

# MRS. LILLIAN ELSIE KWAWU

— (née Akogyiram) —

AGED: 60



# *Order of Service*

## **Officiating Clergy**

**Rt. Rev. Dr. John Buabeng Odoom**  
Superintendent Minister, Mampong Circuit

**Very Rev. Daniel Kojo French**  
Calvary Methodist, Frafraha

**Rev. Josephine Dennis Ofori Koranteng**  
Mt Zion, Amanokrom-Akuapem

**Rev. Baafi Amoako Amofah**  
Wesley, Mamfe-Akuapem

**Rev. Kennedy Darko**  
Calvary, Tutu Akuapem

**Rev. Dr. Douglas Zormelo**  
General Overseer, Healing Streams Church

**Rev. Dr. Emmanuel Ansah**  
Deputy General Overseer, Covenant Family Community Church

**Rev. Prof. Evelyn Ansah**  
Covenant Family Community Church

**Rev. Dr. Smith Francis Korbla Tettey**  
Director, Church Life and Nurture - Global Evangelical Church

**Rev. Florence Mohenu**  
Presbyterian Church - Bread of Life Congregation,  
Adenta New Site

## **Stewards**

**Bro. Daniel Ankrah**  
Mamfe Wesley Society

**Bro. Daniel Agyei Adu**  
Mamfe Wesley Society

## **In Attendance**

**Mamfe Wesley Society Choir**

**Glorious Philharmonic Choir**  
Director: Michael Kwamina Imbeah

## **Organist**

**Emmanuel Foster Nyarko**  
Mamfe Wesley Society

## ***Part One: Pre-Burial Service***

1. Opening Leaders
2. Hymn MHB 50 / CAN 14
3. Prayer
4. Hymn MHB 99 / CAN 25
5. Short Exhortation
6. Filing Past
7. Reading of Selected Tributes
8. Filing Past (Hymns)
9. Closing Hymn and Prayer MHB 468

## ***Part Two: Burial Service***

1. Processional Hymn MHB 651
2. Sentences Reverend Minister
3. Declaration of Purpose
4. Hymn MHB 428
5. Prayers
6. Hymn MHB 612
7. Biography and Tributes
8. Hymn MHB 511

## **9. Bible Reading**

(1) Psalm 90:1–12 (2) John 14:1–16, 27

10. Hymn MHB 948
11. Sermon
12. Affirmation of Faith
13. Anthem
14. Offertory and Dedication of Offertory
15. Hymn MHB 831
16. Commendation
17. Concluding Charity
18. Notices/Announcements (Steward/Reverend Minister)
19. Closing Hymn MHB 400
20. Benediction
21. Recessional Hymn MHB 528

## ***Part Three: The Graveside***

1. Hymn MHB 679
2. Committal Reverend Minister
3. Hymn MHB / CAN 324
4. Vote of Thanks Family Member
5. Benediction

# *A Life of Grace, Service, and Enduring Love - Mrs. Lillian Elsie Kwawu*

*Surely the righteous will never be shaken; they will be remembered forever. Psalm 112:6*

## SYNOPSIS

The beautiful lady whose mortal remains lie before us today was born on Monday, 27th September 1965, and was given the name Adwoa Asi, in honour of her paternal grandmother. She was later baptised as Lillian Elsie Asi Akogyiram in this Methodist Church on 3rd April 1966. Following her marriage, she became known as Mrs. Lillian Elsie Kwawu, a name she carried throughout her married life as she joined her husband in their matrimonial home.

She was born to the esteemed family of the current Brukumadaw Abusuapanyin Akogyiram Atua and Obaapanyin Aforo Kwatia, former Dabenhene of the Royal Court of Mamfe Mankrado.

As she now embarks on her final journey to her Maker, she is survived by her beloved husband, her parents, and her seven siblings; three sisters and four brothers as well as countless colleagues, friends, and professional associates. Many of whom are gathered here today to bid her a deeply affectionate and emotional farewell.



## GROWING UP AND EDUCATION

From infancy, Lillian was raised in the serene environment of the Ridge residential area, a well-planned colonial-era estate known for its orderly avenues and distinguished residential buildings. This nurturing and structured setting played a significant role in shaping her into the composed, disciplined, and cultured woman she later became known for her love of order, her strong sense of propriety, and her ability to maintain a well-arranged home.

She began her formal education in 1972 at the Kanda Cluster of Schools, where her mother served as a teacher. This unique circumstance made her daily journey to and from school both convenient and joyful, as she studied under the watchful care and guidance of her mother. She progressed steadily through primary school to Class Six and then transitioned into middle school, completing Forms One to Three.

After successfully passing the Common Entrance Examination, she gained admission to the Ghana Secondary School in Koforidua. However, her time there was frequently interrupted by recurring bouts of malaria, which often necessitated her return to Accra for treatment before resuming school. This recurring health challenge became a concern for her parents, who eventually decided to relocate her back to Accra.

She was subsequently enrolled at Accra High School, conveniently located within walking distance from her home. This change provided her with a more stable learning environment,

and she continued her secondary education there until completing Form Five in 1986.

## TRAINING AND EMPLOYMENT

Lillian's early professional journey was shaped by her search for a vocation that would offer both independence and creative fulfilment. She therefore chose to pursue dressmaking as her preferred career path. Affectionately known by many as "Awura Asi," she enrolled at the prestigious Nancy Tsibo Fashion School, then operated by Mrs. Nancy Kotei, widow of the late Major General R. E. A. Kotei, former Army Commander.

After two years of dedicated training, Lillian successfully completed her studies and established herself as a Fashion Designer and Dressmaker. However, like many in the industry at the time, she soon encountered the challenges posed by the increasing influx of imported second-hand clothing from Europe and America, which significantly reduced demand for locally made garments. This shift in the market affected business volumes and ultimately led her to reconsider her career direction.

In search of new opportunities, she transitioned into the aviation and travel industry. She enrolled in an airline ticketing training programme run by the then Ghana Airways Corporation, which she completed over a period of approximately nine to twelve months. Following her training, she secured her first



role in the sector with Nita Travel & Tours Agency, which operated from the Airport Shell Filling Station at the time.

Her major breakthrough came in February 2004 when she joined Lufthansa Airlines, the flagship carrier of the Federal Republic of Germany. By this time, she had developed a strong command of airline ticketing operations and had gained valuable experience in the field. Her professionalism, diligence, and attention to detail earned her recognition and respect within the organisation.

After eleven years of dedicated service, Lufthansa Airlines ceased its operations in Ghana. In recognition of her competence and consistent performance, Lillian alongside a few of her colleagues was retained and transitioned to the new partner airline, Brussels Airlines Accra office in September 2015.

She continued to serve with distinction at the Brussels Airlines town office, maintaining an exemplary record of commitment and excellence until her retirement on 31st December 2025.

## MARRIAGE AND RELIGION

Lillian's greatest joy was realised on Saturday, 11th October 2003, when she entered into holy matrimony with her beloved husband, Mr. Daniel Kwashie Kwawu Jr., who hails from Keta in the Volta Region. The customary marriage rites were solemnly performed earlier that morning in her family home, in the presence of her father and the elders of Mamfe.

