs, then expanded the business to include hiring of tables, linens, canopies, crockery and provided a delivery service.

Naana was a pillar in the family and very much concerned about the welfare of her loved ones. She was well respected and looked up to both by the young and old. She was a friend and an advisor to all.





Naana was affable and this made her very approachable. Her mothering nature made her take on the role of mother to all her family members. Naana mothered many children from all walks of life (family and non-family alike). She was a unifying force, a glue that held the family together. She never missed a birthday celebration. She was the family encyclopedia when it came to birthdays, she knew everyone's birthday and will call to wish the celebrant on the day. On the Sunday of every Fetu Afahye festival of the Oguaa Traditional Area, she hosted the family at her home in Pedu, Cape Coast with a spread of food and drinks. This was a special occasion when the family spent quality time together which we all looked forward to each year. We will miss her dearly.

She had a passion for education and for this reason, was actively involved with the Union of Old St. Monicans (Tema Branch) serving as secretary and president of the association on different occasions. She was heavily involved with fundraising activities for much needed funds for projects in the school at Cape Coast. She was also an active member of the Mfantsiman Old Girls' Association (MOGA) Tema chapter, contributing her quota to fundraising initiatives.

Naana had a special love for God. She loved hymns, this was no surprise as her late father was the choirmaster at Christ Church (Anglican) Cathedral, Cape Coast and also founded the Brotherhood of St. Andrews, a singing group in the Church. Singing hymns was part of her upbringing. She always knew the tune of a hymn even when the hymn could be sang with multiple tunes. She was involved with church activities serving in various capacities in guilds and committees at the St Alban / St Matthew Anglican Church in Tema. She gave of her time and her substance. She was serving her second term as an elected People's warden when the good Lord called her home.

Naana, we would have wished for you to be with us longer but death snatched you from us on 6 February 2023. Today we mourn your passing but we are comforted knowing that on the resurrection morning you will rise in glory and we will see you again.

Da yie!

God keep you safe till we meet again
Fare thee well our beloved Naana

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways mine, declares the Lord. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts".

Isaiah 55:8-9

By my human thoughts, this was not supposed to be the script. Josephine should be reading her tribute to honour me. Well, that is why God is God.

We met sometime in 1972 in Tema and was soon introduced to her parents in Cape Coast. The reception was so warm and they really made me feel at home. The father, mother and siblings were all very receptive. This was the catalyst that drove the relationship into marriage. Soon we tied the knot and I have never had any doubts about my decision.

She asked if she could continue to worship with the Anglican Church and I agreed to her request. Even though our three children were all baptized in the Methodist Church, our two daughters Aba and Efua later followed her to the Anglican Church while the boy Kojo followed me to the Methodist Church. I believe the distribution would have been fairer if we had had a fourth child and he was a boy.

Aunty Jo was loved by friends, classmates, schoolmates and workmates. She was adored by my relatives – my late parents, my uncles, aunties, brothers and sisters. She was a pillar and Kingpin in her family and she was so much cherished by her siblings, nephews, nieces from both maternal and paternal families.

Aunty Naana was very accommodating. She encouraged me to help my nephews and nieces. Our home was open to all relations and a greater portion of persons we brought up were my relatives and many attest that they owe their development to her.

Josephine was very supportive and hardworking. In the early eighties and nineties when we needed some other income generating activity to support ourselves we turned our backyard into a poultry farm. It was a delight and joy to see her and the kids attending to chicks in the coup. She would work deep into the night dressing chicken because we had some early morning deliveries to make to some restaurants before she would go to work. She baked pie and prepared some special groundnuts for the GHAIP (TOR) Club House and on some special occasions, for sale at the Tema sports stadium.

Josephine Comfort Forson

Tribute by *Husband* Robert Ben Forson

Josephine was very slow to anger and would rather recoil to herself. In the early days of our marriage I decided to teach her how to drive to spare myself the ordeal of having to sit and wait in the car for hours while she shopped from the market for the house.





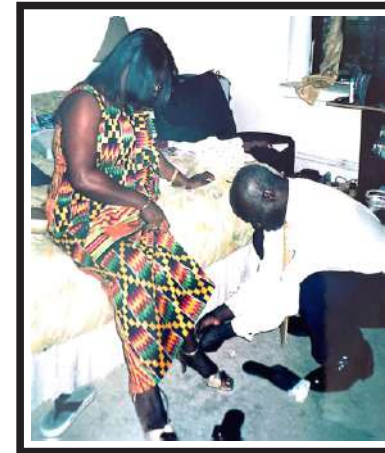
She welcomed the idea gladly however it turned out to be the most difficult and trying period of our marriage. We would leave home for driving lessons happy but return not talking to each other because I had shouted at her. It would take several days of pleas to get her back on the steering wheel. Would I advise any young man to teach the wife how to drive, NO.

It wasn't common seeing women drive in town in the early seventies let alone seeing them on the highway. Yet one weekend Josephine and her friend the late Janet Cato Browne decided to drive to Takoradi to visit my late brother George Asmah. They called on my late mother at the Takoradi market and wow, virtually all the market women flogged to see the two women who had driven all the way alone from Tema to Takoradi. She was brave.

Josephine was a walking encyclopedia of family events. She would recall every event decades back with such minute details. She was very particular about dressing. She would quietly tell me I don't think this pair of socks matches your trousers; you wore this shirt the last time we visited this couple and what is wrong with all those shirts in your wardrobe. Sometimes I would heed to her request but other times I would behave like a typical man and pretend I have not heard what she had said and that was it.

She loved cooking and her food was always tasty. She would ensure that there was always food around. It didn't matter what time of the 24hr period I came home she would ensure a table was prepared for me. I recall that in those days when night life was all DISCOS and DISCOS, I came home well past midnight on one occasion. I thought I would sneak in without disturbing her sleep yet I opened the door

Josephine Comfort Forson



to the living room only to find her standing. She was heavily pregnant with our third child. She uttered nothing but just pointed to the table and went to the bedroom. I was more confused.

Josephine's faith in Christ was so deep and unflinching. She instituted the family morning devotion in the house several years ago and through this our children learnt how to pray at very tender ages. She made sure every member of the house attended church service on Sundays. In the process she was able to convert one of my nephews who was Islam inclined to Christianity - baptized and confirmed as an Anglican.

Jo was a woman who knew how to handle a man. She knew when to listen and when to talk. Someone who would rather keep quiet than to say something to oppose the husband in public.

I thank God that she came into my life. I thank God that we were part of each other for over fifty years. In 1972, I quoted this bible passage in her engagement bible; "Let your light shine before others that they may see your good deeds and glorify your father in heaven" Mathew 5:16.

Indeed my beloved Josephine, this light did shine before all and continued to shine until Monday 6th February 2023 when The God who gave to us the same took you from us. May He give you eternal rest and keep you till we all meet on the resurrection day.

Auntie Naana Da yie, Maa Jo Da yie!

Josephine REST IN PERFECT PEACE

You who were the light of our lives, words cannot express the grief we feel at your passing. We knew a day like this would come but we never thought it would be this soon. It was difficult writing a tribute for Mama in the past tense. We always envisioned a tribute for your 70th, 80th and 90th birthdays in the present tense – showering you with all the love and care but indeed only God really knows best.

Maa, it has been 54 days of dead silence – no WhatsApp video calls or text messages. We keep starring at our phones hoping to hear from you. The silence is deafening, the void gapingly huge and the pain simply unbearable. Maa, there's so much to talk about since we last spoke to you on 4 February 2023. Why has death robbed us in such a cruel manner? This is too painful and it hurts so bad.

We miss the conversations, the jokes, the laughter and the silent moments on calls. Coming home is not the same anymore. Home feels empty without Mama. We look around and we see her in everything. She was the life and soul of our home. Mum, Mama, Maa, Efua, Mena Efua, Efua Tsetsewa, Auntie Naana, Jo Jo, Phina, Mrs 'F', 'yaafi wo dodo'.

