



*Called to
Glory*

PEACE
AMA ANKU

60
Years

In loving memory



*Peace
Ama Anku*

14 March 1964 - 20 January 2025

Order Of Service

OFFICIATING PASTOR:

Rev. Theophilus Tetteh - ICGC Potter's Arena

FIRST SECTION:

1. Words of Comfort
2. Opening Prayer
3. Songs of Praise
4. 1st scripture reading (Romans 14:7-8),
church
5. Hymn, We'll understand it better
6. 2nd scripture reading (Psalm 103:14-16),
family
7. Hymn - Sweet by and by

8. Tribute reading:

- Biography Reading
- Tribute by Mother
- Tribute by Children
- Tribute by Widower
- Tribute by Siblings
- Tribute by Nephews And Nieces
- Tribute by Church, ICGC Potters Arena -
By: PVV executive REP

9. Song Ministration

10. Sermon

11. Prayer for the family
12. Offering
13. Announcement
14. Benediction: Any Rep from the officiating Minister
15. Lifting of Casket
16. Recession:
Song by Choir : It is well

SECOND SECTION:

AT THE GRAVE SIDE

1. Procession
2. Opening Prayer
3. Lowering of Casket
4. Scripture Reading: Another officiating member, Rev 14:13

5. Hymn - led by Choir and congregants
<Captain of Israel Host>
6. Committal statement
7. Hymn/Song
8. Prayer of Committal
9. Closing Prayer
10. Laying of Wreath:
11. Vote of thanks - A Rep from the family
12. Benediction

Biography

Peace Ama Anku was born on the 14th of March 1964 at Vakpo Adomi to the late Mr. Eugene Simon Komla Anku as his second daughter and to Madam Charlotte Ama Baba as her first child. The entire family relocated from Vakpo to Tema Community 4 upon the overthrow of the CPP government in 1966, and also the year Mr. E.S.K Anku had returned from the then Democratic Republic of Germany.

EDUCATION:

Maa Peace as affectionately called started her primary school at Republic Road Primary at the age of six and proceeded to Community Four Middle School where she attained her Middle School Leaving Certificate.

Peace was very respectful, disciplined, dedicated and intelligent and in consequence was elected the School's Girls Prefect. Maa Peace held this position until she successfully completed her middle school education. Subsequently, she gained admission to the Social Advance Institute (SAI) in Adabraka - Accra where she graduated with Diploma as a Stenographer Secretary.

TRADE:

Maa Peace was an industrious woman full

of creativity which industry gave expression to her having practised hairdressing while schooling. Upon completion of her education, she took the hairdressing as a full-time business and trained many young women in and around the Tema Municipality. For almost a decade, she was the secretary to the Tema branch of the Ghana Hairdressers and Beauticians Association (GHABA)

MARITAL LIFE:

Maa Peace was married to Mr. Isaac Abeiku Otoo and they were blessed with two lovely children, Paapa Kobina Otoo and Maame Annesiwah Otoo.

CHRISTIAN LIFE:

Peace was baptised and confirmed at the Tema Community One EP Church.

She became a member of The Assemblies of God Church in Community Four Tema and she joined “*The Joy Fellowship group*”.

She later joined the Potters Arena Temple-ICGC at Spintex Road where she was the president of Precious Vessels of Virtue (PVV) women’s group for Two consecutive years. She was also the Vice Chairperson of the Welfare Committee. Maa Peace as most of us will recall was devoted and God fearing who held to her strong religious beliefs. She would never start a day without her usual morning devotion together with her apprentices. Her life was an impact on her children and most of her nieces and nephews. With

all these, she would not hesitate to say no to power when the situation required her to do so. Maa Peace never missed any religious gatherings nor Sunday services. She touched the lives of those around her with her humour and dedication to her family. Her legacy lives on in the hearts of her loved ones and those who were fortunate enough to have known her. However, the almighty God knows best. May her soul rest in eternal peace and may her memory continue to bring comfort to those who cherished her.

AMEN!



Tribute By Mother

“Mawu nanɔ kpɩ mí, míagakpe”

Ewe Hymn 652

Losing your child is an unimaginable heart-beat but here I am as a mum penning down a tribute to my daughter.