This was followed by a beautiful church wedding held at the then Soul Clinic Church, East Cantonments now known as Covenant Family Community Church located off the Giffard-Labadi Road between the 37 Military Hospital junction and Labadi. The occasion was marked by joy, dignity, and a deep sense of celebration, reflecting the union of two families and the beginning of a shared journey.



Although her earthly life was later cut short, the marriage was characterised by peace, harmony, and mutual affection, leaving behind cherished memories of a union built on love and respect. Through this marriage, Lillian also experienced a life enriched with opportunities for travel, taking her across several major cities around the world from Accra through Dubai to Sydney and Houston, and from Johannesburg to Tokyo and Toronto touching more than thirty cities in all. These experiences added depth and colour to her life's journey.

She was a devoted Christian and a staunch Methodist by faith and belief. She was baptised at the tender age of six months and nurtured firmly within the Methodist tradition throughout her early life and education. Lillian shared a close and affectionate bond with her father throughout her life. Even after her marriage, while remaining connected to the Charismatic Church where she had worshipped for many years, she would occasionally accompany her father to his Methodist church society, reflecting the deep love, respect, and enduring relationship they shared. Her faith, family devotion, and balanced spiritual life remained defining pillars of her character throughout her years.

## **PASSION FOR MUSIC AND DANCE**

Lillian had a deep passion for music and a remarkable gift for singing. She served faithfully in the Soul Clinic Church Choir

and later in the CFCC Choir, where she played an active role in leading praise and worship. From her youthful years, she was deeply involved in musical activities, using her voice to inspire and uplift others. She also had a great love for dancing, and her enthusiasm, joy, and vibrant spirit were evident whenever she sang or danced.

## **THE LATTER YEARS**

For the last fourteen years of her working life, Lillian made her home with her husband at Palm Valley Estates in Oyarifa. She grew to cherish the community for its peace, serenity, and beautiful natural surroundings. Her appreciation for nature blossomed into a passion for plants and flowers, and she took great delight in cultivating and nurturing greenery wherever space allowed.

Her love for the environment inspired her active involvement in community service. She became a dedicated member of the committee responsible for the upkeep and well-being of Allison's Green Park within the estate and eventually served as its Chairperson. In this role, she helped coordinate activities and initiatives that enhanced the beauty and enjoyment of the park for all residents.

Lillian was equally committed to fostering a strong sense of community on Easter lily Street. As a key member of the street's organizing team, she played a central role in planning and





coordinating the annual barbecue celebrations. She had a special affection for children and took particular interest in their welfare and participation, ensuring that each event was memorable and enjoyable. Unsurprisingly, the children eagerly looked forward to these celebrations every year.

She also served as an active Executive member of the Palm Valley Residents Association for a decade, contributing her time and energy to initiatives that strengthened community bonds. Among her many contributions, she helped organize end-of-year celebrations and other social activities that brought residents together and fostered a spirit of unity and fellowship.

Through her involvement at the park, street, and residents' association levels, Lillian left a lasting impact on the Palm Valley community, where her dedication, warmth, and willingness to serve were deeply appreciated by all who knew her.

## **A PEACEFUL TRANSITION TO GLORY**

Following her retirement, Lillian looked forward with great anticipation to a new season of life. She had many plans and aspirations for her retirement years and was eager to enjoy the fruits of her labour alongside her beloved family and friends.

Unexpectedly, on 2nd March 2026, she fell ill and was admitted to hospital, where she received treatment for twenty days. Upon her discharge, she continued her recovery at home for a further twenty-five days. Throughout this challenging period, Lillian

displayed remarkable courage, resilience, and unwavering faith in God. Surrounded by the love, prayers, and support of family and friends, there was every hope and expectation that she would make a full recovery.

Sadly, events took an unforeseen turn, and on 15th April 2026, Lillian peacefully answered her Master's call and entered into eternal rest. Her passing came as a profound shock and source of deep sorrow to all who knew and loved her.

While our hearts continue to grieve her absence, we find comfort in the assurance of God's promises and in the knowledge that He knows all things and works according to His perfect will. As the Apostle Paul reminds us, "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; then shall I know fully, even as I am fully known" (1 Corinthians 13:12).

Though her earthly journey has ended, the love she shared, the lives she touched, and the memories she created will remain with us forever. We take solace in the belief that she is at peace in the presence of her Lord and Saviour.

*Rest well, Awura Asi. Your race was well run, your faith remained steadfast, and your legacy of love will endure for generations to come.*

*Celebrating the Life and Love*  
*of My Precious Wife, Lillian Elsie Kwawu*



*Your song may end, but the melody lingers on.*

My Dearest Awura Asi,

I never saw this coming.

Not from that very first smile twenty-six years ago.

Not from the first time we said, "I love you."

Not from the day we stood before God and family and pledged our lives to one another.

Not after the storm of breast cancer, which you fought courageously for seventeen years and survived with grace, strength, and unwavering faith.

Not after the joy of your 50th birthday celebration.

Not after your beautiful 60th.

Not after all the dreams we carefully laid before ourselves; retirement, entrepreneurship, travelling together, spending more time with family, touching lives through charity, and simply growing old side by side.

How could I have imagined that barely two months after retirement, the very season we had long awaited, life would suddenly change course?

When your health was attacked again, I held firmly onto hope. I believed with every fibre of my being that we were about to write yet another testimony of victory. Even through the hospital days, through the pain, through the uncertainty, I still believed we would overcome together.

Then came 15th April, 2026. That day remains the darkest and most difficult day of my life.

Standing in the Emergency Room that morning, for the very first time, I became completely helpless. I pleaded silently with God that this bitter cup would pass over us. I told Him it was not possible. Not you. Not now.

Because you were never just my wife.

You were my safest place.

My closest friend.

My answered prayer.

The keeper of my heart.

My queen.

Your smile alone could calm my storms. Your presence gave me strength beyond words. I promised from the very beginning that I would protect you, care for you, provide for you, and love you with everything within me and I truly tried. I gave you the best my strength, heart, and resources could offer. And though imperfectly, I gave you my all. I placed your wellbeing above my own desires because you were worth every sacrifice.

I love to write, but writing this tribute is one of the hardest things I have ever had to do. Never did I imagine a day would come when I would have to write in your honour while fighting back tears. I always believed that someday, much later in life, I would write a beautiful memoir celebrating the incredible woman I shared my life with because I believe no one knew you more closely than I did over these twenty-two and a half years of marriage.

I have never wept the way I have these past days since you departed to be with the Lord. The only time close to this was the day we received the breast cancer diagnosis. I remember holding

you tightly and assuring you that God would make a way. I swallowed my tears so you would not break. But the next day, while tidying our compound, I broke down uncontrollably. You heard me sobbing and rushed outside to comfort me. This time, however, you are not here to console me.

Now my mornings have become a quiet ritual of remembrance. I wander through your closet, the washrooms, the bedrooms, even the fridges and freezers; all still carrying your touch, your orderliness and your elegance. Everything remains beautifully arranged, just as you left them. And every corner whispers your name.

