

# In Loving

MEMORY



MRS. JOYCE  
AKUSHIA  
QUAYE

*Beloved  
Wife, Mother &  
Grandmother*

# ORDER OF SERVICE

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## OFFICIATING CLERGY

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Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Samuel M. Markwei  
Rev Dr. (Mrs) Davina Markwei  
Rev Dr John Esubonteng  
Rev. Emmanuel Paajoe Markwei  
Rev. Ernest Tetteh – Yeboah  
Rev Joseph Amasa Annan  
Rev (Mrs) Rosemargret Esubonteng  
Rev Emmanuel Tetteh  
Rev Shadrach Ako- Adjei Daniels

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## PART 1: PRE- BURIAL SERVICE

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1. Arrival of Corpse
2. Opening Prayer
3. Songs/Hymns
4. Filling Past - Reading of specified tributes
5. Prayer
6. Closing of Casket

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## PART II: BURIAL SERVICE

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Arrival of Corpse into Auditorium  
Sentences  
Song/Hymn  
Opening Prayer  
Praise and Worship  
Biography  
Song/hymn  
Tributes

- a. *Husband*
- b. *Children*
- c. *Family*
- d. *Church*

Song Ministration  
Sermon  
Prayer for Family  
Offertory  
Announcements  
Benediction  
Recessional \song/hymn

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## PART III: AT THE GRAVE SIDE

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Hymn/Song  
Opening Sentences  
Prayer  
Song/Hymn  
Committal ceremony  
Song  
Receiving of Wreaths  
Thanksgiving by Family member  
Final Prayer and Benediction





# BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE

## MRS JOYCE AKUSHIA QUAYE

*Some glad morning when life is o'er, I'll fly away,  
To a home God's celestial shore, I'll fly away.*

-Albert E. Brumley, 1929, sung by Jim Reeves, Alan Jackson.

**M**rs Joyce Akushia Quaye was born on January 21 1971 at La, in the Greater Accra Region of Ghana, to Mr. John Amukwei Mensah of blessed memory and Madam Rose Adjekai Mensah.

She was the third of seven children and the first of three girls- a first born in her own right. Joyce began her early education at La wireless 5&6 school and later, in her young adulthood enrolled at Sowah's Gift Memorial, a commercial school in La, where she trained and graduated as a Secretary.

From a young age, Joyce was known for her industrious spirit. She was always active, never idle constantly seeking out work to do. With waakye being the family's mainstay, she supported her mother in the business after school and during holidays.

As life's seasons changed and she entered adulthood, Joyce answered the call of independence and married Mr Amukwei Quaye, together they were blessed with four wonderful children, Rosaline Adjeley-Akushia Quaye, Uziel Acheampong Quaye, Libnah Akushia Quaye and Clara Naa Amua Quaye.

In Ghana, Joyce engaged block-making before later relocating to the United Kingdom to join her husband. There she worked with Marks & Spencer, an internationally renowned retail

company known for its quality clothing and goods. Joyce brought the same hardworking ethics and care to her role abroad as she had at home.

Though she lived in the UK for over twenty years, her presence in our lives never faded. We never missed her phone calls, regular visits to Ghana or the thoughtful gifts she always brought. Clothes, candies, biscuits and other treats. These were not just presents but testaments to her love, generosity and deep connection to family.

When you returned to Ghana recently for medical care, none of us imagined it would be your final farewell. Your passing has left a deep void in our hearts, we are shaken, weak and sorrowful.

Yet though we weep, we do not grieve as those without hope. We take comfort in the belief that this is not the end.

Our paths will cross again, in that celestial home where sorrow is no more.

Rest well Joyce, you have flown away but your memory remains with us - cherished, honored and deeply loved.

**Yaawo Ojogban.**



# TRIBUTE IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY WIFE JOYCE

**T**oday, I speak your name – **Joyce** not in sorrow alone, but in love, in gratitude and awe of the life, we shared. You were more than my wife.

