

FOREVER IN OUR
HEARTS



**MADAM VERONICA
MOZU-SIMPSON**
(A.K.A AUNTY EFFIE)



BURIAL AND MEMORIAL SERVICE
FOR THE LATE

**MADAM VERONICA
MOZU-SIMPSON**
(AKA AUNTY EFFIE)

AGED: 67

AT THE GADDIEL ACQUAAH METHODIST CATHEDRAL,
ON SATURDAY, 5TH JULY 2025 AT 7:00AM



ORDER OF SERVICE

FOR THE LATE MADAM VERONICA EFFIE MOZU-SIMPSON

OFFICIATING CLERGY

- 1. Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel Dua Dodd**
- (Diocesan Bishop)
- 2. Very Rev. Moses K. Aidoo**
- (Synod Secretary)
- 3. Rev. Samuel K. Archer**
- Cathedral
- 4. Rev. Daniel Nanabanyin Aikins**
- Cathedral
- 5. Rev. Collins Fynn**
- Captain Potter
- 6. Rev. Samuel Opandoh Nyanney**
- Gethsemane
- 7. Very Rev. James K. Otchere**
- Supernumerary

CHOIR MASTER

Bro. Arthur Kanta

AT THE ORGAN

Bro. Clement Opong

SOCIETY STEWARDS

Bro. Patrick Graham

Sis. Rosemond Boateng

PRE-BURIAL SERVICE – 7:00 AM

Service of Hymns, Songs, Prayers, Filing past, Scriptures & Tributes Reading.

SELECTED HYMNS:

MHB: 528, 99, 615, 589, 578, 468, 498, 50, 1016

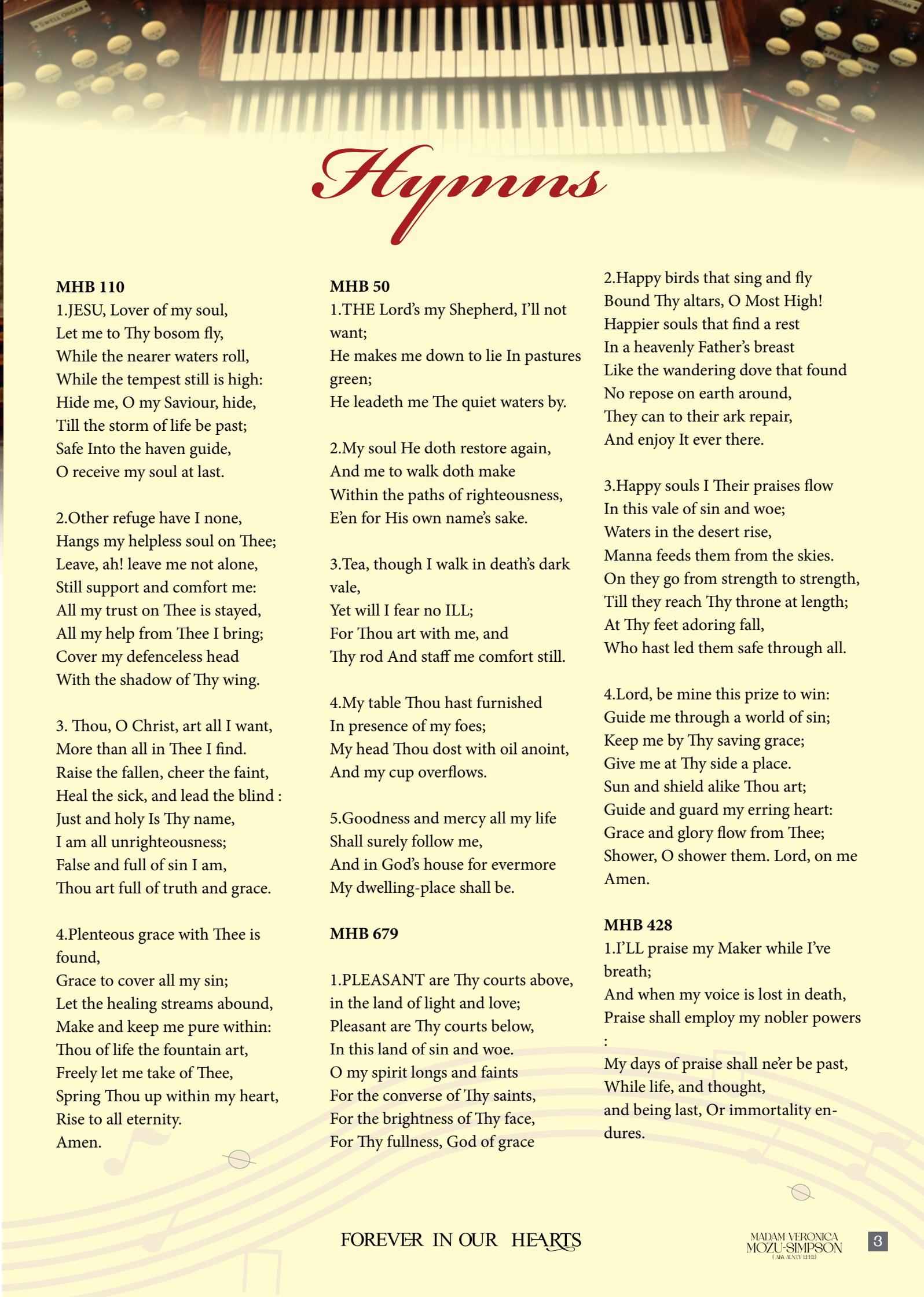
CAN: 172, 25, 203, 192, 188, 152, 164, 14, 169

