



Celebrating The Life Of
**MRS. CECILIA YAA
NYARKO OPPONG**
(A.K.A AUNTIE CECI)



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NYARKO OPPONG**

(A.K.A AUNTIE CECI)

1950 - 2025

Order of Mass

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Very Rev. Father Ebenezer Akesse

PRE-BURIAL RITES

Arrival of Body

Reception of Body CH 522 Through All the
Changing Scenes Of Life
Filing Past CH 529 Abide with Me
CH 563 Guide Me O You

Great Redeemer

CH 233 How Sweet the
Name of Jesus Sounds

Tributes

Biography

BURIAL MASS

Entrance Hymn: CH 688 In Heavenly Love Abiding

Introit: CH 162 – Yes I shall arise and
return to my Father

Kyrie: Mass of St. Martin de Porres
(English)/St Martha

Liturgy of the Word

1st Reading

Responsorial Psalm: CH 34 My Soul Is Longing
For Your Peace

Gospel Acclamation – Alleluia

Gospel

Homily

Prayer of the Faithful – Heavenly Father Hear Our
Prayer

Offertory – CH 289 - What A Friend We Have In
Jesus

Mrs. Cecilia Yaa Nyarko Oppong

CH 720 - All To Jesus I Surrender
Nkwagye Kuruwa

Liturgy of the Eucharist

Preparation of the Altar & Incensation: CH 531

Accept, O Father, In Your Love

Sanctus: Mass of St. Martin de Porres (English)/
St. Martha

Eucharistic Acclamation

The Great Amen

The Lord's Prayer

Sign of Peace

Agnus Dei Mass of St. Martin de Porres (English)/
St Martha

Communion Hymns: NCH 441 -Sweet
Sacrament Divine
NCH 335 – The Lord is my
Shepherd

2nd Collection T'is So Sweet to Trust in
Jesus
Master The Tempest is
Raging

Final Commendation & Farewell

Reading of Biography

Final Commendation

Recessional Hymn: NCH 182 - Yes, Heaven is
the prize

At The Graveside

Opening Hymn NCH 458 - Hark! Hark
My Soul

Blessing of the Grave

Interment and Commitment NCH 160

-The Strife Is O'er

Final Prayers

Benediction

Closing Hymn

NCH 165 - Yours Is The
Glory

Biography

Mrs. Cecilia Yaa Nyarko Oppong

And I heard a voice from heaven saying, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

Our special name for our sister was Auntie Ceci or Maa Ceci. She was born in Adansi-Fomena in the ashanti region, on 5th of October, 1950. Her parents were Francis Osei-Cobbinah and Obaayin Monica Afia Frema, both of blessed memory.

She was the first of eight children. Auntie Ceci began her basic education and middle school at Sepe Timpom L/A Primary school. During her school years she lived with her dad's sister at Asafo in Kumasi, until she completed her elementary education in 1966.

After completing her education, she moved with her aunt to live at Tema in Accra and that is how she started trading with her aunt.

Their trading route was between Ghana and Liberia, and it was on one such trips that she met her husband Mr. Augustine Oppong. They subsequently got married and settled in Liberia. They were blessed with 6 children. They moved to Ghana during the civil war in Liberia and settled at Achimota in Accra.

Auntie Ceci was a staunch catholic so when she moved to Ghana, she joined the St. Theresa's Catholic Church at Kaneshie. She was very active in church and joined a number of societies at church. She was a member of the Akan group, Christian Mothers Association, Lectors, Sacred Heart Confraternity and the Noble Order of Marshalls. She later started attending mass at Christ the King Parish because she had moved in with her oldest daughter when she fell ill.

Even during her illness, her zeal for God never waned. She'd recite her rosary prayers religiously. On February 14th, her illness worsened and she was taken to the hospital. We were told she had an infection and had to be admitted. Little did we know that she was never coming home again.

Indeed, our family has lost its matriarch. Auntie Ceci, our family is devastated by your sudden passing. May the almighty guide you as you journey home to your maker. Fare thee well. May your soul rest in perfect peace.



Biography

Mrs. Cecilia Yaa Nyarko Oppong

*O*a metee enee bi firi soro ara ereka se, nhyira ne awufoɔ a wɔwu Awurade mu firi seesei rekorɔ yi. Honhom no se aane, wɔbɛhome afiri wɔn bre no mu, na wɔn nnwuma di wɔn akyi.