You were the quiet strength that held me up  
The laughter that turned ordinary days into light,  
The steady hand that taught me how to love deep and without fear.  
Your voice was my compass-gentle but sure.

Your heart, my safest place  
You carried kindness like a reflex, grace like a second language  
And a love so boundless it needed no explanation  
With you even the smallest moments felt sacred.  
A shared cup of coffee at dawn,  
The way your eyes crinkled when you smiled  
The sound of your voice calling my name like a promise.

Now the world feels different without you here.  
Softer in some ways, quieter in others.  
But I still feel you everywhere.  
In the warmth of the sun, in the stories we'll keep telling.  
In the love you planted so deeply in all who knew you.  
My heartaches, yes it also remembers.

And so I will live in a way that honours you.  
With the same generosity you showed the world,  
And the same courage you carried so effortlessly,  
And the same unwavering love and gave so freely  
Thank you Joyce for every moment, every lesson ,every piece of you.

***You were – and will always be – my greatest gift, my forever love.  
Rest now, my darling. I will love you for all my days.***

# JOYCE





# TRIBUTE TO JOYCE by MUM

"Hemo Nyɔŋmɔ nɔ oye, ni ohe mi hu mi mɔ oye.  
Ejaake shi hile hei pii ye mitse we le. Ke jee makai ni kule mikɛɛ nye momo....

- John 14:1-4.

**A**kushia, mibiyoo ni midɔ ohe, ohe jo ye mibii le atɛŋ. Mibiyoo ke minye awo, okɛɛ mi tamɔ mitaade ni miwoɔ tsebele oye shɔŋŋ. Owɔɔ miŋaa tamɔ minaanyo ni ke mitsui ekumɔ ke dɔle hu, owieɔ ni mistui nyɔ mimli tamɔ alaa ke wɔleɔ abifao. Namɔ dɔŋŋ?

Akushia, kwɛ moko joonɔ ejooɔ, ni ehie mɛɔ enɔ he. "Minkai ni abaajekɔ po, ni bɔni mile ni ni ebafɛɛ le eyafe nakai noji Akushia wo atade ni ewo momo le. Aoo! mibi ni owoo ohe nɔ mɛɛba? Oye atadei srɔtoi ye odeka mli shi ofee nakai. Oha mihe ejɔ mihe. Oji moko ni otoo henyɛloi, nohewɔ hu ohereɔ mɔfɛɛmɔ atuu kɛbaa omlishi.

Anu ogbɔ feemɔ he ye manseɛ tete, shihile ke sramɔ mli. Minuuu adafi tswaa fɔŋ ko ye ohe.

Miheye ni agba, shi bemli ni oheye le, okɛɛ aka akɛɛmi, tse onɔ le mli wa fe minɔ le.

Mitako shi ni majwɛŋ akɛ mafu bo ŋmɛnɛ gbi nɛɛ, ejaake bi fuɔ enye. Bemli ni ogbele na gbɛɛ ye mitooi amli, mifɛɛ tamɔ minuko, jetsɛremɔ ke jenamɔ gbii ke nyɔjii, shi etsakee, nɔhi aŋma le aŋma le aŋma.

Kɛmibote tsumli le ewahanu naakpa. Mibi Akushia otee moŋnɛ, shi makai bo daa, Ye mitsui mlil. Nyɔ ŋmɔ ji mɔni shejeɔ mii, le ehie wala ke gbele naa samfle. Mile akɛ etsɛŋ tso wɔbaakpe ekonŋ. Mibi wɔ jogbanŋ ye Nuntsɔ le kpɔkɔi amli. Aajoy Yaawɔ jogbanŋ. Amen!



# TRIBUTE *by* CHILDREN

## AMUSH

I'm blessed to have you in my life, you've been a WONDERFUL mother to me, always giving the best of love and care. You've supported me financially, emotionally and spiritually. You are kind, truly amazing, willing to listen and give advice, a wonderful Mum to me and a role model who is very easy to look up to and admire.

