

A portrait of Deaconess Cecilia Mensah, a Black woman with dark, wavy hair, smiling. She is wearing a white top with a lace collar and a colorful beaded necklace. A large, colorful feathered headdress is positioned on the right side of her head. In the background, there is a faint, larger image of her face and a hand raised in a gesture of praise.

**BURIAL, MEMORIAL AND  
FAREWELL SERVICE**  
OF THE LATE

**DEACONESS**  
**CECILIA**  
**MENSAH**

**(MAMA DEDE)**

**1954 - 2025**

**SATURDAY, 22ND MARCH 2025**

ORDER OF  
**BURIAL**  
*Service*  
FOR  
*Deaconess Cecilia*  
**MENSAH**  
A.K.A MAMA DEDE

On Saturday 22nd March 2025

**OFFICATING  
MINISTERS:**

Apostle J.E. Mensah  
Apostle C.K. Soso (RTD.)  
Rev. Francis Nana Boateng  
Rev. J. O Assibey (RTD.)  
Rev. DR. Michael Akwasi Owusu  
Pastor Daniel Offei  
Pastor Joel Grant Robertson

**PART ONE-----FUNERAL SERVICE**

1. Opening Prayer
2. Praise & Worship
3. Song
4. Scripture Reading\_\_\_\_\_1Thess.4:13-18
5. Biography and Tributes
6. Song
7. 1st Offertory
8. Solo
9. Word Ministration
10. Show of Christian Charity
11. Announcement
12. Prayer & Benediction

**PART TWO-----GRAVESIDE/INTERMENT**

1. Prayer
2. Song
3. Committal
4. Prayer
5. Laying of Wreath
6. Vote of Thanks.....Family Member
7. Benediction

**PART THREE-----THANKSGIVING  
AND MEMORIAL SERVICE**

1. Opening Prayer
2. Praise & Worship
3. Scripture Reading
4. Song
5. 1st Offertory
6. Song
7. Word Ministration

**MEMORIAL SERVICE**

8. Tribute by the Church
9. Memorial Offering
10. Hymn
11. Deletion of Name
12. Prayer for Family
13. Closing Prayer/Benediction.





# Bio graphy

On Sunday, September 17, 1954, in Koforidua Effiduase in the Eastern Region, the late Cecilia Amoanimaa Mensah (Awonye Dede), whose mortal bones rest in our mist, was born to Obaapanyin Agnes Addai (Abenakwabena) and Opanyin Kwaku Kakari, both of blessed memory.

Out of eleven children, Awonye Dede was the first daughter and the third born. The Roman Catholic church performed her baptism. The Effiduse Roman Catholic School was where she began her elementary schooling.

She had the chance to relocate during transfers to some stations and towns in the area (Akwatia, Esuom, and Esenase) because she was a headmaster's daughter.

# Biography

Before completing her form four schooling, Awonye Dede won the best 100-meters runner intercity award in the 1970s. She was exceptionally talented in athletics, particularly in the 100-meters. After graduating, she became one of the town's top seamstresses and enrolled in a fashion design program. She was blessed with four children after meeting her late spouse in the middle of the 1970s.

When she realised she needed more revenue to support her husband and kids, she chose to go into the kenkey industry even though she was extremely successful at her profession. The quality of her kenkey helped her build a solid reputation. It would be impossible to discuss delicious kenkey without mentioning Awonye's kenkey.

She was undoubtedly a "church girl" who prioritized God's things and made time for her creator despite her hectic schedule and line of work. Church activities were always at the centre of her life. Awonye wouldn't mind skipping a crucial family gathering in favour of a religious event.

She became the mother of seven children—five strong young men and two lovely women—after her late sister of joyful memories went away and she also adopted her children.

Both internally and externally, the late Awonye Dede was a philanthropist, calm, kind, and compassionate. She constantly looked out for other people's welfare. She is excellent when it comes to punctuality and respect for time. Awonye Dede will arrive an hour early if you schedule an appointment for her to meet you at the specified time.

As a problem solver and wise counsellor, Awonye Dede was undoubtedly a rock that everyone who came into contact with her could rely on.

Although we are deeply saddened, we will find comfort in the fact that our Creator entrusted her to the family and chose to retrieve her at the appropriate moment.



# TRIBUTE BY Siblings

It is an honour and a deep duty to stand in front of you today and express our thoughts about the most amazing sister anybody could ever have. We thank you all for being here as we celebrate and commemorate the life of our dear sister, Cecilia Mensah A.K.A. Dede.

Our sister was adored and frequently helped our mother look after us. When some of us were infants, we did like her lullaby tunes. She was a remarkable individual who always had food on the table because of her abilities as a good cook. She was not just our sister to us; she was also our confidante, our inspiration, and our most treasured and exceptional best friend. Her memory will live on because she filled our lives with warmth, humour, and pleasure.

