



MEMORIAL, BURIAL &
THANKSGIVING SERVICE
OF THE LATE

Madam
Abenlema Judith
QUAICOE



Memorial, Burial &
Thanksgiving Service of the late

Madam
Abenlema Judith
QUAICOE



Functionaries

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. Rt. Rev. Emmanuel K. Ansah | - | Diocesan Bishop - Sekondi Diocese |
| 2. Very Rev. John Kweku Ackom | - | Superintendent Minister – Takoradi |
| 3. Very Rev. Alex Ackom Forson | - | Circuit Minister - Bethel |
| 4. Rev. Solomon Nortey | - | Circuit Minister-Bethel |
| 5.Rev. Ellen Eliza Masopeh | - | Circuit Minister-Bethel |
| 6.Rt. Rev. John Harvey-Ewusi | - | Supernumerary Takoradi |
| 7.Rt. Rev. Justice K.A. Dadson | - | Supernumerary Takoradi |
| 8. Very Rev. Kwamena Andzie-Quainoo | - | Supernumerary Takoradi |

BETHEL CHOIR

BETHEL SINGING BAND

BETHEL BAND

ORGANISTS: John Mensah

order of Service

PART 1 PRE-BURIAL SERVICE: 7:00AM

1. Opening Hymn - MHB
2. Prayer
3. Hymn - MHB 538, 590,
611, 615
4. Selected Hymns/Filing Past
5. Reading of Tributes

PART 2 BURIAL SERVICE: 8:30AM

1. Procession - MHB Choir/
Singing Band
2. Sentences
3. Announcement of Purpose
4. Hymn - MHB/CANF 528
5. Prayer
6. Hymn - MHB/CANF 521
7. Biography & Tributes
8. Hymn - MHB/CANF 522

9. Bible Reading-1. - 2 Peter 3:8-13
2 Luke 12:13-21
- MHB/CANF 618
10. Hymn
11. Sermon
12. Luke 12:13-21.
12. Affirmation of Faith
13. Offering/Announcement
14. Hymn - MHB/CANF 201
15. Commendation
16. Prayer/The Lord's Prayer
17. Hymn - MHB 940
18. Benediction
19. Dead March in Saul
20. Recession - MHB Choir/
Singing Band

PART 3 AT THE GRAVESIDE

1. Hymn -MHB/CANF 973
2. Prayer
3. Committal/Prayer
4. Vote of Thanks
5. Hymn -MHB/CANF 324/158
6. Prayer
7. Benediction



Biography

OF THE LATE

MADAM ABENLEMA JUDITH QUAICOE

QUAICOE



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

Revelation 14:13

Madam Abenlema Judith Quaicoe also known as Adwo was born on 31st August 1963 at Adjoa near Apowa in the Western Region to the late Madam Mercy Eshun and the late Mr Amos Quaicoe, both of blessed memory.

In her early years, Madam Abenlema lived with her parents before Mr. Amos was transferred to Axim UAC where Abenlema started her elementary school at Axim Methodist School in 1959. In 1964, Mr. Amos was transferred to Anyinase GNTC, so Abenlema had to



complete her elementary school at Anyinase Methodist school in 1969.

In 1970, Madam Abenlema became a pupil teacher at Akoto Elementary School for some few months before she sat for the Nursing training examination in 1971 and passed. In that same year, she was admitted to the Central Nursing training at Cape Coast.

After completion in 1974, she was immediately retained to work at the same hospital of the Training School in Cape Coast.

In 1979 Smart, beautiful and vibrant Abenlema caught the eye of Mr. Joseph Kwamena Branwell Senior who was then working at VRA as draft man. The two courted for some time and they were blessed with one child. In 1983, Abenlema decided to leave Ghana to Nigeria to work. She worked with St. Clair Specialist Clinic as a senior nurse and AdeOti Hospital also as a Senior nurse all in Lagos. During this time, she met late Mr. Rahman Raji and they were blessed with two children.