Rev. 14:13

Mrs. Cecilia Oppong, edin ara ye taa de fre yen Maame yi ne Auntie Ceci anaa se Maa Ceci. Ye wo yen Maame Ceci wɔ Adansi Fomena, wɔ afe apem aha nkron aduonum(1950), ewɔ daa etɔ so enum wɔ abosome edu no mu. (5th October, 1950)

Nawofoɔ ne Mr. Francis Osei-Cobbinah ne Obaapanyin Monica Afia Fremah. Saa awofoɔ yi nte ase. Na yen Maame Ceci yi ye wɔn Abakan wɔ mma nwɔtwe mu.

Yen Mame Ceci hyee sukuu ase wɔ Sepe Timpom L/A Primary and middle sukuu kɔ sii seɛ ɔwiee wɔ afe apem ahankron aduosia nsia. (1966)

Ɔhyee sukuu ase no ara na ne papa de ne maa ne nua baa Mary Aba Tawiah etenaa ye wɔ Asafo-Kumasi kɔ sii se ɔwiee ne sukuu no. Ɔne ne sewaa yi tu firi Kumasi asafo kɔ tenaa tema. Na Tema hɔ na ɔne ne sewaa hyee aseɛ dii dwa. Na ɔmo dwadie no firi Ghana kɔ Monrovia. Na ne dwadie no mu na ɔkɔ hyiaa ne ho ka ni Mr. Oppong. Na ɔmo ware wɔ Monrovia hɔ na enye pɔpii ketewa koraa.

Ɔne Mr. Oppong nyaa mma nsia. Na Auntie Ceci ye Roman Catholic asɔre ba mma-pa efiri se emu na yewoo no too ye. Na St. Theresa's Catholic Church, Kaneshie ye nasɔre, na na ɔdom nkuo ahodoɔ bebreɛ.

Ɔkenkan ni, Akan kuo, Christian Mothers Association, Marshallan ene Jesus Akoma kronkron. Ɔsom wɔ sa asɔre yi mu kɔ sii se yareɛ bɔɔ no.

Yen Maame Auntie Ceci be yare mmere kakra ema ye gye ne to asopiti. Na ɛda wukuada wɔ abosome mmienu, ogyefo bosome ne da etɔ so du nkron na yen maame yi dane n'ami kyeraa ban yayaaya, Na eye ahometesem pa ara.

Aaah abusua ahwereɛ ade keseɛ. Maa Ceci due ne amanehunuu. Wo nnuanom nyinaa se daa yie. Onyame mfa wo nsie yie. ekwan so kose kose.

(TWI VERSION)

A Solemn Tribute to My Beloved Wife, Cecilia Oppong

*M*y heart is heavy as I stand here today, trying to find the right words to honor the woman who was my life, my love, and my greatest blessing. Cecilia was more than just my wife. She was my best friend, my confidante, and the light that brightened even my darkest days.

I still remember the day I met Cecilia in Monrovia, Liberia. That moment changed my life forever. From our very first conversation, I knew she was special. Her warmth, kindness, and gentle spirit drew me in, and as time went on, my love for her only deepened. We built a beautiful life together, filled with love, laughter, and unwavering support.

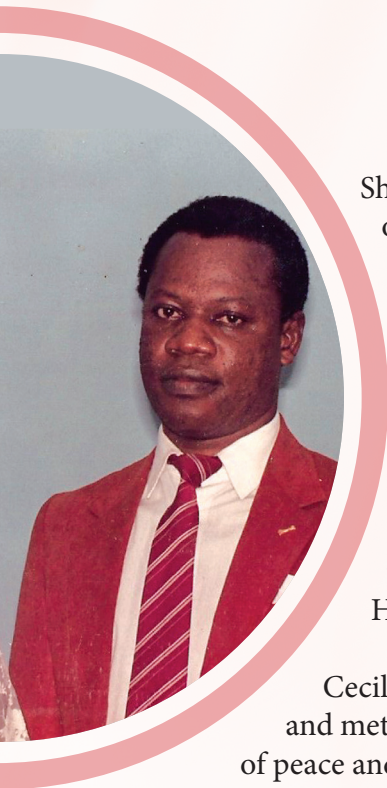
One thing I will always cherish is the way she respected me. Whenever I called her Cecilia, she would smile and respond, “Mr. Oppong.” It became our little tradition, one that showed the deep admiration and honor she had for me. The respect she gave me was unthinkable, and it made me love and cherish her even more.

Cecilia had a unique way of expressing her love, and if you knew her well, you would know that love sometimes came with jealousy. She fiercely guarded what she cherished. Back in Monrovia, I remember how she got into a few heated confrontations with women she suspected of being too close to me. One particular incident even resulted in a burst-up that left me with a few cuts on my face. At the time, it seemed overwhelming, but looking back now, I smile because it was all rooted in her deep love and passion for me.

