

BURIAL AND MEMORIAL SERVICE
FOR THE LATE

EUNICE
ATSWEI ANUM



1949 - 2025

06 . 02 . 2026



... Your words were measured,
and your silence often spoke
louder than many speeches...

EUNICE A. ANUM



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Order of Service

1. Call to Worship		Catechist
2. Processional Hymn	PH846 ⁽¹⁻³⁾	-do-
3. Scriptural Sentence / Salutation		-do-
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10. Scripture Reading		Pres. Felicia Lomo
11. Hymn	PH553 ⁽¹⁻³⁾	-do-
12. Sermon/Creed		Catechist
13. Offertory	Singing Band	Pres. Rejoice M. Mensah
14. Prayer of Thanksgiving	PH847 ⁽¹⁻³⁾	-do-
15. Christian Charity	Singing Band	-do-
16. Announcement		-do-
17. Benediction		Rev. George A. Tsakle
18. Recessional Hymn	PH844	-do-

Part II - At the Graveside

1. Hymn	PH844 ⁽¹⁻²⁾	Catechist
2. Sentences/Exhortation		-do-
3. Hymn	PH818 ⁽¹⁻²⁾	-do-
4. Prayer and Committals		Minister
5. Hymn (Ashienye)		-do-
5. Vote of Thanks		Family Member
6. Hymn	PH825 ⁽¹⁻³⁾	Minister
7. Benediction		-do-

Officiating Ministers

Rev. George Anyetei Tsakle
Rev. Lionel Nii Odartey Marquis

Rev. Millicent Sackey
Rev. Samuel Adom Adjah
Rev. Prof. Ivy Drafor Amenyah
Rev. Holtsborne Okantey
Rev. Hawabu Abdul-Karim
Cat. Emmanuel Ofoli Quaye
Cat. Samuel Obodai Anang
Cat. Esther Nyanu



BIOGRAPHY
OF THE LATE
EUNICE
ATSWEI ANUM

Eunice Atswei Anum was born on Monday, 1st August 1949 at La to the family of Anum Agbenyefia and Mary Yemoley Yemo. She was baptised and confirmed into the Presbyterian Church of Ghana in the 1970s and remained firmly rooted in the Christian faith throughout her life. She lived quietly but purposefully by the values of discipline, kindness, faith, and service, and was widely known for her calm, gentle, and composed disposition.

She began her trading life at a young age alongside her mother, where she learned the virtues of hard work, honesty, and perseverance from early childhood. As she gained experience and confidence, Auntie Atswei later branched out on her own, establishing herself independently in the market through determination and diligence. Over time, she became a well-known trader at the Makola Market, where she sold okro and other produce for many years. Trading was not merely a means of livelihood for her; it was a vocation she pursued with integrity, discipline, and consistency. Through fairness, generosity, and steady conduct, she earned the respect of fellow traders and became a source of guidance and support to apprentices and younger traders who sought her counsel.

Auntie Atswei placed great value on education, even though she did not have the opportunity to attend formal school in her early years, as she supported her parents through trading and helped care for her younger siblings. She held a firm belief that education opened doors and secured the future. Guided by this conviction, she prioritised the schooling of her children above personal comfort,



**... SHE
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FAMILY...**

making personal sacrifices to ensure they had access to better educational opportunities. This commitment remains one of the strongest legacies of her life. Her desire for learning never faded; in the 1990s, despite the demands of market life, she enrolled in an adult education programme, reflecting her commitment to self-improvement. Throughout her trading years, she also maintained a detailed and well-organised account notebook, a practice that reflected her discipline, intelligence, and strong sense of responsibility.

In 1969, Auntie Atswei shared her life with the late Jonathan Barnor, and together they raised a family of four children: Angela Amerley Barnor, Elizabeth Amorkor Barnor, Julius Barnor, and Dr. Jonathan Nii Barnor. She was a firm but loving mother, consistent in discipline, yet gentle in care. Beyond her biological children, she opened her heart and home to other people's children, caring for them as her own. Many remember her as a woman who gave freely of herself, offering guidance, correction, nourishment, and love without discrimination.

She was deeply prayerful and committed her family and loved ones into God's hands daily. Auntie Atswei rose early each morning to pray by name for her children, relatives, and others who needed God's grace. Her favourite hymn during morning devotion was Presbyterian Hymn 41 (Tune: Rimington), and her cherished scripture was Psalm 91, reflecting her deep trust in God's protection and faithfulness.