PART 1 - BURIAL SERVICE

1. Processional Hymn - Church Choir
2. Sentences
3. Announcements of Purpose
4. Hymn - - CAN 29 MHB 110
5. Anthem
6. Biography and Tributes
7. Hymn - CAN 14 MHB 50
8. Scripture Reading :
 - a). Psalm 90: 1 - 12
 - b). John 14: 1 - 6, 27
9. Hymn - CAN 227 MHB 679
10. Sermon
11. The Creed
12. Church Offertory
13. Christian Charity in support of bereaved family.
14. Hymn - CAN 140 MHB 428
15. Service of Commemoration
16. Prayer
17. Hymn/Song - CAN 305 MHB 948
18. Closing Prayer and Benediction
19. Dead march in Saul
20. Recessional Hymn - Church Choir

PART 2 - AT THE GRAVESTIDE

1. Hymn - CAN 203 MHB 615
2. Committal
3. Prayers
4. Vote of Thanks - Family member
5. Hymn - CAN 324 MHB ---
6. Benediction



Hymns

MHB 110

1. JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe Into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
Just and holy Is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is
found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.
Amen.

MHB 50

1. 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.

2. My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

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

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

5. Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

MHB 679

1. PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
in the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fullness, God of grace

2. Happy birds that sing and fly
Bound Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy It ever there.

3. Happy souls I Their praises flow
In this vale of sin and woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4. Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them. Lord, on me
Amen.

MHB 428

1. I'LL praise my Maker while I've
breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers
:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought,
and being last, Or immortality en-
dures.



Hymns

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas,
with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed. He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3. The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring con-Â-science peace;
He helps the stranger In distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost In death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought,
and being last, Or Immortality endures.

MHB 948

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

2. Swift to Its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow 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 every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4.1 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;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-
ows flee :
In life. In death, O Lord, abide with me

MHB 615

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven! Feed me now and evermore.

2. Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer! Be
Thou still my help and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises I
will ever give to Thee.

Biography

MADAM VERONICA EFFIE MOZU-SIMPSON



Veronica Mozu-Simpson was born on February 21, 1958 in Tarkwa to Mr. Samuel Kwesi Mozu-Simpson and Mrs. Dorcas Mozu-Simpson both of blessed memory. She grew up in a close-knit family of nine (9) and carried her strong family values throughout her life. As a loving mother, sister, grandmother and a devoted friend, Veronica touched the hearts of everyone who knew her.

In 1961, she developed a health condition which necessitated for her to be sent to London in the United Kingdom for medical treatment. She returned to Ghana in the year 1964 and began her primary education at the English and Arabic School in Tarkwa. She later left Arabic school in the year 1968 and went to the Urban Council Experimental School now Hooper Memorial School where she sat for the Common Entrance in the year 1973. She subsequently gained admission to Tarkwa Senior High School (TARSCO) in that same year and completed her GCE 'O' Level in the year 1978.