Tribute by *Children* Baaba, Efua & Kojo

We grew up with a wonderful mother, who was entrepreneurial and had a very high business acumen. She always had multiple businesses running alongside her regular day job. There were different types of business ventures she embarked on; men's dress shirts and leather shoes, ladies handbags, as well as wholesale distribution of cooking pots and wash basins, just to name a few. She started on a small scale from the boot of her car until she opened the greeting cards and gifts shop. The event supplies business took off and is still flourishing today. Finally, there was the 'Rare Finds' shop in the house. We enjoyed the video calls to discuss what was needed in the shop and to determine pricing. It is no surprise that we are also dabbling in different business ventures. You taught us how to create wealth from the little we have. As far as we can remember, Mum and Dad have always been investors, buying shares in different companies and always investing in some financial investments. A principle she gladly passed on to us.



Mama was a woman of few words, well respected and sought after for Godly counsel. She silently observed and always knew what was going on and only spoke and counselled when it mattered. She always advised us that *"biribiara wo ne mbere"* that God always provided the opportune time for everything. She counseled us to never rush to take certain decisions especially concerning vengeance.

Our relationship with Mum was extra special because she was not just a mother but our best friend and confidant. She was a good listener. She would listen carefully and then utter her words of wisdom. As our cheerleader, she gave us the boost to take the bold steps in the important decisions we have made in our lives. We miss the sound advice.

Mama loved life and lived it to the fullest. She was fun to be with and loved to dance. Together, with Dad they enjoyed travelling. However, visiting abroad for more than a month was unthinkable to her. Every time we talked about a long visit, she would always say, there's a lot to do so she couldn't stay that long. She was always thinking about the others that needed her back home in Ghana. Every winter, when we complained about the cold weather, she would say; *"menye hon wo ha na wo se wareko abrokyir, s3 wo hw3 na wonntum a wonbra fie"*.

Mum and Dad loved to host friends and family and before you knew it, one or two people became a party of 100. We cooked all the food for these parties as Mum enjoyed cooking but Dad was always adding to the food menu and mum was never pleased with that. We must confess, we didn't enjoy the long hours of cooking and cleaning up after these gatherings.

Mum loved to see everyone succeed and it is no wonder she and Dad always cared for and nurtured the many nieces and nephews that have lived with us all these many years. Home was never just for us; it was for everyone she cared about. She was not just our mum but a mother to many. Mum's loving and caring nature extended beyond family. She had sons and daughters at church, work, the market, hospital – basically anywhere she spent enough time to know someone, she became a mother to somebody. She was affable and loved by all.

Rooted in the Christian faith and the Anglican church, Mama enjoyed hymns, psalms and all the canticles we sang in church. Sitting next to Mum at church was a treat, she sang every hymn with so much passion that it encouraged you to do the same.

In the last few years, we spoke to Mum multiple times daily on WhatsApp video calls thanks to technology. We virtually lived with them in Tema and enjoyed the jokes, teases, laughter and many discussions on the phone. She was present virtually when we went shopping, we showed her all the clothes and shoes and sought her approvals. We always had something to say to each other. Mum was present when we worked from home and sometimes after hours when we were not saying anything, she would say *"obiara rey3 n'edwuma ntsi hon ma menko"*. Our working from home buddy, we miss our daily calls...

Birthdays and important occasions will never be the same. Her calls, her words of wisdom and her prayers will surely be missed. She never forgot the important stuff. We have already missed a birthday because she was not here to remind us.

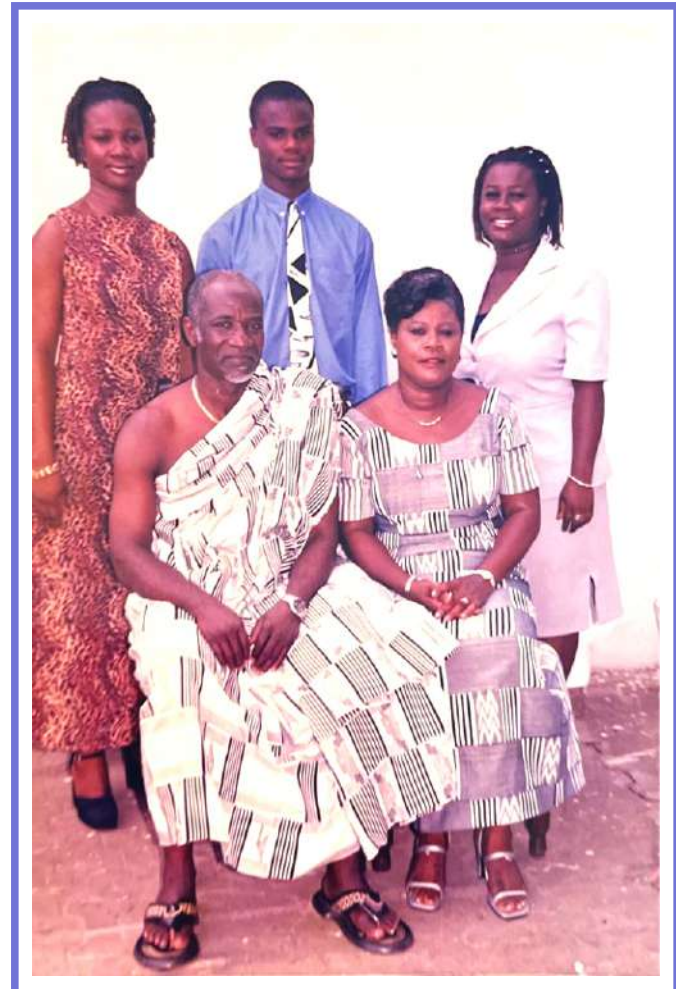
We do not understand your death and cannot fathom how all 3 of us rushed back home to help nurse you back to good health or so we thought. Truthfully, she got us here to be there for Dad and that is a testament to who she was. Even in death she rallied us to be there for each other.

Maa, we miss you so much, our hearts ache. How do we explain to Kendra that the video calls will only be to grandpa? Esi is waiting to sit on your lap for you to rock her to sleep. Ekow needs his grandma to take him back to school. They were all looking forward to growing up and taking care of you, why have you left us at this time?

We are in uncharted territory, a life without Maa. How do we navigate this new course? We are sure you would say *'Nyame nye hen wo ho, obo hw3 h3n do'*, if we are to ask you this question. Mama, you have left a void only God can fill.

Dear God, when you decided to give us a mother, how did you know Mama would be the best mother ever for us? Mama was indeed the best mother we could ever ask for – a **Magnificent, Outstanding, Tender, Honourable, Extraordinary, Reliable** mum whom we loved dearly and will miss terribly. We thank God for choosing you as the woman to bring us into this world. We will never trade you for any other. Maa, you were truly a gem. We are who we are today because of how you raised us. Maa, we pray each passing day that we will live to emulate your kindness and generosity.

Sleep well Maa!
May the Almighty God wrap His loving arms around you and keep you safe till we meet again.
Fare thee well dearest Mum!



Tribute by

GrandChildren

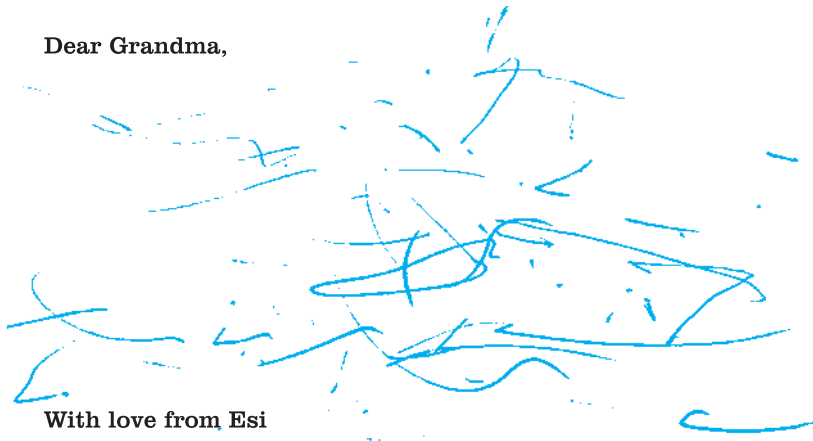


TRIBUTE TO MY GRANDMA BY PAA KOW

Grandma was very adoring, faithful and just. She was a very good chef because anytime she cooked it was very delicious and I would eat more. Grandma always encouraged me to do better even if I do well in school. Grandma, now that you are gone who is going to be my back bone? Who is going to push me if I climb a good tree? Grandma, even though you are no more, you will be in my heart forever. Grandma, I want you to watch over me, guide me so that I will become what you wanted for me. Grandma rest in perfect peace, may God protect you and keep you safe.