Her faith was quiet but consistent. She did not seek attention for her spirituality, yet her life bore clear testimony to humility, service, and trust in God. Auntie Atswei served faithfully as a member of the La Bethel Presbyterian Church Singing Band from its early formative years until her passing, contributing diligently to the worship life of the church.

In 2013, Auntie Atswei faced a serious health challenge that tested her strength and faith, yet by God's grace

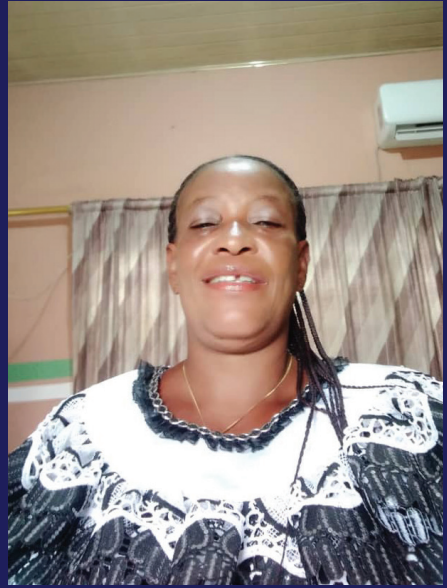
she recovered and was granted several more years of life. Even in old age, she remained hardworking, prayerful, and deeply committed to her family, continuing to nurture, guide, and support those around her. As a mother and grandmother, she was disciplined yet loving, compassionate in spirit, and generous in practical ways. Her calm and gentle voice brought reassurance, her presence brought peace, and her quiet strength left a lasting impression on all who knew her. She was a fighter, and she faced life's final chapter with courage, dignity, and unwavering faith.

Auntie Atswei passed peacefully at the 37 Military Hospital in Accra on 18th October 2025. She is survived by her four children, six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. Her life remains a testimony of faith, sacrifice, love, and quiet strength. Though she has departed from this earthly life, her legacy lives on through the values she instilled and the many lives she touched. May the gentle soul of our mother rest in perfect peace.





Angela Barnor



Elizabeth Barnor

Tribute By Children

A Mother's Labour, Her Children's Gratitude

*"Her children arise and call her blessed;
her works praise her at the gates."*

— Proverbs 31:28, 31

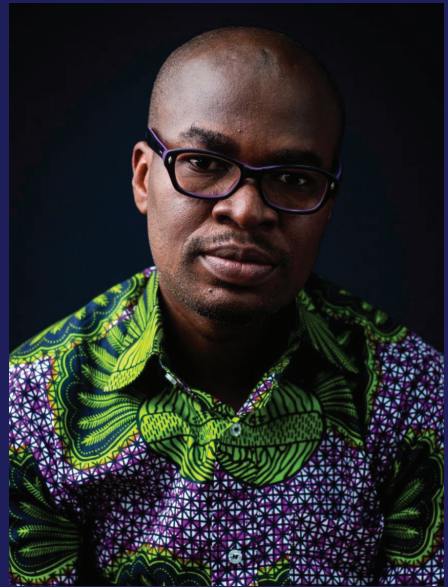
Today, the womb that carried four of us has finished its labour and has entered into rest. As her children, we stand here with hearts that are humbled and full. We grieve because we will no longer hear your gentle voice or feel your steady presence, yet we give thanks because our lives were shaped by a love that did not fail. M'maa, God blessed us beyond measure when He entrusted us to you. Though words can never fully contain what you mean to us, we speak today in gratitude, honouring a life that nurtured us, guided us, and now speaks even in rest.

You were everything to us. You were our protector, our guide, and our anchor. From our earliest days, we knew that no matter what happened, you were there. Your presence alone brought peace into our home. You were prayerful, disciplined, and deeply loving. You corrected us when we went wrong, encouraged us when we were uncertain, and believed in us even when we struggled to believe in ourselves. In every season of our lives, you were our steady ground.

When we remember your voice, we remember calm correction and gentle counsel. You did not need to shout to be heard. Your words were measured, and your silence often spoke louder than



Julius Barnor



Dr. Jonathan Barnor

many speeches. When you acted, you did so with purpose, teaching us responsibility, patience, and wisdom without ever making a fuss about it.

