



BURIAL & THANKSGIVING SERVICE

FOR THE LATE

Mrs.

VICTORIA
MOOTSOO LARYEA

1945 - 2022

A L I F E W E L L L I V E D



A LIFE WELL LIVED



BURIAL & SERVICE
FOR THE LATE

Mrs.
VICTORIA
MOOTSOO LARYEA

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THE ALL SOULS INTERDENOMINATIONAL, CHURCH
LASHIBI FUNERAL HOMES

THURSDAY, 20TH OCTOBER, 2022
9AM

INTERMENT:
PRIVATE

CLERGY OFFICIATING:

Venerable Major E Nii Addy Laryea –Rtd

Rev'd Fr. Samuel Degolo Ocansey

Rev'd Fr. Reginald O Lawson

FEATURING: El Dumanis Choir

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BIOGRAPHY

VICTORIA MOOTSOO LARYEA

(NÉE BRUCE-KONUAH)

Mrs. Victoria Mootsoo Laryea, affectionately called Mootsoo by all, was born at the end of the 2nd World War on 18th August 1945 to Dr. Kofi George Konuah and Mrs. Janet Konuah, both of blessed memory.

Mootsoo attended The Government Girls' School in Accra and from there went to Achimota School. Upon completion of her O' levels in 1963, Mootsoo trained as a broadcast journalist at the Ghana Institute of Journalism. She graduated in 1965 and joined the Ghana Broadcasting Corporation (GBC) in the latter part of 1965 and was the first female in the TV Newsroom. She took her job at GBC seriously and was a very professional, punctual and diligent worker. She was at GBC during the overthrow of Nkrumah and afterwards stayed on for some years before deciding to explore other opportunities as the country had become politically unstable.

It was during her years at GBC that a relationship developed between her



and Joseph Nii Laryea Laryea who was a friend to her older siblings and a frequent visitor to her parents' house at Kokomlemle.. In nurturing this relationship Nii Laryea who was then studying towards becoming a surgical specialist, invited Mootsoo to Germany and in 1972 she visited him in then West Germany and

enrolled in a German Language course at the Brilon Language School. On completion of the course she was offered a job at Deutsche Welle (DW) in Southern Germany.

She turned it down with the purpose of planning her career and future in Northern Germany. During this

period she applied and gained admission to the University of Cincinnati to read Social Studies. Considering the distance from Germany, she decided to rather focus on her relationship with Nii Laryea in Germany. Thereafter she officially got engaged to Nii Laryea and on 4th May 1974, Mootsoo married her sweetheart, Dr Joseph Nii Laryea Laryea in Oldenburg, Germany. Their union was blessed with five children- Lorraine, George, Alex, Leonie (of blessed memory) and Diane.

While in Europe, Mootsoo gave English lessons to the neighbours' children. She was also able to visit her siblings who were then in Britain and America. After living in Germany for seven years as a family, they made preparations to return to Ghana where Nii Laryea initially joined the 37 Military Hospital as a civilian employee and shortly afterwards joined the Ghana Air Force, and continued to work at 37 as an emergency medical specialist. Foreseeing his intense and irregular medical schedule, Mootsoo took to looking

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Continued from page 4

after the home and turned down several job offers to cater to her home and children.

On returning to Ghana Mootsoo and her family lived at Burma Camp in Accra and this afforded her the opportunity to strengthen her family ties and catch up with many of her old friends. Family outings often included visiting the Fise village near Amasaman and spending time with her siblings and her father who often referred to Fise as his 'Las Palmas' where he spent his weekends relaxing. She devoted her time to her family and children, helping with their homework, providing a stable home, and worked together with her husband on their projects as they continued building their future.

