

Celebration of life



Mrs Beatrice Akwaboah

DECEMBER 5TH, 1940 ~ DECEMBER 1ST, 2021

Burial Mass





BURIAL MASS

**BURIAL MASS
FOR THE LATE**

MRS BEATRICE AKWABOAH

AT

ST. MARY MOTHER OF GOD CATHOLIC CHURCH
HORNCHURCH, ESSEX

ON

FRIDAY, 17TH DECEMBER 2021 AT 10.00 A. M.

OFFICIATING PRIESTS

Main Celebrant: Rev. Fr. Martin Fletcher,
Parish Priest, St. Mary Mother of God Church, Hornchurch

Concelebrants: Rev. Fr. Mathias Baidoo,
*Priest-in-Charge, Holy Trinity South Woodham
Ferres and English Martyrs, Danbury Parish*

Rev. Fr. Dominic Assuahene,
Chaplain, Ghanaian Catholic Chaplaincy, England and Wales

Organist: *Mr Mike Coy*





ORDER OF SERVICE

PART 1 TIME 10:00 AM

1. **All to be seated by 10:00am** – Organ Solo
 2. **Reception of the Body** – Organ solo
 3. **Procession into the Church** – Organ Solo
 4. **Service of Tributes** -
Tribute by Husband
Tribute by Children
Tribute by Grand Children
Soloist - Pastor Kwame Amponsah
Tribute by Sister
Tribute by Nephew
Tribute by Ghana Nurses Association
- Song: Old Rugged Cross

PART 2 REQUIEM MASS TIME 11:15 AM

A: Introductory Rites

Entrance Song: Christ Be Beside Me

1. Christ be beside me, Christ be before me,
Christ be behind me, King of my heart,
Christ be within me, Christ be below me,
Christ be above me, never to part.
2. Christ on my right hand, Christ on my left hand,
Christ all around me, shield in the strife,
Christ in my sleeping, Christ in my sitting,
Christ in my rising, light of my life.
3. Christ be in all hearts thinking about me,
Christ be on all tongues telling of me,
Christ be the vision on all eyes that see me,
In ears that hear me, Christ ever be.

2. Welcome Address

3. Introductory Rite

4. Kyrie: *Recite*

5. The Collect





ORDER OF SERVICE

B: Liturgy of the Word

1. First Reading

A reading from the Prophet Isaiah 25: 6-9

On this mountain, the Lord of hosts will prepare for all peoples a banquet of rich food. On this mountain He will remove the mourning veil covering all peoples, and the shroud enwrapping all nations, He will destroy Death for ever. The Lord will wipe away the tears from every cheek; He will take away his people's shame everywhere on earth, the Lord has said so. That day, it will be said: See, this is our God in whom we hoped for salvation; the Lord is the one in whom we hoped. We exult and we rejoice that he has saved us.

This is the word of the Lord

R/ Thanks be to God

2. Responsorial Psalm

**Response – R/ The Lord is my shepherd;
There is nothing I shall want**

1. The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want.
Fresh and green are the pastures where he gives me repose.
Near restful waters he leads me,
to revive my drooping spirit. **R/**
2. He guides me along the right path; He is true to his name
If I should walk in the valley of darkness no evil would I fear.
You are there with your crook and your staff;
With these you give me comfort. **R/**
3. You have prepared a banquet for me in the sight of my foes.
My head you have anointed with oil; my cup is overflowing. **R/**
4. Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life.
In the Lord's own house shall I dwell for ever and ever. **R/**

3. Gospel Acclamation:

4. Gospel

A reading from the Holy Gospel according to John 14: 1-6

Jesus said to his disciples: Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God still, and trust in me. There are many rooms in my Father's house; if there were not, I should have told you, I am going to prepare a place for you and after I have gone and prepared you a place, I shall return to take you with me; so that where I am you may be too. You know the way to the place where I am going.

Thomas said. 'Lord, we do not know where you are going, so how can we know the way?'

Jesus said: I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No one can come to the Father except through me.



ORDER OF SERVICE

The Gospel of the Lord

R/: Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ

5. Homily: Rev Fr. Mathias Baidoo

6. Prayers of the Faithful:

Priest: Let us call trustingly upon God the Almighty Father, who raised Christ his Son from the dead, for the salvation of the living and the dead.

Reader: Our sister Beatrice received in her baptism the seed of eternal life. May she enjoy the company of the saints for ever.
Lord, hear us.

All: **Lord, graciously hear us**

Reader: Beatrice was nourished by Christ's body, the bread of eternal life. May she rise again on the last day.
Lord hear us.

All: **Lord, graciously hear us**

Reader: Let us pray for the souls of our families, relations and benefactors. May they receive the reward of their labours.
Lord, hear us.

All: **Lord, graciously hear us**

Reader: Let us pray for all who sleep in the hope of resurrection. May they be brought into the light of God's presence.
Lord, hear us.

All: **Lord, graciously hear us**

Reader: Let us pray for all who have come here today, to pray in the spirit of faith. May we all attain to the kingdom of glory.
Lord, hear us.

All: **Lord, graciously hear us**

Reader: Let us turn to our Lady, our Mother, and pray, 'Hail Mary....'