Mummy,  
Your wisdom and guidance helped shape your grandchildren into the wonderful individuals they are today. You instilled in them the values of kindness, respect, and perseverance."

Thank you mummy  
I miss you dearly.

Rest in peace.  
Yaa wo y3 heol3 mlin AwO KPA KPA





## **Rosalene Adjeley-Akushia**

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

-Proverb 31:31.

**S**he is too young to be your mother, people say. We tell them you were in your early teens when you had me. Some choose to believe it some do not and all we did is to laugh it off. There was always confusion on the faces of people when we say we a mother and daughter duo

I have been your first born from the day dad and you started dating and you even named me **Adjeley-Akushia**

We created a lot of memories together, from helping Auntie Kai to sell Christmas souvenirs in Accra during christmas holidays, our travels to Kumasi to visit dad when was working there, attending driving school together and working together in dad's business.

You defended me when anyone spoke ill of me, you comforted me whenever I was not emotionally ok despite your own health challenges. You were my confidant and we can gist about anything especially dad, and he will be at the background anytime he is home and shout (elee Ny3 kpeo n3k3)

You knew more than I knew myself, especially during your final days you revealed to me some qualities about me that I doubted.

How am I going to handle these strong headed siblings of mine without your calm spirit and counsel, who will I call when I need to talk to someone who understand me? But I will take encouragement from *Psam 46:1 that says God is our refuge, our present help in times of trouble.*

Thank you for letting me be part of your life and I will really miss you.

**Rest well mother.**



## ***Clara Naa Amua Quaye***

**N**ewborns are thought to see their mothers as an extension of themselves. Not knowing that they have their own identities or their own bodies. I believe that I am an extension of my mum. From a young age I wanted to imitate her in all that she did from how she dressed, wore her makeup and how she acted with love towards others. That's why I always let her buy my clothes and I always wore her makeup even when she would try to hide it.

You were my greatest friend, taking care of me when I didn't know that I needed it. You called me everyday if you could when I was at uni just to talk and check up on me. You sent me packages with the thing I forgot at home even when you had reminded to pack in advance so I wouldn't leave anything behind. You were more than my mum. You were my friend, advisor and my confident.

You were more than words can describe in a multitude of ways. Patient, caring, loving and much more. Your love poured out in all that you did for me and I am extremely grateful that I was allowed to be your daughter. I hope to emulate the love you had for life and the people you lived it with. Thank you mummy.

***I love you always,  
Your Lali***





# TRIBUTE *by* SIBLINGS

## **Bra Onukpa (Adjei, Franco)**

**T**ime erases memories but there are some memories that cannot be erased easily. I remember vividly when you were born to add up to make three, myself, Nii Ala.

I also remember before the last four were born, we had formed the three bonanza and were very much adored by many family members.

Like seniors will do, we had your back at all times trying to ward off any bully from playing any tricks.

Many of you at this funeral who were old enough five decades ago will remember some of the names the three of us were called. It wasn't a fanciful reference and that should remain in the garbage of history.

Although you were younger, you had always been a big sister because you came before the other women.

Can I have another Aaajoy? absolutely not, your periodic gifts from abroad I will not forget.

I know that God is the architect of death so I'm consoled.

***May you rest in peace.  
Yaawo jobgan.***

## **Emelia Naa Amukwei**

**T**I will start by giving this quote from

**Isaiah 57:1-2**

*1 The righteous perish,  
and no one takes it to heart;  
the devout are taken away,  
and no one understands  
that the righteous are taken away  
to be spared from evil.*

*2 Those who walk uprightly  
enter into peace;  
they find rest as they lie in death.*

Today, I stand here with a heart full of both love and loss, trying to find words that could ever capture the beauty of my sister, my constant, my confidante, my everything.