Dear Grandma,
I am sad you are no longer with us and I can't speak on the phone like I used to. I miss you. I wish you were still with us so you can ask me 'otse den' then I say 'bokoo', then you ask me about school then I get to tell you what I did at school. I look at my baby pictures and I see you holding me. The pictures are beautiful. I wish I could take more pictures with you.
Grandma, please keep safe and I will see you in heaven.
Love you
Kendra

Dear Grandma,



With love from Esi

TRIBUTE FROM GRAND CHILDREN (THE AMOAKO AGYAREs)

Grandma Tema (the name we affectionately called our grandmother) is suddenly no more! As to what happened for death to rob us of our grandmother, only God knows as our human minds cannot comprehend. We are still asking many questions..... Who will we see in your chair anytime we visit Tema, and who do we run to when we get to Pedu in Cape Coast? How do we cope when we go to Cape Coast every September, during *Afahye*? Hmm...time will tell!

Our grandmother was a very loving and caring person who always showered us with presents and goodies when we visited her in Tema and also through our parents. Hearing her name always came with treats, family gatherings, parties and the joy of countless hugs.

Grandma, you always woke us up with your calls on our birthdays, not to forget your intense prayers over our lives. We remember the sleepovers and the delicious breakfasts that followed the morning after; the countless number of visits, the gifts and the abundance of love that you showered on us. We really appreciate the kindness and love you had for each one of us.

Grandma, your sudden demise really surprised us, but we believe it's for the best. We are thankful to the Almighty Lord for bringing you to us and taking you away in a very peaceful manner. We will always love you.

We would dearly miss you grandma, knowing that you're in heaven watching over us and still guiding us in life. Fare thee well grandma and rest in the peace of the Lord!!!

Tribute by

Thompson Siblings

*"Lord Jesus think on me
And purge away my sin
From earthborn passion set me free
And make me pure within".* A&M 185

Our wisdom tooth is broken as death has laid its icy hand on our beloved sister, the Late Mrs. Josephine Comfort Forson, who was also an elder of Sophia House, Royal Family of Oguuaa Traditional Area.

As brothers and sisters we know we have lost a mighty tree which gave us shade. A sweet perfume bottle is broken and the wonderful scent is all over everywhere for us to smell and bear testimony.

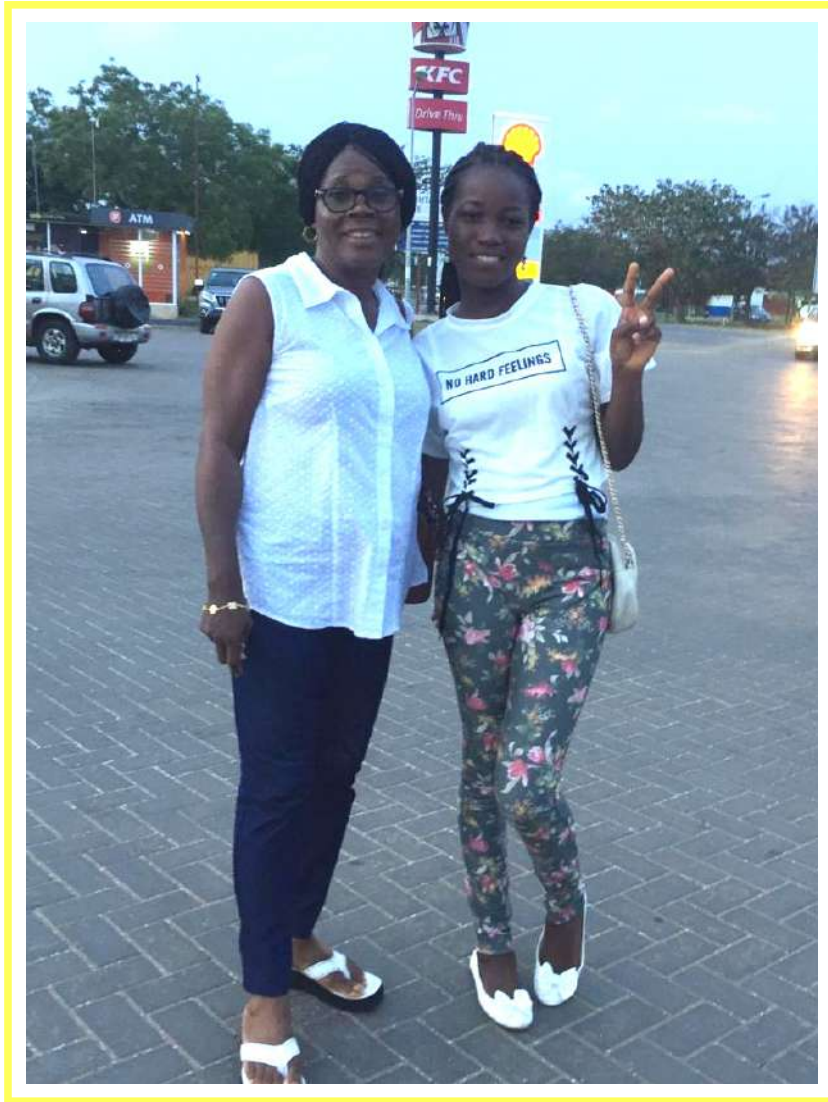
Auntie Naana as she was affectionately known and called was the quiet and soft spoken type but very humorous, sociable, witty and a great conversationalist. She was always concerned about the welfare of others and never of herself. She never quarreled and always kept her cool when angered.

She got endeared to people because of her peaceful countenance. She was a friend to all, both young and old. These qualities she inherited from her parents. She gave freely of herself and expected nothing in return. She was indeed a role model worthy of emulation. As such, if ever anyone had a cause to complain about her behaviour or character, it was because she was a human being.

The unavoidable has happened, there lies Auntie Naana not stirring and no longer counted among the living. We shall forever miss her, but we also take consolation from the fact that she is resting in the loving arms of God. You will be remembered with gratitude.

*Da yie!
Nyame mma wo tsenabiw pa!
Naana Tsetsewa, farewell and God be with you!
Amen*





Tribute by

Josephine Thompson

It is a great honour to write this tribute to you mum. I don't know where to start or end, because I am in denial. I feel you are on a normal journey and would return to us soon. I had envisioned us living together for so long that those images feel like reality to me even on this day.

Continually, I ask myself how are we going to do a lot of things now because, we all sought your ideas and perspective on most of the things we do in our everyday lives. I personally wished that you would have stayed a little longer than you did. I wanted to take care of you till a very old age and create more memorable events together, plan more weddings, parties and have a lot more fun together.

I remember our chats, where I used to express myself without fear and you would correct some of my ideologies and some of my foolishness. You would laugh and ask where did you hear of these things.

Mum you taught me to never give up and continue working hard. You taught me the importance of having God at the centre of everything I do. You instilled in me good morals like giving to the needy and showing appreciation to others for their kindness.

I LOVE YOU MUM and may God bless you wherever you are and know that this love will stay with me forever. Almighty God keep my mother safe.

Thank you mum.
Rest well mum.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom ruin her variegated beauty...

(William Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra)

When we were asked to write this tribute, we knew it was going to be difficult, nonetheless, the sheer weight of writing this came as a shock to us. How do we start and how do we end, because to end it will be to admit a finality to the relationship we shared. We must state that we have been extremely challenged to muster the necessary courage to come up with a befitting tribute in memory of a beautiful soul, a warm spirit and our pretty Aunt.

Today is a sad day for us. Oh death, you could have whispered something into our ears before laying your cold hands on our dear Aunt.

Aunty was loving, humble, quiet, sociable and disciplined. This quality of life was exhibited in her work and her way of life after the death of her elder brother (Uncle Yooku). For the past thirty-two years, you single-handedly kept the Thompson and allied families together and stronger. You were always present at all family events and your residence at Cape Coast became our annual meeting place during *Fetu Afahye*. You always made sure food and drinks were more than enough for all of us to partake. And of course, your beautiful dancing steps, your phone calls on our birthdays and regular checkups to know how we were faring. She was our symbol of unity and always focused on bringing everyone together.