That was who you were from the very first day of our marriage; graceful, thoughtful, intentional, and deeply loving. The last forty-five days after your illness were difficult, and I witnessed your struggle closely. Yet through it all, I waited anxiously for your recovery. I longed to hear your voice clearly again. I kept journaling your progress, documenting your therapies, organizing your medical records, believing I was preparing a testimony of healing.

Little did I know I was unknowingly preparing for your memorial. What a world!

My Awura Asi, you were one of the most deeply people-centred souls I have ever known. Your life radiated kindness, compassion, generosity, and love. You carried people in your heart so effortlessly. You listened deeply, cared genuinely, forgave easily, and gave freely.

To family, you were strength wrapped in tenderness.

To friends, you were warmth and encouragement. To everyone privileged to encounter you, you became a blessing impossible to forget.

Your passing has left an indescribable void, yet your legacy continues to breathe through every life you touched.

In those final days, you taught me lessons no wealth or earthly possession can teach. I watched you show signs of recovery, and my heart rejoiced with hope. You reminded me that when God declares one's earthly assignment complete, no human power can alter it.

And yet, even then, you gave me signs I failed to fully understand. Now I understand those silent moments. The times you beckoned me to come closer. The times you held my hand gently in yours. The times you touched my beard and smiled quietly at me. The times you placed our joined hands upon your chest and smiled quietly at me.

I thought those were moments preparing for recovery. I jokingly told you I could not wait for my "chatty babe" to finally grieve about everything that had crossed your mind since the illness began.

Little did I know those were your silent goodbyes. Little did I know I would never hear your voice again. I still remember your final face-to-face words to me before you left for the funeral on that last Saturday morning in February.

You woke me gently from sleep and said, “*Efui, please help fix my necklace. My Uber has passed security and will soon be at our gate.*” I gladly did.

Then you said, “*Babe, I am leaving. Have a safe journey and see you tomorrow.*”

I never knew those words would become your final face-to-face words to me.

My love, from the very beginning, I promised you a beautiful life; as beautiful as you were. I promised we would walk together through hardships and victories until death parted us. Today, though my heart mourns deeply, I find peace in knowing that by God’s grace, I kept my pledge to the best of my strength and ability.

Twenty-six years of knowing you.

Twenty-two and a half years of marriage.

Years filled with peace, friendship, laughter, companionship, care, and extraordinary love. You gave me so much of yourself.

Sometimes I wonder whether I truly gave you enough in return, because I know with certainty that had our roles been reversed, you would have done even more for me than I ever managed to do for you. And yet, through it all, God was glorified.

And now, my love, you have shocked me with your departure.

You made me believe you were getting better.

You dribbled all of us who were close to you into hope.

Then quietly, gently, you slipped into eternity.

You loved God deeply.

You loved people sincerely.

You loved nature beautifully.

You loved life and enjoyed same.

And now Heaven has welcomed you into the choir of angels.

And now the God who loaned you to me for twenty-six unforgettable years has called you back home. Who am I to question the will of the Almighty?

Your memory will forever remain etched upon my heart. Your life continues to inspire all who knew you. If there is one lesson you lived so beautifully, it is this: forgiveness does not erase the hurt people caused; it frees the heart from carrying the burden. Life indeed is a gift. Death is certain. And only God knows best.

Twenty-six years of love, a lifetime of memories. And as your name **Lillian** can be beautifully interpreted, you are indeed “A graceful and beautiful soul” and one associated with purity, peace and love and you lived it fully.

My beloved Awura Asi, rest peacefully until that glorious morning when we shall meet again at the feet of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

May your beautiful soul rest in perfect peace!

Da yie, midofa pa!!

Dzudzor le nutifafa mē!!! Amen.

## *Tribute By Siblings*





*"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."  
Revelations 21:4*

Ewuraesi: our big sister, our mother hen, our unifier, the true shepherd of the Akogyiram family - your departure has left a wound in our hearts that no words can measure.

You were the one with the wisest solutions to problems the rest of us were convinced had no answers. You were the plug for everything under the sun - one phone call to you, and doors opened, burdens lifted, paths became clear. And your prayers, oh, your prayers. To have you in our corner, calling upon God on our behalf, felt like the safest place in the world. You were the prayer warrior every sibling could only dream of having.

"Okay, take off your sandals at the door."

"Put your bag on your lap."

"Make sure not to leave any wet surfaces for Ewuraesi to find."

You were the true definition of 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness' and coming to your home required a full mental preparation. We laughed. Oh, how we laughed about how particular you were about your space. But if we are being honest, we loved every single minute of it. It was so deeply, unmistakably you. And we would give anything to hear those words from you just one more time.

You were the light not just in any corner, but in every room you ever walked into. You went above and beyond for everyone whose

life you touched. You adopted our closest friends and wrapped them into the family as though they had always belonged there. That is the kind of love you carried, boundless, generous, overflowing.

*Ewuraesi, how can we forget you?*

*How can we forget watching you dance through your trials and tribulations with a smile still resting on your face?*

*How can we forget the countless sacrifices you made as the firstborn of the Akogyiram clan?*

*How can we forget your leadership?*

Fear grips us when the full weight of this truth settles in, that we must now do this life without you beside us. That we cannot simply pick up a phone and hear your voice on the other end. That you will not get to sit back and enjoy the fruits of everything you laboured so faithfully for. The thought is almost too much to carry.

And Mama and Dada - they are inconsolable. Their first fruit. Their truest definition of love made perfect. You were the proof that they had done something beautifully right in this world. And now you are gone, and they are trying to find words where there are none.

How do we do life without you, big sister? How?

Until we meet again, rest in the peace you carried within you and know that you are deeply, endlessly loved by Frank, Dear, Jemima, Maafeli, Nana Attuah, John and Issac.

## *Tribute From Sister, Dear*

What Ewuraesi left me was to have faith in God and pray about everything. She will call and say “mēnua Dear ooo”...meaning “my sister Dear”.

Ewuraesi I'm so broken and shattered. I am at a place where God is the only one I look to. You were very unique, a special person, beautiful, and a very rare gem.

Thank you so much for everything. Thank you! I pray God grants you rest in that beautiful place called heaven just as your life was beautiful.

RIP mēnua Ewuraesi.



## *Tribute From Sister, Felicia*



Ewuraesi..

M'damfo pa...you called me your daughter and I called you my Mama Wahala. You taught me how to pray and believe in myself. I love you Ewuraesi...always have and always will. Sleep well my beautiful sister...dance with the angels in heaven.

## *Tribute By Sister, Jemima*

Lilash, this is what I was fond of calling you.

The eldest has left without saying goodbye.

You've earned your peace in the bosom of Abraham and as the oldest your memory will forever remain with us.

AMEN.



## *Tribute By 'Little' Lillian Adwoa Aforo Akogyiram*



My mum loved me so much and I also love her. Mum, miss you so much. Anything I asked for mum will try and get it for me.

I know you are in heaven and God is taking care of you.

Thank you mummy.

I love you.