Priest: Hear, O Lord, the prayers of all who call upon you, for the souls of your servants. May they be released from all their sins and be made sharers of your redemption. Through Christ our Lord

All: **Amen**





ORDER OF SERVICE

C: Liturgy of the Eucharist

1. Offertory Song: *Amazing Grace* *Led by: Soloist - Pastor Kwame Amponsah*

1. Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved,
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
3. Through many dangers, toils and snares;
I have already come;
This grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

2. Presentation of the Gifts:

3. Sanctus and Benedictus: *Recite*

4. Memorial Acclamation: *“Lord by your cross and resurrection you have set us free, You are the Saviour of the world”*

D: Communion Rite

1. The Lord's Prayer: *Recite*

2. Sign of Peace:

3. Agnus Dei: *Recite*

4. Communion Song: *As I kneel before you*

1. As I kneel before you,
As I bow my head in prayer,
Take this day, make it yours
and fill me with your love.





ORDER OF SERVICE

Chorus

*Ave Maria, gratia plena
Dominus tecum, benedicta tu*

2. All I have I give you,
Every dream and wish are yours,
Mother of Christ, Mother of mine,
present them to my Lord.

Chorus

3. As I kneel before you,
And I see your smiling face,
Ev'ry thought, ev'ry word
Is lost in your embrace.

Chorus

5. Post Communion Song:

At the Organ: **Fred Akwaboah**

“Yɛwɔ fie bi wɔ sor hɔ”

Yɛ wɔ fie bi wɔ sor hɔ, Yɛ wɔ fie bi wɔ sor hɔ
Egya Onyame ahyɛ yen bɔ, se yɛ wɔ fie bi. DC
Se ye wie n'dwuma yi aa, ɔbeba abefa yen ako
Na ye ko di dew wɔ sor, EgyaO-nyame fie
Yɛ wɔ fie bi wɔ sor hɔ, Yɛ wɔ fie bi wɔ sor hɔ
Egya Onyame ahyɛ yen bɔ, se yɛ wɔ fie bi.

6. Biography:

7. Announcements

E: Final Commendation Rite & Blessing

1. Recessional Hymn: *How Great Thou Art*

1. O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the works Thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy pow'r thro'out the universe displayed.

Refrain:

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,





ORDER OF SERVICE

*“How great Thou art! How great Thou art!”
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God to Thee,
“How great Thou art!
How great Thou art!”*

2. And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died, to take away my sin.
Refrain:

3. When Christ shall come, with shouts of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow, in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my “God, how great thou art!”
Refrain:

F: At the Cemetery (Rippleside Cemetery, Barking)

1. A Song/Hymn: Silently the shades of evening

1. Silently the shades of evening,
Gather round my lonely door,
Silently they bring before me,
Faces I shall see no more.

2. O, not lost but gone before us,
Let them never be forgot,
Sweet their memory to the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not.

3. How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that far heaven,
Where we hope to meet at last.

2. The Burial Rite: Rev Fr. Dominic Assuahene

3. Vote of Thanks: Kwame Danso







BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE MRS BEATRICE AKWABOAH

“For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” Ph. 1: 21

The Late Mrs Beatrice Akwaboah, a.k.a. Abena Appiah, was born at Assin Foso on December 05, 1940 (80 years). She was the first born child to Opanin Kofi Aboagye and Madam Ama Owusuaa, all of Assin Odumasi, all of blessed memory.

She started her Primary School education at Assin Foso Catholic School in 1947 and completed in the same school where she obtained the Middle School Leaving Certificate (MSLC) in December 1957. She continued at St. Mary’s Secondary School, Accra, Ghana. In 1960, she enrolled as a student nurse at St. Joseph’s Hospital, Jirapa, Ghana and graduated as a Qualified Registered Nurse (QRN) in 1963. Following the completion of the QRN course, Beatrice worked at St. Dominic Hospital, Akwatia, and other hospitals in Ghana.

In 1962, Beatrice married Frederick Akwaboah who was then a student at Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology, (KNUST), Kumasi, Ghana. In 1966 she left Ghana to join her husband, Frederick, who was pursuing post graduate studies in the United Kingdom. Whilst in the UK, Beatrice continued her Nursing and Midwifery studies at Rush Green and Barking Hospitals in Essex and acquired the following qualifications:

- State Registered Nurse (SRN) Certificate, Rush Green Hospital (1966-1968)
- State Registered Midwifery Certificate; Rush Green and Barking Hospitals (1968-1971)

After completing her midwifery studies in 1971, she returned to Ghana to re-join her family. Frederick was now employed as a Lecturer in Civil Engineering at (KNUST), Kumasi. Her strong desire to become an entrepreneur led Beatrice to establish St. Theresa’s Maternity Clinic, a private midwifery practice in Kumasi in 1972, and later, in Onwe near Ejisu. She successfully managed the midwifery practice for several years. When Ghana’s administration was taken over by a military regime in 1979, the situation presented challenges for Beatrice and her family. In 1983, she decided to return to UK to undertake some refresher courses.

Whilst in the UK, her hard work and commitment to the nursing profession enabled her to work in several hospitals within the National Health Service (NHS) medical network. In 1998, she took early



BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE MRS BEATRICE AKWABOAH

retirement from the NHS and worked as an agency and bank nurse for the following:

Hospitals – Rush Green Hospital, Havering Community Nursing, Portland Hospital, St Mary's Hospital, Wellington Hospital, Cromwell Hospital.

Agencies – Medox Nursing Agency, Capital Staffing, Capital Enterprise, Mayfair Nursing Agency, London.

In 2002, she once again followed her business entrepreneurial intuition. Beatrice established KUTE Nursing Agency, licensed by London Borough of Barking & Dagenham to provide experienced qualified nursing staff, including midwives and paediatric intensive nurses to the NHS, private healthcare sectors, embassies and private homecare clients.

Beatrice had a very resilient character. She worked diligently to ensure that all the children could join her in UK to continue their education up to university levels.

Mrs Beatrice Akwaboah was born a Catholic, remained a Catholic and died a Catholic. She was a parishioner of St. Mary's Catholic Church, Hornchurch, Essex, and regularly attended the 8:00am Mass on Sundays.