Our sister was a devout woman who never made light of her church activities and never failed to amuse us with her gospel tunes. She worked diligently bravely and gracefully addressed obstacles, never allowing them to break her spirit. Regardless of the circumstances, our sister always managed to find comedy and inject some brightness into our lives. Her perseverance taught us the value of finding the positive side of any situation and remaining resilient in the face of hardship. She also had a great deal of compassion and generosity.

Our sister had a talent for making everyone feel important and unique. She positively impacted everyone she came into contact with, whether it was by her good deeds, her kind remarks, or just her presence.

Our sister's steadfast support of the family and her kind demeanour towards strangers are two qualities we will always treasure. She was ever ready to listen, to offer advice, and to stand by our side through thick and thin. Her support inspired us to believe in ourselves and to go after our goals.

We are thankful for the time we spent together as we stand here now. While we wish we could have had more time, we are comforted by the countless memories we created and the lessons she taught us. We are grateful for your affection for us, and we will always remember you and make an effort to respect you in all we do.

"A sister is a gift to the heart, a friend, and a mother in spirit, a golden thread to the meaning of life," is a statement that we would like to offer in conclusion since it makes us think of our beloved sister. Your legacy and love will always be remembered, sister. May you rest in peace.





# TRIBUTE BY Children

It's time for the ever-rolling stream and beam at all of its sons; Like a dream that fades on an open day, they fly forgotten. Death, why have you been so cruel to us? How could you leave us now? We read this essay with our hearts burning from the inside out, and tears fall down our faces as we realise that we will no longer have our mother to spend the rest of our lives with.

There is an unfillable void left by this irreversible loss. Mama, you have been our growth, our joy, our support system and a solid foundation for us to stand on. You were a prayerful mother who taught us to fight our fights on our knees, to be kind, modest, polite, and God-fearing. You enforced rules and made sure we were on time. You looked out for our welfare. You gave up everything you had to shape who we are now.

OBAATAMPA Yen nya wo so biom. Every time we came to you for guidance, Mama, you always cited the Bible. We will never forget your favourite quote, "Go read Psalms 35 and use it to pray." You urged us always to have a nice heart and treat others well. On the hospital bed, we witnessed your battle, your struggle, and your body's writhing to stay alive. You were able to fight harder because of our presence. We wanted you to say goodbye to us in a better way, but we didn't realise that the tears you wept that Wednesday morning were your way of saying goodbye.

You called us to always take our Christian lives seriously and also have a good relationship with God.

Having a kind heart toward mankind was one of your principles. Your final days in the hospital bed weren't particularly noteworthy because you've always been a warrior. You didn't want to leave us, but you heard God tell you to come home. You clung to us till your strength failed and you were unable to do so because you loved us so much. On that faithful Wednesday, you silently slid away without saying goodbye, giving God your hands and last breath.

We were somewhat reassured when you left us because we heard those close to you fervently singing the same songs with us (your biological children) that they had lost a pillar, which means that you were a pillar to everyone, not just us (your children). We simply want to know where else we may receive the kind treatment you gave us and your prayers for us. In any case, we are comforted by the idea that you had a happy life.

We are all pleased with the life you have led. Osei and Isaiah want to know who you left them with. Isaiah says he only heard about his biological mother because you gave him the best love his mum could have given him. He was hopeful that one day you would enjoy all the sacrifices and investments you made in his life. Who are we to question God? We sincerely hope that everything you have prayed about us throughout your life will continue to follow us.

As your children, we stand here now and declare, "Wa ko okopa nu, Nyame mfa wo nsie" Mama, you are missed. Nante yie.



# CHILDREN



**YAW  
BOATENG**



**OJOE**



**ADUTWUMWAA**



**BIANTEY**



**AKYAA**



**OSEI**



**ISAIAH**

IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
DEACONESS  
**CECILIA MENSAH** III 6  
May Your Soul Rest In Perfect Peace

## IN-LAWS



Mrs Agyei Boleng  
Juliet



Mrs Agyei Yeboah  
Rosina



Mrs Biantey Francisca

## GRANDCHILDREN







# TRIBUTE TO THE LATE **DEACONESS CECILIA MENSAH** BY CHRIST RESURRECTION CHURCH

**What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? PS. 89:48.  
For it is written, "It is appointed unto man once to die... HEB.9:27.**

Death is inevitable. Once it knocks at your door, you can never say no to its call. Deaconess Cecilia Mensah affectionately called DEDE or AWONYE, joined the Church when it was called Builders of Salvation Church in 1976 with her husband Elder Donkor of blessed memory. She became one of the strong foundation members of Christ Resurrection Church when it separated from Builders of Salvation Church in 1986.