Tribute by

Nieces & Nephews

One thing about our beloved Aunt was her faith in God. She believed and practised the art of giving to the needy and paying for some of us to learn a trade or a vocation. She participated in all church activities and until her death, was the People's Warden of her church, continuing from where Grandpa and her brother, Joseph, left off. There are many others who benefitted from you. You were a mother to all and this is summed up in the words of Jackie Robinson "A life is not important, except in the impact it has on other lives". "Life is pleasant, Death is peaceful, it is the transition that is painful"- Oscar Wilde.

Aunty Naana, May the roads rise to meet you. May the wind always be at your back. May the sunshine warm your face, and may God continue to hold you in the palm of His Hand as you embark on this journey.

You will always be that reference of excellence we should all aim for. You will be, now and always, a height to reach for.

Until we meet again, we love you and will always love you.
Farewell Aunty Naana!



Josephine Comfort Forson



... forever in our hearts

*Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
feed me till I want no more,
feed me till I want no more* A&M 196

Aunties are important people in everyone's life as they influence how you grow up. Losing an adorable aunt can be heartbreaking and hard to cope with. Although my auntie Josephine was a disciplinarian, we couldn't wait for her visits to Cape Coast when we were kids since we were going to have all the goodies from the big city.

Mena Efua, Mama, Aunt Na, Mrs. F are the names I affectionately used interchangeably to call my aunt. Our relationship was automatic from my birth; she was my auntie and I, her niece. The relationship grew as the years went by and became stronger when I started spending my primary school vacations with her in Tema and assumed the position as the last girl of the Forsons.

She grew very fond of me, she was my role model. She was my life coach unbeknownst to her. Due to the great admiration I had for my auntie, I attentively took a keen interest in the coaching lessons. My closeness with the Forsons continued with the bond between Mena Efua and I steadily growing stronger and stronger. I did my best to fill in for my sisters anytime the opportunity presented itself by paying physical visits to Tema and the constant phone calls. Mena Efua and I spent a lot of time on our lengthy calls as I had a duty to inform her on happenings that she wasn't privy to, to ensure she was up to date on issues about family and close relations. Our last catch up was the Thursday before her demise on Monday the 6th of February. It was a not too short or long a visit however, we were able to catch up and touch on everything since we hadn't done that in a while.

Aunt Na understood every member of our family and knew how to unite us all, she knew just how to make every family occasion extra

Tribute by

Lynda Stephens

special with her personal touches. It didn't matter what it was, Mena Efua made it seem magical. She always made me feel a part of her, involving me in important family decision making. Sometimes I wondered why she needed me to be part of such critical decisions. Age was never a barrier in our relationship, although she was much older, she valued my opinions.

The good thing is, I knew how much I meant to you and I know you knew how much you meant to me because of the receptive manner in which you always welcomed me both on phone and in person. The two most valuable lessons I picked from our friendship are firstly, your willingness to support and EMPOWER people. Secondly, is your APPRECIATIVE NATURE; Aunt Na had it all but she will boast of every little thing I did for her which brought me so much pride.

I don't think I thanked you enough for everything you did for me. Thank you for believing in me, thank you for all the coaching, for influencing my life and making me smile when I needed it. Thank you my Mrs. F.

To the world, you were an aunty to us all but to me you were more than an aunty. You were my mother, an angel walking on the face of the earth and most importantly my SPECIAL FRIEND. Mama, please know that you've left an indelible mark in my heart that nothing or no one can erase. Your death has woken my mind up and I've made a decision to live my life without any regrets. I love you earnestly Mena Efua and I will miss you a lot but will hold on to the sweet memories we shared.

Rest in peace Mama!
Sleep well in the bosom of our maker till we meet again in paradise.
Da yie!

*"Then I heard a voice from Heaven saying write this:
Happy are those who from now on die in the service of the Lord!
Yes Indeed answers the Spirit. They will enjoy rest from their hardwork,
because the results of their service go with them"* Revelation 14:13

Ahh...Auntie Naana, why so soon? What a cruel world this is - where kind and warm-hearted people are rather snatched away so soon, leaving voids that cannot be filled easily. How unfair has death treated us, stealing you from us when we least expected it. You've gone too soon to your maker and left us in tears, pain and sorrow. Why couldn't you stay a little longer with us so we would continue to enjoy your kindness and warmth? Indeed, the questions that your demise has raised in our hearts and minds and particularly that of your grandchildren, are too many for us to adequately answer. HmMMM!!

Our mother-in-law and friend is gone forever from our earthly realms with her beautiful smile; her kind-hearted nature that allowed many to feel at ease and comfortable in her presence has faded off like a candle in the wind; we are at a loss in coming to terms with her untimely exit, or should we say departure. Truly, our ways are not your ways nor our deeds that of yours - Almighty God, but we are comforted with the conviction that you are the giver of life and the taker of it and you alone know when the time is due for your servants to come to thee.

Auntie Naana, as we affectionately called our mother-in-law, was a woman whose cheerful countenance and accommodating personality always graced our interactions and chit chats. She was a woman of substance as her deep thoughts and reflection endeared her to many near and far. Her willingness to extend a helping hand to the needy and the deep-seated affection that allowed her to share what she had towards many laudable causes will forever remain in our memories. Though duty call did allow us to visit you as often as we could, our visits to Tema were always filled with good vibes – good conversation, love, humour, freshness, laughter and many more. We will forever miss such moments with you!

Who will organize the *Afahye* Sunday party at Pedu? Who will rally

Tribute by *Ju-Laws*

the family around in good times and in bad ones too? Who will shoulder the family responsibilities - financial and non-financial when the reality dawns? Who will be the pillar of hope when difficult and hopeless situations birth? Who will sacrifice his/her strength, commitment and endurance when the call to duty is trumpeted? Certainly, these questions, as rhetorical as they seem, cannot be easily answered with your demise and departure. Nonetheless, we are confident that the Lord God Almighty, whose provision is bountiful and limitless would grant the family the strength and fortitude to go through such situations when they arise.

Our mother and counselor, you were genuine and very true to a fault; you always stood for a good course and was not afraid to share your convictions, no matter the interpretations people put at it. Your home was an abode for many and you were always prepared to nurture family members and even non-family ones who are willing and prepared to sacrifice for a better and fulfilling future. The good virtues you espoused will continue to live on within and outside the family and we pray your departure and funeral would rather serve as a moment to re-unite the entire family and project the family's unity, image and growth.

We will thoroughly miss your support, counsel and love. We pray the Lord grants you the peace you deserve and preserve you till we all meet again in the clouds where we will remain with Him forever. May the Almighty Lord grant you eternal life till the trumpet of judgment sounds and we join together once again in His heavenly Kingdom.

You have fought the good fight, you have finished the race, you have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for you the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will award to you on that day, and not only to you but also to all who have loved his appearing - 2 Timothy 4:7-8

Auntie Naana, due! due! due ne amanehunu!!!

Tribute by

'Ntotoo' Cousins

Oh Naana Tsetsewa, how could you go and leave our world so cold? It's about seven weeks now since your demise but we are still in denial.

The last few years of our interactions have been more virtual than physical, nonetheless we made sure that we communicated whenever we had the opportunity. You were a strong pillar in the family, constantly keeping all of us up-to-date on family issues and standing in for us when we were unable to attend such family occasions in person.

As fate would have it, about two months ago, before the unfortunate happened you and Mrs Forster (Little) had a lengthy conversation. Subsequently she visited together with her daughter Maame and were very happy and thankful to see you. Baaba and Ewurefua called to share in the joyful occasion; maybe with hindsight, that was God's plan for the last physical meeting.

Naana, was a good-natured lady, very responsible, dependable, caring and a unifier. Hard working, kind and full of wisdom and good counsel. You had a wonderful way of bringing together family members and embracing them all. We remember with fond memories your warmth and welcoming nature during *Afahye* festivities.

Your death has created a big vacuum that may take a long time to fill, if ever! We will sorely miss you!

We thank the Lord Almighty for the gift of your life here on earth and as our dear sister. As scripture says in Job 1:21b ".....The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. May the Name of the Lord be praised"

Damirifa due, due!

Rest in the Peaceful Arms of God Almighty till the Resurrection Day, when we shall meet again.

Fare Thee Well, our dear wonderful sister.

Tribute by

Brothers and Sisters-in-law

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

MHB 515

Paying tribute to our dear Sister-in-law is a difficult task. We never heard of your sickness so the news of your demise was a shock to all of us.