*Hommage À Ma Très Chère Lillian Kwawu  
Par Maman Sophie Kwawu De Lomé, Togo*

*Tribute To My Dearest Lillian By Madam  
Sophie Kwawu From Lomé Togo*

**Translation:**

Ma très chère Lillian KWAU était ravissante et souriante. Quand moi je l'ai connue, elle aimait tout le monde; là où elle se trouvait, elle semait l'ambiance (la joie dans les cœurs, elle était comique...)

Son arrivée chez moi au TOGO (LOMÉ), lors de l'anniversaire du défunt KWAU ELIKPLIMI qui s'est tenu du 08 au 09 novembre 2025, j'ai constaté que ses comportements et ses aptitudes n'avaient pas changé, elle était la même.

Dès son départ pour le GHANA, elle m'a offert une très belle robe et m'a promis de revenir pour rester longtemps avec moi à Lomé.

Mais notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ a décidé autrement.

Oh! Oh! Oh! Ma très chère Lilian, pourquoi si tôt? Que la terre te soit légère.

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Que ton âme repose en paix, ma très chère.

My dearest Lillian Kwawu was charming and always smiling. When I knew her, she loved everyone, and wherever she found herself, she created a lively atmosphere bringing joy into people's hearts. She was full of humour.

When she came to visit me in Togo (Lomé) during the anniversary of the late Kwawu Elikplimi, which was held from 8th to 9th November 2025, I noticed that her character and qualities had not changed; she was still the same.

Before her departure for Ghana, she gave me a very beautiful dress and promised that she would return to stay with me in Lomé for a long time.

But our Lord Jesus Christ decided otherwise.

Oh! Oh! Oh! My dearest Lillian, why so soon? May the earth lie gently on you.

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye. May your soul rest in peace, my dearest.



## *Tribute From Andrew Kwawu*



Lilian was more than a sister-in-law; she was family in the truest sense of the word. She brought warmth, kindness, and love into the lives of everyone who knew her. Her smile had a way of comforting people.

Lilian was a precious gift from God, a woman whose life reflected kindness, compassion, and love. Though our hearts are heavy with sorrow, we take comfort in knowing that the Lord welcomed her home with open arms.

She lived with grace and compassion, always willing to help, encourage, and care for others without expecting anything in return. The memories we shared with her will forever remain in our hearts, the laughter, the conversations, the love she gave so freely.

Although we will deeply miss her voice, her smile, and her presence among us, her memory will continue to live in our hearts. Her love leaves a legacy that time can never erase.

Though her time with us feels short, Lilian's impact will never fade. She leaves behind a legacy of love, strength, and beautiful memories that will continue to inspire all who knew her.

Today, we honor her life, celebrate the person she was, and hold tightly to the blessing of having known her. She may no longer be with us physically, but her spirit will always remain in our hearts.

Rest peacefully, Lilian. You will always be loved, deeply missed, and never forgotten.

## *Tribute From Aurelia Kwao-Quist*



I've been searching for the right words for you, my Original Mrs. Kwawu — as I affectionately call you — and you always answer, “all the rest are counterfeit.” You're right. You're one of those rare people who makes words feel small.

When Daniel mentioned Lilian as the lady he wanted to marry, I went straight into interrogation mode. I bombarded him with questions. At the end of it, I still had reservations. Not because of anything my brother said, but because of the age gap. I thought then that she was someone I couldn't relate to.

My Original Mrs. Kwawu had a way of making everyone feel welcome. You were friendly by nature. Lilian greeted each person with warmth and a smile that stayed with you. Family was your world. You had a gift for bringing everyone together. I can relate to Awushie, Araba, Ivy, and the rest as friends, simply because they are Lilian's friends. Lilian's network stretched farther than her own

reach — you knew people on every continent and treated each one like family.

I saw it in November on our family trip to Togo. At the border, you said, “Oh, one of my sons is here,” made one call, and two senior customs officers came out to meet us. They instructed that all our luggage be loaded into a pick-up, the driver crossed the border with our bags, and another officer escorted us to the Togo side where every formality was handled. We crossed seamlessly. The same grace met us on our return. That’s the woman we celebrate today — the woman who turned bureaucracy into family business.

There was nothing like a quick call to Lilian. Whenever I didn’t want to listen to the radio, I’d call you on my way to work. I knew we’d be laughing, sharing, and feeling closer until one of us got to the office. The conversation was never about anything in particular. If anyone asked me an hour later what we spoke about, I couldn’t say. Because with you it was about everything and anything. No topic was out of bounds. With you I could be vulnerable and still feel safe, because you were never judgmental.

Lilian’s home was always homey — open and full of comfort, love, and conversation. Your love for travel matched your love for people. You lived to explore new places, meet new faces, and bring those stories back to us. Above all, Lilian loved joy. You loved to laugh, to celebrate, to dance, and to turn any gathering into a party. You’d say, “Aurelia, life is short — come and dance some of your stress off.” Life was brighter because you were in it.

Even though you were older than me, you never acted it. You

always came down to my level. You had a way of making everyone feel equal, heard, and valued, no matter the age. When I’d push you, all you’d say was, “As for you, you don’t fear anyone except your brother,” and we’d laugh. That was Lilian — teasing, loving, and full of life.

On one of our trips to Keta, you rode with me to Accra because Dan had important family matters to attend to. At the mall you needed an Uber home. When I booked the ride, you said you wanted “Comfort.” I ignored you and ordered the regular. When the car arrived — old and tired — the story ended exactly how you predicted.

You had so many plans, Lilian. We never saw this coming. You were full of life.

It breaks my heart when I hear Dan say, “Lillian defu nam.” He was looking forward to building life with you until old age.

On your 10th wedding anniversary, which we celebrated in Hillburi, Aburi, I told you: “When a person’s ways please the Lord, He makes even their enemies live at peace with them.” Proverbs 16:7. Having watched you all these years, I understand it now. You carry peace with you. You don’t argue to win; you love until walls come down.

The Original Mrs. Kwawu. No counterfeits. Just you!

We love you. We miss you. And we thank God for the gift of you.

# *Tribute By Ellis Isidi Kwaku Kwawu, Lydia Benonia Kwawu And Goodwill Efui Xorse Kwawu Jr*

A devoted wife, a loving sister-in-law, and a pillar of grace.

Mrs. Lilian Elsie Kwawu walked through life with kindness, strength, and a heart full of love for her family. She brought warmth to every home she entered and wisdom to every conversation.

To her husband, she was a true partner. To us, she was a sister and a blessing we will never forget. Her legacy of compassion, loyalty, and quiet dignity lives on in all of us.

“Well done, good and faithful servant.” Matthew 25:23

Forever in our hearts. Rest in perfect peace, Sister Lillian.



## *Tribute From The Smith-Tettey Family In Memory Of The Late Mrs Lillian Kwawu*

It is absolutely unbelievable. The bubbly and caring Sister Lillian is gone to be with the Lord. The last time we shared our jokes and pleasantries was when you were returning from a trip to Lomé in the company of your husband, Daniel, Lovelace and Aurelia. I came to pick up Lovelace and we had a short but pleasant time on the curbs of the Tetteh Quarshie interchange. We talked and laughed until we reluctantly parted company. You should have told us that was our last time together.