Madam Veronica had a dream of becoming a journalist because she loved reading, but that dream was shattered due to her physically challenged condition. In the year 1980, she took over her mother's business as a Trader. She graciously managed the business and saw it become one of the most patronised in town, serving as her source of income to meet her necessary financial commitments to her family. She was in charge of the business till the year 2016 when she officially handed over the business and stayed in the house until her demise.

Sister Effie as she was affectionately called was a devoted Christian and a staunch Methodist who worshipped at the Gaddiel Acquah Methodist Cathedral. Although an invalid at church, it did not deter her from serving her God faithfully. She will always send her offertory and tithe even when she could not be physically available. Her kindness and generosity extended beyond her family by catering for others as if they were her own. She leaves behind a legacy of compassion, strength and resilience which her family and friends will carry in their memories and hearts forever. She was blessed with four children: Samuel, Moses, Aaron and Unique.

Sister Effie will be fondly remembered for her gentle spirit, her unwavering faith and the love she poured into every relationship. It is evident that your demise leaves a vacuum in the family house. Your glaring absence will be felt by family, friends and outer circles until we struggle to find your replacement. Indeed, a big tree has fallen, but its roots will graciously sprout and produce new growth for generations yet to be born. May your gentle soul continue to rest in eternal peace.

We Love You

Gallery





FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

MADAM VERONICA
MOZU-SIMPSON
(LAW, MARY, EYE)



TRIBUTE BY
Children

Mom, though your passing was unexpected, we find comfort in knowing you are now at peace with God and in His celestial Glory. The void you leave is so immense and irreplaceable, but we are grateful for the time we had and the beautiful moments we have shared together. Your life was a testament to selfless service, relentlessness and unwavering faith. You taught us invaluable lessons: the power of resilience, the importance of love and the depth of faith. You instilled in us generosity, patience and a profound respect for God and humanity. We often wake up longing for you, wishing this was just a dream, but we believe you are watching over us and are happy that we are living in a way that honors your memory. Each day is a challenge to accept your absence.

We forever dreaded this moment. Our biggest fear in life, that we will one day wake up and see you no more Mama Nika, that we will call your phone and it will go unanswered, that we will come back home and meet home empty. Where will we call home again Mama? We left home for greener pastures so we can return and make home a better home. But home is no more. Our true epitome of home is no more. We really miss your voice Mama, the voice that calms all situations, your daily check ups, you wishing us good luck and all the best everyday, your evening meals and desserts, our late night talks, our late night prayers, our late night songs of praises and worship and all the beautiful memories we shared.

We really miss you Mama Nika and no one will ever replace you!!!! Awww Mama, if only you could pick up the phone one more time. The pain in our hearts is so unbearable!!! This pain is irreversible!!!

Where is the strength to move on? Who will be there to cheer us on when the going gets tough? But we are certain you will be cheering us on from heaven. We take solace in the Lord. That we have gained an Angel in heaven who will continually intercede for us.

Our mom was not just our mom but she was our father, big brother and sister, our counselor, our teacher, our best friend and the love of our life. Mother of amazing twins, a unique daughter and a caring first son. You gave us your blood and sweat in raising us up. Even in the absence of our father, where the going got tough in our schooling, in sickness and good health, you were always there for us. You made our childhood memories so sweet. The birthday parties you threw for us and the gifts that always await us from school. We missed our afternoon chop monies and the moments we shared with you at store after close of school. You will always pamper and defend us. You also scolded us when necessary. You constantly prayed for us. Where there was no way, you made a way by the Grace of God.

You taught us lots of things that have made us who we are today. We are eternally grateful to you mom for teaching us to be exceptionally kind in this unkind



world. We are glad to be a constant reminder of you, we carry your spirit, your likeness, your love for God, your relentlessness, your generosity and your unconditional love which you freely gave to all. You were the mother of all and had impacted positively on each and every member of the family. Your sisters and brothers are eternally grateful to you for holding the fort and raising the children while they were away, and you did this with love. Mother of all mothers, a fountain of wisdom, a sweet soul and a giver. You will share for everyone to get a portion, and you did this with smiles and skills.