The inexplicable joy I had when I knew I had conceived and also birth my daughter 61 years ago can never be felt on this day as I say my last words to her.

My daughter, Maa Pee as I called her, was full of life, energetic, industrious and an amazing mentor. She always yearned to seek her own

path which many can attest to it.

As the years account for it, her life mostly was lived in Tema as we moved from our hometown when she was a child.

As a child her dad had a police officer friend who usually came to our house. She would immediately say, “kplostɔ gbɔɔ loo” which she meant “the police is coming” and that made us laugh with her pronunciation of police. Her love for milk was always preceded by “miliki ya” after having her tummy filled with it. For this reason I made sure I never ran out of milk. Watching her grow up as a child to becoming an adult and a loving mother to her children and to everybody made me proud. My daughter ran her own business and became the one taking care

and helping me with my needs in my old age until sickness took away her strength. She would always say to me, “we will get well soon”. She would usually call me to sit by her and also make sure I go to bed when it’s time which all ceased on the evening of 20th January when she was rushed to the hospital and never came back to her dear home. Death laid its cold hands on my dear daughter.

Baba na wo vinye, Baba na wo.

Hede nyuie le nutifafame.

Mawu ne nɔ anyi kpɛ wo, ne Mawu lɔ mɛag-akpe.

Amen!



Tribute By Children

Ama Dede! Anyaaaa. Ama sika
Why are you not responding?

MA PEACE!

That's what we all call you, amongst many
other names. Ma Peace.

Maa, why have you done this to us?

We know you are a fighter, we know you fought. You fought to put food on our table. You fought to keep us in school. You fought to even just keep us alive. And you also fought to stay alive.

The sleepless nights of calling on your Maker on our behalf will not go forgotten.

Why couldn't you stay to enjoy all the fruits of your labor?

Why didn't your Maker hear our cry?

Maybe the Lord needed you more than us.

On Monday, the 20th of January 2025, after you had tried countless times to get me to leave your side, you promised you wouldn't leave but you left 5 minutes later.

Who will wear that big fascinator and dance at our wedding?

Ahw, Ma Peace.

Paapa is back from the Masqueraders Parade—he wants bread and salad.

Even me, I want to eat Indomie.

Ama Dede, hmmm whenever you make a grammatical error and we try to correct you, you mostly say, “oh gyae me 3ny3 wo fault, me dokono na nkyenam sika na medi atua Creator School fees na wo anya ho b3 correcti me br)fo”. We always laugh whenever you make such comments.

Please come and wake us up again to go for 11 to 1 prayer meeting.

Please come so I can do your makeup and braid your hair for church.

You did all of that for us, and now it's our turn. Why have you deprived us? Oh, Ma.

I know as a Christian we are supposed to console ourselves with the Word, but this is too painful.

But we'll still say the Lord's Prayer and say...

“Thy will be done.”

Though our hearts are broken and our tears refuse to stop, we know your spirit lives on. Your laughter, your warmth, your prayers—they are woven into the very fabric of our lives.

You said, “God never fails.” And though we don't understand this, we choose to believe you.

Ma Peace, rest well. We love you. We miss you every single second of our lives. We will never forget you ma.

Hede nyuie, Damirifa Due ma

Tribute By Widower

There is this beautiful poem that strikes me deeply in my life of which I like to share with you. It is titled “God’s Garden”.

God’s Garden

*God looked around His garden
and found an empty place.*

*He then looked down upon the earth
and saw your tired face.*

*He put his arms around you
and lifted you to rest.*

*God’s garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best.*

*He saw the road was getting rough
and the hills were hard to climb,
so He closed your weary eyelids
and whispered “Peace be thine”.*

*It broke our hearts to lose you
but you didn’t go alone,
for part of us went with you
the day God called you home.*

Yes indeed, a great and mighty tree has fallen in my life. Where do I seek shelter and respite? The day of your passing from this world was indeed a black day for me. Maama Pea-

ce as you are affectionately called by all, you were a pillar standing behind me for all these years. And today, it is like that mighty pillar has been brought down from its very foundation and a big mighty hole has been opened and created. The question before me and I believe with everyone today is, who will fill this mighty hole? Such a question reminds or brings to mind this beautiful song or hymn found in the Catholic hymnal numbered 364.

