



*In Loving Memory*

**MADAM ROSE AMOAH**

SUNRISE: SEPTEMBER 16, 1950

SUNSET: APRIL 16, 2025

# ORDER OF SERVICE

OF MADAM ROSE AWURAFUA AMOAH

**FUNERAL SERVICE FRIDAY JUNE 20, 2025**

## **PART I**

1. Opening Prayer - Dcn. Edmund Dampson
2. Songs of Praise - Praise Team
3. Introduction
4. Hymn - "My hope is built on nothing less"  
- Dcns. Rebecca Osei
5. Scripture Reading - 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18
  - a. Twi - Dcns. Sera Appiagyei
  - b. English - Dcns. Lillian Martey
6. Song - Ɖɔɔ whim yen afa murunkum no mu
7. Biography - Family Representative
8. Tributes:
  - a. Children
  - b. Siblings
  - c. Grandchildren
  - d. The Church of Pentecost  
- Dcns. Salome Adu-Gyamfi
9. Exhortation - Pastor Richard Nsiah
10. Prayer for Bereaved Family  
- Apostle Anane-Sarfo
11. Announcements - MC
12. Closing Prayer - Dcns. Christy Mensah
13. Benediction - Apostle Anane-Sarfo
14. File Past

**CONDUCTOR: Elder Kyeremateng**

## **PART II**

**TRADITIONAL FINAL FUNERAL RITES:**

**Opening Prayer: Dcns. Naana Korkor Hammond**

**Exhortation: Elder Eric Atobrah**

**Prayer for the Family: Pastor Richard Nsiah**

**Biography .....**

**Tributes:**

**Closing Prayer: Dcns.**

**MC: Oheneba Kwabena Adom/Elder Duodu**

**SATURDAY JUNE 21, 2025**

**PART III - GRAVE SIDE: BURIAL**

1. **Opening Prayer: Elder Kyeremateng**
2. **Song/ Hymn**
3. **Committal: Pastor Richard Nsiah**
4. **Vote of Thanks: Family Member**
5. **Benediction: Pastor Richard Nsiah**

# Biography

## OF MADAM ROSE AWURAFUA AMOAH

SUNRISE: SEPTEMBER 16, 1950      SUNSET: APRIL 16, 2025  
PLACE OF BIRTH: ACCRA, GHANA  
PLACE OF PASSING: BRONX, NEW YORK

**Ecclesiastes 3:1-2: "To everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die..."**

We celebrate Rose Awurafua Amoah's life, as a devout mother, sister, friend, and servant of God, who touched many lives through her faith, dedication, and loving spirit.

Madam Rose Awurafua Amoah, was born on September 16, 1950, in Accra, Ghana, to parents from Larleh, Akuapem, in the Eastern Region.

Rose was raised by her dedicated parents, a strict disciplinarian father, Mr. Amoah, a civil servant by profession and strict Pentecostal mother and a trader by profession, Ms. Amoah; both of blessed memory, they both imparted to her the values of hard work, resilience, and service to others.

### **Education:**

Rose attended, Becham Secondary School, and proceeded to Accra Polytechnic, where she obtained a City and Guilds of London Institute Certificate in Catering. After moving to the United States, she pursued additional certifications in the Health Care Industry, exemplifying her adaptability to her new home 'America,' and her constant desire to serve.

### **Profession:**

Her professional life spanned two fields in which she excelled. Rose worked extensively in the culinary business, including with then State Hotels Corporation of Ghana, serving with then Ambassador Hotel, now Movenpick Hotel and then Continental Hotel, now Golden Tulip and Lancaster Hotels, and later moved as a Catering Supervisor for The University of Ghana (Volta Hall). Rose later migrated to United States of American where where she later made her mark in the healthcare industry as Health Care Supervisor, working at Esplanade of Palisades, Rockland County, New York, where her compassion and dedication were felt by all who came into contact with her.

Beyond her professional achievements, Rose was a woman who served her community immensely everywhere she went, particularly serving communities like Okuapemman Fekuw, New York, where she received certificate of appreciation for service and commitment.



Rose Faith and service to The Church of Pentecost:

Rose was a woman of deep faith. In 1970, she converted from the Apostolic Divine Church to join the Church of Pentecost. She served faithfully in the Church of Pentecost, Accra New Town and Kotobabi Branches, and later at Bronx Central Assembly, New York.