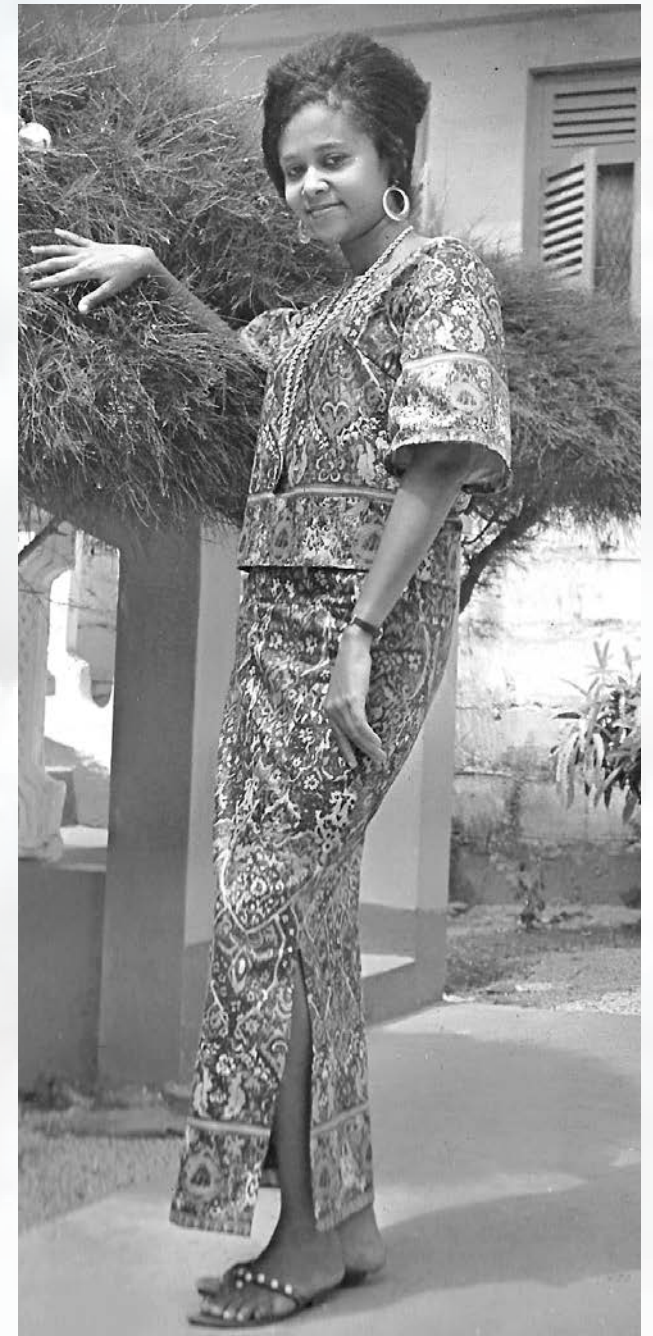
After leaving Burma Camp the family moved to Drake Avenue in the Airport Residential Area and from there moved into their home in East Legon, where she lived peacefully and entertained family, friends and especially her grandchildren who visited her regularly and were all very fond of her.

Mootsoo was an avid reader. She kept abreast with world politics and current affairs, and easily contributed to conversations on a wide range of topics. She was a loving wife, devoted mother and a dear friend to many.

On the evening of September 21st, 2022 Mootsoo took her last breath. We are deeply saddened by her death however, we are eternally grateful to God the precious years we spent with her on this earth. She leaves behind her husband, Group Captain Dr Joseph Nii Laryea Laryea (Rtd) and their four children (Lorraine, George, Alex and Diane).


We pray that God will grant her eternal rest.
May her soul rest in perfect peace.
Amen.





TRIBUTES

FROM HUSBAND AND CHILDREN



Dear Mootsoo, you were my protector and you created a wonderful family life for me and our children. You were instrumental in the planning of the education of our children. You monitored the progress of our children and advised on the way forward with enthusiasm.

We thank you for your foresight and support in our professional well-being. You were a bank of ideas contributing to our late night discussions with the Late akora Brigadier General Kojo Dei, director of the medical services (DMS) of the Ghana Armed Forces. You were full of ideas and recommendations in finding resource personnel in our project endeavours. One of which led to the modernisation of oxygen supply in the Military hospital with German technology and how your German ancestry

came to light with the ideas of your maternal grandfather.