Even in her final days, lying on her sickbed, that same fierce love remained. Weak and in pain, she would still ask me, “Mr. Oppong, where are your lady friends?” It amazed me that even as she battled for her life, she still had the energy to be protective of our love. That was Cecilia loving with her whole heart, even through jealousy.

Beyond her role as a devoted wife and mother, Cecilia was a woman of strong faith. We worshipped together at St. Theresa’s Catholic Church in North Kaneshie, where she was deeply involved in church activities. She was a proud and active member of the Women’s Fellowship, the Akan Group, and the church choir. Her commitment to the church was unmatched, whether she was singing hymns, participating in church meetings, or supporting the community with her generosity.





She was also a dedicated Lodge Sister of the Noble Order of the Knights and Ladies of Marshall, a Catholic-friendly society committed to faith, service, and charity. She took her role in the Ladies of Marshall with deep reverence, upholding the values of the Church and the principles of the Order. Her unwavering commitment to God's work was evident in how she lived her life, always with love, kindness, and an open heart to serve.

God blessed us with wonderful Children, Kwame Sarfo, George Oppong, Edward Oppong, Richard Oppong, Akosua Achiaah, and Ama Konadu, who were the joy of her life. She was a devoted and loving mother, always ensuring that our children felt safe, cherished, and encouraged to reach their full potential. Her love for them was boundless, and her legacy will live on through them.

Cecilia was a woman of grace, strength, and kindness. She carried herself with dignity and met life's challenges with faith. She was the heartbeat of our home, making it a place of peace and comfort.

Today, as we lay her to rest, I find solace in the memories we created together, the love we shared, the laughter, the storms we weathered, and the unbreakable bond we built. Though my heart aches with an emptiness words cannot express, I am forever grateful for the time we had.

My love, though you are no longer physically here, you will always remain in my heart. I will hold onto the love we built, the lessons you taught me, and the beautiful family we created together. Your faith in God, your love for family, and your unwavering devotion will forever inspire us.

Until we meet again, rest peacefully in God's embrace.

Goodbye, my love



Tribute By Children

"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

It has often been said that a mother's heart is a child's first classroom. We thank God for all that our dear mother, Mrs. Cecilia Yaa Nyarko Oppong, taught us throughout the years. She was the very portrait of a godly mother, and we are proud and humbled to be called her children.

A mother's love is something no one can fully explain. It is a blend of deep devotion, quiet sacrifice, and unwavering strength. It is endless, unselfish, and endures through every trial. It is patient and forgiving—even when others walk away.

Death, though inevitable, is never easy to accept. Every living soul holds an unseen "departure coupon," to be redeemed when the time, place, and manner appointed by God arrives. And though we know this, it doesn't make the pain of loss any less profound, especially when it is the loss of a mother. That sorrow strikes deep, leaving a void that words can scarcely fill.

We would like to share a few of the many things we learned from our mother—lessons that shaped us and continue to guide us. As you read, we hope they remind you of the teachings and love of your own mother.

She taught us to know God.

Our mother constantly emphasized the importance of a relationship with God. She would say, "Without God, you are nothing. You may be successful in life, but God is the foundation of it all." She instilled in us that the most important gift a mother can give her children is to teach them to walk with the Lord.

She taught us resilience.

Mom taught us never to give up, no matter the challenges. We lived through difficult times, especially when she lost everything during the Liberian civil war and had

to rebuild life from scratch. Her strength in adversity showed us how to persevere, even in the face of great trials.

She taught us kindness.

Her warmth touched everyone she met. Whether it was a kind word, a hot meal, or a comforting smile, Mom always gave of herself to others. Her generosity left an indelible mark on many lives.

She was the heart and soul of our family.

She offered guidance, wisdom, and unconditional love. She encouraged us to focus on our studies and seize the opportunities she never had, especially the chance to pursue higher education. "Use your opportunities wisely," she would say, "because you're lucky to have them."

She was resourceful.

A true jack-of-all-trades, Mom was once a trader who traveled far to make ends meet. Later, she opened a restaurant at home so she could stay close and guide us through our teenage years.

She believed in hard work.

Even from a young age, she made us understand that success comes from effort. "If you want the finer things in life," she'd say, "then work for them. Laziness leads to poverty."

She was a storyteller.

Some of our fondest memories are of sitting together in the evenings, listening to her captivating stories. Her tales—often horror stories—felt so real, they would send chills down our spines. She had a gift for storytelling, and we often wonder: How do we tell our own stories now, without our storyteller?

She had a love for music.

Mom was an excellent alto singer and a proud member of the Akan Singing Group in her parish. Her love for music has lived on in her children and grandchildren.

She was selfless.