As children, we did not fully understand the depth of your sacrifices. It is only now, with maturity, that we see clearly. M'maa was willing to sacrifice her own happiness so that we could be comfortable. She consistently put herself last and us first. One of the most profound moments that captured this spirit was when she told Nii Barnor, our lastborn, that she was ready to sell her own belongings just to make sure he could continue his education. That statement was not made for sympathy or praise; it was simply who she was. You carried burdens we never saw, ensured we lacked nothing essential, and never announced your sacrifices. You simply made them. Your love was quiet, consistent, and selfless.

When our father passed in the year 2000, life changed forever. But M'maa, you stood firm. From that moment, you became both father and mother to us. You carried the full weight of the home alone, yet never allowed us to feel abandoned or insecure. You provided, you disciplined, you nurtured, and above all, you prayed. Through your strength and unwavering faith, you held our family together. Today, we honour the courage and resilience it took to do what you did.

Whatever troubled you, you took it to God in prayer. We watched you kneel on your bed every morning and your consistency with the PH41 morning hymn, commit everything into His hands, and rise with renewed strength. You taught us how to endure without bitterness and how to trust God even when the road ahead was unclear.

The year 2013 was one of the most difficult seasons for us as your children. We were afraid. We felt helpless. We did not know what the outcome would be. Yet through that experience, our faith was

strengthened. We witnessed God's hand at work in your life and were reminded that He alone determines our days. That season changed us and deepened our trust in Him.

On the 11th of May 2025, M'maa fell ill, and though we tried our very best as her children, our best was not enough. We did all we could with love, hope, and prayer, but God, in His wisdom, decided otherwise. While this reality is painful, we take comfort in knowing that her life was full, her work was complete, and her rest is well deserved.

M'maa, your prayers were our covering. Knowing that you woke up early to pray for us by name gave us confidence wherever life took us. Whenever you said, "God will see us through," we believed it, because we had seen it happen time and time again. Even now, those words echo in our hearts.

One instruction you never tired of giving us was your desire for unity. You often reminded us that you did not want your children to be divided or separated by disagreement. To you, unity mattered more than winning arguments, and love was more important than being right. Standing here together today, we honour that instruction and commit ourselves to it. Your love extended beyond us. You cared for other people's children as though they were your own. You fed them, corrected them, prayed for them, and showed them kindness without hesitation. To you, love was natural and generous. Through this, you taught us compassion, responsibility, and selflessness.

M'maa, as your children, we want you to know that we will continue your legacy. We will hold firmly to the faith you planted in us. We will live by the values you taught us. We will choose unity over division. We will love others the way you loved, and we will stand firm the way you stood firm for us.

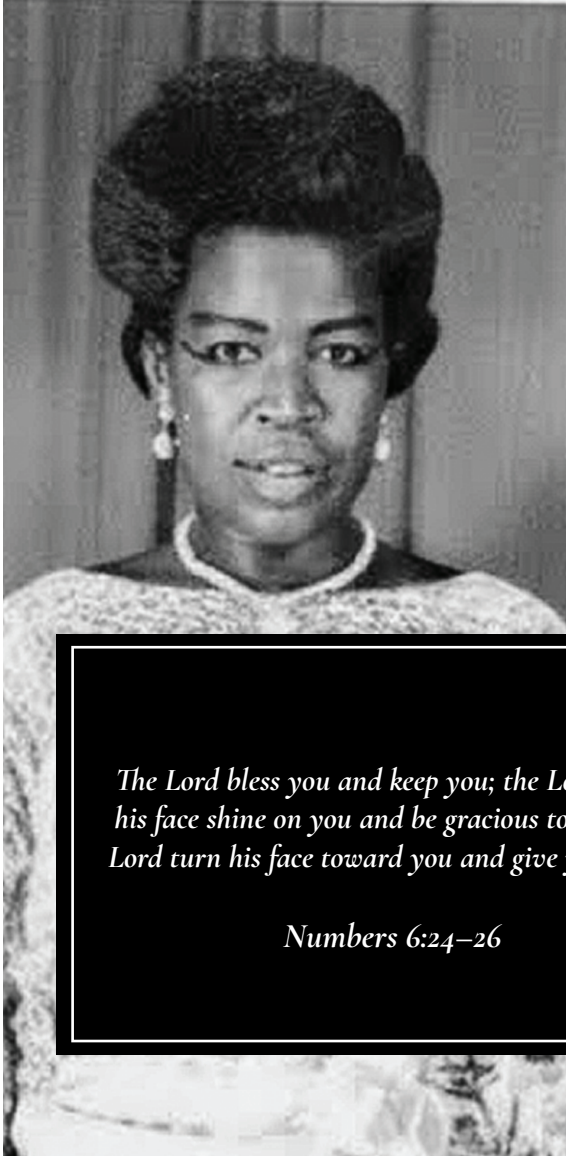
Though we miss you deeply, we are comforted by the assurance that you have made a peaceful transition and are resting in the presence of the Lord you served faithfully.