Mootsoo was forward looking and progressive in her ideas about improving medical care and acted as a free-lance advisor to the then director of medical services including organizing reception of refugees turned returnees from Nigeria, during the exodus of Ghanaians from Nigeria. This is what “die deutschen” always did and we always finished our discussions and comments with the school song “from Gambaga to Accra, from Wioso to Keta” and then ending with the obligatory libation from Akora “Kwadwogah”.

We all come together to thank you dearly for all your precious love, guidance and support throughout the years, especially as the kids were growing up. We were all so blessed to have you.

Rest peacefully and eternally in the arms of the Lord God our maker.

We all thank you.

Ayeekoo. Wo odzogbaan ye nuntso le mli. (Nii Laryea).

Mama, with your passing a beautiful flower has bloomed in God's kingdom. You were our teacher, our mentor and our friend. We were lucky to have you as our mother and we wouldn't have chosen anyone else.

We are grateful for all the wonderful memories of time we have spent together. You were a fine lady, kind, thoughtful, honest, sincere, caring and selfless, with a wonderful sense of humour. Your laugh was so infectious. You always had a kind word for everyone but incisively knew

TRIBUTES

FROM HUSBAND AND CHILDREN

when someone was not being sincere and put them in their place with the right words.

We cannot think of a single day on which your influence was not felt. You were our everything-moral compass, imbuing in us a strong sense of right and wrong, nursing our wounds, helping us with homework and prompting us to finish our reading. We enjoyed discussing current affairs and the latest news. "Good better best, may you never rest till your good becomes better and your better becomes best." You would gently admonish us as we faced a new challenge with school work and in our personal lives and consistently encouraged us saying "practice makes perfect." We are so grateful for all your love and sacrifices and hope we continue to make you proud as we go on in life.

The pain of losing a mother never goes away but we trust in God's greater plans and look forward to the resurrection. You finished the journey of life with faith. Gone from our sight but forever in our hearts. Rest in perfect peace.
[Lorraine]

A wife, a mother, a sister, an aunt, a grandmother, a friend. Auntie Mootsoo was many things to many people but to me she was "mommy". My main girl! Our main girl!


She was the one person who we could always go to for guidance and perspective no matter what the issue at hand was (Good/bad/ugly). She was warm when she needed to be, empathised when she needed to and strict as the situation demanded. She truly raised us to be self-sufficient and to find solace in the Lord.

I remember one day driving home from school I finished my poki and tossed the wrapper out the window. Brakes suddenly screeched, the car came to a halt and I was ordered to get out and go pick it up!

She always encouraged listening and learning to better understand and get through obstacles/situations. We would usually laugh at things that seemed funny but then talk through things with the seriousness they required- I think I have her sense of humour. We laugh first and ask questions later but truly she was my guide to always do what was right and to hear all sides and make decisions and choices based on integrity and what was morally correct and christian. Truly a wise woman! Mommy- you will be missed! Over to you VBK! [George]

TRIBUTES

FROM HUSBAND AND CHILDREN



You were a bright light in my life and you were kind-hearted and a good mother. I will always remember how caring and loving you were when I returned from the States. You did everything in your power to help me settle down.

Ma, wo odzogbaan! Rest in perfect peace. [Alex]

"I consider that our present sufferings are not worth comparing with the glory that will be revealed in us" (Romans 8:18)

Mama, through your example of endurance we learned to keep going even in the hard times. You never magnified your sacrifices. You taught us the importance of a relationship with God, to be faithful to our word and to be faithful to God and His word.

Today, we say thank you for the way you brightened our lives over the blessed years God granted you.

Mama,

"We hold you close
Within our hearts,
And there you shall remain,
To walk with us
Throughout our lives,
Until we meet again.

So rest in perfect peace,

Dear Mama,

And thank you for all you have done.