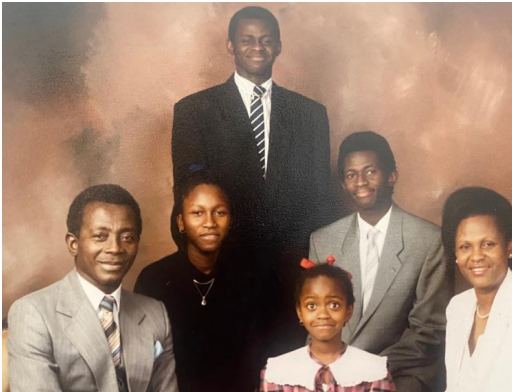
Beatrice remained in good health, assisting immensely to care for her daughter Theresa who has been battling with ill health and hospitalised since February 2021. In September of this year, Beatrice became ill and received treatments at private hospitals as well as at NHS hospitals. Her last treatment culminated in admission in Queens hospital. Sadly, she was unable to respond to treatment and died peacefully on December 1, 2021.

The late Mrs Beatrice Akwaboah was very generous, sociable and friendly with everyone she became acquainted with. Beatrice was a very approachable person. She would go to any length to assist in finding a solution, whenever she was approached with a problem. Problems requiring financial solutions saw her at her charitable best. She would share her last pound if that would help alleviate an immediate challenge. No family member or friend was ever turned away from her motherly care. She showed love, as Christ preached, to both adults and children.

May the Almighty Father would give her eternal peace and perfect rest. We, the family, will never forget you, Mummy Beatrice. In the words of the Apostle Paul in his second Epistle to Timothy 4:7, Mrs Beatrice Akwaboah "has fought a good fight and kept the faith."

She was four days short of her 81st birthday at the time of death. She is survived by her husband Frederick, five children and six grandchildren.

**THIS IS THE WOMAN WE MOURN TODAY.
REST IN PERFECT PEACE. AMEN.**





TRIBUTES

FAREWELL LETTER TO MY DEAR WIFE MRS BEATRICE AKWABOAH

Dear Mummy

On Wednesday December 1, 2021, we were with you by your sick bed at Clementine Ward A in Queen's Hospital, Romford. At about 8:30pm we took leave of you to go home and come back to be with you the next day. At 9:35pm, we received a call from the Hospital to break the sad news to us that you passed away to be with the Lord at 9:30pm. There was utter confusion in the house. I immediately called Paul who, without delay, came and drove us to the hospital to verify. At 10:20pm, we were again at your bedside to confirm that indeed you had been called by the Lord. The reality of the shock was unbelievable, but we had to accept that it was the will of the Lord. The two of us have been working together to care for our daughter, Theresa, who has been battling with ill health and has been hospitalised since February 2021.

When I met you in 1954 as little playmates in the Middle School at Assin Foso Catholic School, little did we know that our friendship would develop this far. By the will of God, we got married traditionally in 1963 and later in matrimonial marriage in this very Church, St. Mary's Catholic Church, Hornchurch in 1969. We have been blessed with five lovely children, Dorothy, Peter and Paul, Theresa and Mary as well as six grandchildren.

Mummy, as we all called you, you have been so wonderful, dependable and all-in-all to me and all the children that I honestly feel lost without you. I can only repeat the message I wrote to you on your 80th birthday just a year ago:

Dear Mummy,

It is with great joy and happiness to welcome you to the exclusive Club of the "Octogenarians".

Permit me to stand in the name of the entire family, your siblings, the children, grandchildren, and I, to give thanks to God Almighty for blessing you with 80 long years to be alive on this earth. According to the Holy Bible, "The span of our life is 70 years – 80 for those who are strong – but their whole extent is anxiety and trouble" (Psalm 90:10). We thank God that, at 80, you are still strong enough for all of us. Glory be to God.

We thank you for the immense patience, understanding and tolerance you have endured from all of us over the years. We may not have understood some of your actions when we were young. But we are happy that, due to your persistent corrections and admonitions, we have grown up to celebrate this day with you. Thank you very much indeed for your guidance and hard work over the years.

We pray that the Almighty continues to shower His blessings upon you to enjoy many more years full of good health, prosperity and wisdom. May you continue to live to see your Great Grand Children!

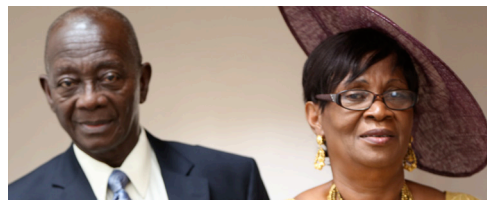
Our sincere thanks to all, the Children and all others, who quietly planned this event to celebrate our sweet mother. May God bless you all.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR MOM. We all love you very much. Enjoy the day.

This was our wish for you, Mummy. Little did we know that that was going to be your last birthday with us. You sadly left us on December 1, 2021, only four days before your 81st birthday. However, the Good Lord knows what is best for all of us. He decided that you were tired and needed to rest in His bosom. May the same Good God whom you loved and served so well receive you in His eternal bosom and give you rest till we all meet again in His eternal glory.

Mummy, thank you from the bottom of our hearts! May the Almighty God look upon the little that you were able to do to uplift his name on earth and grant you eternal rest! We shall meet again one day.

Your beloved husband, Kwabena.



A TRIBUTE TO MY BIG SISTER BEATRICE AKWABOAH (ABENA APPIAH)

My sister Beatrice brought me up from the age of 11. She educated me and took me with her to the UK. She always made sure that I did well in life. Sister was very strict and sometimes it would annoy me because there was never room for negotiation, especially when it involved education.

She was always there for me and wanted me to do well in life. At times when life was difficult and I felt like giving up, I would talk to sister, and she would always support me and give me the advice and guidance I needed to overcome whatever difficulties I was facing.

Sister Bea was always very proud of me and what I have achieved in life, she always wanted her friends and colleagues to know about her little sister Akua, but one moment in particular stands out for me. It was when I was presented with the values in practice award by Birmingham Community NHS Foundation Trust. Sister attended the award ceremony, and she was so happy because she felt I had done well not only for myself, but made her proud as well! She couldn't stop telling people about it for at least a week!