Her love was the kind that didn't need to be spoken, it was felt. In her hugs, in her words, in the way she always showed up. She had a way of making people feel safe, seen, and deeply loved. Though I ache knowing she's no longer by my side, I carry her with me in every act of kindness, in every memory that brings a smile through the tears, and in every bit of strength she helped me find. She was, and will always be, my heart's home. I miss her beyond words, but I am endlessly grateful for the love we shared.

***Rest gently, my beautiful sister.***



# TRIBUTE TO MRS. JOYCE AKUSHIA QUAYE BY ATI AMUKWEI

*Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.* - Psalm 30:5.

"He liveth long who liveth well". - Horatius Bonah.

**A**ajoy as popularly known, nonetheless, I call you Akushia Amukwei. She is a calm a soul, an angel very adorable sister. I love my sister and I will want you to be my sister over and over again after life's transformation...

We talked about everything under the sun, in our disagreements she is near, no matter far I may be. Joyce Akushia my sister will shower many goodies on me, my wife and children till I say it's okay, Aaba! Wake up sister!

Antiye is on the phone... Aajoy We love you. I have missed you already, I wish we have more time together however, I can't endure your pain for just once.

***I can only say night night Aajoy, sound sleep, rest with the stars till morning comes with Christ. Love***

# TRIBUTE TO MRS. JOYCE AKUSHIA QUAYE BY O.J.

**S**he had a big heart to hold everyone trouble, I will never forget our late-night talk or how she always knew what to say to make me feel better, she is a loyal Friend and beautiful soul, my heart is broken and miss her more than words can express.

Sisterhey even in this pain, I am grateful for every moment I had with her, her love and spirit remain, I will carry her memory in my heart always.

***Sisterhey Sisterhey rest peacefully, Dear sister you will never forgotten.***





# TRIBUTE TO MRS. JOYCE AKUSHIA QUAYE

by Living Stream International, London

*"Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in Hod, believe also in me.  
In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you.  
I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you,  
I will come again and receive you unto myself;  
that where I am, there ye may be also".*

-John 14:1-3

**O**ur dear sister Joyce Quaye and her family showed up for the first time during our church camp meeting at Ashburnham Place, West Sussex in 2014, and since that time she has never ceased to be active in church.

She slowly eased herself to be an active church member and was soon in the praise and worship team.

Joyce quickly became the Head of Protocol and played an active role in taking responsibility for church communion and would arrive ahead of time on every communion Sunday and organise the bread, wine and communion cups needed and return the pack for storage after. She also took charge of regularly organising **Pastor's** refreshment and face towels every Sunday in church.

Joyce was a very generous and kind hearted person whose humble attitude was evident in her manners. In her generous nature she would sometimes buy clothes and give them out as gifts to church members on a personal level.

A very regular attendee of our weekly Friday zoom prayer meetings, she would very characteristically always make a remark as Rev ends each session by saying **"Osofo we love you."**

She remained serviceable and regularly attended church when she could, even when she was unwell and didn't stop until in the last few weeks before her passing she couldn't show up due to ill health. The spirit was willing but the flesh indeed was weak. We have lost a dear sister whose humility in spirit we will always remember. Whether we live or die we are the Lord's. She is in the bosom of the Lord and free from pain, struggles, and from the eternal sting of death. She has passed from death unto life.

***May her beautiful soul continue to rest in perfect peace.***



# TRIBUTE *by* IN-LAWS

## THE QUAYES

To our amazing sister-in-law, Ajoy, we will miss you dearly. You weren't just a sister-in-law; you were a true sister to us all, always caring for everyone's welfare. Words can't express our loss, and tears can't convey our grief. But we have faith in the Almighty God that we'll meet again one day on the beautiful shore. We know you loved Christ, and we take comfort in that promise.

***Aajoy Joyce Apapa, rest in peace.***





# TRIBUTE TO MY SISTER / SISTER IN LAW/FRIEND BY SISTER CATHERINE

*"Many that we loved have left us,  
Reaching first their journey's end,  
Now they wait to give us welcome,  
Brother, sister, child and friend.  
When at last our journey is over,  
And we pass away from sight,  
Father, take us through the darkness  
Into everlasting light*

MHB 614 VERSE 4

I have still not come to terms that I will be reading a tribute to you today.