She was one of the soldiers of the cross who sacrificially supported the Local Pastor, Rev. J. O. Assibey with other like-minded members during the early years of the formation of Christ Resurrection Church. She, with those team members, committed themselves so dearly to the course of the Church, especially prayer and visitation.

Dede, as we fondly called her, was generous, especially sharing her food with others. Rev. Assibey and family would attest to it, enjoying her delicious kenkey during the famine in 1983.

Awonye, as she was called by many members of the Church, was calm and cool-tempered and was forthright in expressing herself about issues and did not shy away from making herself heard. She was friendly and caring as well.

Cecilia, your concern and commitment to the well-being of God's Church will always be remembered. At the time when Koforidua Assembly was hosting all the Church's programs and activities both National and District, you organized the Women's Ministry to serve the participants by preparing food for them and also washing the Pastors' clothes and other church garments.

You have paid your due for the wellbeing of Christ Resurrection Church. We believe that your Mansion the Lord promised to prepare in John 14:1-3, for those who labor in the Kingdom business is ready that is why your final Home Call Has Come.

**Your Church, C.R.C bids you farewell,  
Till we meet again, C.R.C. Koforidua  
bids you farewell. Da Yie.**

# TRIBUTE BY

## CRC WOMEN'S MINISTRY (KOFORIDUA)

**"TO LIVE IN HEARTS, WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE."  
THOMAS CAMPBELL**

Oh! A good woman who worked a great deal for God and the church has passed away. We didn't think you would leave us at this time. However, we are unable to question our Creator as "our thoughts are not His thoughts, nor are our ways His ways."

**Deaconess** At the inception of the women's wing, Cecilia Mensah became a member. She was an ardent wing member. Extremely active in all wing activities and on time for meetings.

She became the wing's treasurer as a result of her dedication, and she served in this capacity for a very long period before handing it off to her successor. For a few weeks, Deaconess Cecilia, as the majority of the ladies called her, fought against illness. The wing was devastated and incredulous when we heard of her death on that dreadful Wednesday.

When ministers, wing, and ministry leaders came to the mission home for general council and leaders' meetings, she was always one of the ladies who gathered to prepare meals for them. She was a pillar in the wing. She connects well with everyone in the wing and has a remarkable love for God's cause.

You have completed the race to eternity and fought a valiant battle of faith. May the Lord provide you with a restful sleep.

Deaconess, rest in peace!



# TRIBUTE TO

## My Kind Mother

When I was hired to come and work in Koforidua, I met this modest woman. She treated me like her own daughter and helped me out whenever she could. My intern gave birth on her birthday because of her love, care, and support during my pregnancy. I will always remember you because of this date.

This woman helped me raise the grandchild until he was three years old, at which point I was sent back to Accra.

One day we contacted her and during her chats with the grandchild, he informed her that,

Mummy was not taking him to Koforidua to come and see her so when would she come to see him in Accra, she assured him he shouldn't fear she will come and visit him.

Your grandchild, Mama Dede, is still waiting and enquiring about your arrival time. Why have you left us so quickly, Mama Dede? We love you and shall miss you, but your maker loves you more. You never waited a bit, so we came to see you.

As a Christian, I comfort myself by knowing that when I do the will of the Lord, I will see you again. My family and I will strive for that day, when there will be no more death, illness, or grief, so that we can meet again.

Mama Dede, may you rest in peace.





# TRIBUTE BY Adopted Family

(family of the late Elder & Mrs. Ofosu Baabu)

If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.  
Romans 14:8

Maa Dede, Awonye, it is with a very heavy heart that we stand here before your lifeless body to tell how wonderful a woman you were to us. Growing up, we saw how close you were to our late mother in all church activities as well as personal life. You were always present at home with the other members of the Koforidua women's wing during General council meetings and other wing meetings that were being held at Adweso.

You devotedly took care of us and our parents and fed us most of the time at your expense with your never-forgetting soft, finger-licking, non-competitive Ga kenkey. You made our family and our home your own and played that motherly role with no grumbling when we had no mother to fall on in our dark times just as today.

Individually, Bro. Kwabena, Nana Addo, Ama, Abena, Maafia, Kwabena Appiah, Shadrach and Obaapa (Joe), all have long-lasting memories of the sweet times we shared and how you invaluabley touched our lives.

It is sincerely difficult for us to say this long goodbye, but our hope is in the Lord whom you served selflessly with your time and resources until your health began failing you. We stand here to say we know you, Maa Dede, lived for the Lord, and now the time is up, resting in the Lord peacefully, away from all those troubles, pains, sufferings and struggles.