After the passing of her father, Mom took on the role of caregiver to her younger siblings, ensuring they received the education she herself had missed. She consistently placed others' needs above her own.

She was a disciplinarian.

She never hesitated to correct us, always teaching right from wrong and pushing us to be our best. Her discipline was firm but loving, and it helped mold us into the people we are today.

She was bold and outspoken.

Our mother spoke her mind, always with sincerity and love. Her honesty, strength, generosity, and humor made her unforgettable.

She was forgiving.

She forgave easily and sought peace, even when wronged. As children, we thought this was a sign of weakness—but as we grew, we understood it was strength rooted in Christlike love.

She was a woman of faith.

A devoted Christian, she was our constant prayer warrior. She prayed for us daily and encouraged us to serve God wholeheartedly. Even in illness, her faith never faltered.

She was determined to the very end.

Despite her frailty, she never missed church. Though she walked with difficulty, she would insist on going to give her offering, walking slowly but surely—often drawing admiration and friendship from fellow parishioners.

She was a fighter.

She faced many health challenges with courage and perseverance. So, when she was admitted to the hospital on February 14, 2025, we believed she would recover again. But God's will be different. On February 19th, a golden heart stopped beating, and hardworking hands came to rest. God saw she was tired and chose to call her home.

Though we can no longer see her, her spirit lives on in our hearts. We have lost our prayer warrior, our counselor, our hero. But her legacy—the love, values, the faith—will remain with us always.

We love you, Mother, just as deeply as you loved us. We will continue to honor you by living lives that reflect all you taught us. We know you are now free from pain, watching over us from heaven. You are safely tucked within our hearts. Your light continues to shine—a glowing ember that time cannot extinguish.

No matter what lies ahead, we walk forward knowing you are with us in spirit, every step of the way.

Rest well, our angel.

Thank you for your sacrifices, your love, your prayers.

Be at peace. Let your soul soar free.

Continue to send us your eternal love from above.

Fare thee well, Mother. Daa yie. Nyame nfa wo kra nsie.

Tribute By George (Son)



"Jesus said to her, 'I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die; and whoever lives by believing in me will never die. Do you believe this?'" - John 11:25-26

chose not to lose my mom, and instead to gain an angel. In my mind, my heart, and my life, she is still completely present to this day — and as wise, compassionate and as ever.

Mother was my comfort. Mother was home. I know for certain that we never lose the people we love, even to death. They continue to participate in every act, thought, and decision we make. Their love leaves an indelible imprint in our memories. We find comfort in knowing that our lives have been enriched by having shared their love.

When I lost my wife about 11 years ago, if not for my mom's support, I don't know how I'd have taken care of my children because they were very young. My son was then just 3 months old.

With love and compassion, she helped me through that difficult period in my life.

Indeed, there were many instances that she was my pillar of strength and without her, life would have been difficult.

To my mother in heaven, thank you for always loving me and guiding me. Even though you are no longer here with me I can still feel your love guiding me. The kids miss you terribly and are grateful for stepping in to become their mom when they needed one.

You are always in my heart. I love you and miss you dearly.

Rest well Maa. Till we meet again.



Tribute by Nana Konadu (Daughter)

"He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away." -Rev. 21:4

My mother, Mrs. Cecilia Oppong as I affectionately called her auntie Yaa was my first friend, my best friend and my forever friend. Growing up as a kid with disabilities, it was a bit hard because kids could be unkind and cruel, but Auntie Yaa made life beautiful.

She was the strongest, bravest and kindest human to grace this planet. She taught me to believe in myself and challenge the world. She crawled with me and took every step with me to see me walk again

Auntie Yaa made life easy for me by walking through my struggles with me. Whenever I was down and felt like I couldn't do it and wanted to give up she was there and would say to me "Nyametease na ɔbɛ boa wo" these were always her words to me. When I gave birth to my first son, and she found out that he was named Nyametease she was happy beyond measure and said finally the living God has come to my house.

She gave everything to me and there's no way I could ever quantify the importance she held in my life. Whenever someone showed me any form of kindness, my mother felt she was indebted to them. She would say "they are stepping in for me knowing that I cannot be there with you to help you. Because of that she knew all my friends by name and would ask of them every time she called and prayed for them.

Auntie Yaa was my number one fan, my alto partner. We could sing on the phone for hours because she loved the Lord and always enjoyed praising him. She was my Sunday school teacher. She taught me the ways of God and how to become a mother and a child of God.