We were together in August 2024 and you were full of life, we made a lot of plans for this coming summer.

You helped me prepare for a pending exams for September 2024.. And in March this year, you kept asking; "Sis Catherine (Sowah Bi Anyele) obaa? (Are you not coming to London)? I told you I will come; I'm preparing to come.

AW! Aajoy, I just want to tell you that I passed the exams. I was waiting for your response; "LOVELY " just as you always encourage me. But now you are keeping silence and I'm missing you too much.

I thank you for all your sacrifices; your time, extra patience and for opening your arms and doors to all who came your way.

**Thank you** for your courage by enduring and keeping all the suffering and pain to yourself. Uziel, your husband says **"Thank you"**.

Shoosha, Junior, Libby, Clara, Kekeli and Nanu

say **"Thank you"**, your 4 pretty grand daughters say **"Thank you"** grandma.

Afua Maggie, your travelling partner says **"Thank you"**. Sister Gloria Asare says **"Thank you"**.

Doris says she is waiting for your order to prepare your Ghana chicken stew.

**YOU WILL FOREVER BE IN OUR HEARTS.  
NO MORE PAIN, REST WELL IN THE LORD.  
YAAWO JOGBANN**

**SONG: KE TALE NAAWA TUUTU**



# TRIBUTE *by* GRANDCHILDREN

Grandma Joyce was one the best .My brother and I call her grandma London. She was really good in mathematics and she helped me with the multiplication table. There was this one time I was having difficulty in doing my homework, so I texted her and she helped with it after which I got everything correct.

When I heard she died, I could not cry but I was heartbroken. I never knew she was very sick because she never showed it. She had a cordial relationship with her family.s he always brought things from London for us. We loved talking and texting on the phone with her. She cared for everyone around her.

***You will be greatly missed grandma London  
Rest in Peace.***

Grandma Joyce will say Nanu, you only talk to your grandpa. why are you shy of me? Then I will shake my head. Then she will ask me in Ga (te oy)) tenn?) and I will respond in English but she will insist on a response in Ga. I never heard her shout. she was one of the coolest grandmothers. she never comes back from her travel without giving us anything.

***I will really miss her and her phone calls.  
Rest in peace.***

Nana is what we called her. We always enjoyed our stay with her whether it's for the weekend ,half term or vacation. She took great care of us. She took us shopping and we always get us new clothes from her. She cooked us wonderful food like banku and okro stew. Nana was really patient with us and always help us with our challenges. We really loved her personality.

***Nana you will be missed  
Rest well.***

**KEKELI**

**SENANU**

**MIKAYAH,  
KELAIHAH,  
ARIAH,  
ALAYAH**



# TRIBUTE *by* LOVED ONES

Togbe Kwasi Nyi Kakaklolo Agyeman V, Dufia of Adidome.

*"She walked in quiet strength, clothed with dignity and grace – a gentle spirit, precious in God's sight."  
"Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her."*

— Proverbs 31:28

**I**t's not easy to find the right words when a light as gentle and profound as Joyce leaves this world. Yet, it is important to find those words because Joyce was the kind of person who left a quiet imprint on the hearts of those who knew her.

I came to know Joyce through my dear friend Uziel. Not too long before they met, Uziel and I and our other friend, Sarpong, shared a bond of brotherhood – an old school friendship built on laughter, dreams, and growing up together. And then came Joyce, calm and composed, yet so full of depth. She didn't need to raise her voice or seek the spotlight. Her presence alone brought grace, warmth, and quiet strength.