Lillian your caring nature has endeared you to our sons Manasseh and Ephraim. You will always make space for interactions each time we met mostly at family events. We are still finding it hard to believe that you are gone. Is it true?

What makes our pain deeper, is how we missed the last opportunity to see you even in your last moments unknown to us. It suddenly

dawned on us while driving from a friend's place on the Oyarifa stretch that we can use the opportunity to visit your home, the thought of seeing you and Daniel came so strongly and we called Daniel to inform you that we were on our way to your house but he told that you both were not home. Little did we know that you were fighting for your dear life in the hospital.

What a shock? The next moment we heard from your home, was Daniel's message about your untimely death. Oh Sister Lillian, we are sad but not despaired. We believe that God has a better place for you. May your sweet, loving soul rest in peace.

Hede nyuie! Fare well!

## *Tribute To "Lilosh" By Yayra Kwashie Kwawu*

"We have all come to the market. When you are done selling your goods, you return home."

"Korsi says What?"

The only sister-in-law, my confidante, that was not what you told me. Lilosh, Eva was my witness. I do not even know where to begin or how to end this tribute. My eyes are filled with tears as I write these words in your memory.

Some of your comforting words are still ringing in my mind. "Eeeh, Lilosh, why this time?" Who is going to listen to me now, share words of encouragement, and end the conversation with "Korsh! Borpayee, Nyame be ye"?

My heart is deeply broken. So much is going on in my mind, yet I take comfort in the Lord, knowing that He is our refuge and strength.

Oh, what a loss! Lilosh, your departure has left a void that can never truly be filled. Your kindness, encouragement, and loving spirit will forever remain in our hearts. Though you are no longer with us physically, your memory will continue to inspire and comfort those whose lives you touched.

As we mourn your passing, we also celebrate the beautiful life you lived and the love you shared with family and friends.

Rest assured, my Lilosh, that you are with your Maker in peace. Though we grieve your absence, we trust that you have found eternal rest in the presence of the Lord.

Farewell, my Lilosh. Until we meet again.



*Tribute By Mrs. Etornam Koka*



### *Ecclesiastes 3:1-2*

*To everything there is a season, A time for every purpose under heaven: A time to be born, And a time to die; A time to plant, And a time to pluck what is planted;*

Sis Lillian, as we affectionately called you; every minute spent with you was full of fun. Whether it is at a fun gathering or not, there is always one or two things to learn from you. Hmmmmm, our last moment together was our trip to Togo from 8th to 9th November 2025 for our uncle's fifth anniversary memorial service. You vowed not to embark on the next trip by road again because of the over 4 hours of heavy traffic we encountered on the journey.

Sis Lillian why so soon, when the road construction is ongoing and giving us a sigh of relief for more fun trips together.

I remember the advice you reiterated at every gathering about being careful on how to secure one's drink or water, especially not being interested in another person's drink as you might not know the mixture it contains, for example, it can be a coke or malt bottle but with different contents.

Hmmmmm death, why our sis Lillian...but we can't question God.

*We take consolation in the hymn:-  
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  
It is well, With my soul  
It is well, it is well with my soul"*

May the almighty God continue to grant you eternal rest.

Da yie.

Dzidzor l3 nutifafa

God be with you till we meet again. Forever in our hearts.

## *Tribute By Mrs. Rejoice Mensah*

Oh Death! Oh Death!!  
Our hearts are shattered —  
We still cannot believe that you are gone.

Oh Sister Lilian,  
You were full of life when we spoke during the family trip to Togo,  
when the train stopped at Keta.  
You said to me,  
“Take care of yourself and the children.”  
Little did we know  
you were bidding us farewell.

May the Lord grant you eternal rest  
and let perpetual light shine upon you.

Your memory will remain in our hearts forever.

Descansa en paz y hasta siempre.  
(Rest in peace and forever goodbye.)

From your sister-in-law and family in Spain.



# *Heartfelt Tribute To My Awesome Sister Lillian - Khadijah Chothia*



They say friends are the family we choose. I didn't have to choose you – you chose me. And in choosing me, you became sister, confidant, cheerleader, and prayer partner all in one.

As young as I was, you found a friend and a younger sister in me and made me your maid of honour. I still can't believe the honour you bestowed upon me and I will forever be grateful.

We met when you worked at Nita tours and I was at South African Airways. I called you LILY and you called me Addddwwwoooooaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa. The name Adwoa still resounds with how you stretch it. I miss you sis.

You had this way of making people feel seen. You listened without judging. You corrected without shaming. You celebrated without envy. In a world full of noise, you were peace. In a season full of storms, you were shelter.

Big sis, Proverbs 17:17 says “A friend loves at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.” You were both. You loved at all times, and you were born for every adversity I faced.

Sis, this is a difficult moment in life but I know this: the love you gave didn't die with you. It lives in me. It lives in everyone you touched. And one day, I'll tell you every way you changed me when I see you again.

Thank you for being my sister. Thank you for being my friend. Thank you for being you.

I love you. I honor you. I'll carry your light forward.

Your lil sis Khady.





## *Tribute By Rosalind Thompson Martey To My Dear Sweet Sister Ewuraesi*



With a heavy heart full of tears, I present this: Walking the rest of the path of our friendship alone is heart-breaking. A piece of my heart is now a star in the sky.

May your unfailing love be my comfort as per Psalm 119 vs 76.

In every shared memory, your light continues to shine. You always go the extra mile to help me get what I want. Gone from my sight but never from my heart. Forever a sister and a best friend. God keep you safe in His bosom.



## *Tribute From A Dear Friend - Fiifi Bartels*

*"Life is a gift; fragile, precious, and never promised. Today we laugh in the sunshine, and tomorrow we may be gone. Cherish every moment, for it slips away like sand through open fingers."*

My dear brothers and sisters, today my heart bleeds as I stand before you to remember a shining light that has been cruelly taken from us all. Mrs. Lilian Kwawu, my big sister, my friend, my confidante.

Six years ago, when I first stepped into Palm Valley Estates at Oyafifa, having left Adenta behind, I never imagined I would find a soul so pure, so kind, and so full of love. In less than a year, without any reason I could see, Lilian instantly chose me as her favourite. Our shared passion for the growth and welfare of our Estate drew us close. As Street Representative of Ivy Crescent, I found in her a true partner; zealous, selfless, and driven.

We attended meetings together, dreaming and planning for a better community. I then discovered she worked with Brussels Airlines, right there in Airport City where I then served at OmniBSIC Bank in Atlantic Tower. Because of the proximity of our work offices, I visited her mostly during break hours. I always booked my flights and that of other friends and colleagues through her. Lilian as I lovingly called her, was a rare gem. Kind beyond words. Selfless in every way. Our spirits lifted each other, and in five short years, we became the closest of friends.

This year's Valentine season, we met at the washing bay near Mr. Smith Junction. As our cars were being detailed, we sat for over an hour, laughing, talking about life, family, and future dreams. Your laughter still echoes in my ears. Little did I know that barely three weeks later, you would fall ill and in April, you would leave us forever.