Sister Naana as we affectionately called you, it is hard to believe that you are gone. The 6th of February, 2023 was a sad day for us, we never anticipated, we never imagined that you would depart from us so suddenly.

Sister Naana, you were indeed a blessing to all of us. You opened your marital home to us including our children. Sister Naana is a sister. We use the verb "is" because although you are no longer physically with us, you will ever remain in our hearts.

We remember the days of our stay, visits and the kind reception. Whilst welcoming us, then there would be an invitation to the dining table. We had breakfast, lunch or supper depending on the time of our arrival. It was always after meals that you continued to welcome us, knowing that we had travelled from afar. It was a time of memories with your variety of meals.

The ABCD that we were taught in school, little did we know that it could stand for "After Birth Comes Death". Sister Naana, you lived a worthy life between Birth and Death.

Maame Tanaa, Nana, Ebo, Effia, Adwoa and our children will never forget your kindness, your warm reception, the smile you always put on and your soft voice.

Your absence will be felt always, but your good deeds will remain in our minds and we will forever miss you. AMEN!

*For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout,
with the voice of the arch-angel and with the trump of God,
and the dead in Christ shall rise first -* 1 Thessalonians 4:16

A Justifiable Gratitude from Dawson Nananom



Naana, you will be among those who will rise up to meet the Lord Jesus Christ without blemish.

What at all can we say? Parting ways is one of the hardest things to face in life, especially when it is as permanent as death. In spite of how we feel, we are expected to say a few words of parting.

Naana was naturally pleasant and always beaming with smiles. She had time to frequently call some of us just to find out how we were faring. She would speak in such a manner with the words flowing slowly like a grandmother expressing love and interest she has in her grandchildren. This tone of expression is still ringing in my ears.

Naana took after her father the late Robert William Thompson who was our uncle, so dear to us and who during his life time put all Dawson Nananom of Biriwa together as one big family. She followed

the footsteps of her father, our dear uncle popularly known in the family as uncle Willie. She made us proud by always getting closer to us and involving herself in all family matters of the Dawson clan.

Naana, your gentle nature has won a lot of admiration and respect from the family. Your death is too painful to accept. It came too early and too quickly. Some of us still don't believe it.

May your good works be a memorial monument before God. With one mind, one heart, one body and spirit in the Lord Jesus Christ, we ask the angels to lead you Naana safely to paradise, where your Savior Christ awaits to welcome you home.

Farewell Naana,
God be with you till we meet again.
Da yie!

Tribute by

Robert Forson's Nieces & Nephews

For everything that happens in this world has been ordained by God, He sets time for birth and a time to die. A time to plant and a time to harvest that which is planted. Ecclesiastes 3:1-2

Just like a candle, we see your flame has burnt out, like a beautiful flower you have withered, Mama. It is hard to believe that the angels have carried you home to your maker at a time we least expected.

Mama, affectionately called by all of us was a kind, generous, compassionate, loving and a very beautiful woman, which always made some of us praise our Uncle for having eyes for beautiful things. Her beauty and loving nature touched the lives of so many people including us the nieces and nephews of her husband, therefore holding a special place in our hearts.

Mama, you taught us to be diligent, hardworking, patient and to do things according to our strength, not copying others. Mama helped groom and shape us into who we have become today. Mama was always the first to call on our birthdays to pray, bless and encourage us, some of us waited for this call this year but it never came, this made us realise that indeed Mama is no more.

We will miss the times that Mama will say she won't give you something but ends up giving you more than you asked for. We will miss your regular Christmas pastries especially the cakes. We will miss your funny comments like 'Eei Ama, when will you loose weight' and she also responds, Mama, I have lost weight ooo' for all of us to laugh about it. We will miss these and many nostalgic moments we had with you anytime we visited.

We are grateful for the time we were able to spend with you and for the guidance you gave us especially during our marriages. Mama, you did not enjoy the full fruit of your labour; why have you left so soon?

Why do you want to keep silent and sleep forever? We agree with Ecclesiastes 3:1-2 but we thought we could have had you with us for a little longer than this. Some of us visited you at the hospital during the weekend you were admitted and even on the Monday, little did we know that was going to be the last time we were going to see you.

Mama we love you, but God loves you most. May the good Lord receive you into His bosom.

*Ena pa da yie!
Yebekae wodaa, Nyame enfa wonsie.
Amen*

MY DEAR JOSEPHINE FORSON - A WOMAN OF SUBSTANCE



It still feels like a bad dream. I wish it was, but it isn't. The call from Lynda - Josephine's niece to inform me of her death shocked me to the core and I am yet to get over the shock. Time has stood still and my heart is broken. I never thought Josephine's visit in December 2022, was going to be her last. I had spoken to her earlier on Wednesday only to be informed of her demise on Monday.

Tribute by

Alice Dadzie

Josephine and I were born twenty (20) days apart - I on March 4th 1950 and Josephine on March 24th 1950. We met as little girls at Queen Elizabeth's Day Nursery in Cape Coast in 1955, run by Mrs. Mercy Blankson. We both moved to St. Monica Primary School and then to St. Monica Boarding Middle School. We were in each other's lives since those early days. Josephine went to Mfantseman Girls' Secondary School, while I headed to Ghana National College in 1964. I went to Kumasi Polytechnic to pursue Catering while Josephine went to the Government Secretarial School in Accra. I left for the United Kingdom for further studies in 1973, but that did not keep us apart.

The regular phone calls helped fill the gap. Josephine visited me in London in 1976. It was such a memorable holiday. She visited when my mother was also visiting London. It felt like the good old days revisited.

Our friendship extended to both our families - my mother, Margaret Ackah-Yensu and my youngest brother, Fiifi made it a point to represent me fully at Josephine and Rob's wedding. My regular visits back home always included time with Josephine and Rob. My younger brothers - Ato and Fiifi were fond of Josephine's spread every time we visited.

Naana meant a lot to me - loving, caring and honest. I could not have had a better "twin", who empathized deeply. While I grieve, my heart goes out to Rob, the rock who stood by Josephine for over fifty (50) years, her lovely children - Baaba, Ewurefua and Kojo, her siblings - Salo, Brother Yokow, Sister Maame and Maama.

I loved her dearly.

I will miss her.

I pray that the good Lord will receive her with open arms into His bosom.

Rest in Perfect Peace, my dear Josephine!



Tribute by *Mrs. Theresa Antwi-Mensah*

God gave you to us and in His own time has taken you. He put His arms around you and whispered come to me Your work on earth is done and He called you to rest.

Losing a sister like you is something I can never recover from. I wasn't expecting us to be parting at this time. This departure is too sudden. It hurts so deeply. You have always been an important part of my life, a sister and a friend with wise counsel. Now you are gone and left me all by myself. I pray for your departed soul to Rest in Peace.

Sister Naana
Da yie!



MY DEAR FRIEND - MRS. JOSEPHINE COMFORT (NAANA) FORSON

I'm reading these words today in front of you, our good friends, Naana's wonderful family and loved ones, with a heavy heart but hoping to make you all feel special and honoured for knowing the amazing person that Naana was. I realise I was graced with the most priceless friendship, as my late husband used to say, "A friend is a present you give to yourself."

In 1984, after church, I was contacted by a "sister girl" who asked my name and mentioned that she had attended my late husband's burial because she was also from Cape Coast. That is how Naana and I first got to know one another. She continued by asking if she could drive me home.

Who won't appreciate this wonderful act of kindness? I was surprised when she took me to her house and made me a beautiful "British Breakfast." We conversed and it just so happened that I went to St. Monica Ashanti-Mampong and she had gone to St. Monica Cape Coast.

Unbeknown to us, on that gorgeous Sunday, we had forged a lasting bond. Since that Sunday, I've spent every Sunday after church at her house, to the point that my kids knew I usually didn't get home till late on Sundays because I was with "Auntie Naana."



Eulogy by *Mrs. Rebecca Quansah*

We attended events such as weddings, funerals, parties and St. Monicans meetings together, our kids, close friends and relatives were aware of our beautiful bond. Only on the rare occasions when the other person has most likely left town, or the country would you not be able to locate one without the other. When we got together, we could talk for hours and enjoyed each other's company. God provided me with this lovely friendship because He understood precisely what I needed. Whenever I travel, she calls me "Madamfo Pa" and would say do not stay too long.