In 2007, she returned to Ghana and worked at Kwesimitsim Government Hospital for few years.

Madam Abenlema was very religious and passionate about the things of God, she joined Bethel Methodist Church and was in the Bible Class, and a member of the Women's Fellowship “Nyame ne adwoma na hwe, nama wode akodo”.

On Tuesday 30th January, 2024, Maame Adwo fell ill and was admitted at the Bethel Medical Center-Takoradi where she received treatment and returned home.

On the 4th of March 2024, she went for a review where she was treated and discharged. Upon returning home, she ate, slept and never woke up.

She was very hardworking, selfless, kind and loving to all and sundry.

Abenlema you have fought the good fight, you have finished the race, and you have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for you the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will award to you on that day of reckoning.

Maame Abenlema tia boe, Awulae Nyamele eva ekela ezie boe, Rest Well! May the good Lord, you diligently served, grant you a safe journey home into eternal rest.



Mom,

This isn't goodbye; it's just a thank you. You were more than just a mom; you were a warrior, a fighter who faced every challenge head-on. When life threw its punches, you never backed down. You worked tirelessly, day and night, to provide for us, even when we were alone.

We remember kneeling beside you, our little hands folded, reciting Psalm 91 before bed. Those words, once a nightly ritual, are now etched in our hearts. Your faith, your connection with God, was your guiding light, and it became ours too. You taught us to pray for ourselves, just as you always prayed for everyone at midnight. A night prayer you taught us not to forget goes like this: "Lord, keep us still this night, Secure from all our fears, May angels guide us while we sleep, Till morning light appears. Amen!"

Your kindness overflowed. You couldn't stand

to see someone struggle, and your empathy drew others in. We've heard it countless times, "Your mother is the reason we are doing this." You opened your heart and home, leaving a trail of blessings wherever you went.

Life wasn't easy, Mom. It was a constant uphill climb, but through it all, you held onto hope. We believe, as you did, that God's plan is perfect, even when it hurts. Now, you are finally at peace, reunited with Him.

Rest easy, Mom. We carry your strength, your faith, and your love within us. You are forever in our hearts until we meet again.

With all our love, Your children



Tributes

BY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

A light from our household has gone out. A voice we loved is stilled. There's a vacant place in our home that can never be filled. Words cannot fully express the sorrow churning within us as we write this tribute.

Our sister Adwo was a gift to us. She lived her life with humility and respect, always exhibiting a uniqueness that left an indelible mark on our hearts and minds.

Ah, Adwo, your loss leaves a void in the game of life; at the very least, your love will remain with us. Your active interest in our progress, your commitment to everyone's affairs, your simplicity of manner, your loyalty in our dealings, and your generosity will never be forgotten.

What we will remember most is your unwavering love for us, your leadership, and the exemplary lifestyle you led while you were alive. You were always there for us whenever we needed you, making yourself available and teaching us to love one another. Thank you for all the prayers you said for each of us every time you knelt

to pray. We will continue to uphold the legacy you left behind and never stray from your teachings.

You will be greatly missed forever. We believe you are resting in the bosom of Abraham. With heavy hearts, we bid you farewell.

Rest in perfect peace.



Tributes

BY GRANDCHILDREN

Our hearts are left empty by the unexpected passing of our dear grandmother. Iya, as we kindly refer to you, we sincerely miss you. There is a profound void in our lives after your departure. You left without saying farewell. Despite this, we find comfort in the knowledge that you are in the Lord's bosom and that we will see you again.

Grandma, you were more than just a grandmother to us; you were a friend, a mentor, a source of strength, and an amazing living example. Your hands were sure and

strong as they guided us. You helped us distinguish between good and wrong. You taught us to obey our parents and work hard to excel in school. You taught us the Lord's Prayer, which has become a daily routine in our lives now, before sleeping at night and upon waking up in the morning.