Rest well, M'maa.
Your labour was not in vain.
You live on in us.



**... YOUR
WORDS WERE
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OFTEN SPOKE
LOUDER
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SPEECHES...**





*The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make
his face shine on you and be gracious to you; the
Lord turn his face toward you and give you peace*

Numbers 6:24-26



Tribute By Grandchildren A Crown of Generations

*“When we’ve been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We’ve no less days to sing God’s praise
Than when we first begun.”*

Our grandma was the heart of our family. She held us together with love, patience, and a kindness that never failed. She was more than our grandmother; she was our safe place, our encourager, and our quiet strength. Being with her made us feel seen, heard, and deeply loved.

As a grandmother, lovingly called M’maa, she made home feel warm and joyful. There was always laughter around her, and she had a special way of making each of us feel important. She remembered the little things about us — the foods we loved, the stories we enjoyed, and the moments that mattered to us.

One of M’maa’s greatest gifts was how she treated people. She spoke gently, corrected with love, and always pushed us to be better, not with pressure but with belief. Her hugs brought comfort, and her words brought peace. Even in silence, she knew how to calm our hearts and make us feel okay.

Even in her sick bed, M’maa held on to hope. She believed she would get better and faced each day with quiet courage and faith. She fought well and never complained. Though our hearts wished for more time with her, God, in His wisdom, knew better. We trust that she is now resting, free from pain, and

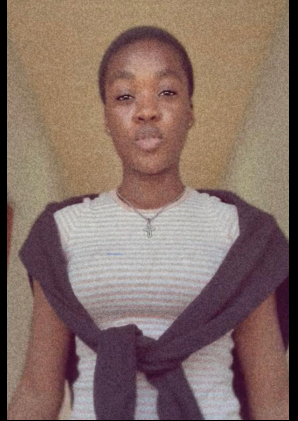


safely in His care.

M'maa taught us the true meaning of kindness, respect, and family. She showed us that love is powerful and that helping others is always worth it. Her stories and advice remain with us, guiding our choices and shaping who we are becoming. Though she is no longer physically with us, M'maa still lives on in us. We see her in the way we love, the way we care, and the way we hold our family together. The values she planted in us will continue through our children and generations yet unborn.

Today, we remember her with gratitude. We are thankful for her life, her sacrifices, and her endless love. M'maa was truly a blessing to us all. We will miss her deeply, love her always, and carry her memory in our hearts forever.







“

... and during drama, when Aunty Atswei lovingly prepared banku and okro stew to nourish us all. These moments remain cherished memories in our hearts.

Aunty Atswei in the famous “nɛgbe n’samla yɔ?” role-play during a drama night



Tribute By La Bethel Presbyterian Church Singing Band

*Matsu Nyɔŋmɔ nitsumɔ
yɛ mi walabei lɛ mli,
bei ko baashe
ni onyɛŋ noko ofee*

On this sad yet memorable day, the La Bethel Singing Band eulogizes a strong woman of God—a mother, teacher, friend, counselor, and pioneer who played a vital role in building the Bethel Singing Band in La.

As we bid our departed mother farewell, it is a great honor for the entire Bethel Singing Band to pay tribute to her life and service. Madam Eunice Atswei Anum, affectionately known as Aunty Atswei, joined the Bethel Singing Band in 1995 as an alto singer. She was humble and soft-spoken, yet firm in discipline, never tolerating misconduct and always correcting with love and sincerity.

Despite her busy schedule as a market trader, Aunty Atswei was ever-present at local and district meetings, church programs, and services. She consistently offered guidance to the younger members of the group and readily extended support whenever it was needed.



We will always remember those early days when the Singing Band was being formed and during drama, when Aunty Atswei lovingly prepared banku and okro stew to nourish us all. These moments remain cherished memories in our hearts.

Aunty Atswei, we will also remember your dedication even in times of ill health. You continued to attend rehearsals and participate in church activities until your condition worsened and you could no longer join us. Little did we know that those moments would be our last together.