We pray that God has given you,
The crown you have truly won."

Mama, Wo odzogbaan! [D.D]

TRIBUTES

FROM SISTER- REGINA ADOFO BRUCE-KONUAH

Our sister Victoria, whom we called Mootsoo, was a gift to the family. She was the eighth out of thirteen children. She was a sister and a friend. We love you but God loves you more. You have fought the good fight and you have won the race.

We will miss the wonderful moments we shared and will miss your good sense of humour you shared with us. I, Adofu in particular will miss our late-night phone calls where you would ask "Tet3n, Captain Morgan tsu nii lo? ". This is still ringing in my ear. I will miss you dearly. We talked about everything and through the good and the bad times we always had each other's back.

I remember our time together in New York where we would go to Harlem record stores to buy CD's

and go sing the songs we wanted to buy because we didn't know the artists or titles of the songs and the sales attendant would identify and pick them out for us.

My dear Sister, rest in perfect peace in the bosom of your maker where there is no more pain and no more tears.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though i walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and i will dwell in the house of the Lord forever".

Amen.



TRIBUTES

FROM SON-IN-LAW- SENA YAO AMEDEWONU

Since the day we met you have always been my biggest fan, putting in a word or two in for me with Didi and seeing things in me I didn't know at the time.

I will miss our Sunday conversations over that cold beer.

Thank you for all your support and advise. I will miss you dearly.

Till we meet again,
Rest in Peace.



TRIBUTES

FROM THE GRANDCHILDREN

Grandmother, one of the few people I adore, No longer here on earth, but in the heavens above how I'll miss your smile and your laughter so big and full of life.

Now an angel in the sky, soaring high
Are your days filled with song and praise?
Do you sway to the music that angel harps play?

You will be missed but never forgotten,
I shall remember your scent, your voice, and
your every feature.

With the few times, we've talked, And the
moments of joy shared, Grandmother, whom I
adore ever so much
I hope you are now in a better place.

Grandma, the moments I've spent with you, are the
few moments I treasure. Each experience spent
with you was something special, creating memories
that will stick with me forever. I remember
when you helped me make one of my first meals
ever: chicken and rice; you helped me out with
caring hands and showed patience all the way
through; the end result was a hot steaming meal
and one of my favorite memories with you.

My grandma was the most interesting person

I've ever known, and just an incredible human
being in general. She will be greatly missed, but
this funeral should be a celebration of the person
she was and not a mourning of what we lost.

Speaking on behalf of the grandchildren, while
we miss grandma, I know that her legacy will be
shared through stories and memories of her life.

Now, a few words from my two sisters Caroline
and Bianca,

"I really loved grandma"

And

"She was kind and nice".

We love you grandma.

-Sophia Laryea


Grandma Vic, We love you. God will take care
of you and I will take good care of your house.
Rest in peace in the arms of God.

- Keli Liam Amedewonu



TRIBUTES

FROM ANNE VIOLET OFEIBEA (NIECE)



Dearest Aunt Mootsoo (Queen Victoria as I used to tease you and you'd respond yes Princess Anne), I have so many fond memories of you including when I was a kid – spending weekends with you at Kokomlemle (K.G. Konuah House – your home) – you'd take me to concerts at Accra Academy – was such bliss spending time with you.

I used to admire you so much, beautiful, classy lady. I remember during one of such weekends, we were upstairs in the dining area with Maa and Daa (your parents, my grandparents) and I'd been looking at Maa (thinking about it now, I was probably staring at her, admiring her too) as she moved about busily putting things in order, seeing to our meals and all...suddenly she Maa blurted out: Eii ni gbeke n33 mini e kwor mi neke ? I was so terrified - but you quickly came to my rescue and said to her, Maa, no wor k3 o

nabi n kw3 bo mini yor he?
This got everyone cracking up.