Auntie Yaa was very funny and could be sarcastic too if she wanted to find out if you were pregnant, she would

say "Eii a happen a Ana" and if she ever wanted to scorn you, she would also say "wo anim yehare" and that's as far as she

would go. Auntie Yaa we

talked about a lot of things,

and we had plans why did you have to leave without fulfilling any of our plans? I wanted to show you off to the world for them to see the woman who made me who I am. Yaa, I'm broken, and I feel my world has come to an end. Who will advise me, who will comfort me and will intercede for me? My only consolation is that you have lived a good life. You dedicated your years to serving God and so your reward is sitting at the right hand of the father doing what you love best singing and praising him.

Auntie Yaa, you have fought a good fight and so rest in the bosom of the lord and continue to intercede for my siblings and I. Awo Yaa demirifa due! Due ne amanehun! Auntie Yaa for the last time I will like for you to join me in singing one of our favorite songs that you taught me while you journey on to meet your maker.

Tribute song

Oduyefo kɛsɛ na abɛn
ɔnye temu mobro Jesus
ɔkasa ma koma tɔ yɛm
Odofo tsie Jesus ne de

Chorus dwom biara yɛ dew wo Soro
Dzin Biara yɛ dew wo ase
ɛnigye dwom a, owɔ ba bie
Jesus sarfo Jesus



Tribute By Angela (Daughter)

"Brothers and sisters, we do not want you to be uninformed about those who sleep in death, so that you do not grieve like the rest of mankind, who have no hope. For we believe that Jesus died and rose again, and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him." - 1 Thess 4:13-14

*Q*o everything there is a season and a time for every purpose under heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted. ' Ecclesiastes 3:1-2

From the moment I was born, my mother's love has been a constant, a warm embrace that has guided me through life's ups and downs.

When I got married and started having children, my mother was there to give me the support I needed. You were always on standby ready to come to our aid.

I am the wife and mother I am today because you were an excellent role model. You gave me firsthand knowledge about being a wife through your own marriage. You taught me the importance of formal education as well as being able to manage your home. You taught me that academics were important and so was being a good mother and wife.

I watched how you always put us first at the expense of yourself. You were the epitome of a virtuous woman.

Yaa, as I affectionately called you, and you'd respond Akosua.

I miss all the conversations we used to have during the time you lived with us and the Sundays we attended mass together. You were always the first to get ready in the house because you never wanted to be left behind. This evidently showed how much you loved the Lord. Even amid your suffering, you never let go of the hand of Christ.

You taught me to be strong and brave, and to embrace the challenges that came my way. I miss you more than words can express, and I think of you every single day. I'll try to live my life as you'd want and hold on to the memories that we shared.

You'd always stay up waiting for me when I'd gone out and it was late. You could never sleep until you knew I had returned safely. Life no longer had any meaning for you when you could no longer get up and go to church.



When you came to live with us, you told me to consider you as my first child. Pliesie, I miss you. The house feels so empty these days. So many things remind us of you every day; all your favorite things. The day before you passed, when I came to see you in the hospital, you didn't want me to leave. Little did I know that you were saying goodbye to me.

Yaa, your grandchildren keep going to your room to greet you as you requested but alas, you're nowhere to be found. You promised Adwoa you'd be at her graduation. Why didn't you honor your promise? She keeps asking me why. What do I say to her?

You couldn't wait because your mansion was ready and waiting in heaven.

Rest in peace my dear mother. Till we meet again in a place where there's no pain and suffering. You'll always be a part of me. I will never forget all the love and care you gave whilst you were with me.


I love you mother and know that you're resting peacefully now in the bosom of Abraham.

May your journey to eternity be smooth and seamless. Nante yie.

Akosua.



Tribute By Son -In-Law

nce blessed with a wonderful mother; twice blessed with my mother-in-law. Auntie Ceci, as I affectionately called her, was a mother-in-law I grew to love, respect, and cherish so much. I have known her for well over 20 years, and in that time, there are several memories and demonstrated values which will forever remain etched in my memory and my heart. Her sojourn on this planet is now merged into those who have gone before her into eternity.

My first encounter with Auntie Cece was when I had just started courting her first daughter, Angela. From the first moment she met me, she welcomed me as if I were her son and that relationship lasted until her untimely demise.

Auntie Cece, I will always remember your kindness, how jovial you always were with me, and your many stories and jokes that made us laugh so hard. Even on your sick bed, we still laughed at each other's jokes. You managed to put on a cheerful face at my last birthday even though you were seriously ill. Even in pain, you blessed us and gave us hope. I'm comforted by the fact that you live with angels now, far away from sickness and stress.

You are one of the strongest women I've had the privilege of knowing. You fought valiantly till the end. Thank you for raising the woman that you gave me for a wife and for instilling in her that quiet strength.

I remain grateful to you for being in the lives of our children, your grandchildren, and for helping instill in them, traditional Ghanaian values.