It was in the 1980s when the story began. Young guys having nothing except our brains which we hoped would take us far in life. We had some songs to which we had labelled each other with, aligned with a particular circumstance in our lives. While they aligned me with Milli Vanilli's "tragedy", Uziel chose for himself Paul Simon's "Diamond under the soles of Her Shoes". Indeed, there was a good reason why he chose that song. He had just struck a treasure – that treasure was Joyce. Uziel could dance

all day to this song, and Joyce would join sometimes to share the fun with us. My friends called me 'Emmarus,' then, but she called me 'Emmarose, for a reason I cannot explain here.

Joyce was a true lady in every sense of the word. Thoughtful in her speech, wise in her silence, and kind with a rare gentleness. She had a way of making you feel at ease without saying much.

During those cherished school days, some of our best memories were made around her family home, especially any time we came to spend the week at Uziel's at La Oko-Dan. Her mother's waakye – the Burkina waakye was more than just food – they were part of the experience, the memories and part of the joy she lived and left behind. We gathered, we laughed, we went to parties, we ate, and in those simple moments, Joyce was there – sometimes in the background, sometimes at the table, always with that calm, observant spirit.

She may be gone from our sight, but not from our lives. People like Joyce don't disappear; they live on in the way, so we remember to be kind, to think deeply, and to carry ourselves with grace.

To Uziel, my brother and friend, together with your children and the family: may you find strength in the love you shared and comfort in the memories that I believe will never fade. Joyce's spirit will always walk beside you – and all of us who had the privilege of knowing her.

**Rest peacefully, Joyce. Your light remains.  
Ya wo odzobaa!!!**





## SIS. AFUA MAGGIE

**S**ome people come into our lives and quietly leave footprints on our hearts — and you, my dear friend, Akusua left an entire legacy.

Akushia, my beautiful soul. Your strength and spirit inspired me every day. Our enduring friendship, which started from Ghana and sailed across the Atlantic to the UK, is a story of mixed emotions. You have always been there as a true and trusted friend, a very good listener. This deadly sickness just snatched you away from me. I'll never forget our last trip we took to celebrate your victory over cancer - it was a moment of pure joy. But fate had other plans, and the news of its return broke my heart. But even in that darkest moment, you still had the strength to comfort me and others around you. Despite the setbacks, you faced every challenge with courage and grace. Your kindness, empathy, and love touched my life in ways you'll never know.

You were more than a friend and family. The kind of person whose presence could light up a room, whose laughter could ease any pain, and whose words carried comfort, truth, and

strength. With you, everything felt lighter, more possible, and more beautiful.

We shared not just time but life. The deep conversations, the silly moments, the quiet support when words weren't needed — all of it woven into the fabric of who I am today. You listened without judgment, gave without expectation, and loved without conditions.

Even in your absence, your impact remains. Your memory is not a shadow, but a light guiding me forward.

I'll cherish the memories, laughter, and adventures we shared. I strongly believe in the resurrection hope, and without a doubt, we will meet again when Jehovah brings back all those in the memorial tombs. Due to this shared and assured hope, I say, not goodbye, but rather goodnight. So

sleep well, my dear friend; as I look forward, with eager anticipation, to hug you again soon. Your memory will live on in my heart.

**Missing you dearly.. enyemi Akushia, wodzobann...**

## RUBY

**T**oday, I want to honor my sister-in-law, AAOJOY for her incredible support in helping me and my husband to purchase a land in Amanfrom. She saw the potential in this property long before we did, and her encouragement was the push we needed to take the leap. I remember her saying, *'This is a great investment, you should go for it!'* Her confidence in me was infectious, and her belief in my vision gave me the courage to pursue it. Because of her, we now have a place of my own, Her encouragement wasn't just about buying land; it was about believing in my potential. Mrs Odaaklo as we call each other **Kɛ wɔn kpɛ wɔ wumɛi alɛɛ**, your spirit of optimism and your unwavering support in my business and life will forever be remembered. Wherever you are, I hope you know how much your encouragement meant to me." You always want the best for everyone around you! The last time you called you asked soo many questions and encouraged me to never ceased praying, you spoke in parables said **B.B ,MY LOVELY ,MRS ODAAKLO THANK YOU AND**

**SAY A BIG THANK YOU TO MY HUSBAND MR ODAAKLO,MY MUM SHE SENT ME SOO MANY THINGS,MY CHILDREN,MY FREINDS FAMILY** I quickly asked why .....? and you promised to call me Mrs Odaaklo

**OKɛɛ**

**B.B Wɔ BAA WIE EKON Kɛ NYOMO HAA SUMO**

**ONU!**

We had plans oooo Aajoy

I'm shocked,!!