Keep resting in the close bosom our Lord, Maa Dede. May your gentle and sweet soul keep resting peacefully,  
Awonye.

Nyame mfa wo nsie yiye kopem ne mmaye a eto so abi



IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
DEACONESS  
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# TRIBUTE BY

## Auntie Diana to a Sister

*Na metee enee bi firii soro a ekaa se: Twere se:  
Nhyira ne awufo a wawu Awurade mu firi seesei rekoro yi.  
Honhom no se: Aane, wabehome afiri won bre no mu;  
na won nnwuma di won akyi.  
Revelation 14:13*

This year, my greatest pain has been losing you! It was unexpected to me. It hurts my heart to think about not seeing you, talking to you, or hearing from you!

Oh no, I'm left alone, Akosua! After Maa's passing, I'm still grieving about this. Oh death! Why? I lost my sister, friend, confidant, gisting buddy, and prayer partner. As I stand here paying my respects, I am crying uncontrollably.

Your patience, selflessness, purity of heart, and love for God's work and everyone you came into contact with were what made you valuable on this planet, Awonye Dede. God gave my family and I you as a gift. For Yvonne, you were a mother figure. Every time we visit you with Obrempong, I shall miss seeing the smile on your face.

All of our common memories simply keep coming back to us, like a music playing repeatedly. I shall always have these with me. Even though it will be difficult to stop thinking about you, may the Lord grant you a place to rest.

I appreciate all you done for me and Afua. Rest in Abraham's bosom, Menua, till we cross paths again!  
**Rest well, Akosua!**  
**Da yie Onua!**



IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
DEACONESS  
**CECILIA MENSAH**  
May Your Soul Rest In Perfect Peace



# TRIBUTE BY

Isaiah (Kaakyire)

"A mother is she who can take the place of all others but whose place no one else can take." – Cardinal Mermillod

It is with a heavy heart and trembling voice to honor the life of an extraordinary woman— my mother, my best friend, my spiritual guide, and my greatest source of strength. She was not just a mother to me but a pillar of wisdom and a wellspring of unconditional love. Her absence leaves a void so deep, so painful, that I can scarcely comprehend a life without her. I am who I am today because of her strength, her patience, and her selfless heart.

Our bond was one that words cannot fully capture. She was my confidante, my greatest cheerleader, the one person I could always run to for wisdom, encouragement, and comfort. I still remember how I would hold her soft hands as we walked together, how I would lay my head on her lap, finding peace in her embrace. Her smile—oh, that beautiful smile—was my greatest source of happiness. It was a light in the darkest moments and a reminder that everything would be okay

But today, that light is gone from this world. And my heart aches with a grief that words cannot contain. The pain of knowing I will never hear her voice again, never feel the warmth of her hug, never see her radiant smile—it is a pain I never imagined I would have to bear.

Rest well, my beautiful mother. You have fought the good fight, you have finished your race, and you have kept the faith. Until we meet again in heaven, sleep peacefully in the bosom of your Maker. I love you, Mama Dede. Forever and always!













# HYMNS

## 1. GUIDE ME OH THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

Guide me, O my great Redeemer,  
pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but you are mighty; hold  
me with your powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore, feed me  
now and evermore.

## 2. DA YIE DOFO FONAFO

Da yie dofo fonafo  
W'edwuma abo adze  
Ahommgye pa, siar mborodo  
Na dew mapa nyc wodze Kwantu nyi  
brefo dofo W'akwantu abo adze  
Atsew asian nyinara mu Efi  
awerehow wiadze  
Chorus: Da yie, da yie, Nyame mfa  
wo nsie Dzi fie kan kotwen hen, da  
yie.

## 3. OHOH HO NE MANFRANI

i. ohoho ne manfrani  
Na me ye wo fam ha  
M'asaase mmen ha beebi  
Me nni fi pa wo ha ohaw, obre, amane  
Na ye de tu ha kwan Na osoro ho na  
Nyame Bema m'ahome saan

ii. So manfi me mmfora ase Menhyia  
ohaw ne bere Ahoguan ne amane oko  
ne opere  
Manya nea me kon do  
M'ani enwie gye  
Nti mema m'anan so  
Na me ntra ha menkys

## 4. JERUSALEM YE AHOTSEW/ KUROW

Jerusalem ye ahotsew kurow  
Oman no ye, oman kronkron  
Da bi ye behiem, na ye ne Ewuradze  
Betow Alleluya

## 5. YEWO ANUONYAM KUROW

Yewo anuonyam kurow  
Heaven ho ye anuonyam kurow  
Anigye pii wo ho  
Ewurade w'ahye yen bo  
Se yewie yen som no a  
Heaven ho ye anuonyam kurow





Thank you for coming to mourn  
with us, it means a lot to us.  
God bless you.