1. Now the laborer's task is o'er,

Now the battle day is past,

Now upon the further shore,

Lands the voyager at last,

Chorus: Father in your gracious keeping

Leave we now your servant sleeping.

2. There the tears of earth are dried,

There its hidden things are clear,

There the work of life is tried,

By a juster Judge than here.

Chorus:

3. Earth to earth, and dust to dust,

Calmly now the words we say,

Left behind we wait in trust,

For the resurrection day.

Chorus.

My dearest Peace, thank you for everything you did for me. All the big and small and little things really meant a lot to me You never seemed to run out of ways to show you cared,

like remembering my favourite things and encouraging me to follow my dreams. It all started way back in 1982, when we first met and began a journey that brought us this far. Those starting years were rosy, lovely, funny and interesting but challenging at the same time. There were moments also that we argued and disagreed over little and petty issues which were normal between two young people who were deeply in love with each other. Then suddenly unawares we began our family life that we never discussed and planned for. There appeared in this world our two beautiful children.....This was the changing game of our life and this game went on for all years until this glorious moment that you were called to eternity.

Maama Peace, I can say now, that your outlook on life always gave my spirit a lift and brightened my any day. Yes, the depth of understanding family life that you had, and I tried to find this in your eyes every time that I looked at you. Your approach to handling family issues was so moving that I was always overwhelmed and remained baffled. But they were all for the good of the family. I can now firmly say here that you were the epitome of sincere friendship and relationship. The reason why I say this now is that I realized you certainly possessed the virtue of loyalty. You were so helpful and very supportive. You gave and gave so much of yourself until there was nothing more to give. And even that you would sit and think of ways and means to

make things happen. And there sometimes I wondered how you managed to do all that. Maama Peace, most mothers struggle to raise their children. But you denied yourself even with the little luxuries of life to ensure that your children turned out well. How did you do that? I am yet to come to that reality. Remembering the years that I had been away from home and with little time stayed in touch, I wondered how you got things going on in the life of the children. This is where I cannot fully express my deepest gratitude to you to have brought these children to where they are today. It is very easy to say to you God bless you for all that you did and managed to do, care, nourish, support, provide, protect and shield the children from the storm

of dangers that confronted children of the world today. Yes, they amazed me and still I am amazed and overwhelmed. Surely, my last visit home was indeed an extraordinary time to be with you and the children after a long spell of time away from home and you all. The time was so precious for each one of us and I can still sit to see myself with you all. I had wished that time will come again for us to be with each one and spend quality time as family and as husband and wife. But God knows best.

Your enduring spirit during your sickness is an example of the type of person and woman and mother that God made you to be. I was deeply devastated by your passing away without a simple goodbye nor a common wave

from me. The distance between us would not allow this to happen. But I know where you are resting, in the very bliss of your heavenly father. As one John Ellerton once wrote, and I quote here.

*“ When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one,
rest forevermore”.*

Maama Peace, nothing was too difficult for you, day or night you were there to give a helping hand. As the wise saying goes, “death is a necessary end. It will come when it comes”. Surely on body can escape the icy hands of death. That is how I feel now because you

have left a big vacuum in my life. Your impact on me was so unique in that it spanned some of the most vital years in my development. You always wanted the best for the children and you drove down the purpose of education down their throats and pushing them to understand the meaning and purpose of life and encouraged them to embrace hard work as drive to achieving everything in life. You disliked laziness and uncared life approach. You taught them to approach life with real human dignity and the sense self confidence in everything. Whenever I think of upbringing, it strikes a deep note in my soul as I see the children grow happily into age and time. Yes, I could go on and on and on and on. But let me last say here that Maama Peace, you

will forever be missed not only by me but by everyone who came to know you. Too often we measure success by what our eyes see piled up in terms of material things. But now, it is the value of life that you embraced and brought to the attention of the children. Yes you have fought battles of living and surviving. Yes you have left behind an impact that will be challenging to throw out and not carry on with in life. Indeed it is hard to say goodbye and wave at you from afar, you will forever remain in my heart and be part of me into old age. God be with you till we meet again. I will continue to love you without end and the children will continue to follow up with whatever you gave them. Rest from all your labors and hard work. May the angels of

God lead you into paradise. May the choirs of angels welcome you home to the heavenly Jerusalem. May the mercy of God rest upon you and bring you lasting peace.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE.