I will forever appreciate welcoming me into your family. Not once did you make me feel like an outsider. I remember the period you hosted me under your roof, for a full year, when my work brought me back to Accra in 2009, and Angela was still based in Tarkwa. Indeed, I had become a son and will forever cherish your unconditional love for me. Difficult as it is, we yield as Christians to God's decision to call you home at this time and pray that we are worthy of His glory when we're done with our mission here as well.

May God grant to the living, grace, to Auntie Ceci and the departed, rest, and to us sinners, Eternal Life. May heaven's gates stand open for you, Auntie Cece, as you journey home.

You were a shining light, and we will hold you forever in our hearts.

Rest in perfect peace. Da yie.



Tribute to Grandma.

Grandma was the pillar of strength and wisdom in our family. Her gentle spirit, unwavering faith, and boundless kindness touched everyone she met. She was more than just our grandmother—she was our guide, our storyteller, our quiet anchor. She left an indelible mark on our hearts, and her absence is felt deeply.

Each day, we would help her walk to her room. It became a simple routine—unremarkable to outsiders, yet profoundly meaningful to us. In time, she stopped walking, and we would simply visit her where she lay. We began to see her fading, even before it was obvious to others. And now, the knowledge that we'll never again greet her at the door is a sorrow too deep for words. But her presence hasn't vanished—it lingers in our memories, our habits, and in the love she so freely gave. We believe that whatever lies beyond this life is her reward—for the life of grace and goodness she lived here with us.

Grandma was both kind and quietly funny. We still remember the stories she told us—tales of the war in Liberia, and of how life once was. There was strength in her voice, and wisdom born of hardship, but she always chose love and laughter.

What we remember most is how she'd call us over as soon as we came home from school, asking why we hadn't greeted her yet. It wasn't just a question, it was her gentle way of reminding us to stay grounded, to remain respectful, and to hold close those who love us. For that, we are deeply grateful.

Now, coming home and seeing your empty chair, the one you sat in every day—is a quiet ache, a hollow space where your warmth used to be. That chair is just furniture now, but to us, it's a monument to everything you were: comforting, constant, full of love.

Grandma, your impact will never be forgotten. Your love will never be lost. We carry your legacy in our hearts, and we find peace in knowing you are now at rest, in a place of eternal joy.

Rest In Peace, Grandma. We Love You Always.



Tribute By Friends *(Aunty Aba, Afia, Aggie & Ceci)*

*When the day of toil is done
When the race of life is run
Father, Grant thy wearied one
Rest forevermore (C.H. 363)*

One would have thought that writing a tribute for a departed friend would be simple and straightforward. However, for a special friend and sister as we all regarded Cecilia, the news of her departure hit us like a thunderbolt and we could hardly put our thoughts together to write a fitting farewell tribute in her honour!

We met sister Cecilia at St. Theresa's Catholic Church, Kaneshie, in the early 1980s all respectively moved down from Kumasi as young ladies of youthful exuberance. We developed strong bonding relations and thus could be seen attending church programs and other social activities such as parties, engagements and wedding ceremonies, and of course funerals, together. In our youthful days we also joined almost all the societies in the church, including Christian Mothers, Akan Kuo, and Sacred Heart of Jesus among others.

Naturally and so quickly, age has caught up with us with its numerous challenges. We have already lost one friend and some of us have been down with one ailment or the other and have been temporarily home-bound.

Recently, we realized that Cecie's health was deteriorating hence we intensified our prayers.

Cecie, we will not immortalize you in the stars because they fade away, and we won't remember you with a poem, It will be forgotten one day, but we will forever cherish your memory in our hearts so that we will be with you always. Our Friend Cecie has been a devout and devoted Christian, a loving and disciplined mum, a trusted, generous and loyal friend.

Cecie, if you have taken the lead, we pray the good Lord to wrap you peacefully in the blanket of Abraham's bosom. We thank God for your life and everything

Sleep on, Sleep on, Sleep eternally beloved friend

Fare thee well Cecie,

Due, Due, Due ne Amanehunu!!

Tribute From Sisters Dee & Evelyn



h Sovereign Lord, in your infinite wisdom, You have permitted the exit of the soul of our dear sister Cecilia Yaa Nyakoa Oppong from this earth. She is gone the way of all the earth. We shall miss her, but Good Lord, You have ordained it. We will weep and mourn but nothing can come out of it..

We thank the Almighty Father for her life and the opportunity He gave us to share in her life and to have a cordial relationship with her children. We pray that, the God of Abraham, The God of Isaac, the God Jacob will have Mercy upon her after His Great Goodness according to the Multitude of His mercies do away with her offences.