One thing I will miss about Sister the most is our phone calls! She would call me every day without fail and often many times a day. Sometimes, this would be very early in the morning to wake me up! It was therefore not surprising that my children would always wonder what we were always talking about. Sister Bea would talk to me about everything... She would tell me about her day, how proud she was of her children and her grandchildren and everything that they have accomplished. She loved to reminisce and would always talk to me about our family history. I could go on and on about all the things we talked about on the phone. The topics were endless, and no subject was out of bounds for us!

My big sister was a very hard-working woman with a "can do" attitude. She was not someone you could easily walk over. I remember she would sometimes work a day shift at Rush Green Hospital then dash off to Portland Hospital to do a shorter, part-time shift. She would sometimes even go to Camden market in the morning after her night shift to sell clothes! She was truly indefatigable! She did all this just to support her family! Sister loved her job as a Midwife and Baby Care Specialist so much that when she "retired" she decided to set up her own nursing agency and

continued to work part time at Portland hospital. That was indeed a true dedication to duty!

Despite working continuously, she somehow managed to find the time to do a degree course in Health and Women's Studies, graduating with (Hons) in her fifties from Southbank University. Sister Bea always believed in continuous learning and was an advocate for education, as she envisaged it as the pathway to a successful and fulfilling professional life.

Thinking about it, sister never fully retired as she was still working as a first Aid consultant for Health Care Assistants and Agency Nurses right up until she was sadly diagnosed with Cancer.

Sister Bea always knew what she wanted in life. If Sister wanted to achieve something, she believed she could and would do whatever it took for her to accomplish her goals. She was also very caring, and this is reflected in the immeasurable and endearing things she did for me, her children, grandchildren and her husband. She was, and still is a key figure in all of our lives. We will all miss her very much.

Her kindness, courage and dedication to her family is something that I will miss very much. There have been so many times in my life when Sister Bea was there for me. She would always do her best to make sure we all did well in life and that we were all taken care of. I remember very vividly in the 80s when I was working and living in Poole in Surrey, Sister would visit me regularly. When our father passed away in 1988, I was in so much shock and felt so depressed, that I didn't want to carry on with my nursing career. Sister Bea came to see me, and she could see how badly affected I was. She decided to take me back to London so I could be near her. Once back in London, Sister was very determined to help me get a job. She took me to about six different hospitals and we would go to the matrons' office without an appointment, and she would tell them, "My little sister Akua is looking for a job." I was eventually offered an interview at St George's Hospital in Hornchurch and was consequently offered a staff nurse post, all thanks to sister Bea's courage and determination.

Sister was more than a sister to me; she was my best friend and a mother. I will always be thankful for how hard and how far she pushed me in life. Without sister

A TRIBUTE TO MY BIG SISTER BEATRICE AKWABOAH (ABENA APPIAH)

Bea, I wouldn't be the woman I am today. She was and still is such a key figure in my life and I will always love her and never forget all she has done for me.

I remember when sister found out she was sick; we sat down and we had a very real and heartfelt conversation. She told me she was worried that I wouldn't be around to hold her hand when she was dying, and this is why I did my best to spend as much time with her in her final days. I would come from Birmingham and attend all the important appointments with her. There was one hospital appointment that I remember very clearly. It was the appointment where everything changed. The doctor sat us down and explained everything to us and because of our professional experience as nurses, we both knew her time was coming to an end soon. In that moment all sister wanted was time...time to spend

with her family especially her grandchildren.

I'm so grateful that I got to spend time with sister right up until the hour before she passed, I will forever be grateful that I got to be there for Sister Bea in her final moments. This was something she had wished for and I am thankful that I was able to fulfil her desire..

Sister Bea was an amazing woman. She led by example and was a beacon of light to colleagues, friends and family alike. She will be sorely missed by many.

May her soul rest in perfect peace and may light perpetual shine on her.

***Her Little Sister
Akua***



TRIBUTE FROM CHILDREN OF MRS BEATRICE AKWABOAH

Never in a million years when we celebrated our mother's 80th birthday just last year did we anticipate that she would not be here to celebrate her 81st Birthday. But in all things we give thanks to God for giving our mother 80 years on this earth.

As mothers go they don't come better than "Bea" or "Maa" or "mummy" as we all called her. Maa there are no words to describe the love we have for you. Apart from being a nurse and midwife, our mother was very entrepreneurial. We remember the times Paul would pick her up and drop her off at Camden market to sell scarves. Anyone that knows Maa knows how hard working she was and how she worked hard in her later years to establish her nursing agency Kute Nursing Care. Our mother did everything in her power to ensure she provided for her children and for that we are all eternally grateful.

There is nothing our mother didn't provide for us. From sending Peter and Paul to Campion school and sending Mary and Theresa to a private school. she worked throughout all the while working hard to provide for us children. Now, as adults with our own responsibilities, we have a greater appreciation for the sacrifices she made to ensure her children were well provided for.

We remember how on Christmas mornings, even when our mother worked shifts at the hospital, she would always remember to put the turkey in the oven on low heat for us to watch. By the time she came home in the evening, it would be cooked and we

would have turkey for Christmas dinner.

Our mother was very hardworking. As hard working as she was, she completed her Bachelors and Masters degrees while working and raising 5 kids. We always say that we all earned those degrees with her as we spent many hours typing her dissertation for her.

Our mother was the one constant in our lives. She was in the room when both of her youngest grandchildren (Chloe and Mya) were born. She has been the best grandmother to all of her grandchildren: Baruch, Josh, Jed, Kayden, Chloe and Mya. Every week she would make soup and Fufu for Chloe and Mya. Mya would hop on her lap with mouth wide open to eat fufu from grandma. When she got sick just a few short weeks ago, she told us to make sure fufu is always ready for the girls. Mummy don't worry! We will ensure they are not short of fufu even if our soup doesn't compare to yours.