As a faithful member of the Church of Pentecost, Rose lived by the Church's core values:

1. Faith in God: Rose's deep faith in Christ was the foundation of her life.

2. Holiness: Rose was committed to living a life of holiness and righteousness. Her lifestyle mirrored the Church's emphasis on sanctification and personal transformation, and she was a living testament to the power of God's grace to change lives.

3. Service to Others: From a young age, Rose embraced a life of service. Whether through her work in healthcare or in the kitchen, she served others selflessly. She found joy in providing for her family, her church, and her community. In her later years, as health challenges arose, she returned to her love of cooking, baking of delicious pies and pastries, which became a symbol of her love and care for those around her, many in this room were blessed by her culinary talents.

4. Evangelism: Rose took to heart the call to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ. She was an active participant in evangelistic efforts, both in Ghana and in the diaspora, sharing the good news of Christ's love and salvation with everyone she encountered.

5. Community Support: The Church of Pentecost emphasizes the importance of building strong, supportive Christian communities. Rose was an active member of her church families both in Ghana and the United States. She always made herself available to support those in need, offering a helping hand or a listening ear to anyone who came her way.

In January 2025, she made the decision to retire and return to Ghana, her homeland, with the hopes of reconnecting with family and enjoying the fruits of her labor. But as life would have it, she fell ill soon after returning to Ghana and was brought back to the United States, where she peacefully passed away on April 16, 2025. Her life was truly a testament to the seasons of Ecclesiastes, and her passing marks the end of a season of earthly labor and a transition into the eternal rest she so richly deserves.

In the words of Romans 14:8: "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." Rose's life was a testament to this verse, as she dedicated every moment of her earthly existence to God's service, and now she rests in His eternal embrace.

The Pentecostal hymn "Tetelestai", meaning "It is finished," reminds us that Rose's earthly journey has come to a close, and she has entered into her eternal rest. Just as Jesus declared "It is finished" on the cross, Rose too has completed her race and now enjoys the fullness of God's promises.

She is survived by her children, George Yaw Amoah and Gloria Ofori Amoah, as well as many relatives, friends, and church members who were blessed by her presence.

***Damirifa Due, Nante Yie, Onyame mfa wo nsie.***

MADAM ROSE AWURAFUA AMOAH



A misty forest scene with a fallen tree trunk in the foreground and the word "Tributes" in a white cursive font. The background shows tall, thin trees and a soft, hazy atmosphere. The foreground is filled with green grass and ferns. The word "Tributes" is written in a white, elegant cursive font, centered in the upper half of the image.

*Tributes*

# *A Tribute to Our Beloved* **MAA ROSE: ROSE AWURAFUA AMOAH**

With broken hearts and tear-filled eyes, we, the children of our precious Maa Rose, Rose Awurafua Amoah, come together to reflect on the immeasurable loss of our beloved mother. The pain of losing you, Maa, is beyond words. It is as if a part of us has been torn away, leaving an emptiness that we can't begin to fill. Yet, in the midst of our grief, we know that we must honor your life and the legacy of love, faith, and service that you left behind.

In January 2025, when you made the decision to return to Ghana, we were filled with excitement. After so many years of being apart, we eagerly awaited your homecoming. We dreamed of the day we would embrace you again, but life, as it often does, took an unexpected turn. We never imagined that your return would be marked by illness, and despite our relentless efforts to bring you back to the United States for medical care, on April 16, 2025, we had to say goodbye.

The weight of this loss is unbearable, and the silence left in your absence is deafening. Your room remains just as it was, untouched—like a sacred place, waiting for you. But you are no longer there, and the sorrow in our hearts is profound. We miss you, Maa Rose, more than words can say.

We will always cherish the memories of your sweet presence. Your love for us was always visible in the simple, beautiful things you did—especially in the way you cared for us through your baking. Your pies, cakes, and pastries weren't just food; they were acts of love, wrapped in warmth and grace. We remember how your grandchildren lovingly called you "Rosy," and how your baked goods became a symbol of your nurturing spirit. After church service on 216th Street, you would set up your stall with a smile, offering your treats to anyone who walked by. You made us feel loved in ways that were more than just about food—it was your heart, your kindness, your devotion to others that shone through.

Even in your later years, as you faced health challenges, you never stopped giving. You gave and gave, even you were giving others your retirement checks. You found comfort in your faith and your baking, continuing to share your love with family, friends, and the community. Your hands, which served so selflessly, will be missed more than we can express.