**Oh Lilian, my heart refuses to accept it.** I keep thinking you are only asleep, that your vibrant spirit cannot lie still like this. The pain is unbearable. I am shattered. Who will I gossip with first? Who will I run to for wise advice? Who will I pour out my heart to about the challenges of managing my street?

I see your beloved husband, Daniel, devastated and broken, and my own sorrow deepens. Lilian, you left a void no one can fill.

Lord, help us understand. Why now? Why her? Life is truly a gift; here today, gone tomorrow. May the good Lord grant you eternal rest, dear sister. Sleep peacefully in His arms.

As we mourn, let this hymn from the Methodist Hymn Book 213 comfort our broken hearts: ***Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son; Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won...***

From your younger brother and friend, always, **FIIFI BARTELS.**



## *A Tribute To Lillian From Joseph Boako (Jeff)*

My dearest friends, family, and all who loved Lillian.

We are gathered here today with hearts that are profoundly heavy. We are here to say a temporary goodbye to a woman who was, in every sense, a pillar of grace, love, and substance. My name is Jeff Boako, and I have had the privilege of calling Lillian my friend for what feels like time immemorial.

And in a way, it truly has been that long.

My story with Lillian begins in the early 1980s, a time that now feels like another lifetime. I was a young person looking for a place to stay, and it was Lillian's parents who, with incredible kindness, offered me their boys' quarters. That single act of generosity planted a seed. From that humble beginning, Lillian and I didn't just become friends; we became family. We grew up together, navigating life's ups and downs, and she became the sister I chose.

Even when I relocated to the United States, the distance could not diminish our bond. It only changed its shape. It became the sound

of her voice on the phone, the excitement of a planned visit, and the most cherished tradition of all: every Thanksgiving, Lillian and her wonderful husband would arrive on our doorstep.

To my American friends here today, you know exactly who I am talking about. You know that every November, we would all gather, a beautiful blend of her friends and mine, because Lillian had a way of dissolving barriers. She was not just my friend; she became a beloved aunt, a confidante, and a highlight of the year for so many of you. The countless photos we have—laughing around dinner tables, posing in front of landmarks, just being together—are not just pictures. They are chapters in a long, beautiful story of friendship. You all looked forward to her arrival, and so did I. Those visits were the anchor of my year.

So, you can imagine the utter disbelief, the earth-shattering shock, when I received the news that she had been taken from us after a short illness. It felt impossible. It still feels impossible. And it was with the heaviest heart I have ever known that I had to turn around and break that same devastating news to all of you.

The weight of that loss was driven home most painfully by my son, Nicholas. When I told him, he broke down in tears. He was finally planning his first trip to Ghana, a journey to his roots, and his Aunt Lillian had already prepared everything. She was so excited. She had a list of places to show him, people to introduce him to, and so much love to pour into him. His sadness is a testament to the woman she was—someone who extended her love to my child as if he were her own.

Lillian, you were a lady of substance in the truest sense. Your appearance was always immaculate, your presence always pleasant. You walked into a room and made it better. You listened deeply, you loved fiercely, and you lived with an elegance that was both inspiring and comforting.

To have known you since the beginning of my adult life, to have shared in your joys, to have relied on your steady presence... to now have to navigate the world without you is a thought too painful to fully grasp.

Lillian, you were always cherished. You are so deeply loved. And it is so, so sad to say goodbye.

But I will not say goodbye forever. I will say, thank you. Thank you for the boys' quarters. Thank you for the Thanksgivings. Thank you for being a second mother to Nicholas. Thank you for being my rock, my sister, my friend from time immemorial.

Rest in perfect peace, my dearest Lillian. You will be missed every single day.



## *Tribute From Your Sweetheart, Peace Barrigah*

Auntie Lillian, m'afi wo dodo! ...it's me your sweetheart calling you! Ah! When I heard you were sick, I was so disturbed and I prayed...prayed hard! I sent the prayer below and asked Irene to read it to you.

Dear Lord,

Today we join all others and lift up Auntie Lillian into Your loving hands. Capable God! King of Kings! Lord of Lords!!! You are the Great Physician, the One who created every part of our bodies with wisdom and care. Father we bless Your name and humbly ask for Your divine touch upon Auntie Lillian. Please Lord touch her and heal her in Jesus name! As we pray, let Your healing power flow through her body from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. Restore every cell, every nerve, every blood vessel and every function affected by this illness. Where there is weakness, we pray for strength in Jesus name! Lord, Your Word reminds us that by Your stripes we are healed. We stand on that promise today and declare healing over Auntie Lillian's life. Let her brain be restored! Let her speech return clearly!! Let her mobility be renewed!!! Let her body respond to treatment and physical therapy with remarkable progress for Your glory! Surround her family with Your peace,

Lord. Remove fear and any kind of anxiety and fill their hearts with hope and confidence that You are working.

We pray for her doctors, therapists and nurses. Lord, grant them wisdom and compassion as they support her recovery. We believe in Your power for complete healing, full recovery and renewed strength.

Be glorified Lord! Amen!!!

This prayer was an expression of love and how deeply you were cherished. You were truly a sweet and kind soul with a beautiful heart. I will honor your memory every day with gentleness, kindness and grace because those were the qualities I admired and saw you give freely to everyone.

Auntie Lillian, sleep peacefully. We will truly miss your sparkle, your smile and your beautiful presence. I love you and thank God for the opportunity and blessing to know you.

Rest well in the arms of our Lord.

## *Tribute By Eva Fosua Aberde*



Some people walk into your life and quickly become part of your story. You were that person for me.

You had a way of making ordinary days feel special. You made me understand that sisterhood does not need the same last name. You taught me that friendship is not about grand gestures. Ewuraesi, you made loyalty look effortless. My world is quieter without you in it.

“Wonua!!!” I could go on and on, if I am given the chance. You were my special friend!

I have taken consolation in the phrase that says “Those we love do not go away, they walk beside us every day.”

Ewuraesi, you will forever remain in our hearts.

REST IN THE LORD'S BOSOM WONUA!!



## *Tribute By Anita Ward*



In January 2017, when my former Boss at UBA said he was moving me to Brussels Airlines country office, I remember asking him, why me? Little did I know that God also had plans for me.

Today, I pay this tribute not with sadness (although devastated), but with an overflowing gratitude. Aunt Lillian was the mother who chose me and loved me as her own daughter. Aunt Lillian always showed up for me, her words were always the most beautiful ones.

I will never forget the support she gave to us on my wedding day. She came incredibly early to be part of the preparations. She prayed for me, bought my beautiful bridal bouquet, and personally drove me to my wedding in her own car. This is a memory I will treasure forever.

Aunt Lillian was a prayerful woman and will use every opportunity to tell you about her life and her deep faith in God. My dearest mother, this is hard for me as you had promised to visit us in Scotland this year. It is so hard to understand why, but I take consolation in Romans 8:28, *“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God”*.

When I missed your 60th birthday party, your words were “how I wish you were here”, but now, I am the one wishing you never left, because there is a lot to say to you... HMMMMMM.

You know I would give anything to hear you call me “Obaapa,” “Obaa Yaa,” or “my beautiful daughter”... just one more time. I miss you each day. Although, I am heartbroken, I continue to trust in the Lord, knowing that you are resting peacefully in his bosom.