Mama Nika, as you are affectionately called, you thrived in adversity, you fought a good fight, you impacted the world greatly, you overcame sicknesses and death so many times and you were always a happy soul. And when the Good Lord missed you dearly, He called you to Himself to rest in His bosom. Where you will find eternal rest, where you will continually intercede for your children and family, where we shall all meet again in Glory Everlasting!! Fare thee well Mama Effie!!! Fare thee well Mama Nika!!! Your impact and legacy will be felt in generations to come. Your memories will forever linger on.....

With love from your beloved children.



TRIBUTE BY

Siblings



Death wears a hood just as sisters do, and it can never be removed.

Sisterhood transcends life and a little bit of our sister will always live in us.

A lost sister is like the missing piece in the game of life. Miles apart, siblings will always be connected by heart. Our brothers and sisters are there with us from the dawn of our personal stories to the inevitable dusk.

Our sister was an extraordinary person. She was a loving mother, a cherished friend, and a remarkable sister. Her presence brought joy, laughter and warmth into our life. Her memory will continue to be so. Our sister had an unwavering strength and a kind heart. She faced challenges with courage and grace, never letting anything to diminish her spirit. She had a way of making everyone around her feel special and valued.

As we stand here today, we are filled with gratitude for the time we had together. Days, weeks and months have passed, but our memories of you (our sister) stand still.

The bond with our sister is eternal, even in her death. Her memory lives on in the stories we share and the love we hold. A sister is a gift to the heart, a friend to the spirit, a golden thread to the meaning of life. Our dear sister, your love and your legacy will live on in all of us. May God grant you eternal rest. Till we meet again.

Rest peacefully our dear and loving sister.



TRIBUTE TO OUR CHERISHED

Mother In-Law

Today, we gather with love and gratitude to honor the life of a truly remarkable soul. Our beloved mother in-law was more than just family—she was a beacon of kindness, wisdom, and unwavering support.

Her presence brought joy to every gathering, her laughter filled our hearts, and her words carried the wisdom of a life well lived. Through every challenge, she stood by us, offering guidance, strength, and a love that knew no bounds.

Her generosity and compassion touched countless lives, leaving an indelible mark on all who had the privilege of knowing her. Though she is no longer with us in body, her spirit remains woven into the fabric of our lives. We find her in the stories we share, in the traditions she nurtured, and in the love she effortlessly gave.

As we bid farewell, we hold onto the beautiful memories and the lessons she left behind. Her legacy is one of love, resilience, and unwavering devotion to family.

Rest peacefully, dear mother in-law. You are forever cherished, forever remembered, and forever loved.

Da yie, Obaatanpa.



TRIBUTE BY
Grandchildren



e all call her Grandma Effie. She is the first person we go to when we return from our long journeys.

Your kindness and love were so special, And your heart so pure and true. You made the world a better place just by being you. Your sweet and melodic voice that always tells us a story echoes in our ears forever. You always knew how to make us laugh and your stories were legendary. You taught us the importance of kindness, hard work and family. We miss you Grandma, so dearly and we miss your warm hugs and infectious laughter. How we used to sit with you on your bed and your eagerness to know about how life is treating us. She always goes like (“na won apom tesen”), She will make sure she ask of everyone. We wish you were here with us Grandma. To help guide us through the years, to be the person we want to be. Words cannot describe the loss we feel having to say this last goodbye. Not to have you here with us, to wipe the tears from our eyes. But you’ll never be forgotten, in our heart you’ll always be. Until we meet again, Grandma, we will keep your memory safe with us.

Rest in Perfect Peace Grandma Effie.

From your grandchildren we love you



TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
VERONICA MOZU-SIMPSON BY

Tarsco 1978 Year Group

*Time, thou must untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me to untie
- Shakespeare*



At the reopening of the 1973/74 academic year, a crop of innocent looking teenagers joined the Tarkwa Secondary School as freshers into Form 1, one of whom was a beautiful, charming, elegant, attractive and young Veronica Mozu-Simpson. It did not take long at all when all of us, the fresh students or 'homos' as freshers were called at that time, got integrated into the school system and saw ourselves as members of one unique and united family.

Mama Vero or Auntie Vero, as we affectionately called her, was generally calm and disciplined. She hardly made noise in class unlike most of us her classmates. We stayed together for five memorable years and wrote our General Certificate of Education (G.C.E) ordinary level examinations in May/June 1978.