There are simply not enough words to describe the hole that our mother's passing has left on our lives. But we continue to give thanks to the Lord Almighty for the fond memories. Mummy, its time for you to rest now. Sleep well in the bosom of the Lord until we meet again.

We love you,

Dorothy, Peter, Paul, Theresa and Mary xxxx



TRIBUTE FROM KWAME DANSO, RETIRED UNITED NATIONS STAFF

Hmmm “To every thing there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to be born and a time to die... (Ecc 3:1-2)

After many decades of an extraordinary life on this earth, my cousin has been called to her maker as everyone will be. For everything will come to an end except the Kingdom of God.

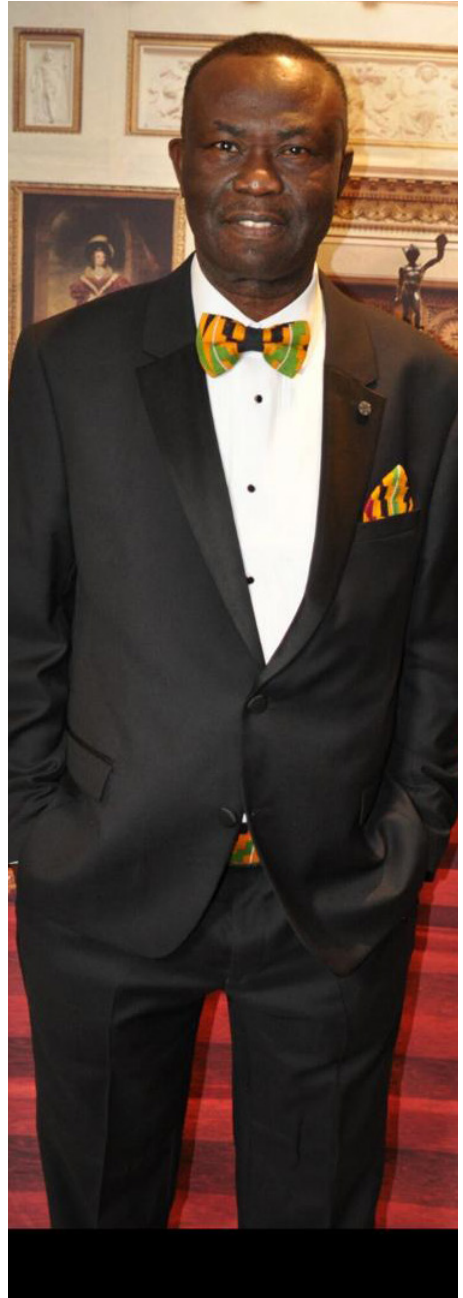
Bea was a kind, warm, compassionate and vibrant woman who always went out of her way to help others. She was a dignified woman who had a passion to do good for everyone.

At the beginning of my United Nations career when I wanted to relocate my family to UK, she was the one I thought of, and she readily and willingly assisted me to relocate my family to England.

She valued education and always encouraged those around her not to relent in their pursuit of it. I will always cherish the valuable advice she gave me. I will always remember her caring heart and her epitome of love and wisdom. There are no words to express the depth of my gratitude nor breadth of my sense of appreciation.

She has left this world with a pain in my heart but as it reads in Psalm 73:26 “My flesh and my heart may fail but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.” “For whether we live, we live unto the Lord or whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live therefore or die, we belong to the Lord.” (Romans 14:8)

May the Lord keep you in His bosom until we meet again. Amen!



TRIBUTE TO OUR DEAR MOTHER- IN-LAW FROM AFUA & SYLVIA AKWABOAH



It's still hard to believe we lost her barely 90 minutes after we'd spent time with her. Her absence in our family will be felt greatly!

Ma loved her children fiercely and the more you learnt about the sacrifices she made, the more you understood where she was coming from.

She was a no nonsense woman, she definitely didn't suffer fools gladly, and the day I realised she was getting old was when we were in Ghana a few years ago, I got ready to leave after a visit and the security was nowhere to be found. I asked her where he could have gone, and she said - hmmm Sylvia, this boy does what he wants around here" I just thought to myself, wow!!! This boy certainly missed the Mrs Akwaboah experience! How does he even get away with that?!!

It won't be the same coming to Eastbrook Drive without your warm welcome of "Aww Afua etisen?" ...your ways of making sure we were comfortable. It won't be the same driving past Eastbrook Drive knowing you're not there. It won't be the same not receiving your phone calls especially when you were trying to track Paul down.

Grandma loved and doted on her grandchildren! She spoilt them with treats every time!!! It was funny how when they were babies she could only see the resemblance on her side of the family! We vividly remember how she insisted the boys looked like a certain Kofi Tintin! We were not sure if he ever existed, but Kofi Tintin, if you were ever a person, you have several look alikes in our households!

It was our honour and privilege to be able to pray with you in your final hours and proclaim Jesus as Lord and saviour, and to have the opportunity to thank you for everything!

Grandma!

Ma!