Thank you a million times for choosing me; I have no regrets our paths crossed.

You will be in my heart forever my evergreen Lilush.

I love you so much.

## *Lillian with Family and Friends*



*Special Tribute To Lillian, My Dearest Friend By  
Mrs Sophia Baaba Gyeachie - UK*



I have lost a friend who was more like a sister to me!

Lillian and I met in our very first year of secondary school. We soon found out that we had something in common through our parents, with her dad being a manager who worked in the same company as my mum. From that moment on, we became inseparable.

With the passage of time as we grew older, our focus shifted to the mundane aspects of a busy life; marriages, children, different countries, but nothing ever weakened our bond. We remained part of each other's lives through every single season, even until she passed away. She was the "lovely Auntie Lillian from Ghana" as my children knew her when they were kids and even till this day as grown men.

Today, my heart is broken. I still cannot believe that someone who shared so much of my life is gone so suddenly. We had so many plans, especially after your retirement, and I never imagined I would be writing these words. Indeed, the saying, "Man proposes, but God disposes," could not be more profound.

Lillush, who will I share our late-night girly chats and endless laughter with now? You were more than a friend; you were like my sister from another mother. You were my safe place, my confidante in those quiet times. Your wisdom, love, and laughter will stay with me forever.

Rest peacefully, my dear Lillush. God has called you home, but a part of you will always remain with me.



## *Tribute From Araba Eghan*





## ***I Will Forever Miss You, My Dearest Friend***

*Lillian Elsie Ewurasi Akogyiram, wo sh3 hi?* That was how I would begin our conversation whenever I had not heard from you for a few days.

*Lillian Elsie Ewurasi Akogyiram, wo sh3 hi?*

We move through life believing there will always be more time - another November, another phone call, another birthday, another evening spent laughing with someone we love. We tell ourselves there will always be another chance to say what is in our hearts. Then one day, the laughter stops and the phone no longer rings. Only then do we understand what time truly is: never ours to keep. We are all counting down on this journey called life, but with you, my darling sister-friend, the countdown feels far too short.

After several decades of friendship, you became family. You were my sister, and that is how we introduced each other. I often joked about your first day at Accra High School, when Lady Victoria “handed you over to me” and told me to take care of you. I told that story for years just to tease you, and every time you would insist it never happened. But from that day on, a quiet and unshakable bond took root between us, and 43 years of life could not weaken it.

Lillian loved to cook, and she knew that I did not. She would often call and ask, “*wo w) eduang wo fie?*” Then she would say, “I have made some jollof; come and pick it up,” or “I have banku and okro, and I am bringing it over.” The big sister in you always shone

through. Two days later, you would call and ask for your bowls back: “*Ewura, fa mi containers no br3 mi.*” Even in those small, everyday moments, your care and presence filled my life.

I will miss your annual November visits in a way I do not yet have words for. I will miss the birthday parties we planned so carefully, the shopping trips where we treated bargain-hunting like a sport, and the long conversations filled with laughter. I will miss hearing you sing and watching you dance. You truly loved to dance, and when you danced, one could see exactly who you were - joyful, alive, and utterly yourself.

Lilian could light up a room like no other. Her infectious, raucous laugh was electric! As a sister and friend, her love was enveloping and warm. She always knew exactly what to say to brighten you up. Over the 4 decades of life we shared, I witnessed her become the wife, sister, aunt and mother she always wanted to be - our selfless guardian.

I did not know our time was ending. I did not know to count the Novembers, linger longer at the goodbyes, or tell you more often what you meant to me. That is my grief, and it is heavy. Rest well, my darling friend, rest well my chic. I will miss you every single day, my family will miss you.

Till we meet again, *Nyame nfa wo nsie.*

*Tribute To A Very Special Sister, Lillian*  
*By Mrs Elizabeth Quaye (UK)*



I never Imagined I would have to write a tribute to my dear Lillian. Yet, even in this moment of sorrow, I am reminded that God's plans are higher than ours, and we trust Him in all things.

It is said that people may forget what you said or did, but they will never forget how you made them feel, and Lillian made everyone feel loved, valued, and at home.

Lillian and I first met at school when she joined my class. Before long, we discovered we lived in the same area in East Cantonments, and from that moment, our friendship began to grow. We would walk home together after school, and soon I found myself spending time at her home with her siblings. Her house became my second home, filled with warmth, laughter, and kindness.

As life went on, we found ourselves in different parts of the world, but our friendship never faded. We stayed in touch, and in recent years, we were blessed with more opportunities to see each other again, whether during my visits to Ghana or her time in London. Those moments were truly special, and I will always treasure them.

Lillian, thank you for being such a kind, loyal, and caring friend. From our teenage years until now, you showed me what true friendship looks like—steady, loving, and genuine.

Though life will not be the same without you, I take comfort in knowing that you are resting peacefully in the arms of the Lord. May He keep you in His bosom until we meet again.

Rest well, my dear sister.

*Tribute From Ivy Djangmah In Loving  
Memory Of Mrs. Lillian Kwawu*



We started out as friends at church over 30 years ago, and in no time, our friendship blossomed into sisterhood. Oh, what wonderful times we shared through the highs and lows of life—the fufu sessions, the endless gisting, the teasing, and the countless memories we created together. I can still hear your laughter and see your radiant smile.

Our usual greeting still echoes in my mind: “The Dee, Ivy Dee,” and my response, “Liclosh, Liclosh, Liclosh!” Though distance over the last ten-plus years meant we saw less of each other and our phone calls became few and far between, whenever we met or spoke, we simply picked up from where we had left off. We were even planning a trip to Mamfe to pray over your Event Centre. Oh, Ewuraesi, madanfo ne menua, aden? What happened?

“Liclosh,” I learned about your illness in March and immediately called Daniel. I continued to check on you through him and remained hopeful. My plan was to visit you after attending a funeral in Akropong on Saturday, 18th April. Sadly, on Wednesday, 15th April, I received the painful news of your passing. What a devastating loss! Such deep grief over our physical separation.

You excelled in your role as the firstborn child. You faithfully and diligently fulfilled your responsibilities to your parents and siblings, always demonstrating love, commitment, and selflessness. In church, you ministered through song and touched many lives. You were a mother, a big sister, and an inspiration to the younger members of the Choir. Your presence, guidance, and warmth will be sorely missed.

Even though I know you are in a better place, the tears do not cease to flow. I wish you were still here. Yet, I trust in God’s sovereignty and in His decision to call you home at this time. Rest well from your labours, my sister. You have done well. You have fought the good fight, you have finished the race, and you have kept the faith.

Until we meet again, Ewuraesi, rest peacefully in the bosom of our Lord.

# *Farewell To A Dear Friend By Awushie Dunyo*

*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*

Ewurasi, Pine-Ginger is calling. Eii, so we didn't make the Mamfe trip, but I am here now, and it's your funeral. I mean how? We can't ask God questions. He definitely has a reason for taking you away so soon.

If anyone had told me that I will be writing a tribute to you just 9 months after your 60th birthday, I would have argued with the person "Awushie style"! Aah! Ewurasi, being shocked is an understatement!