In the midst of our grief, we turn to the comforting words of Scripture, seeking solace and understanding. In Psalm 34:18, we are reminded that "The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit." Our hearts are crushed, but we take comfort in knowing that God is near—just as He was with you, holding you close throughout your life. Now, He holds you in His eternal embrace.

We also find hope in the words of 2 Corinthians 1:3-4: "Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God." Maa Rose, you were a vessel of comfort to so many. Your words, your deeds, your love—everything you did was a reflection of the grace and compassion you received from God. Now, it is our turn to comfort each other, to continue the legacy of kindness and love you passed on to us.



We are also reminded of the powerful words spoken by Jesus in John 19:30 when He declared “Tetelestai”—“It is finished.” These words, spoken in the final moments of His earthly life, mark the completion of His divine mission. He had fulfilled His purpose, and the victory over death was secured. We know that this same concept of Tetelestai applies to you, Maa Rose. Your journey on this earth has been completed. Your work is finished, and you have entered into the fullness of God’s promises. Your life, marked by unwavering faith, service, and love, has come to a divine completion. Your purpose here has been fulfilled, and now you rest in the eternal peace of the Lord.

As we sing the hymn “Tetelestai”, we take comfort in knowing that just as Jesus’ mission was completed, so was yours. You finished the race, you fought the good fight, and now you are at rest, free from pain, sorrow, and suffering. Revelation 21:4 assures us that “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.” You, Maa Rose, have entered into that new order, where there is only joy and peace in the presence of the Lord.

The grief we carry is overwhelming, but we know that the love, spirit, and legacy you left behind will never fade. You taught us what it means to serve others with kindness, to live with unwavering faith, and to love without condition. Your example of compassion will continue to guide us as we walk through life. We will honor you by living as you did—faithful, loving, and selfless.

Though we miss you more than we can bear, we take solace in the knowledge that you are now in the presence of the Lord, in a place where there is no more pain. Your earthly journey is finished, and you rest in His eternal embrace.

*Damirifa Due, Nante Yie, Onyame mfa wo nsie.*

*Tribute from the Siblings*  
**IN LOVING MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED SISTER,  
MADAM ROSE AWURAFUA AMOAH**

**Revelation 21:4**

**“And He will wipe out every tear from their eyes, and death will be no more, neither will mourning, nor outcry nor pain be any more. The former things will pass away.”**

**T**o our beloved sister, Maa Rose,  
You truly lived up to your name—a mother to us all, even before life required you to be one.

From our earliest memories, you were our safe haven. When we got in trouble at home, you were the one we ran to. Quietly and without hesitation, you stood behind us, pleading on our behalf, shielding us, loving us, and guiding us. You carried our burdens as if they were your own, always looking out for us with that same selfless devotion that defined your entire life.

Your caring nature, your relentless pursuit of peace, and the unwavering love you showed inspired us each day. As the eldest sibling, you led by example—with grace, strength, humility, and above all, faith. Your reverence for God shaped your every word and deed, leaving behind a legacy we strive to live up to.

We are grateful—so very grateful—for the precious memories we created together. The laughter, the plans, the late-night conversations, the dreams we dared to share for the future... we carry all of them in our hearts. And yet, the pain of losing you is more than words can describe. We wish the news wasn't true. We had so many beautiful plans still ahead, so many moments left to create together.

But even in our sorrow, we take comfort in the Lord, knowing that death is not the end. You now rest in perfect peace, free from pain, free from the burdens of this world. The former things have truly passed away. We look forward to that blessed reunion day when we shall see you again in glory.

Maa Rose, we love you beyond measure and will miss you more than words could ever say.

Thank you for everything you were to us—a sister, a mother, a friend, and a spiritual compass.

Rest well in the Lord's embrace.

Rest in perfect peace, dearest sister.

***Damirifa Due. Nante Yie. Onyame mfa wo nsie.***

# *Siblings*



*Grandchildren*





*A Tribute to Our Beloved  
Grandmother,*  
**ROSE AWURAFUA AMOAH**  
**FROM YOUR GRANDCHILDREN:**

*Tiffany, George, Majedah and Kojo*

Grandma, it's hard to believe you're no longer with us. There are no words that can fully express how much we miss you, how much it hurts to know that we won't see you again on this side of heaven. Losing you feels impossible, and the emptiness we feel is overwhelming. We wish we could have just one more hug, one more of your delicious pies, or one more laugh with you.