On January 25th, I left Ghana. We spoke about the scheduled photo session on January 29th for the cathedral of St. Matthew. We both commented on how stunning she looked in the photos after they were taken. We spoke after she was admitted to hospital on February 3rd, she reminded me again, saying, "Madamfo pa don't stay too long. We ended the call with a prayer and a song.

On February 6th, I received the worst news that, my dear friend had passed on. Our friendship was cherished, I must thank you my dear Naana, for having such an impact on my life and making it rich with love and friendship.

My dear sister! Madamfo Pa! I cherish you and you know how much I care, our hearts are bound together by the memories that we share. The ups and downs, the good and bad, the laughter and the tears we shared all strengthened our friendship and love through out the years. You will forever remain in my heart. Heaven is your home because Jesus is your Lord and God forever more. As Richard Russo, author and screenwriter, says and I quote, "Lives are like rivers: Eventually they go where they must. Not where we want them to."

Madamfo pa!

Rest well and have a great journey up there, I'm sure we will meet again.

JOSEPHINE COMFORT FORSON (PEOPLE'S WARDEN)

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

It is with heavy hearts that we attempt to eulogize the memory of Aunt Jo as we affectionately called her, our par excellence selfless People's Warden who passed on to eternal rest while in active service. February 2024 would have marked her full 3-year second term in office as People's Warden of St. Alban/Matthew but alas the good Lord had better plans for her in the higher realms of Glory so who are we to question this great loss and vacuum that has been created?

If only we could have negotiated with God to have spared her life until we dedicated this beautiful church edifice in May 2023, a church she tirelessly contributed in no small way towards its full completion with her resources and time to supervise on-going work but we have no such control over life. As the famous writer Thomas Wilder once said and I quote "it's hard to turn the page when you know someone won't be in the next chapter, but the story must go on" so we can only soldier on as the Lord wills because life belongs to him alone and it's in His total discretion to take it back when He needs it without question.

Aunt Jo joined St. Alban in the early 70's and was a member of the St. Mary's Guild and Mothers Union where she served as Secretary and Treasurer on different occasions. By virtue of her active role with guild work and contributions during Vestry meetings of the Church, she became very noticeable and was voted to join the Church Council during the tenure of Venerable Winfred A. Okai for a period of two years. She was subsequently elected as Secretary to the Parochial Church Council, a role she played with distinction until she later decided to step down from serving on the highest decision-making body of the parish for personal reasons. She was appointed Chairman of the Harvest Committee subsequently and she discharged the role with distinction as she tried to rope in the strong network of the family's friends to support in raising a lot of funds for church work. She was one of the most effective and efficient Harvest Chairpersons St. Alban has ever had. She was patron to the Church Choir, Guild of Servants of the Sanctuary and Guild of the Good Shepherd for many years.

Tribute by the



St Alban / St Matthew
Anglican Church, Tema

Despite stepping down from the Church Council in the late 80s, she continued to actively engage with church work. She together with the late Marian Ben-Acquaah and Mrs. Rebecca Quansah constituted themselves into a formidable group known as "The Girls". "The Girls" encouraged other young ladies to form a satellite group called the Courageous Ladies who primarily focused on decorating the church during festive occasions and making sure that the precincts of the Church was always neat. In addition to the work of the Courageous Ladies, "The Girls" also sewed servers cassocks, choir robes and Altar Linens in the past to ensure that both choristers and servers were sharply dressed all the time.

When the Church Council decided to start first service worship at St. Matthew, she together with her surviving "Girl" Rebecca Quansah mooted the idea of forming the Vertical Voices of St. Matthew as the official singing group/choir for the first service. She encouraged a host of young ladies to join the vertical voices anytime she identified a potential talent. She was an active member of the Friday Born Group and contributed immensely to their financial performance as a leading day born Group in the church. We must place on record that post-covid when the Church was re-opened and a lot of the older members stayed home because they had underlying medical conditions, she was mostly the only active Friday-born member at service and she will singlehandedly contribute substantially in positioning the Friday-born group in a lead role during monthly offerings or day-born harvests. The Friday-born Group fraternity especially, will sorely miss Aunt Jo but will continue to live in our hearts because she always saw to it that, the group was either the best or with the best. She would always encourage the organizers to put in their very best and also contribute her quota to maintain the lead.

As fate will have it, having stepped down from the Church Council for over 20 years, in 2018, the Church experienced a leadership crisis during the tenure of Ven. Major Laryea and it needed a strong, disciplined and firm People's Warden to step in to turn the tides around. We approached Aunty Jo and appealed to her to consider taking on the role as People's Warden. Her initial response was that she has already served her time and indeed all her strong male contemporaries she served on the Council have been called to eternal rest so she just want to continue to be the passive member to serve her God in peace. Following persistent persuasion, she agreed to commit it to prayer and later decided to stand for the election and she won the approval of the congregation massively which then made her an automatic Church Council Member and an ex-officio member of all church committees.

The last five years of her stewardship as People's Warden has been remarkable. She ably supported the clergy to supervise all church projects especially supervising the completion and refurbishment of the St. Matthew gallery as well as the Mission Houses in readiness to host the current Vicar of the Church amongst others. She was very prudent and disciplined with Church funds and managed the cashflows of the church with so much prudence and judiciousness. She was a silent but very effective Church Warden and she related well with both young and old. She talked less but made her work speak for herself.

Aunty Jo had a unique personality and spoke her mind freely without fear or favour. She encouraged the youth to reach out to greater heights but spared no efforts at chastising them when the opportunity presented itself. She gave very freely thereby putting her stewardship of time, talent and treasure to the church. Aunty Jo was very approachable, affable and endeared herself to all the guilds that interacted with her. She will be sorely missed during patronal festival celebrations where she always came fully prepared with her ice chest and funky beach style hat. For a very long period of time, she provided canopies and chairs to the church during such festivities free of charge.

Aunty Jo, you would continue to live in our hearts and we would strive to uphold your good work. As the famous writer Helen Keller once said and I quote "that those we once enjoyed and deeply loved, we can never lose, for all those we love deeply become a part of us". The vacuum created by her call into the higher order makes it difficult to forget her. We cannot measure the invaluable contribution and impact made by this selfless hero but in all this, we thank the good Lord for blessing us with such an illustrious leader. We are still shocked at her sudden departure but we are also quick to thank God for giving her such a peaceful transition, a death hardly anticipated but which gives credence to the fact that "Precious in the sight of the Lord are the death of his Saints".

Aunty Jo! the Courageous people of St. Alban Anglican Church bid you farewell. The entire Guilds Association of the church say "Ayekoo for your good work and immense contribution towards the growth of the church". May you rest in perfect peace in the bosom of your maker as we sing "Now Praise We Great and Famous Men".



"The deep sorrow we feel at the loss of loved ones is the price we pay to have them intimately in our lives" Rob Liano

I pay this tribute to my late co-warden with deep sorrow in my heart, but with fond memories. Monday, the 6th February will always remain indelible in my mind. I felt a profound and acute sense of sadness when I discovered that you had parted from this earth to be with your Maker.

Auntie Joe, or Auntie Mrs. Forson as I called her was a Team Player, a friend and a colleague warden. You would always call whenever there were issues that had to be addressed as a team. We resorted to conference calls where we needed to speak to someone as a team. You made sure that I was not left out in any decision.

Auntie Mrs. Forson's expressive personality, joyous sense of humor, love for all, faith and hope in God kept her strong in working for the Lord. We became close due to our work and could call each other any day and time. I thank God for the privilege done me to have worked with a gem like you. You were principled, fair, honest and transparent. You were much older than I am, but will always address me with mutual respect and will seek for my opinion before an action was taken.

Auntie Joe, I have missed your calls already and updates on development of the church's grounds. Where do I go from here regarding our plans for St. Alban & St. Matthew Days Celebrations? You did not wait for us to push our agenda of one celebration for both. I miss our "little little" meetings already and that your small note book which I nicknamed "encyclopedia". Indeed you demonstrated love, commitment and devotion towards your work as a warden.

Auntie Mrs. Forson, "a beautiful flower has been picked from the garden of life but let's remember that those who bloom in the hearts of others never fade". I thank you again for all the updates you constantly gave me regarding the Old St Monicans. I shall try to keep the flame burning from where you left off.