We met Cecilia at a prayer meeting and we became friends. She was devoted to Christ, and was diligent in assignment given to her in the prayer group. We admired the way she prayed, her alto voice during songs of praises, reading the Bible and discussing issues in the Local Language. Antie -i-si , as she was affectionately called by all, was very Special-Humble, Respectful, Gentle and Selfless. In her trials, pain and sorrow, she had a Mantra “Awurade hu me mmobo, Awurade hu me mmobo, Awurade hu me mmobo” Which she would murmur as she walked to and fro. She trusted in God and believed that all would be well.

In our playful moment we would call her “Ohemea” the Akwuapim word for Queen Mother, because of the manner in which she carried herself. Little did we know that, she was born to be Queen Mother.

We believe that the Good Lord who wipe our tears will also wipe the tears of all those who loved her.
Adamafo pa Nyame mfa wo nkɔ dwodwoo.
Amen

*Tribute By
The Holy Family Society
(Akan Kuw)
St. Theresa's Parish, Kaneshie*

“ innyim bre a medze bow u, se ntsem o, se ekyir muo. Ɔye m'esumamunsem.”

M

It is with a heavy heart and deep sense of sorrow we pay this tribute to our sister Cecilia Oppong whose mortal remains is placed motionless before us.

Sister Cecilia was one of the founding members of this society and was very active until she fell ill. She was a member of our singing group and a very good alto singer. She was very regular at meetings despite the distance from her house.

We felt her absence at both singing practice and monthly meetings when she ill. We visited her from time to time. Though we loved her, we realize that God loved her more and He has finally taken her from us.

It wasn't easy when we heard of her demise but as humans, we take consolation that she's safe with her maker.

May her soul rest peacefully with God in paradise till we meet again.

Akyerebaa Ceci due, Nyame nfa wo kra nsie afeboɔ.



Gallery





Gallery



Hymns

Hymn 522

1. Through all the changing
scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp
around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

5 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you
will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your de-
light,
He'll make your wants His care.

Hymn 529

1. Abide with me; fast falls the
eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with
me abide!
When other helpers fail and com-
fort flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with
me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's
little day;
Earth's joy grows dim, its glories
pass away;
Change and decay in all around
I see;
O thou who changest not, abide
with me.

3. I need thy presence ev'ry pass-
ing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the
tempter's pow'r?
Who like thyself my guide and
stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O
abide with me.

4. I fear no foe with thee at hand
to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where,
grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with
me.

5. Hold thou thy Cross before my
closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and
point me to
the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and
earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide
with me!

Hymn 563

1. Guide me, O thou great Re-
deemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
Feed me now and ever more.

2. Open thou the crystal foun-
tain,
Whence the healing stream shall
flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer,

3. Be thou still my help and
shield.
When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's de-
struction, Land me safe on Ca-
naan's side;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

Hymns

Hymn 233

How sweet the name of Jesus
sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit
whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
It's manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! The rock on which I
build
My shield and hiding - place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! My shepherd, brother,
friend,
My prophet, priest and King, My
Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then, I would thy love pro-
claim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Hymn 688

In heav'nly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me;
My heart may low be laid;
But God is all around me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom acts like leaven;
It moves us from within;
He knows the way to heaven,
Which only love can win.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Hymn 289

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!
O what peace we often forfeit!
O what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in pray't.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness;
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Jesus only is our refuge;
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Do thy friends despise, forsake
thee?
Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
In his arms He'll take and shield
thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Hymns

Hymn 720

All to Jesus I surrender;
All to him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust him, In
his presence daily live.
I surrender all; I surrender all;
All to you, my blessed Savior, I
surrender all.

All to Jesus I surrender
Make me, Saviour, wholly thine;
Let me feel the Holy Spirit,
Truly know that thou art mine.
I surrender all ...

All to Jesus I surrender, Lord, I
give myself to thee.
Fill me with thy love and pow'r;
Let thy blessing fall on me.
I surrender all ...

All to Jesus I surrender;
Now I feel the sacred flame;
Oh, the joy of full salvation,
Glory, glory to his name!
I surrender all ...

Hymn 531

Accept, O Father, in thy love
These humble gifts of bread and
wine
That with ourselves we offer thee
Returning gifts already thine.

Thy Son, the victim and the
priest,
Through human hands doth here
renew
The perfect sacrifice of love
To render God our worship due.

Behold this host and chalice,
Lord,
To thee in heav'n the gifts we
raise:
Through them may we our hom-
age pay,
Our adoration and our praise.

Into thy precious blood, O Lord,
The priestly word will change the
wine;
O may our sins be washed there-
in,
Our hearts be made like unto
thine.