Who will bake us a new pastry recipe now? Who will surprise us with the perfect treats, always coming up with something new that we couldn't wait to taste? You were the queen of the kitchen, and there's no one else who could quite do it the way you did. We remember those Sundays after church when you'd set up your stall on 216th Street and share your amazing baked goods with everyone who passed by. You loved to make us smile with your pastries, and now we're left wondering who will fill that gap. Who will be the one to share those small but priceless moments with us, like you did?

Rosy, we also think about the times when we'd sneakily use your laptop after Daddy banned us from using electronics. You always made us feel like we could be ourselves with you—laughing, being silly, and just enjoying the time we had. You never judged us; you simply let us be. Who will be there to let us use their things, to be a quiet refuge from the world, and to share in our little rebellions and victories? You always knew how to make us feel at ease, how to offer us grace without saying a word.

You were also the one to laugh with us, to tell us the funniest stories—stories about your childhood, about the “good old days,” and about life as you knew it. Who will tell us those stories now, with that special twinkle in your eye and that joyful laugh that could make us laugh too, even when we didn't quite understand the story? You always had a way of making everything feel lighter, brighter, and more joyful.

It feels like everything around us is missing something without you. Your presence—your love, your laughter, your nurturing heart—was a constant, and now we're trying to navigate life without it. But we know that even in this pain, we can find comfort in the words of Matthew 5:4: “Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.” We are mourning deeply, but we trust that the Lord is with us, just as He was with you. You lived a life of love, faith, and service, and we take comfort in the truth that you are now at peace, resting in the arms of the Lord.



In John 14:1-3, Jesus reassures us: “Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father’s house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.” We take comfort knowing that you are now in the presence of the Lord, in a place where there is no more pain, no more sorrow, and no more tears. Your race is finished, and you are now in a better place.

We remember how you lived, Rosy—dedicated to serving others, to loving without condition, and to walking in the light of your faith. Your service to the Lord and to us was unwavering. The love you gave was constant and true. Now, as we try to navigate this life without you, we find solace in the words of Romans 8:18: “I consider that our present sufferings are not worth comparing with the glory that will be revealed in us.” We may grieve deeply now, but we know that one day, we will be reunited with you in a place where there is only joy, peace, and everlasting love.

We miss you terribly, Rosy. Who will bake for us now? Who will let us use their laptop when we’re grounded? Who will laugh with us and share stories that fill our hearts with joy? There’s no one who can replace you, and we don’t want anyone to. You were uniquely ours, and your legacy will live on in each of us. You showed us what it means to love, to serve, and to live faithfully. We will carry those lessons with us, and we will honor your memory every day.

Rest in peace, Rosy. We will never forget you, and we know you are now with the Lord, where you are whole and free.

***Damirifa Due, Nante Yie, Onyame mfa wo nsie.***

# *A Tribute to Mama Rose Amoah*

## THE CHURCH OF PENTECOST

Then I heard a voice from heaven saying to me, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.” “Yes,” says the Spirit, “that they may rest from their labors, and their works follow them.” Revelation 14:13-14 (NKJV)

We gather today with hearts heavy with grief, yet buoyed by the blessed assurance of God's word, as we pay tribute to a beloved sister, Mama Rose Amoah. Mama Rose, a true soldier of Christ, exemplified what it meant to live a life devoted to the Lord.

Her journey of faith began in the 1970s when she joined The Church of Pentecost in Accra, Ghana, at the Accra New Town branch and later in the Kotobabi District. Her commitment to Christ was evident from those early days, a flame that never flickered. In early 2004, Mama Rose relocated to the United States and, without hesitation, sought out The Church of Pentecost. She quickly found her spiritual home within the church, serving faithfully during the tenure of District Pastor David Tekpeh, now a retired Apostle.

Mama Rose had an unwavering zeal for God. Her dedication was not just in word but in deed. She was a faithful tither, recognizing God as the source of all blessings. Her active involvement in the church was a testament to her vibrant faith; she was a cherished member of the Women's Ministry, the melodious Paradise Singing Group, and the Senior Citizen's Group. Her infectious smile and joyful spirit were always present, especially at the yearly parties, where her punctuality was as reliable as her warmth.

Before her back injury, Mama Rose was a regular and punctual presence at every church service. Even when physical challenges limited her attendance to Sunday services in person, her devotion never waned. She faithfully joined evening services via Zoom, and we were often blessed by her beautiful solo performances, lifting her voice in glorification of the Lord.