In paying tribute to our grandmother, we sincerely thank and praise the Lord for giving us such a wonderful grandmother. We will always remember you, and your memories will bring refreshment to our hearts and strengthen us in times of trouble.

Grandma, your grandchildren say: "Rest in perfect peace." We will one day meet again in heaven.



Tributes

TO MY BELOVED MOTHER -IN-LAW

*Begone, unbelief my Saviour is near
And for my relief will surely appear
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm*

MHB 511

With a heavy heart and trepidation, I offer this tribute to eulogize Madam Judith Abenlema Quaicoe, also known as Auntie Adwo, my beloved and beautiful mother-in-law. Madam Judith Abenlema Quaicoe possessed a heart of gold and embraced me as her own daughter. She generously devoted her time to me and her grandchildren. Auntie Adwo showered me with love, pampered me, and provided exceptional care.

Hardly a week went by without her checking in to inquire about my well-being and that of her beautiful grandchildren. I fondly referred to her as "iya wa," which translates to "our mother" in Yoruba. Indeed, she was a remarkable mother figure to me.

The last conversation I had with her was on January 28th after I returned from Sunday devine service. She asked



about her grand children and how they were doing. Just 2 days later, on January 30th 2024, I received the news that she had been admitted to the hospital. We fervently prayed to the Almighty God for her healing and swift recovery,

and by God's grace, she was discharged and returned home to rest and recuperate.

However, barely a month after her discharge from the hospital, on March 4, 2024, Auntie Adwo drew her last breath and was called to eternity. Since then, I have been shedding tears, mourning her departure. The great poet Michael Ashby wrote, "If tears could build a stairway and memories were a lane, I would walk right up to heaven and bring you back again." I couldn't agree more with the sentiment expressed by the poet.

Auntie Adwo, my beloved mother-in-law, may the angels in heaven escort you to the bosom of the Almighty God. Rest in eternal peace.

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

Tributes

BY THE BETHEL WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP
TO SISTER ABELEMA QUACO



*I heard a loud voice speaking
from the throne: now God's home
Is with human beings! He will live with them,
and they shall be
His people He will wipe away
all tears from their eyes.
There will be no more death,
no more grief or crying or pain.
Revelation 21: 3-4*

When we look back at the life of Sister Abelema Quaicoe, it is evident that she knew God's goodness and mercy was with her. She joined the Women's Fellowship in 2016 and was a member of the Sister Maison House. This was a member who was dedicated to the fellowship. We cannot recount a day when Sister Abelema was absent from meeting. She always made sure she attended all functions of the fellowship and took active part in whatever was being done.

Sister Abelema was punctual at meetings and would



always greet fellow sisters with a smile. She was a lovely fellow to be with and never complained about anything. Apart from the fellowship, Sister Abelema never took her church attendance and contributions for granted. One can say with certainty that our sister lived to personify the hymn;

*“A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify.
A never- dying soul to save and fit it for the sky”*

Her life and deeds were to fit her soul for a place in God's

Kingdom, and we believe she is rejoicing in the arms of the Lord.

On Tuesday 30th January, 2024, our sister was on her way to a fellowship meeting as usual when she suddenly felt weak and sick and was rushed to the Bethel Clinic, where she was attended to and treated. She was discharged from the clinic a few days later and went home. She was gradually recovering when she unexpectedly died on Monday 4th March 2024.

With the death of Sister Abelema, the fellowship has lost a dedicated and a shining example for the young ones to emulate. We are however proud that she led a life of discipleship and kept the faith.

*Sister Abelema Quaicoe, the Bethel Women's Fellowship bids you safe journey home to your maker.
You made the Lord's service your delight, and He made your wants His care.
Fare thee well till we meet again.*

AMEN!!!