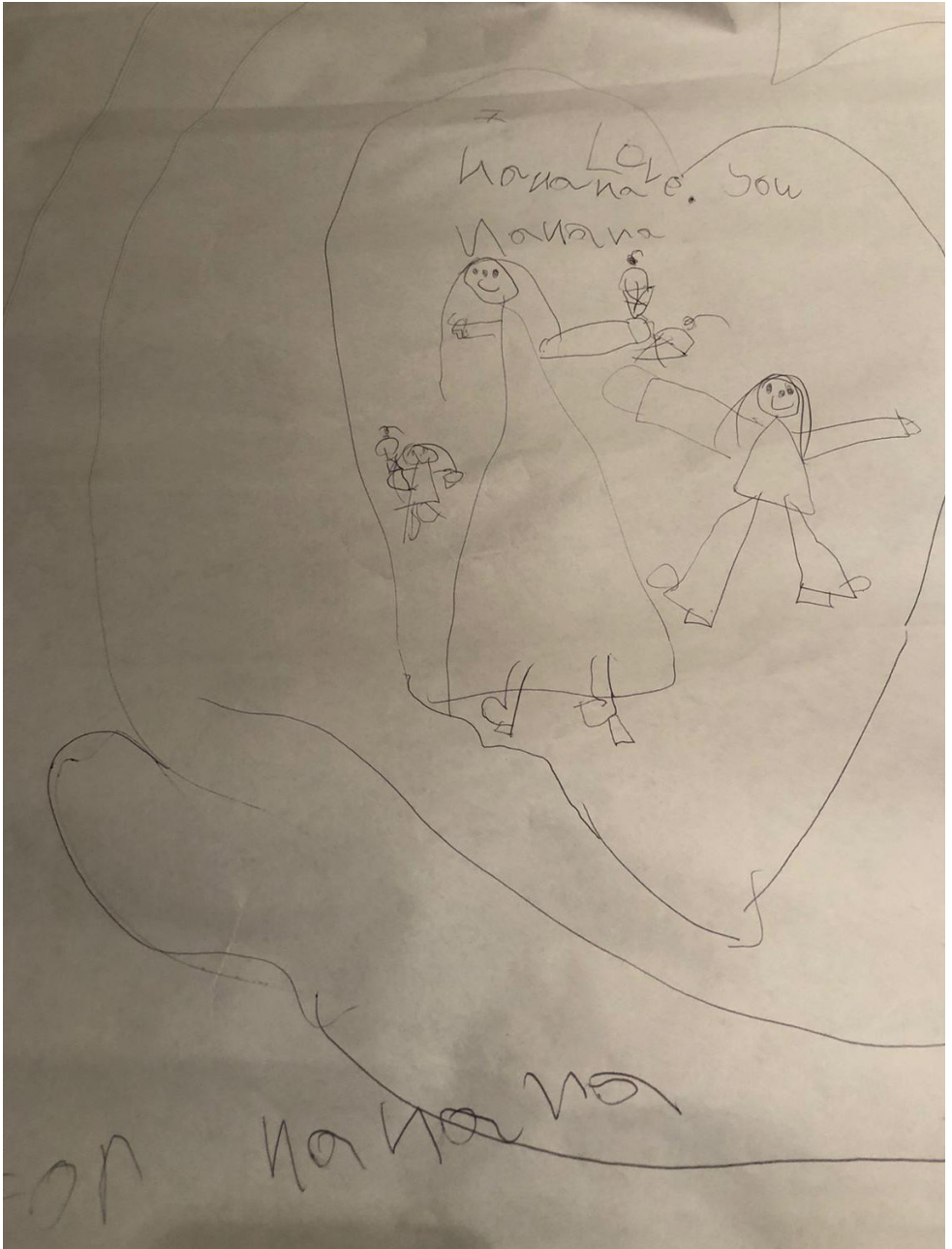
Our Asew G!

Thank you for everything! You lived your life fully! You gave it your all! It's time to rest now. We will pick up from where you left off. We can only promise we will do our best with God's help.

Rest well Ma, Rest well!

Afua & Sylvia.

TRIBUTE FROM CHLOE & MYA
GRANDCHILDREN



TRIBUTE TO GRANDMA BEATRICE- FROM YOUR GRANDCHILDREN

Usually, losing a family member is a sad time, but Grandma Beatrice, who we all knew and loved, lived a great, memorable life. Firstly, Grandma's corned beef stew was just so phenomenal that even Gordon Ramsey himself would be proud. It was one of those meals that was cooked with so much love and passion, that it never failed to disappoint. On our visits to Romford we would refill our plates multiple times, stuffing as much corned beef stew in our faces as we could and she made sure we would never leave without treats. During Covid, when we couldn't visit, she made sure she would call often to check up on how we were doing, and constantly told us how much she missed us and how she could not wait to see us again. She always knew how to create time for the people she loved.

Grandma, we know you're up in heaven looking at how much your children have achieved, and how much potential we as your grandchildren have; we have no doubt that you are cheering us on. You lived your life doing what was best for the ones you loved the most, and we know that you would sacrifice anything to make sure that your loved ones are successful. We want to make sure that in everything we do, we follow in your footsteps and do what's best for the people we love. We love you Grandma and we know that we will see you someday in heaven.

Rest In Peace



TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER-IN-LAW, AUNTIE BEA FROM AKOMBIA



It feels strange seeing you on posters today. Living with you these past few years have been such a blessing to me and my family. I feel fortunate that I passed through your home, your school of life and experienced your kindness first-hand.

Sometime in 2013 after Nana Ama and I had been dating for a while, I decided to visit her in the UK. My first impression of you was a warm motherly figure. A vibe you kept repeating. You said “Nana Ama diɛ, ɔn ha adwene o” meaning she’s not troublesome. Nana Ama and I had been friends before becoming partners, so I already knew this about her. I was determined to get things right with respect to choosing a wife. Your words were so assuring I felt confident in Nana Ama’s and mine decision to get married.

In 2014, you joined us in Ghana and met my family. You were an instant hit in our home. You had Mr. Mensah, daddy’s driver, drive you to Dansoman anytime you were in town to enjoy my mother’s special jollof rice.

When God blessed Nana Ama and I with children, we had a relatively easier run because

we had an experienced midwife in our corner. As new parents, your expert advice made caring for our girls less scary. We have had access to some of the best hospitals and nurses because of your professional network.

There is a picture of you and daddy with baby Mya that captures your kind heart. It is an all too familiar look. I have watched you care for your grandchildren, and I am quite used to it now. I have chosen to share this picture with this tribute for others to see and recognize your generous heart.

We will miss the look on your face when you see your grandchildren, the screams from Chloe and Mya, the stash of sweets in your handbag. We will miss hearing you scream “NANA” whenever you need something. We will miss seeing our Nana in her favourite chair scouting for antiques on TV.