Mama Rose possessed a truly caring spirit. Many of us remember her fondly for her signature greeting, “Eiii Madamfo” a playful phrase that always brought a smile. As a gifted caterer, she frequently provided meals for the presbytery meetings, her culinary skills a blessing to many. Her entrepreneurial spirit also shone through; after Sunday services, she would often be found selling her delicious homemade pies, a testament to her hard work and dedication.

In January 2025, Mama Rose informed Pastor Richard Nsiah, Elder Kyeremateng (the Presiding Elder), and a few presbyters of her plans to travel to Ghana for an extended period. We prayed for her safe journey and a blessed time. We later received news of her return to the USA, but sadly, also of her serious illness. The church rallied in prayer, fervently hoping for her recovery. However, on April 16, 2025, we received the heartbreaking news that Mama Rose had gone to be with her Maker.

Though our hearts ache with her absence, we find comfort in knowing that Mama Rose Amoah is now resting in the arms of the Lord she served so faithfully. Her life was a beautiful hymn of devotion, a testament to God's grace, and an inspiration to us all. We will miss her infectious smile, her unwavering faith, and her loving spirit. Mama Rose, you have fought the good fight, you have finished the race, you have kept the faith.

***Rest in perfect peace, until we meet again.***

*Tribute To Our Friend-*  
MADAM ROSE AMOAH

**“For we know that when this earthly tent we live in is taken down (that is, when we die and leave this earthly body), we will have a house in heaven, an eternal body made for us by God himself and not by human hands.”**  
— 2 Corinthians 5:1 (NLT)

Sister Rose, A truly beautiful soul— so loyal and so kind. I feel privileged to have known you, to call you my sister and best friend.

Sister, you will live on forever in my heart and in my mind. The bond we shared was truly priceless. I will cherish it forevermore, until the day we meet again, when I knock on heaven’s door.

I wish I had just one more chance to see that tender smile, to laugh with you again— just for a little while, my sister and special friend.

Rest easy now, your memory will never fade, so you’ll never truly die.

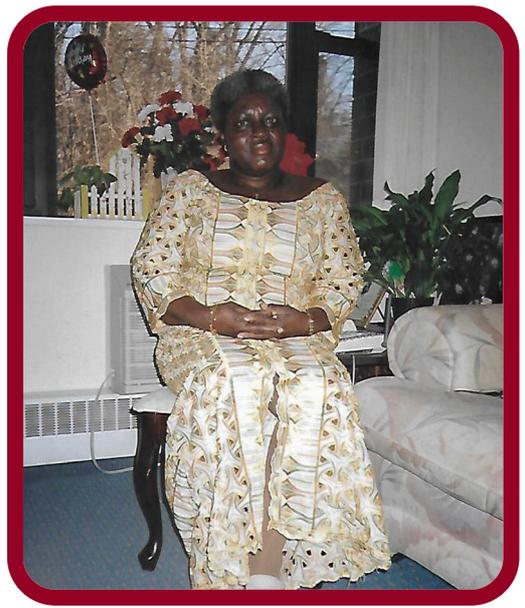
Sister Rose, demrifa due! Sister Awurafua, nante yie! Sister Rose, rest easy!