ABELEMA

Tributes

BY THE METHODIST CHURCH GHANA
- TAKORADI- SOCIETY BETHEL



*If Life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should
I be sad to soar to endless day?
- MHB 647, Stanza 2*

Today, we gather to honor the life of a remarkable woman whose presence graced our church with love, kindness, and unwavering faith. Sister Abenlema Quaicoe was admitted into Sister Elizabeth Yeboah's Sunday Bible Class about 14 years ago.

"Maame Nurse," as we affectionately called her, was not only a nurse by profession but also a caregiver of the soul, whose gentle spirit and compassionate heart touched the lives of all who knew her. She was a pillar of her Bible class, known for her unwavering punctuality and dedication. Her contributions to Bible discussions were invaluable, enriched by her deep understanding of scripture and her genuine desire to grow spiritually

alongside her fellow class members. Even when unable to attend, she made sure to stay informed, reaching out to her Class Leader to catch up on what was discussed. She never hesitated to seek advice or guidance, both in matters of faith and in the challenges of daily life. Her genuine concern for others and her willingness to lend a listening ear endeared her to all who knew her.

One of her most memorable qualities was her unwavering generosity and thoughtfulness. Together with her sister (Caterer), she lovingly baked cakes for the Bible Class end-of-year gatherings, ensuring that every member received their share, regardless of budget constraints. Her selfless act of kindness reflected her commitment to spreading joy and fostering unity within our community.

In February 2024, she was with us, her presence was a source of comfort and inspiration. However, in the third week of February, our hearts were heavy with sorrow as we received news of her illness. Upon visiting her, we were touched by her strength and grace in the face of adversity.

Despite her condition, her faith remained unshakeable, and she requested the sacrament of communion to be brought to her home monthly. Tragically, on the very

day she was to receive her first communion at home, we received the devastating news of her passing.

Our hearts were heavy with grief; in fact, our hearts shattered at the loss of such a beloved soul, yet we find solace in the knowledge that she has found peace and rest in the loving embrace of our Heavenly Father.

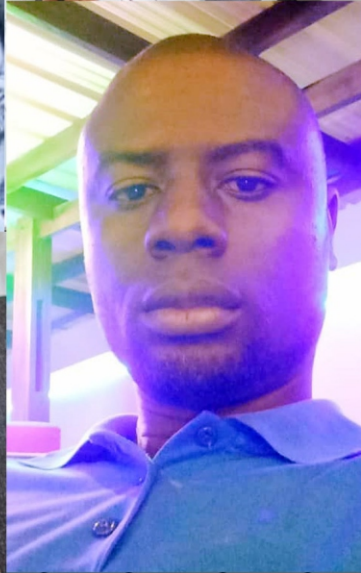
Though she may no longer walk among us, her spirit lives on in the countless lives she touched and the memories she left behind. May her legacy of love, compassion, and unwavering faith inspire us to live each day with kindness, humility, and grace.

Farewell, Sister Abenlema Quaicoe.

May you rest in eternal peace







HYMNS



MHB 538

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,
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 care?
Precious Savior, 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.

MHB 590

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom
hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect
will.

Preserve me from
my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

Thee may I set at my right hand,

Whose eyes my inmost
substance see,

And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day:

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous
grace hath given,
And run my course with every joy,
And closely walk
with Thee to heaven.

MHB 611

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before
us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Tempted, taunted, yet undaunted,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

---Alternative verses---

Saviour, breathe
forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before
us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
[yet unfearing, persevering,
to thy passion thou didst go

MHB 615

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
feed me till I want no more;
feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing stream doth
flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through.
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
be thou still my strength and shield;
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, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee;
I will ever give to thee.

MHB 528

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
and nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim.
He knows the way He's taken,
and I will walk with Him

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

MHB 521

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee,
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power:
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt
give me
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;

Never let me fall:
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

MHB 522

1 I could not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
whose precious blood redeemed
me

at such tremendous cost;
thy righteousness, thy pardon,
thy precious blood, must be
my only hope and comfort,
my glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
no wisdom of my own;
but thou, belovèd Saviour,
art all in all to me,
and weakness will be power
if leaning hard on thee.