I am so glad I was able to see you barely three weeks before your passing. I remember my comment to you was Wow! Aunt Vic you may not be well but you do look well! You had a glow in your face and it made me feel so happy albeit, you were getting ready for hospital. We prayed together and you had such a positive upbeat spirit about you that I will never forget.

Life has its twists and turns, and we know it doesn't always turn out the way we expect or hope for but as children of God we know that in ALL things God works for the good of those that love him, who have been called according to his purpose. Romans 8:28 NIV.

I take consolation from this poem below:

Don't think of her as gone away
her journey's just begun,
life holds so many facets
this earth is only one.
Just think of her as resting
from the sorrows and the tears
in a place of warmth and comfort
where there are no days and years.
Think how she must be wishing
that we could know today
how nothing but our sadness
can really pass away.
And think of her as living
in the hearts of those she touched...
for nothing loved is ever lost.

-Author Unknown

Rest in perfect peace dear Aunt Mootsoo.....
We love you but God loves you more....

TRIBUTES

TO OUR DEAR AUNT, VICTORIA MOOTSOO LARYEA
FROM HER NIECES STELLA DEDE WILLIAMS AND SENA DORNOO (NÉE TETTEH)

*"Blessed are those who mourn, for they
shall be comforted." ~ Matthew 5:4*

The Bible tells us that God will comfort those who grieve, as "the Lord is near to the broken hearted and saves the crushed in spirit." (Psalm 34:18)

Auntie Mootsoo was our mother's younger sister. She was a wonderful person and we loved her. Our earliest memories of her were of a great fun-loving person. In our earlier days we lived with our parents in Kumasi and only came to Accra during vacation periods. We loved to spend time with her whenever we visited our grandparent's home at Kokomlemle and later when we were much older, at her home at Burma Camp.

Auntie Mootsoo had such impeccable taste in fashion, and she always wore very stylish clothes at the time. A real fashionista she was! Dede and I remember her taking us to a tailor in Adabraka to make us maxi skirts with matching tops which were in vogue at the

time. It was through her that we got to know some of our relatives that day since after visiting the tailor, she took us to see our great-grandmother, Ma Mary (Mary Awo Vanderpuije) and her aunt Mia Mark-Hanson who also lived in Adabraka. As it turned out, that was the first and only time we remember ever meeting them.

During those days, Auntie Mootsoo was preparing her move to Germany. She was taking German classes at the Goethe Institute, and she would often teach us a few words of German whenever she got the opportunity. She later left for Germany where she got married to Uncle Nii Laryea and started a new life, so we did not see her for a while. Some years later the family returned to Ghana with Lorraine, George and Alex and our relationship continued from where we had left off when she brought the children on a fun trip to Kumasi during the long vacation.

Alex packed a lot of winter clothing for the trip. Kumasi is cold from June to August, but not that cold!

Auntie Mootsoo enjoyed travelling and discovering new places. She would often recount fun times she had travelling with our dad, Austin and fond memories of time spent with his siblings including our Uncle Kofi who had worked with her at the Ghana Broadcasting Corporation (GBC). She told us that the amount of travelling involved in journalism had been one of her father's worries when she chose journalism as a career. We always listened to her interesting stories about her time working as a journalist and we can attest to her writing skills as she was the person we always relied on to write tributes, biographies, etc on behalf of the family.

Dede and I (Sena) often stayed with her and Uncle Nii Laryea at

TRIBUTES

TO OUR DEAR AUNT, VICTORIA MOOTSOO LARYEA
FROM HER NIECES STELLA DEDE WILLIAMS AND SENA DORNOO (NÉE TETTEH)

Burma Camp whenever we were in Accra and Dede spent some time helping her out when Diane was born. These were always fun times and we spent hours in conversation talking about anything and everything.

My last encounter with Auntie Mootsoo was on August 30th, 2022. She called to wish me Happy birthday as she often did since we were part of a clique of family members born in August. The conversation ended with me promising to visit soon. Unfortunately, this never happened.