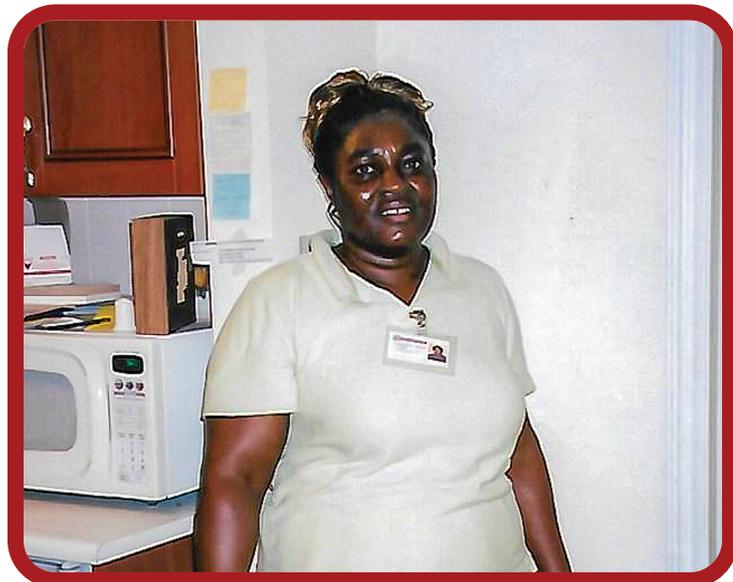
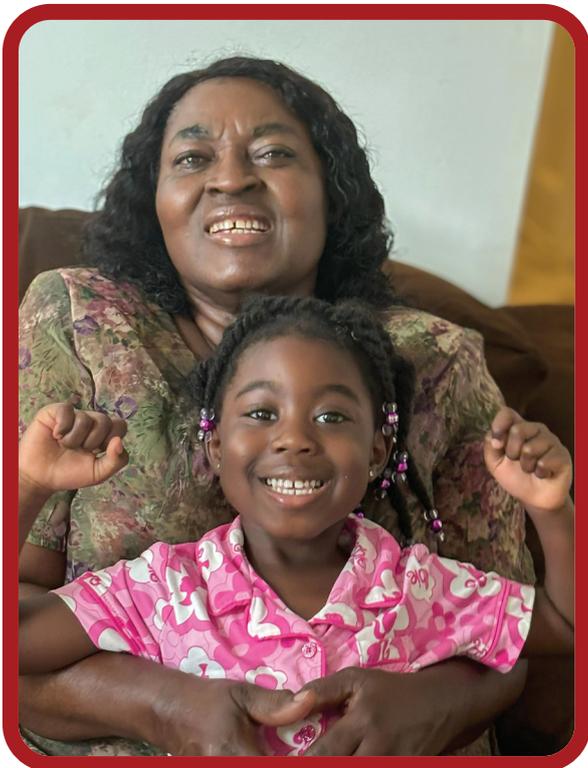


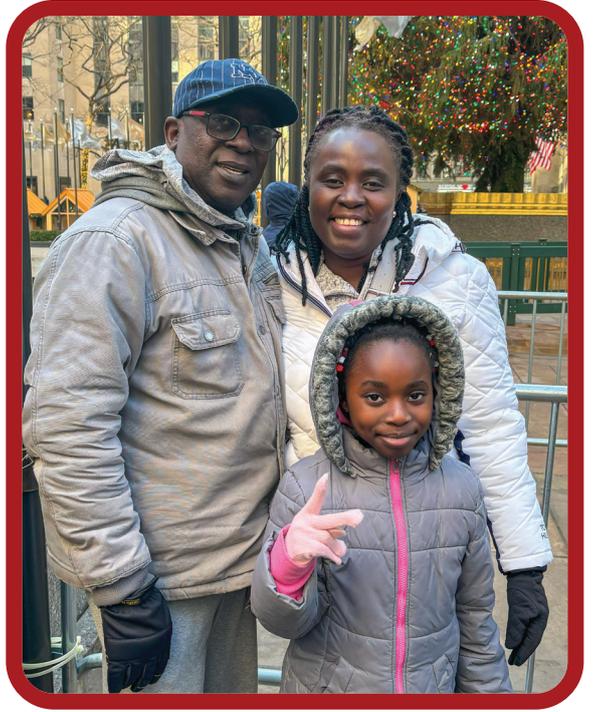
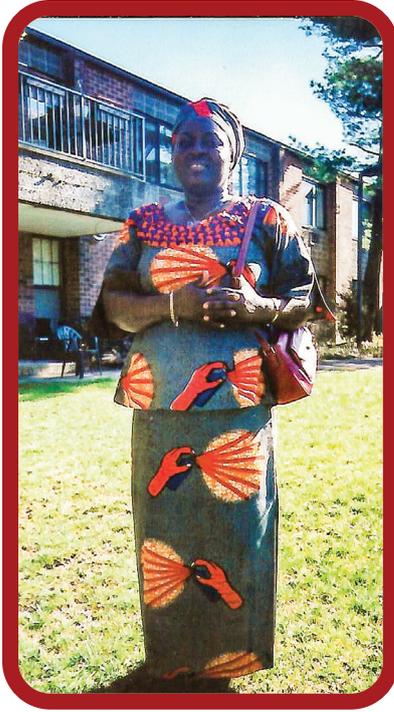
*Gallery*

# Gallery











## *Appreciation*

The entire family of the late

**MADAM ROSE AMOAH**

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**