Maa U, Aunty Atswei, it is painful to say goodbye, but we take comfort in knowing that you ran a good race and fought the battle to the very end. May the Lord Almighty grant you eternal peace. Rest in His bosom until we meet again.

***Maa U, wɔ jogbanɔ
Aunty Atswei
Rest peacefully
Amen***

A bouquet of white daisies with yellow centers is arranged over an open book of musical notation. The flowers are in sharp focus, while the background is softly blurred. The musical notes and staves are visible, adding a sense of melody and rhythm to the scene.

HYMNS

“ * ... Her favourite hymn during morning devotion was Presbyterian Hymn 41 (Tune: Rimington)...

PH 846

Wurt. Lata Wolo Momo

1. Te be ko ni mabapue
ye Yehowa hie makwe,
ni mana nii ni emei le
esaa eto le ye jei?

2. Taake bo ni kooŋ ofrote
shweo nu faai kebbo le:
nakai koŋŋ misusuma le
shweo o, mi-Nyooŋ le!

3. Koni egbe ekumai le
ni esaa ejoo ehe
ye onaano wala nu le
faa ni hoo daa le he!

4. Hee, ena oya eyakwe
eyiwalaherelo,
Yesu Kristo le ye ŋwei le:
no keke etaoo.

PH 556

Chr. K.L. Von Pfeffel, 1736-1809

1. Otse ena, ha ajo mo!
Otse enu, ajo!
Otse miiba, yaakpee le koo:
eetse! heremo le no.

2. Naa Nyooŋ le anaaa le mon
shi eberke bo daa,
hewo le ye ewiemo no;
le ake eye daa.

3. Mo emli waa ke ekaa soŋŋ,
tamo oona le fanŋ;
hemoo oye, eshiŋ o po,
nyiemo egbe no tee.

4. Hejramoŋ le keemo ake:
kwe wo, obii ji wo!
Yesu hewo wookpa o fai:
h'remo wo ye gbelen.

PH 839

Reg. Rottman, 1857

1. Hetse man Jerusalem!
kroŋkroŋbii naa jei hegbe,
Jei wnaa wo-Nuntsu le;
woke shidaa aha le!

2. Shi egbo eha jen fee;
no hewo le sa ake
wo hu woyanyie esee
keyashi wogbele be.

PH 818

Michael Weisses, 1480-1534

1. Nyehaa wofua gbomotso,
ni wokaje he nwane ko:
ake ye naagbee gbi le no
ebaate shi ni egbon doŋŋ!

2. Su ji le mon, ni sun eje:
sun koŋŋ hu eeeku see eetee;
sun koŋŋ eeeje ebate shi
ye tetremantre gbemo mli.

PH 840

Karl Reinhard.

1. Wəbe shia ye biē nē!
No ha je nēn naa kpe ehe;
shi aw'rehoo kome flo be
mo ni meo ŋwei shia hie.

2. Wəbe shia ye biē nē!
Gbɔi ke gbenyielɔi ji wɔ pɛ;
shi jwɛŋmɔ ni ekpātā wɔ
ji ake jei wɔshia yɔɔ.

3. Wəbe shia ye biē nē:
Bele wɔhi shi taake gbɔi;
shi jɛŋ nibii akafutuŋ,
koni wɔshe hejɔɔmɔŋ hu!

4. Wəbe maŋ ni ayooko le,
shi wɔm'tao maŋ ni ayoo kē!
Zion, Nuntsɔ le maŋ le ni;
nihiinii, eko be emli.

5. Omanyē hilehe wɔdaŋ,
gbɛfalɔi ahejɔɔmɔ maŋ.
Miye fiji kule matu
ni mafliki keba mli po!

6. Ŋmɛɛ oyi shi, misusuma!
Nyɔŋmɔ be ni eto le sa.
Ha mafɛɛ enɔ daa ye biē
koni eha majɔɔ mihe!