3 I could not do without thee,
for, oh, the way is long,
and I am often weary,

and sigh replaces song:
how could I do without thee?
I do not know the way;
thou knowest, and thou leadest,
and wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
e'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that thou art near;
how dreary and how lonely
this changeful life would be
without the sweet communion,
the secret rest with thee.

5 I could not do without thee;
no other friend can read
the spirit's strange deep longings,
interpreting its need;
no human heart could enter
each dim recess of mine,
and soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O Blessèd Lord, but thine.

6 I could not do without thee,
for years are fleeting fast,
and soon in solemn loneliness
the river must be passed;
but thou wilt never leave me,

and though the waves roll high,
I know thou wilt be near me,
and whisper, 'Tt is

MHB 618

- 1 There is no night in heav'n;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
- 2 There is no grief in heav'n;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.
- 3 There is no sin in heav'n;
Behold that blessed throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy in their song!
- 4 There is no death in heav'n;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
- 5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and

death
Are past, and heav'n is won!
Amen.

MHB 201

- 1 There is a fountain filled with
blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that
flood,
Lose all their guilty stains:
Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners, plunged beneath that
flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away:
Wash all my sins away,
Wash all my sins away;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious

blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more:
Be saved, to sin no more,
Be saved, to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die:
And shall be till I die,
And shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save:
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

MHB 940

1 The radiant morn hath passed
 away,
and spent too soon her golden store;
 the shadows of departing day
 creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn sun,
its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, thou living Way,
 safe home at last.

3 O by thy soul-inspiring grace
uplift our hearts to realms on high;
help us to look to that bright place
 beyond the sky.

4 Where light and life and joy and
 peace
in undivided empire reign,
and thronging angels never cease
 their deathless strain

5 where saints are clothed in spotless
 white,
and evening shadows never fall,
where thou, eternal Light of light,
 art Lord of all.

MHB 973

1 Rejoice for a brother deceased;
 Our loss is his infinite gain;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And freed from its bodily pain!
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath
 gained;
Outflying the tempest and wind,
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind;
Still toss'd on a sea of distress;
Hard-toiling to make the blest
 shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company
 meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour
 beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,

The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

MHB/CANF 324

1 JESUS, thou know'st my sinfulness,
My faults are not concealed from
 thee;

A sinner in my last distress,
To thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
And never, never thence depart,
Close sheltered in thy loving heart.

2 How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and
 blind?

Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray!
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in thy arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back.

3 Weary and sick of sin I am
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love;
When wilt thou rid me of my shame?
When wilt thou all my load remove?
Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
And speak the word of power, "Be
 clean!"

4 O Lord, if I at last discern
That I am sin, and thou art love,
If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
Give me a token from above;
And conquer my rebellious will,
And bid my murmuring heart be still.

5 Sin only let me not commit,
(Sin never can advance thy praise)
And lo! I lay me at thy feet,
And wait unwearied all my days,
Till my appointed time shall come,
And thou shalt call thine exile home.

MHB 158

1: THOU say'st : Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow Me.
The night is black, the feet are slack;
Yet we would follow Thee.

2: But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see:
Thy blessèd face one moment's space—
Then might we follow Thee.

3: Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;

Thy voice comes strange o'er years
of change;
How can we follow Thee?

4: Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

5: O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see:
As once of yore Thyself restore,
And help to follow Thee

6: If not as once Thou camest
In true humanity,
Come yet as Guest within the
breast

That burns to follow Thee.

7: Within our hearts of hearts
In nearest nearness be;
Set up Thy throne within Thine
own;
Go, Lord—we follow Thee.

Appreciation

the entire family of the late

**Madam Abenlema Judith
QUAICOE**

would like to express their profound
gratitude to you, our friends and
love ones for your show of compassion
and support during our time of sorrow
May God richly bless you.