Tribute By Siblings

TRIBUTE FROM SIBLINGS TO OUR BELOVED SISTER

Can we in all honesty say good bye to our dear loving sister Pipii ? Pipii is gone and how we wish we could turn the hands of time. How can she depart the world when our mum is still alive? No, we shall find it hard to believe that our sister is not here among us to play her role in times like this.

The news of her death was the most devastating and unkind news that our ears suffered to hear collectively as long as we can remember. It was too hard to process but now the

family has come to accept painful truth. Each one of us played a significant part during her sickness but was aggregately not sufficient to convince her make and reverse her passage. Though we appreciated her health condition at the time, she assured us and we assured ourselves that our dear sister would recover taken into account our deep seated believe that God is above all adverse outcome of any health condition.

Her death is terribly traumatizing. We know we will die but the time and circumstances of death are critical and significant.

In the tapestry of our lives there are threads of love, companionship and an unbreakable bond that belongs solely to Pipii our dear sister. As we write this our hearts are heavy

with sorrow yet overflowing with gratitude for all that God led her to do for each one of us in her own small ways. To take a fight on behalf of a sibling and finish up was one too many and the least she could have done anytime any day.

We are eternally grateful, blessed beyond measure to have grown up alongside you our dear sister. Even though you are no longer with us in body your memory and love we shared will forever remain in our hearts. Thank you for the cherished moments, the unspoken understanding and unwavering support, you will always be part of us we will all carry your legacy with honour.

We are all grieving now but we hope the Almighty God will comfort and strengthen all of

us. We will take solace in the fact that you were exemplary woman and role model who lived and dedicated life of service to God and humanity.

Pipii be assured that the two children you have left behind will neither be thirsty nor hungry nor lack shelter due to your absence. Tell our Dad we miss him dearly and he will forever be in our hearts.

Farewell our dear sister until we meet AGAIN.

Tribute By Nephews And Nieces

Sadness struck our family when we heard of the passing of our beloved Auntie.

Today, as we reflect on the life of our dear auntie Peace, we remember not just her passing but the incredible legacy she leaves behind—a legacy of unwavering faith, love, and service to Christ.

Auntie's life was a beautiful example of *Romans 5:3-4*, which tells us,

“Not only so, but we also glory in our sufferings, because we know that suffering produces

perseverance; perseverance, character; and character, hope.”

Throughout her illness, auntie's faith never wavered. She clung to the hope of Christ, trusting that, no matter the pain, God was with her and would carry her through. Her life is kept to be loved and cherished and not to be forgotten.

Sunday is just near and your niece is eager to take more pictures of you Maa Peace!!

Abanfo says his last conversation he had with you, you told him with a big smile that you really loved Kpanlogo.

Even in your weak days you still found strength to sing and dance.

Just a couple of weeks before your transition

to your Father in Heaven, you and your nephew danced together and little did he know that was your last dance.

Maa Peace you were a blessing and we're blessed to have an aunty like you!

Your physical presence is not with us anymore. Your voice can't be heard anymore but the beautiful memories shared with you will forever remain with us. Though we mourn, we do so with the assurance of the eternal life you now enjoy, free from pain and suffering, forever in the presence of your Savior.

Hede nyuie.

Sleep well in the bosom of your maker.

Tribute By Church

A Heartfelt Tribute to Auntie Peace

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his faithful servants.” Psalm 116:15

As we gather to bid our final farewell, our hearts are heavy with grief, yet filled with gratitude for the incredible life of our beloved Auntie Peace.

Your passing leaves an indelible mark on our hearts, and we are forever grateful for the time we shared with you. You joined our church family as an early member, and your

dedication and commitment to the Lord and His Church inspired us all.

Your unwavering availability for prayer meetings and Sunday services was a testament to your love for the Lord, which shone brightly even in the darkest moments.

As we stand before your earthly remains, we are filled with memories of your unwavering commitment to prayer and the work of God. Your hope and faith in God for a miracle inspired us all, and we joined our faith with yours, praying relentlessly for your healing.