Josephine Comfort Forson

Tribute by *Mrs. Marian M.A.K. Cobblah*



Priest Warden of
St. Alban/St. Matthew
Anglican Church

Your sudden demise has impacted me in ways I didn't expect but the few years we had worked together impacted me the most. I console myself with St. Paul's letter to the Corinthians which says " For we know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, an eternal house in heaven, not built by human hands"
2 Corinthians 5:1.

Safe home comrade. May the host of Angels welcome you to the bright celestial shore. Rest Peacefully with your Maker. Amen!



*“Within the Churchyard, side by side, are many long low graves:
And some have stones set over them. On some the green grass waves.*

*They do not hear when the great bell is ringing overhead:
they cannot rise and come to church with us, for they are dead.*

*But we believe a day shall come, when all the dead will rise,
when they who sleep down in the grave, will open again their eyes”* A&M 575

Auntie Joe was everyone's Auntie, be it young or old parishioner. For a very long while, Auntie Joe was not affiliated to any guild, only a few people were aware that she once belonged to the St. Mary's guild. In the early 2016s, she approached us professing her decision to join the Mothers' Union (MU). We informed her that she needed to show some commitment by attending meetings and paying contributions. She happily did so and went ahead to present ideas on how to build up the Union.

Incidentally, on the day she was to be accepted by the MU as St Alban's only candidate, we were unable to present her due to circumstances beyond our control. This did not ruffle her feathers; she was unperturbed at all. She had brought along small chops and goodies to refresh us which she willingly gave us. We were so apologetic, but she gave us the assurance that this would not break her resolve to join us. In 2017, due to our God who makes everything possible in His time, she was formally received at Christ the King, Sakumono.

Though a late entrant, she took over as a defacto treasurer and organiser, no programme could be arranged without her input. She always had wonderful ideas for the improvement of our finances, she arranged for us to invest, chased after members to pay their dues and made suggestions on how to contribute sustainably.

When we decided to have Christmas get-togethers, she willingly offered her home as a suitable venue. Interestingly she provided nearly everything for us to be comfortable which included chairs, tables and food all free of charge. Auntie Joe would stand in for Mothers on many occasions, a typical example was refreshing the

Tribute by

Mothers Union



St. Alban and St Matthew
Anglican Church

children on special Sundays even when we had not taken such a decision. She was always at hand to arrange for the content of parcels and wrapping of baskets for Great Entrance and other such occasions, reminding us to vary the presentation to appeal to the recipient.

She was the custodian of all our MU linens and would always do the needful whenever we celebrated any Mothers Union occasion. Indeed, she was the perfect example of the virtuous woman. Whenever she travelled to the UK, she always brought us an MU item be it earrings, chains, badges or pens from Mary Sumner House. She ensured that St. Alban/Matthew Mothers were adorned with unique and authentic MU jewellery.

Until recently, she always attended programmes and when she was in the car you were always assured of being refreshed since she always brought along heavy snacks for all of us. Oh Auntie Joe, who will reprimand us when we are wrong? Who will ginger us on with a soft voice and beautiful smile such as yours?

We feel so blessed that you joined us by registering your presence at the Joint Service on the 29th of January when you proudly wore your Mothers Union Cloth and took a picture for the upcoming dedication.

Words cannot describe how grateful we are to God for lending you to us and we take consolation that you have indeed fought a good fight. We wish you safe journey back home where there will be no more sorrow, pain and crying.

Rest well our precious Mother, Auntie Joe may you lie comfortably in our Lord's bosom until we meet again.

Sleep on dear Beloved Mother.

Tribute to
our Patron
by the

Guild of the Good Shepherd



St. Alban/St Matthew
Anglican Church

*Loving Shepherd of the Sheep,
Keep thy lamb in safety keep;
Nothing can thy power withstand
None can pluck me from thy hand. A&M 334*

With a heavy heart, we write this tribute in memory of our Patron, Mrs. Josephine Forson. We were so elated when we approached her to be our Patron which she wholeheartedly accepted in the year 2007. Mrs. Josephine Forson was a staunch member of St Alban and St. Matthew Anglican Church. A very quiet and devoted personality, who always contributed her quota in diverse ways for the growth and development of the church and the guild.

Mrs. Josephine Forson was an affable lady with a calm nature and had respect for all manner of persons. She was always ready to welcome us into her home to sing and pray with her. For which she was always thankful.

We are grateful to the Almighty God for her life and the work He used her for in the parish and the Shepherds' Guild. We have indeed lost a dear one, in fact, a very firm backbone of the Guild has been shattered. But we are consoled by the words in Philippians 3:20-21 "But our citizenship is in heaven and we eagerly await a Saviour from there, the Lord Jesus Christ who by the power that enables him to bring everything under his control. Will transform our lowly bodies so that they will be like his glorious body."

It is our fervent prayer that the Almighty God will grant her soul eternal rest and also grant her family the fortitude to come to terms with this irreversible loss. Mrs. Josephine Forson, may your rest in the bosom of Father Abraham be a peaceful and a joyous one till we meet again on that glorious morning.

*Da yie, Mrs. Josephine Forson.
Onyakopon nfa wo kra nsie yie. Amen!*

Josephine Comfort Forson

Tribute by the

Mfantsiman Old Girls' Association



Tema Chapter

*"Good people die and no one understands or even cares,
but when they die no calamity can hurt them,
those who live good lives find peace and rest in death"*

Isaiah 57:1-2

Our hearts are broken and we are sad by your demise. The news of your passing brought so much sadness, at a point in time we did not know how to break the news to members. We thank God for crossing path with you because we enjoyed your peaceful and sweet personality.

You have been with Tema MOGA since its inception and at our January meeting, we discussed our 25th anniversary, we mentioned a visit to you and a few older members who are staunch supporters of the association's work.

We will forever miss your financial contributions, guidance and your advice. Your kind support whenever there was a 'BRING AND SHARE' will never be forgotten. Aunty Josephine will call Fofoe to pick up ice cream, chips, cupcakes, ice chest with drinks and disposable cups and will say "I can't be at the meeting and this is my contribution please enjoy for me".

Your name was a household name and will remain same even as we bid you farewell.

"Obrapa gya owura kwan ampa"

Rest well Aunty Josephine Rest well!

Tribute by the
UNION of

Old St. Monicans

Tema Branch



The year was 1986. A group of young mothers who were old girls from St. Monica Schools in Cape Coast and Asante Mampong mooted the idea of having a Tema Chapter of the Union of Old St. Monicans since the Accra Chapter was far away and commuting to meetings in Accra was always a challenge.

Mrs. Josephine Forson, who we are bidding farewell to here today, was a founding member of this Tema Chapter. She served as the fourth President and to us she was simply 'Joe', 'Josephine', 'Naana' or 'Treasurer'. After serving as President for two consecutive terms, she agreed to be recycled to take the position of treasurer. Later we re-named the position as Financial Director. Today, we can conveniently but sadly say that she was 'Financial Director for Life'.

Josephine was a committed member of the Union and her interest never waned. She was a good team player and ensured that she gave up-to-date financial reports at each meeting. She did that creditably. It was during her tenure as President that she willingly offered her home to the Union as a meeting place until COVID-19 disorganized our meetings as it did to everything on PLANET EARTH! After the resumption from the COVID break she continued to prompt members to meet their financial obligations. That was Joe with her records book demanding that we needed to do this to continue with the charity works that we were involved in. How could we not mention the social interactions that these meetings brought to us. Living up to the training from the nuns of the Order of the Holy Paraclete (OHP), drinking tea has become an essential part of our fellowship but it did not matter what individual members brought, Joe would always add tea, cream crackers, biscuits, wafers and cakes and whether it was 'tea tea, milo tea or coffee tea' it was served in her beautiful crockery as well as the tables and chairs she always provided. Then there was the hard part of supervising the cleaning up after our meetings! It was her joy to provide all the logistics. No wonder her sudden demise jolted the Union and put us in disarray!

We send our deepest condolences at this difficult time to Uncle Rob and the Forson household in Community 1 Site 21 for generously supporting Naana in hosting us for our meetings and other functions for as long as it took.

Josephine Comfort Forson

Every year for nearly two decades, the Chapter had organized a fundraising event on VALENTINE'S DAY to raise funds for our charitable activities which included donations to our Alma Mater and the St. Nicholas Seminary in Cape Coast. This year, we had to suspend the Val's Day dinner dance at a week's notice in her memory. Naana's passing, without saying, has created a void that we are still struggling to fill.