We will always remember Auntie Mootsoo's quick smile, her cheeky laugh, her cheerful sense of humour, and the good times we shared with her. We pray that all those who loved her will find some peace and encouragement from the poem below.

May Time Soften Your Pain
In times of darkness, love sees...
In times of silence, love hears...
In times of doubt, love hopes...
In times of sorrow, love heals...
And in all times, love remembers.
May time soften the pain
Until all that remains
Is the warmth of the memories
And the love.

-
Anon

May the good Lord grant her
eternal rest and shine perpetual
light upon her. Auntie Mootsoo,
rest in perfect peace. Amen.



TRIBUTES

ON BEHALF OF OAA 1963 YEAR GROUP

The sad news of the passing away of another one of us, Victoria Mootsoo Laryea (née Bruce Konuah), just after the funeral of one of our classmates was rather shocking, even though we are currently at the departure lounge of our lives as the saying goes.

Mootsoo, as we affectionately called her, was one of the ninoes admitted to Achimota School in January 1959 and exited in June 1963.

She was in Kingsley House and our classmates who were in Kingsley House with her remember with affection the wonderful years spent together.

She was a member of the Kingsley House clique who spent their time laughing at everything and at anyone. To us she was simply MOOTSOO!!

Tall, slim, and gangly with not one athletic bone in her body but she came alive when playing netball. For years she was part of the house's netball team that represent-

ed Kingsley House during inter house games and we were glad to have her as one of the winning teams. She found humour in every situation. She was a true friend.

We regret not having the opportunity to meet her more often as we would have wished after she left school. It was therefore a great joy to see her during the Founders' Day Celebration of our 50th year after leaving school.

The pleasant memories of our dear classmate Mootsoo will forever be with us.

Mootsoo, till we meet again on the Resurrection Day, have a peaceful rest in the Lord.



TRIBUTES

FROM GHALIB, BAKRY AND AISHA
(GRAND NIECES & NEPHEWS)

We all called her Auntie Mootsoo or Auntie Mooch for short, even though she was our grand aunt and she would always respond with a hearty smile.

It is indeed hard and sad that the cherished moments have been cut short by your sudden death.

We will always cherish moments spent with you and keep them dear in our hearts.

You were beautiful inside and out and you had such an amazing personality. We could all relate to you and carry on conversations that would normally last for hours.

We won't forget our visits to Burma Camp, Airport and East Legon - those days were so special.

Auntie Mootsoo would always find a way to acknowledge everyone no matter the crowd and share a joke to make you laugh. She was just so pleasant.

We wish you had stayed longer but we know in our hearts you are in a better place.

May the angels guide you through this journey.

We love you Auntie Mooch. Rest peacefully in the bosom of our Lord.

Amen.



TRIBUTES

FROM FRIENDS
(BIBI BANNERMAN-BRUCE)

If Mootsoo were to be asked to contribute an Eulogy for an occasion such as this, she would, most certainly, have begun with an English quotation followed by its literal translation in the Ga Language --- a quotation so apt that you would wonder where she had it from. Then, amidst bouts of laughter, she would invariably tell you that it is from the repertoire of her father, Dr. Kofi George Konuah, who in latter years, she referred to as "Old K.G."

Unfortunately, I don't have a quotation to start this tribute with, because often times, I had relied on Mootsoo for such words and anecdotes.

I have known Mootsoo since early childhood because of the peculiar bondage between the KONUAH, BRUCE and BANNERMAN Families. Aside from that, her elder brother was my brother's mate in Primary school while her sister Nanaa was my sister's mate at Achimota School. And as I grew

up I, most times, found myself following her cousin Nii Amaa (my senior in school) to their house at Konuah, either to buy _kelewele_ or enjoy some fruits from their evergreen orchard.

On the reverse side, all those I have mentioned above also frequented our Family house in James Town.

It happened that while I was in the employment of the Ghana Information Services between 1963 and 1964, Mootsoo came in on a brief practical attachment from the Ghana Institute of Journalism.