Vero was one intelligent student among us. We vividly remember her for her great interest in the pure Arts subjects including Literature in English, Bible Knowledge and Economics. Her appreciation of English Literature and Shakespearean language spoke volumes of her. Back home in Africa, she had affinity for Chinua Achebe, Wole Soyinka and their compatriots. Time will just not allow us to comment on her deep knowledge in the other Arts subjects.

During class subject and group discussions, Vero was just a delight to watch. She made her contributions to all discussions we had as course mates with in-depth knowledge and analyses and she exhibited brilliance and maturity in her inputs. It is for these exceptional qualities that we called her Auntie Vero.

Mama Vero was a character we all loved and appreciated. Her classmates living outside Tarkwa who visited Tarkwa usually made it a point to visit her at home. Such moments were delightful and gave Vero a lot of joy as they brought nostalgic feelings of life at Tarsco in the 1970s

On 6th March, 2025 we, Auntie Vero's course mates, and the past students of TARSCO 1978-year group, heard the worrying news of her passing and indeed that terrible news broke the hearts of all of us. Our Auntie Vero had responded to her Maker's call.

Even though the Independence Day was supposed to give the whole nation some ecstatic joy, for some of us, our spirits were rather dampened. But with time, we understood that we, her course mates, were to take the news with joy; she left this painful earth on a joyful day.

Mama Vero, your Tarsco 'O' level course mates wish you farewell.
Auntie Vero, rest peacefully with the Lord.

DA YIE! DA YIE!! DA YIE!!!

TRIBUTE BY
Nephews & Nieces

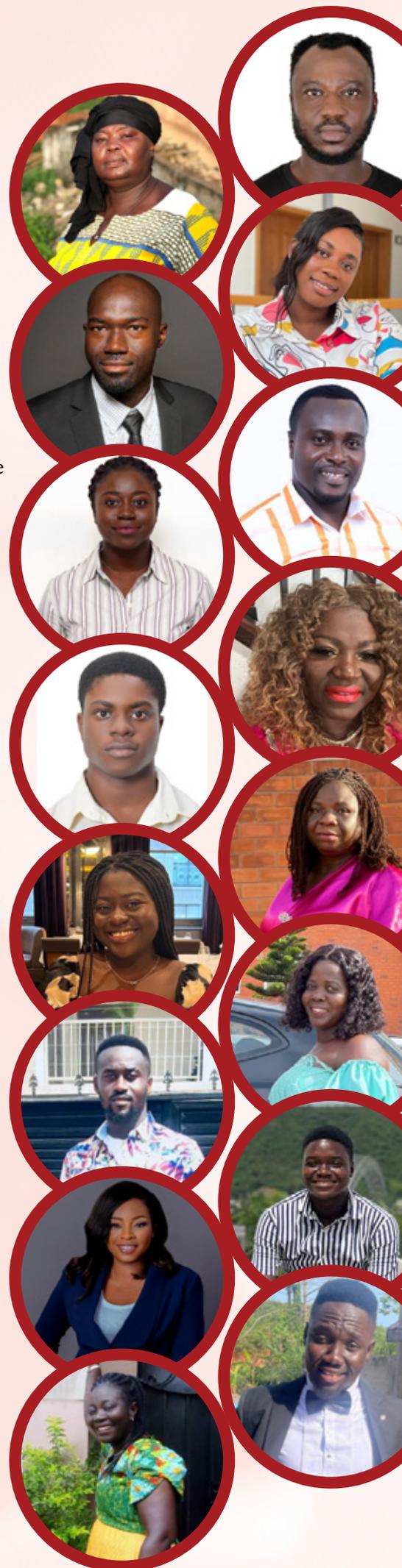
Dear Aunt Effie,
Our hearts are shattered, and the weight of your loss engulfs us in a grief too heavy for words to bear. You were more than our aunt, you were our haven, our guiding light, and for all of us, a second mother who filled the emptiness left by our parents. To stand here without you, to speak these words in your absence, is a pain that pierces our souls. We mourn you, Aunt Effie, with every fiber of our being.

We carry the sacred memories of being by your side, moments that now feel like fleeting treasures stolen by time. In your early days, you moved with crutches, your quiet strength a testament to your unyielding spirit, teaching us resilience in the face of hardship. Later, when you used your wheelchair, we had the privilege of pushing you wherever you wished to go, each step a quiet vow of our devotion. Those moments, woven with the warmth of your presence, were a gift we held close, whether guiding you through a room or simply sitting near you, feeling the comfort of your love. Now, the emptiness of your absence is a wound that will not heal, and our hearts break with every thought of you.