Grandma Tess has taught Chloe and Mya what it means to have a loved one join Jesus. You are with your maker and in our hearts now. Ask Chloe or Mya where Nana is, and they’ll point to the skies above and to their heart. Nana Ama and I will make sure your grandchildren never forget you and everything you did for them, for all of us really. God bless you Auntie Bea. Thank you for your time, for your guidance, thank you for your love. We are grateful for everything.

***May the good Lord rest your gentle soul.
Rest well Auntie Bea.***

TRIBUTE BY GHANA NURSES ASSOCIATION UK (GNA)

Mrs Beatrice Akwaboah's sudden death has left us all in such an unimaginable state of shock. When she joined the Ghana Nurses Association UK (GNA) on 29th June 2003, she made a promise to care and serve, and she continued to serve and care without fail. In Nov 2007, GNA decided to build a community library for Hia, a village near Obuasi to serve 14 surrounding villages. This was our millennium challenge to ensure that by 2015, every child would have access to education.

Mrs Akwaboah, popularly known as Aunty Bea, promised to help us fill the shelves with books on completion and this very kind gesture was well appreciated. She even sent BNF books to Doctors in Ghana to support them. Her true character fully came to light during our fundraising events. She would go out of her way to raise hundreds of pounds, targeting her colleagues at the Portland Hospital, where she also provided agency staff from her Agency business.

Aunty Bea used some of her holidays in Ghana to nurse the premature babies for free at the Special Care Baby Unit at Korle Bu, also donating equipment to support care. During one of her visits to Ghana, she welcomed GNA members to her house in Agyiriganno to wine and dine with her and her husband, and members who attended still talk about how well they were received, she was very kind and thoughtful.

We have really lost a truly generous and great Sister/Aunty in such a very short space of time. However, we believe that our beloved Aunty Bea is in a better place with the Lord - a place where the word 'pain' is not in the heavenly dictionary. We will miss her love and warmth. May her gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

***Mrs Mary Owusu (Patron)
Former Chair of GNA.***



**Ghana Nurses
Association**

We Care and We Serve

A TRIBUTE TO AUNT BEA FROM HER LATE BROTHER / COUSIN PETER ANANE (UNCLE KWAKU'S) FAMILY.

Auntie Bea as we affectionately called her has been nothing but a loving Aunt. An aunt who brought us closer to herself and family when our dad passed on whilst we were still very young. Auntie Bea invited us to her house at Bomso where we met our grand mother Nana Owusuaaa of blessed memory. We most exceptionally remember how Auntie Bea prepared delicious food for us and saw to it that we were alright. How she gave us gifts always on her return to Ghana from the UK. We always took a call to visit her at Bomso as our Christmas.

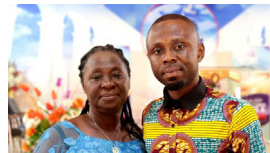
Through her, we met most of our family members from our dad's side, her children and for this we're most grateful for that. We always felt there's a pillar we could rely on even though we didn't know our dad. We remember her advice to us to learn hard and indeed we did.

On 2nd December when we heard of your demise, we were downhearted because we knew a great pillar of our family has gone to be with her maker. We take solace in the fact that you lived to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living and

also of the opportunity we had via Zoom video call to celebrate your 80th birthday last year 5th December 2020. What joy it would have given us to have celebrated your 81st birthday this year but God knows best and we thank Him for giving you to us for this time.

May God keep you in His bosom and may you find a peaceful rest.

We love you. Thank you. Rest in perfect peace Aunt Bea.



TRIBUTE FROM NICHOLAS & PEACE KOBIA-AMANFI AND FAMILY

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying, “Write this down: Blessed are those who die in the Lord from now on. Yes, says the Spirit, they are blessed indeed, for they will rest from their hard work; for their good deeds follow them!” Revelation 14:13

Auntie Bea was like a mother to all of us and treated everyone like her own; someone who knew me all my life. She was such a welcoming and great person. Back in the 80's, my siblings and I would drive all the way from South London to Rush Green or get picked up from Dagenham East station by Peter and/or Paul. We were not bothered by the distance one bit as one thing we always looked forward to was her warmth.

Auntie Bea's name is synonymous with the fact that she recommended some dietary requirements to enable me to start eating my food when I was very young; something my mother still mentions.

Not long ago, Auntie Bea's health began to suffer slightly and was always in prayer. Her sudden demise was a huge shock; something we will not easily forget.

The world has lost a gem!

May your gentle soul forever rest in The Lord's bosom.

TRIBUTE FROM DR MAXWELL BOAKYE

The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life:

Proverb 11:30

“Whoever saves one life, saves the world entire”-Hebrew Talmud

When I was about eight years old, I found myself without my parents, who had immigrated to the United States; and as a result, I came to live with Auntie B. and Uncle Fred. I found myself in a new city and environment, a new home that unbeknownst to me would be my home for the next ten years of my life, from ages eight to approximately age 18. Auntie B. was now my guardian and my second parent. She had a style that took a while adjusting to. She was perfectionistic, with a passion for order and cleanliness.

Growing up in Auntie’s household was not easy, with me being a cerebral, somewhat quiet, sloppy, lazy kid who did not like to do chores.

With Auntie, there was only one way to do things-the right way. We always learn from our parents and guardians-they shape us into who we become, and they sharpen us. I found the chores at home very tough to accept, but now that I look back, those were among the formative years of my life. She raised me to be hardworking and with a desire for excellence in all my endeavors. She was a nurse and midwife with a passion for helping and serving underserved areas, opening a clinic in a remote part of the city, and providing obstetrical services to the less fortunate in the suburbs of Kumasi. We had a wonderful family tradition of eating dinner at the table, often inviting guests to our home. I fondly remember Felicitas, our home helper, and our dog Ahonya who sometimes would threaten me because I was the new kid on the block. Believe it or not, our house was opposite a famous discotheque called Hedonist, busy with traffic and entertainment activities day and night. Imagine your teenage kid growing up next to a disco with a name synonymous with pleasure. You can’t make this up. Amazingly, we all turned out ok-must have been her parenting!