Again, when I was in the employment of GBC Television News, Mootsoo came and joined in the latter part of 1965, having graduated freshly with a Diploma in Journalism.

We bonded very well, both as colleagues and family.

In the Newsroom, we identified ourselves by our initials. Mootsoo became known as VBK (Victoria Bruce -Konuah) as she was then, and me as SBB. Incidentally, that was how we called ourselves until lately.

Proudly, she was the only female in the TV Newsroom in those days and she carried herself pretty well. She provided the glamour, the charm and the attraction among the boys and men who were pretty dull company until the arrival of Lucy Kaale Brown (LKB).

VBK always regaled the Newsroom with her stories when assignment time was over and most often, her laughter was louder and more pronounced than the stories she told. Such stories were enjoyed by all, because whether told in English or Ga, VBK always interlaced them with Twi or Ewe phrases and proverbs which provoked spontaneous laughter.

On occasions when we had a bit of

TRIBUTES

FROM FRIENDS

time to spare, we formed the habit of reaching out to the Ringway Hotel (just behind the Konuah Residence at Kokomlemle) or other hide-outs to chill.

VBK enjoyed her "green bottle" and downed her first glass with such gusto.

Then after a spell, she resigned from her employment at the GBC to travel to Germany in furtherance of her marital life.

I did not lose contact with her and on one occasion when I was in Berlin for a course, she asked her husband Nii Laryea to drive the distance from their location to visit me and report back, because she could not come down herself.

Since her return to Ghana, we have maintained close contact, especially when they resided at the Airport area not too far from my office at Ghana Airways.

The last time we met in person,

however, was about two years ago at the funeral of a former colleague and in later times, our conversations, rather longish on phone, have been with promises and hopes to meet somewhere and sometime soon to celebrate a "Beer session".

That occasion for a celebration never came ...!

It is a sad situation, but as Christians, we are taught in Everything and in Every Situation, to give THANKS TO GOD.

I thank God for the Life of my dear Mootsoo and I pray for God's guidance and protection for the husband, Nii Laryea, their children and the entire Family.

Awura Naa Mootsoo, Rest Peacefully in the Bosom of the Lord.

Amen.



TRIBUTES

FROM FRIENDS (VIVIAN DARKO)

A woman of substance who in wisdom put her illustrious career on hold to give more of her time to the care of her family. A strong woman yet devoted wife and mother. The many times we would sit and chat, she would display her grasp of the many topics that came up. Vicky read widely and took a keen interest in the world around her. We would invariably talk about the good, bad and ugly in Ghanaian politics and always ended with her children's wellbeing which meant so much to her. Her infectious laugh was such a trait I looked forward to hearing whenever we got together.

Her faith in God was unwavering and the Lord God was her cornerstone. I will truly miss you Vicky but Alas! You have gone home where you can indeed rest, knowing you leave behind a job well done. "You go where every tear shall be wiped away, no more death, no more pain", Where He will be yours and you will be His. Love, Vivian.



TRIBUTES

FROM FRIENDS
ARANAH BARNOR,(EDITH DAPAAH MRS) LONDON

Mootsoo has been one of my best friends since Primary School (the Government Girls School in Accra close to Makola Market).

I have fond memories of us eating together regularly at break times with a few of our friends. We all used to enjoy seeing what the other had brought from home.

One day I was given some spinach stew with yam and plantain to take to school. Unhappy with my lunch, I cried and screamed hysterically refusing to take the food to school, it was because Mootsoo didn't like spinach stew and I knew without a doubt I was going to share it with her. How my mother burst into laughter and everybody in my family renamed her and called her "Mootsoo Yee Baa Flor".

We also used to walk home after school together checking out the

latest fashion at shops, admiring the beautiful dresses, bags, cosmetics, and other things. We'd also find ourselves out together at the Opera and on runs to the Post Office.

When it was time to party, we'd often all end up at Palladium. These were precious memories.