PH 847

*Fr. Konr. Hiller 1662-1726
J.Z.*

1. Oo Yerusalem fɛɛfɛo
he ni awɔɔ Nyɔŋmɔ daa,
ni ebɔfoi le laa neke!
“Kɔŋkɔŋ, kɔŋkɔŋ,
kɔŋkɔŋ!” waa:
:/:Meni be mli mafata
omlibii le ahe kwraa?/:

2. Mi le miye Mesek buuian,
Kedar shishi lolo nɛɛ,
he ni Kristofoi ateanj
mei babaoo ewu ye;
:/: he ni yaafonu ni jooɔ
gbɔjɔɔ mɔ ko oya po.:/:

3. Yesu, suɔmɔ tsuiheno le
mina o mikwɛ oya
ye jeme Salem ŋa le nɔ,
he ni yaafonu ko baaa,
:/: shi la moŋ ni kpeɔ leŋ
anaa Nyɔŋmɔ hie ye!:/:

4. Ba koni oke mi aje
Mizraim amane leŋ
keya shia: ye nɔnaa le
sɛɛ hu keya ŋwei maa leŋ,
:/: he ni wain ke fufɔ sɔŋŋ
hoɔ ye efaa leŋ kɔŋŋ!:/:

PH 545

*Augustus Montague
Toplady 1740-1778*

1. Blema tesaa, gblemo 'ham'
hā ni matee ye omli;
hā ni nu ke la kɔŋkɔŋ
ni je oŋmawuiari le
aafee esha tsabaa le
ni ehā mihe atse.

2. Jee midɛŋ nitsumɔi le
aafee mla le taomɔni;
ke mihiedɔ mli wa me,
ni yaafonu shwies shi daa,
fɛɛ nyɛŋ akpātā aham';
bo nɔŋŋ ooohere, bo pɛ.

3. Mibe nɔ ko ye midɛŋ;
oseŋmɔtso mikpɛte;
yayai minyie keba nɛɛ,
mɔbɔbi ŋtao odromɔ;
muji mikɛba faa leŋ,
juu mihe ni mikagbo.

4. Ke miŋmu naagbee mumo
ni mihiniemii miŋmɔ,
keji maya jɛŋ kroko,
manā o ye osei nɔ:
Blema tesaa gblemo 'ham'
hā ni matee ye omli.

PH 825

Klopstock, 1857
Steinhauer

1. Hiənəkamə ye ha Nyəŋmə bii
ye gbele sɛɛ tete!
Gbohiiashitee
kɛ naanə wala hu ye
Haleluyaa!

2. Aaafu miheloo ni eeetsɔ̄ su,
shi eeete shi ekoŋŋ!
Etamə wu ko
ni adu ye shikrəŋ mli,
ebaate shi!

3. Nuntsə kpakpa kɛ miyawə le,
ni manu ogbee le;
ha mimli aflim',
ni mana naanə wala
ye hejɔleŋ!

PH 844

W.A. Steinhauser, 1857

1. Yerusalem, mishia le!
Ogbei ni ŋɔɔ minaa!
Te be ni aaafu haomə sɛɛ
ye wala faai anaa!

2. Te be ni hiŋmei nɛɛ aaana
maŋ hee nɛɛ ni je ŋwei,
kɛ eshika blohui fiaa,
kɛ kolii agboi le?

3. Shihilehei fɛɛfeji le
fe Eden trom nɔ le
ni esha aloo haomə be,
daa miikwe amɛ gbɛ.

4. Mɛɛba mashe amane le
loo gbele tete nɛɛ,
kɛ maŋ nɛɛ kã mihie le
kɛ ehejɔle le?

5. Apostoloi, odasefoi
kɛ gbalɔi fɛɛ ye jei,
ni krəŋkrəŋ-bii ni yɔɔ je nɛɛŋ
aaasaa afata he.

6. Yerusalem, mishia le
misusuma ŋshwe o!
Kɛ mana ohejɔle le,
b'le haomə fɛɛ eho.

PH 553

W.A. Steinhauser, 1857

1. Oo Nuntsə, kaaha eetə mi
mihie kã oo, migbo oo!
Hã mike mihewale fɛɛ
:/: as'mə o kɛ hiedɔɔ!:/:

2. Mi-Nuntsə, ye obua mi
koni manã ohie!
Kɛ biɛ nitsumə ŋɔɔ le,
:/: te oŋwei nyam yɔɔ tɛŋŋ?:/:

3. Mligbigblimə gbii nɛɛ aho
kɛ esha be fiaa;
wɔɔfata hetseloi ahe,
:/: wɔɔla Haleluyaa!:/:

4. Wɔleko jei shihile le,
hiŋmeii enako dā;
shi nɔ ni Kristo kɛɛ hewə
:/: wɔbaahi eŋɔ kwraa! :/:



Appreciation

The family of the late Madam Eunice Atswei Anum sincerely thanks everyone for the prayers, support, and kindness shown during our time of grief. Your presence and contributions have been deeply comforting. May God bless you all.