Just a bit about Auntie B., she loved movies, and it was always fun to watch movies with her. She had some favorite actresses, and she always had a little bit of a story about famous actresses. Sometimes she would have a characteristic smile on her face as she

told a little reflection on Elizabeth Taylor and Sophia Loren and a comment on their beauty. She would also sometimes mention Sidney Poitier and the movie *The Sound of Music*. She always had a good sense of humor and a characteristic laugh with a whiff of piercing sarcasm and poignant observations about people. She was very observant, you know, she would pick on how you were sitting at a dinner table, how to hold a fork, or not to use the right fork. You did not grow up in her household without learning your table manners. Her presence was always felt in the home-Freedom for me was when she traveled to London, I was free of doing chores. In September 1976, I distinctly remembered her and Uncle driving me to Prempeh college, where I began my secondary school in Ghana. She packed my suitcases for me, and they drove me to school to start secondary school, a rite of passage for most kids in Ghana.

When I lived there, she would always send me to the market. And I’ll be like, why is she always sending me to the market? Does she not know I have to navigate snakes on the road etc. But now that I look back, you know, there are many observations: maybe because she trusted me, you don’t send somebody to buy something at a market if you don’t think they would bring back the right thing. Maybe she was also training me to follow orders and be reliable; and maybe, she believed in me. At the time, I viewed many of these chores as picking on me, punishing me, or whatever. But who else would she send-I was the oldest boy in the house.

Many have commented on her entrepreneurial spirit, hard work, work ethic, and fierce protection and loyalty for her children. But as we mourn, I want each of you to think and reflect on at least one or two things that she did for you in this world. And to forgive any imperfections, for we are all perfectly imperfect. Maybe she said a kind word, was a devoted spouse, mother, kind sibling, or loyal friend, made you a great meal, she said a prayer on your behalf, a word of advice, a deed of charity, characteristic humor, a smile, or showed a character or quality that you learned from; maybe she nursed and healed you or delivered one of your children. I am sure it would not be hard for everyone to think of a thing or two.

Here are two things I want to leave you with- I would

TRIBUTE FROM DR MAXWELL BOAKYE

like to highlight one thing about her: she loved God and had a reverence for Priests and those that serve God. The way she talked about and treated Catholic fathers that serve our diocese to me exemplified her love for God because she felt that God's stewards of the planet needed to be treated well. So, I remember the Catholic father Nefges, who would often come to our home for meals. We grew up in a church home; Uncle played the organ for the church. She would go through all the trouble to cook the most fantastic meal, you know, she would bring out the best dining room sets, like being hosted for a King, which exemplifies her reverence. Her heart tended to those called to serve the Lord, and it's a reflection about her faith, and as has been said, she was a devout Catholic to her very last breath.

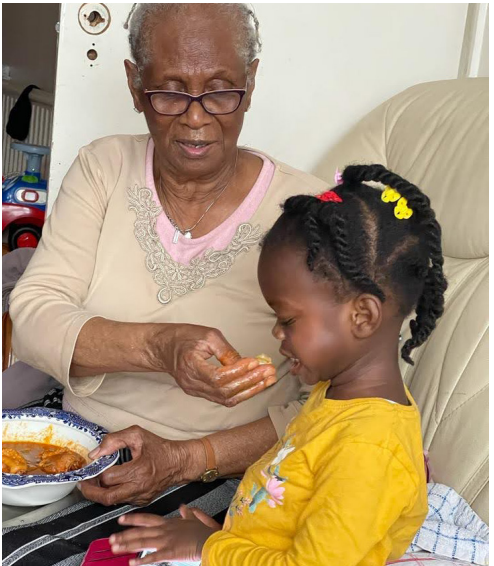
Secondly, the greatest she did for me was to open her home. Uncle is great, but every woman here probably knows bringing me to his home to raise me would not have been possible without Auntie's approval; at least after 22 years of marriage, I hope I know that by now (My wife Petrina is an audience, so I better be careful what I say). Her action of kindness saved my life. We see God's heart and hand in acts of faithful service and compassion to others, such as opening your home to a kid without his parents. It is not always about things or feelings or even actions or words being perfect when one does this service for another.

Luke 10:27 And to love God with all your hearts and love one another is the greatest commandment. Jewish Talmud says that one who saves one person saves the world. Auntie, what I became in this world would not have been possible had you not opened your home to accept me as one of your children. And what you did, you know, everything I do, as a neurological surgeon now, my bonds with my cousins all came from the acts of grace and kindness you and Uncle showed accepting me into your home.

Although life's callings, trials, and tribulations separated us and sent us on different paths and journeys, for the first time in nearly five decades, we're all in one place: Uncle Fred, Doris, Peter, Paul, Theresa, Nana Ama, and Sister Akua. Could any of us predict that almost 50 years later, we will all be meeting here in another country mourning your passing and celebrating your life? Auntie B, each of us today has a glimpse of the good you did in this world and will move forward in faith, hope, and optimism.

1 Cor 13:13- says these things all last forever, faith, hope, and love, and the greatest of these is love. Thank you for all you did for me, for your acts of love, kindness, and charity in this world, and for all you touched and blessed. May your soul rest in peace and the comfort of the heavenly father, the perfecter of our faith and lives.







Appreciation



Mrs Beatrice Akwaboah

DECEMBER 5TH, 1940 ~ DECEMBER 1ST, 2021

OUR ENTIRE FAMILY WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS
OUR DEEPEST APPRECIATION AND
THANKS TO ALL THOSE WHO MOURN WITH US AND CELEBRATE THE
LIFE OF OUR MUCH CHERISHED AND LOVED ONE