Your stories were a lifeline, binding us to our past and to each other. With every tale of our grandparents, their struggles, their dreams, their lives, you wove the tapestry of our family's history into our hearts. Your voice, so full of care and wisdom, gave us roots, a sense of who we are and where we come from. But now, those stories echo in the silence of your loss, each memory a tender ache, a reminder of the voice we long to hear again. We cling to your words, but they cannot ease the sorrow of your absence.

Aunt Effie, you had a rare gift for making each of us feel truly seen, truly loved. Your gentle words, your knowing smile, your boundless heart, these were the anchors of our lives. Through every challenge, your strength shone like a beacon, showing us what it means to live with grace and courage. You were our home in a world that often felt uncertain, and to lose you is to lose a part of ourselves. The grief we feel is overwhelming, a tide that pulls us under with every thought of you. Though you are no longer here, your love, your stories, and your spirit remain etched in our souls, a bittersweet comfort amidst our sorrow. We vow to honor you by keeping our family's history alive, by living with the strength and love you embodied, and by carrying your memory in every step we take. Yet, we do so with hearts heavy with grief, longing for the warmth of your presence, the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand.

Rest in peace, dear Aunt Effie. The pain of losing you is a wound that will never fully heal, but your love will forever be our strength. We will carry you in our hearts, always, until we meet again. With all our love and endless sorrow. Adieu!!



TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MADAM VERONICA
MOZU-SIMPSON BY

The Gaddiel Acquaaah Methodist Cathedral



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

Revelation 14:13



Auntie Veronica's life was a testament to her unwavering faith in God. Born into the Methodist Church and baptized at three months, she grew into a devoted member of Gaddiel Acquaaah Methodist Cathedral.

Her passion for the church was remarkable, and she actively participated in Sunday School and later became a member of the Invalid Bible Class.

Auntie Veronica's commitment to God's work inspired many. Despite physical challenges, she remained devoted, sending her tithes and offerings from home. The Ministers and Bible class members provided spiritual support, regularly visiting her and administering communion. Her love for Methodist hymns was exceptional.

Auntie Veronica's legacy is marked by humility, kindness, respect, and compassion. Her devotion to God inspired many, and we take comfort in knowing she rests in the Lord's presence.

As we bid her farewell, we remember her unwavering commitment to her faith.

May God grant you eternal rest.

Nyame mfa wokra nsie. Amen.

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

MADAM VERONICA
MOZU-SIMPSON
(1944-2023)

A TRIBUTE BY
Mr. Kwesi Bansah
TO A BELOVED SISTER EFFIE



ord, teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Psalm 90:12.

I was so shocked and saddened to hear about the sudden death of Sister Effie, as affectionately called. Barely a week later, I visited the family, and I found Aunt Effie sound and kicking. Her sudden demise, therefore, was a surprise to me.

Anytime I visited the senior brother Ebenezer, Sister Effie was the first person I checked on before reaching upstairs for Ebenezer.

On knocking at her door, she would respond “manko me brother oo denden”. Her response made me feel very welcomed, very special and valued.

She was of the quiet type but a very good conversationist. I did spend most time with her before climbing upstairs. She always had a cheerful face, and our conversations were based on mainly issues about Tarkwa and its past time glories and some wonderful people and friends around that time. Her contributions made the chat rather lively and unending.

She was very sociable and a laudable person who harbours no grudge and to sum it all, she had a heart of gold. She was a hardworking mother who once ran a hardware store at the market circle. Losing such a kind soul so suddenly, was a sad and heart-rending story.

I'm grateful for the time I spent with her. The laughter we shared, the various chats we had and for the life lessons passed on to me. She was a remarkable mother, very phenomenal and I will miss her dearly.

As we say goodbye to her today, I hope to honour her by living a life, that reflects her values of love, compassion and selflessness.

Until we meet again, I say Adieu. Dayie, Aunt Effie. Nyame nfa wo kra nsie.



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Appreciation

The entire family of the late

MADAM VERONICA
MOZU-SIMPSON
(AKA AUNTY EFFIE)

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



SCAN FOR BROCHURE