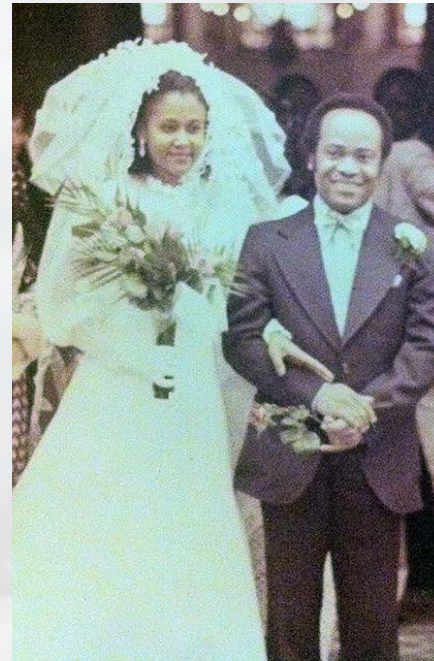
I will miss you so much my dear friend. I have been away from Ghana for nearly 50 years and now I come to Ghana, and you are not there anymore. I am so sad but I bid you a blessed farewell. Rest in perfect peace in the hands of the Almighty for He knows Best.





Photo
gallery

















HYMN A&M 239

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true Saints alone
The courts of heav'n are fill'd:
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present race
And joys above.

Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The THREE in ONE to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful Song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

Here, gracious GOD, do Thou
For ever more draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And ark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heav'n
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
But with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest

Are call'd away.

A&M 193

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

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 stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every 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.

A&M SUPP. 31

What a friend we have in JESUS
All our sins and griefs to bear
What a privilege to carry
Everything to GOD in prayer
O, what peace we often forfeit

Hymns



Hymns

O, what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Everything to GOD in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged
Take it to the LORD in prayer
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
JESUS knows our every weakness
Take it to the LORD in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden
Cumbered with a load of sin
Precious SAVIOUR still our refuge
Take it to the LORD in prayer.
Do Thy friends despise, forsake Thee
Take it to the LORD in prayer
In His arms He'll take and shield Thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

A&M Suppl 5

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the
Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name
we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as
light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest
in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soar-
ing above

Thy clouds which are fountains of
goodness and love.

To all life Thou givest, to both great
and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of
all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on
the tree,
And wither and perish, but nought
changeth Thee.

Great Father of Glory, pure Father of
Light
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling
their sight;
All laud we would render, O help us to
see:
'Tis only the splendor of light hideth
Thee.

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the
Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name
we praise.



HYMN A&M 196

Guide me, O Thou great redeemer,
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,

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

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

Hymns



At the Cemetery

A&M 401

Now the labourer's task is o'er
Now the battle day is past
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping

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
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping

There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace
Christ the Lord shall guard them well
He who died for their release
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping

'Earth to earth and dust to dust'
Calmly now the words we say
Leaving him to sleep in trust

Till the Resurrection-day
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping

A&M SUPP. 32

Blessed assurance, JESUS is mine
Oh, what a fore taste of glory divine
Heir of salvation, purchase of GOD
Born of His SPIRIT, washed in His blood.

Chorus: This is my story, this my
Song
Praising my SAVIOUR all the day
long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight
Visions of rapture burst on my sight
Angels descending, bring from
above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest
I in my SAVIOUR, am happy and
blest
Watching and waiting, looking above
Filled with His goodness, lost in His
love.

Hymns

The background of the page is a soft-focus image featuring several musical staves and notes. A large, dark treble clef is prominent on the left side. The staves are arranged diagonally, and the notes are in various colors, including gold, silver, and dark blue. The background is filled with a warm, golden bokeh light effect, creating a dreamy and musical atmosphere.

HYMN A&M 27

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; LORD, with me abide;
When other helpers fall, and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

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.

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, LORD abide with me.

Hymns

Appreciation

The entire family and children of the late
Mrs Victoria Mootsoo Laryea

Sincerely thank you for your kindness, sympathy
and support during our bereavement.

May God bless you all