Your leadership in the women’s ministry was a blessing to us all. You were a woman of substance, wisdom, and compassion. Your delicious salads on Sundays were a treat, but more than that, you were a mother, auntie,

and sister to us all. You were mostly present to support during the functions of church members and it truly showed your dedication and commitment.

Your selflessness, kindness, and compassion touched hearts, and your legacy will continue to inspire us. Though we prayed for a miracle, God had other plans. We trust that His ways are higher than ours, and that you are now resting in His bosom.

We will miss you dearly, Auntie Peace, but we take comfort in knowing that your memories will linger with us forever. You may be gone, but your impact on our lives will never be forgotten.

Rest in peace, our beloved sister. Your legacy will live on in our hearts. We love you,

but God loves you more! May your soul be hidden in Christ Jesus until we meet again.

Farewell, Auntie Peace!













Mother

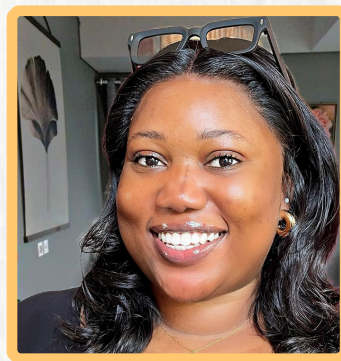


Mrs. Charlotte Ama Anku

Children



Paapa Kobina Otoo



Maame Annesiwah Otoo

Widower



Mr. Isaac Abeiku Otoo

Siblings



Lawyer Ken Anku



Elizabeth Norpeli Anku



Francis Senyo Anku



Francis Koffie Anku



Mrs. Patience Yamoah



Mr. Foster Anku



Mrs. Esenam Addo Yobo

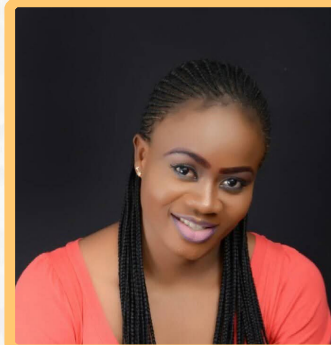
Nephews and Nieces



Nash Anku



Genevieve Anku



Millicent Seha Anku



Helen Anku



Gabriel Anku



Eugene Yao Anku



Mrs. Esenam Overcomer



Emefa Anku



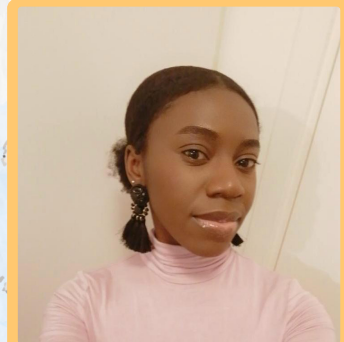
Sefakor Anku



Eugene Worlanyo Anku



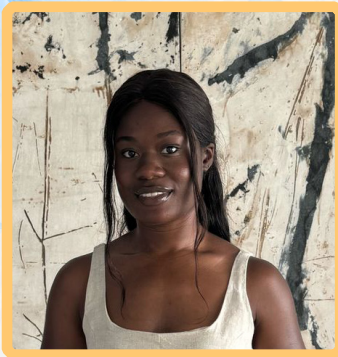
Dzifa Anku



Stephanie Yamoah



Stephen Yamoah



Fabiana Anku



Flavio Anku



Nana Oye Bannerman

Sister in law



Mrs. Florence Ama Anku

Brothers in law



Mr. Emmanuel Yamoah



Mr. Jeffrey Addo Yobo

Hymns

SWEET BY AND BY

Verse 1

There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there

Chorus

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore

Verse 2

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest
And our spirits shall sorrow no more
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest

Verse 3

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days

Chorus

CAPTAIN OF ISRAEL'S HOST AND GUIDE

Verse 1

Captain of Israel's host, and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy Word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

Verse 2

By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
The light of man's direction need
Or miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

IT IS WELL

Verse 1:

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

Chorus

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

Verse 2:

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

Chorus

Verse 3:

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

Appreciation

We are deeply grateful and thankful for your love and kindness during this difficult time.

Your thoughtful words of comfort and your presence added warmth to the service.