Now that the young ladies who started the Union more than three decades ago are all in their twilight years the meetings offered the opportunity to re-wind and enjoy each other's company. We had moved from just being school mates and old gals to good friends and family and this meant a lot to us.

We were together at our Christmas meeting at Alisa Hotel, Tema and again fellowshiped with her on January 26th, 2023 which was the occasion of the birthday of one of us. How then were we to imagine that was going to be our last time together! It is hard to have lost you but in our hearts every time we are doing the 'old girls' thing you will be fondly remembered because you have left your mark. Your passing is a stark reminder to all of us that we should remember Stephen Grellet's inspirational quote: "I shall pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do or any kindness that I can show to a fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it. For I shall not pass this way again." To us the 'young girls' of the Old St. Monicans' Union, Tema Chapter, you have paid your dues in full.

We are consoled by the interaction between Jesus and Martha in St. John's Gospel 11:23-24, 'Your brother will rise to life', Jesus said. 'I know' Martha replied, 'that he will rise again in the Resurrection on the last day'.

Naana, Joe, Josephine, Old Girl, Girl yi: sleep well in the bosom of Jesus.

Nyenko pa, Nyame mfa wo kra nsie wo asomdwee mu.

Tribute by the

'65-'69 Mfantsiman Old Girls' Association



*Then I heard a voice from heaven say,
"Write this; blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on."
"Yes," says the Spirit, "they will rest from their labour, for their deeds will follow them"*

Revelation 14:13

The pain of losing a classmate, a friend and a sister is unbearable. The loss of our dear friend and sister, Josephine Thompson as she was known during our Mfantsiman days, has been a big blow to us all and a reminder for us to hold our loved ones close while they are here on earth. Our bond with Josephine Thompson began in 1964 when we came together as form one students of Mfantsiman Girls' Secondary School. Our first impression of Josephine was that she was very friendly and always wore a lovely smile.

Josephine was an all round lady. She was very quiet and composed. She would not take part in activities that would bring about punishment to the dormitory or class. She never told any jokes but would laugh heartily when others told jokes. One day, someone in her dormitory asked her why she always laughed at people's jokes but never told jokes. Josephine, with a big smile, answered "some of us were born to listen and laugh. I brush my teeth everyday so I am not afraid to show them off by laughing". You can understand our reaction to this statement, we all surreptitiously licked our teeth to make sure they were clean.

There are many more instances where Josephine's wit and humor was felt by her classmates. Josephine was the originator of the name -"Fali", which is the short form of Falilatu. Being a foreigner with a foreign name, Fali's original name posed a challenge to many of our classmates. One day, in a typical Josephine fashion, she looked at Fali and boldly declared to the hearing of all those present that from that day onward, she was going to be calling her "Fali" and the name stuck!!

Josephine, there are no words that can express the pain of your passing and how deeply we love you. Somehow, we have gathered the strength to celebrate you and remember all the good times we shared with you. What a blessing it has been to have had you as our schoolmate. We will use this time to remember you and your gracious spirit.

We from MOGA '65 - '69 say that it is well with your soul. We wish we had had the opportunity to say a proper goodbye to you.

May you find rest in the Lord till we meet again.



Her life in pictures



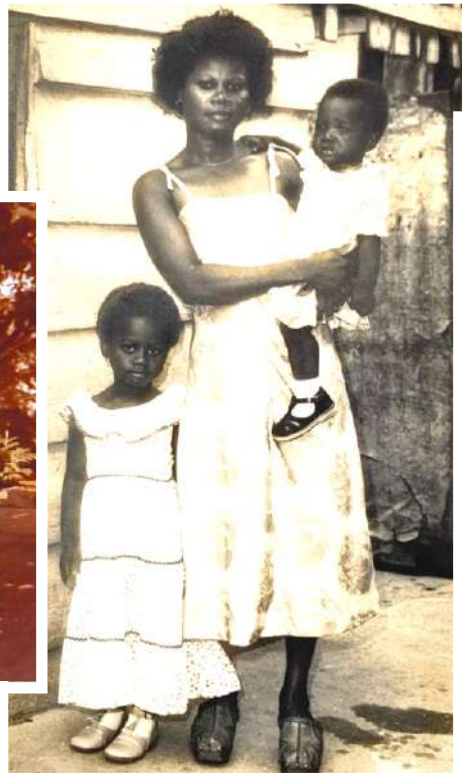


Josephine Comfort Forson



Josephine Comfort Forson

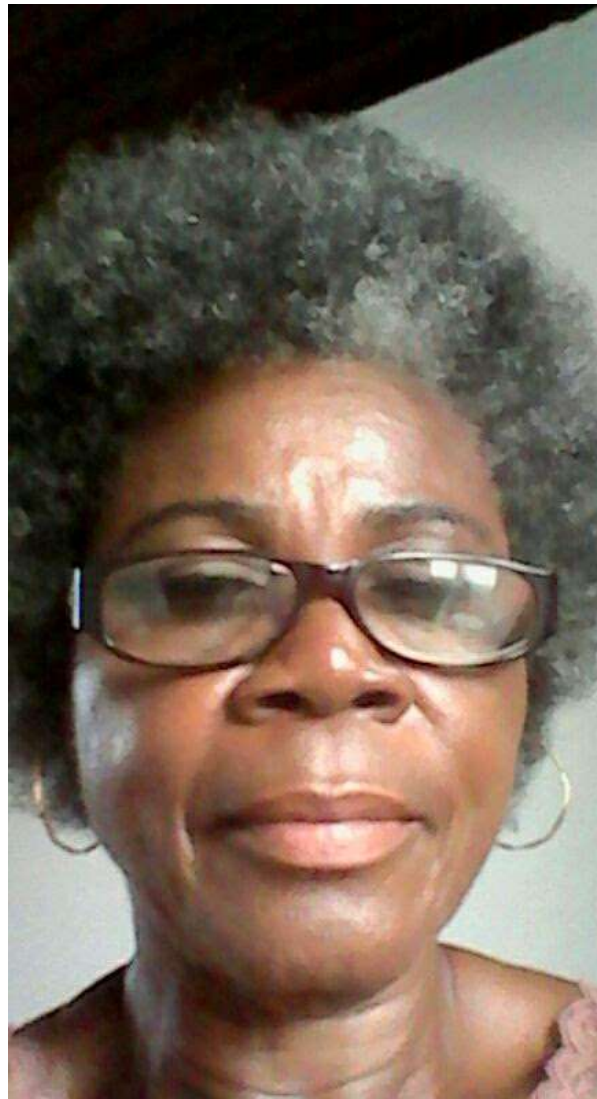
... forever in our hearts



Josephine Comfort Forson

... forever in our hearts





Josephine Comfort Forson



Josephine Comfort Forson

... forever in our hearts



Josephine Comfort Forson

Hymns

A&M 231

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

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

"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here in me fulfill.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me and I shall stand,
Through grace I will prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the Throne,
"Forever with the Lord"

A&M 264

My God and Father! while I stray,
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done"

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done"

What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
"Thy will be done"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done"

A&M 517

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

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless step I ran
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

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

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

MHB 550

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.A&M 436

Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee.
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars, in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of CHRIST,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist;
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
Widows who have watch'd to prayer,
Join'd in holy concert, singing
To the LORD of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in Blood,
Wash'd them in the Blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword;
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of CHRIST the LORD.

Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumph'd, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Savior and their king;
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the blessèd TRINITY.

GOD of GOD, the One begotten,
LIGHT of LIGHT, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together
All the saints forever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fullness
That we may for evermore
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON, and
GOD the HOLY GHOST adore.

MHB 511

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

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

His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
While each Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite
through.

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

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

A&M 437

For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world
confessed,
Thy Name, O JESU, be forever blest.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
thou LORD, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

The golden evening brightness in the west,
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest,
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest,
Alleluia, Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day,
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array,
The King of glory passes on His way,
Alleluia, Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
Alleluia, Alleluia!





Appreciation

THE WIDOWER, CHILDREN AND THE ENTIRE FAMILY
EXPRESS THEIR SINCERE GRATITUDE FOR YOUR PRAYERS
AND SUPPORT IN DIVERSE WAYS, DURING THEIR BEREAVEMENT.

MAY THE GOOD LORD RICHLY BLESS YOU.