**YAA.WO EII**

**KPOO ONU**

**YEHOWA Kɛ BO ATO Kɛ YA SHI GBI NO NI WO BAA KPɛ EKON**

**AMEN!!**



# MY JOY

L I B N A

I have always thought to myself I'll be lucky to be half of the woman you were and I can't remember if I've ever mentioned that to you but I know I've said it to people whenever your name was brought up in a discussion.

You were so simple and easy going but held so much depth and not to forget the strength that radiated all around you. You were ever so sweet, kind and soft.

You were a gift to the world, you were a gift to your family, those around you and myself. One thing I know is that whenever it comes to you. I'll always be bias but the thing was I didn't need to be bias because your existence spoke for itself. You were one of the rarest flower on this planet and you sadly had to plucked away, dare I say too early for my liking. It breaks my heart like never before and I am certain I'll never be able to find anything as beautiful as you were. Your going away will leave a void that will be hard to fill but in everything we will give thanks to the Lord.

I will always be proud to be your daughter and I know you were proud to be my mother. I was grateful of the bond we built and how we became friends as mother and daughter. Taking the journey of getting to know you as person was one of the best decisions I had embarked on because I got to see you, all of you. I was blessed to watch you grow and saw how you kept moulding into something extraordinary. You were so many things in one

and it was a trip spending time with you even if it was just us sharing a space without talking or us rehashing the same conversations all over again.

Coming to find out you were funny too a little old was one of the most mind blowing things to me. I will miss your laughter more than anything because hearing you laugh meant so much to me. It meant that you were happy and knowing you were happy made me happy. I will miss all our talks we used to have even the meaningless ones and now they've become treasures that I'll keep safe for when I need them in my hardest times.

I've always being told I look liked my dad, especially my facial features as you can see the forehead resembles. I never taught much of it because as a product of two you'll favour one more than the other or be a perfect blend of both. If I should hear that now it will sadden me greatly but I know I have the right amount of you in me just from watching you and being around you which exudes out of me and i will find peace in it.

I once told you I preferred calling you Joyce or Joy more than I liked calling you mother or mum, because you were my Joy. Sadly my Joy has been snuffed away.

***My Joy, I love you and will forever miss you.  
May your soul rest in peace.***



# HYMNS

**When peace like a river attended my way**  
When sorrows like sea billows roll  
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say  
It is well, it is well, with my soul

**It is well (it is well)**  
With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul

**My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought**  
My sin, not in part but the whole  
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul

**It is well (it is well)**  
With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul

**And Lord haste the day when my faith  
shall be sight**  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll  
The trumpet shall sound and the Lord shall  
descend  
Even so, it is well with my soul

**It is well (it is well)**  
With my soul (with my soul)  
Oh it is well, it is well with my soul

**It is well with my soul**

1 Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,  
still all my song shall be,  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer, the sun gone  
down,  
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;  
yet in my dreams I'd be  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear, steps unto  
heaven;  
all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;  
angels to beckon me  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts bright with  
thy praise,  
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;  
so by my woes to be  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,  
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,  
still all my song shall be,  
nearer, my God, to thee;  
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

*United Methodist Hymnal, 1989*





The entire family of the late

**MRS. JOYCE AKUSHIA QUAYE**

wish to express their heartfelt appreciation for  
your prayers, presence and financial support  
during the final funeral rites of their beloved.

May God bless you all!