No earthly claim to grace is ours,
Save what thy sacrifice hath won;
Grant then thy grace, fulfil our
needs,
And may thy will in us be done.

Hymn 441

Sweet sacrament divine,
Hid in thy earthly home,
Lo! Round thy lowly shrine,
With suppliant hearts we come;
Jesus, to thee our voice we raise
In songs of love and heart-felt

praise;
Sweet sacrament divine, Sweet
sacrament divine.

Sweet Sacrament of peace,
Dear home of ev'ry heart,
Where restless yearnings cease,
And sorrows all depart;
There, in thy ear, all trustfully,
We tell our tale of misery;
Sweet Sacrament of peace. (2x)

Sweet Sacrament of rest,
Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within thy shelter blest,
Soon may we reach the shore.
Save us for still the tempest raves;
Save, lest we sink beneath the
waves;
Sweet Sacrament of rest. (2x)

Sweet Sacrament divine,
Earth's light and jubilee,
In thy far depths doth shine
Thy Godhead's majesty;
Sweet light, so shine on us, we
pray,
That earthly joys may fade away;
Sweet Sacrament divine. (2x)

Hymn 335

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not
want;
He makes me down to lie;
In pastures green, he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

Hymns

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark
vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy
rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil
anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Hymn 182

Yes, Heaven is the prize
My soul shall strive to gain;
One glimpse of Paradise
Repay a life of pain.
Tis Heaven, yes Heaven,
Yes Heaven is the prize.
Tis Heaven, yes Heaven,
Yes Heaven is the prize.

Yes, Heaven is the prize!

My soul, Oh think of this;
All earthly goods despise,
For such a crown of bliss.
'Tis Heaven ...

Yes, Heaven is the prize!
When sorrows press around,
Look up beyond the skies,
Where hope and strength are
found.
Tis Heaven ...

Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Oh, it's not hard to gain;
He surely wins who tries,
For hope can conquer pain.
'Tis Heaven ...

Yes, Heaven is the prize!
The strife will soon be past,
Faint not, but raise your eyes,
And struggle to the last.
'Tis Heaven...

Hymn 458

Hark! Hark, my soul! Angelic
songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and
ocean's wave-
beat shore;
How sweet the truth those bless-
ed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be
no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of life

Singing to welcome the pilgrims
of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear
them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids
you come:
And through the dark, its echoes
sweetly ringing
The music of the Gospel leads us
home.
Angels of Jesus, ...
Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er
land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands
meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary
steps to thee.
Sawn asunder, slain with
Angels of Jesus, ...

Rest comes at length though life
be long and
dreary;
The day must dawn, and dark-
some night
be past ;
All journeys end in welcome to
the weary
And heav'n, the heart's true
home will
come at last
Angels of Jesus, ...

Hymns

Angels, sing on, your faithful
watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the
songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe
ourselves
with weeping
Till life's long night shall break in
endless
love.
Angels of Jesus, ...

Hymn 160

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The strife is o'er, the battle done,
Now is the victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung:
Alleluia
They rolled a stone before the
door
As in the grave He lay:
God raised Him up our living
Lord
And made the first Lord's Day.
We sing for joy,
We sing for joy, with loving
thanks we say
God raised him up, our living
Lord.
And made the first Lord's day."

The birds that sang, the flow'rs
that bloomed,
They brought no joy that spring,

Till Christ was raised from death
to be
Our living Lord and King.
We sing for joy...
All earth is dressed in green this
day,
To greet our risen Lord;
We praise Him, for He lives
again;
He keeps His promised word.
We sing for joy...

Hymn 165

Yours is the glory, risen, con-
qu'ring Son;
Death is now defeated, vict'ry has
been won!
Angels in bright clothing, rolled
the stone away,
Left the folded grave clothes
where the body lay.
Yours is the glory, risen con-
qu'ring Son;
Death is now defeated, vict'ry has
been won!

See how he meets us, risen from
the grave:
Lovingly He greets us, whom He
came to save;
Let the Church, with gladness,
songs of triumph sing;
For the Lord is living, death has
lost its sting.
Yours is the glory ...

No more we doubt you, glorious
Prince of life:
We are lost without you; help us
in our strife;
Help us more than conqu'rors,
through your endless love:
Bring us safe through Jordan to
your home
above.
Yours is the glory ...

Appreciation

The entire family of the late

**MRS. CECILIA YAA
NYARKO OPPONG**

wishes to express their profound appreciation and gratitude
to all who in diverse ways have helped them throughout their
painful and difficult time. May you be bountifully rewarded for
your expression of love and charity.

God richly bless you

Thank You



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MRS. CECILIA YAA
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+233 24 479 0073