We met when I was only 15 years old, on the streets of East Cantonments. We moved from saying hello when we met on the streets, running errands for our parents, to visiting each other at home.





We bonded when I realised my friends Uriel and Shirley were also your friends. Then we started learning songs in your house. I remember playing cassettes and stopping them line by line just to learn songs like *“Rhythm of the Night”*, *“Electric Boogie”* and others. Anytime we left for school, I always looked forward to the holidays because we will all meet again.

Then your family moved out of East Cantonment to Ridge/Kanda. We lost touch for a while. Then one day you came to my church, I was so excited to see you. And then you joined the choir and also sang the same part like me. At this point, we were hooked for life. We sang together in the church choir for over 25 odd years.

Along the line, the “Inner Circle Group” was born. After church on Sundays, we would all meet to eat fufu at various members’ homes. Championed by the late Andrew Eshun and Auntie Emelia, the usual culprits were, Adwoa, Kenny, the late Ivy-Barbara (Barbo), Jahvies, Willie, Josephine Eshun, etc. this group later became a closed group of Adwoa and Kenny, Ivy D, Daniel and Lillian, Kwame and Awushie. Apart from eating fufu, we met to pray.

Kenny became the Chairman of this group, ultimately becoming the “Chairman” of your Wedding Planning Committee. You chose me to plan and Coordinate your Wedding. I remember all the conniving on the blind side of “Chairman Mao”. For proximity sake you decided to dress from 153A Obenese Close, my family house in East Cantonments since we wanted to be on time. I was so honoured. Since then, I have been your go-to person for most

of your events.

On one of our trips out of Accra, Ivy D and I decided to do some Juice for the group. We decided on Pineapple and ginger Juice. It didn’t go too well and we just didn’t hear the last of it. It was named “Wushivy Pine ginger”. Since then, Lillian has called me Pine-Ginger.

My fellow Alto Singer. We had a lot of fun in Ambassadors with Directors Ace, Willie, Wilde, Pastor Joe and Phillip. I remember Wilde saying “give me high Alto” and we will burst into laughter because the high alto was not “highing”. When we wanted to start Triumphant Voices, I reached out to you, Mamle and others and without hesitation, you joined. I remember Director’s Baby Shower, you were so excited to push it. I play that video over and over again, since you passed.

I can’t believe that just last September we were seriously preparing for your 60th with dance rehearsals and all. With me overseeing things as usual. Oh Ewurasi, now I have to oversee your funeral too? Charley, this is really tough.

All the fun moments we had will definitely be cherished. Farewell, my dear Ewurasi.

Love you always.

## *Tribute From Barbara Afari*

My dearest Aunt Lillian, it is with such shock and disbelief I write this knowing you are in the arms of the ancestors.

Hearing of your passing was extremely devastating, especially having seen you at my mum's funeral only two years ago. Your kindness, love and warmth towards your family was the driving force for all. All the things left unsaid, the things not completed and the journeys not made, I hope wherever you may find yourself, you are able to do all the things which were left not done.

You are missed so much by all and our world will not be the same.

May our ancestors welcome you with the same kindness, warmth and love and may they guide you into the next stage of your journey. I bid you farewell and rest in the arms of The Most High.

Nantew yiye, Damirifa Due.





## *Tribute To Mrs. Lillian Kwawu From The Halihali Family.*

With heavy hearts, we honor and celebrate the life of our beloved godmother. You were more than family. You were a guiding light, a source of wisdom and a constant presence of love in our lives.

Your kindness knew no limits and your strength inspired us all. You stood by us in moments of joy and in times of need, always offering comfort, encouragement and unwavering support. The love you gave so freely will forever remain in our hearts.

As Halihali's family, we are deeply grateful for the role you played in shaping our lives and for the memories we will cherish always. Your legacy of love, faith and compassion will continue to live on through each of us.

Though we mourn your passing, we also celebrate a life beautifully lived, a life that touched so many lives.

Rest peacefully dear LILIAN. You will forever be loved, remembered and missed.



## *Tribute From The Asiedus And Friends*



*I thank God for allowing me to experience your incredible spirit  
- I love you so much, Auntie Lillian. – Adobea*

*I was deeply touched by the immense concern you showed by  
attending my father-in-law's funeral. - Josephine*

*Her bubbly spirit, warmth and humour made every moment  
with her special, and I will always cherish the laughter, conver-  
sations and precious memories we shared. - Harriet*

*Lillian was a fun-to-be-with lady. I never saw her without a  
smile. May she rest in peace. - Barbara*

*I will always remember Lillian for her kind, warm spirit and her consistent  
willingness to bend over backwards to help when needed. - Osiko*

*Lillian's joyful spirit, calm and grounding presence, and sage advice made every  
conversation and dance within the ABCD community a gift and memory I will  
always cherish. May she rest in eternal peace. She will be dearly missed. – Evita*

*Lilian, a person most warm and pleasant. I am happy you celebrated your 60th  
in style. Rest well our dear sister. – Ann-Marie*

*Lilian was vibrant and radiated a joy for life that was infectious. She was gracious*



*and thoughtful, making those around her feel seen and cared for. One of my favorite memories of Lilian was of her looking radiant as she danced with friends and family at her 60th birthday party. Although I'd only met her a couple of years ago, she kindly invited me to join her entourage of dancers who were her friends she'd known for decades making me included. Another sweet memory is of Lilian working her connections at the airport to help resolve some errors my airline had made on my booking. Although I could have worked on this myself, Lilian was happy to help and stayed up late, making calls to the various people and checking in with me every few minutes to provide an update. She embodied joy, grace, and kindness and I miss her dearly. – Yaa Adoma*

Lilosh! Writing a tribute to you seems so out of place. You? You, so full of life and warmth, dancing happily wherever you could, fluttering like a flower in the wind. You, enjoying your plants in your garden and walking around in hope asking for more flowers. You helping others wherever and whenever you could.

Now you are gone.

We met in the Kuottam neighborhood many years ago. We bonded quickly. You had the same zest for life that we had and you had such a sense for community too. You would go from household to household inviting people over to meetings and Christmas parties, you would check in on those who were unwell and of course you would stop to feel the flowers. The friendship grew over the years. You showed up at every family function, the happy and the sad, not as a visitor, but as part of us, mourning with us and laughing too with us. Our friends and family became yours, and yours, ours.

You had wisdom beyond your years - but then you always looked way younger than you actually were. That made you right on so many things. But on one you were wrong. You said Alex's mum's death had inured us to loss, especially the death of our loved ones.

On that, you were almost wrong, Lillian. Your death has hit us hard. So hard that Irene screamed loud enough for neighbours to come asking whether there was a problem. Hard enough that we have cried many times over knowing we won't see you here anymore, dance with you anymore, laugh with you anymore. We have scrolled through the many pictures and videos of you, sometimes smiling through the pain and asking ourselves how one so full of life can just be gone like that.

Once again, we have been hit with how fleeting life is and why we should cherish each day we live...how purposefully and intentionally we should live the life that God has blessed us with. Just like you, our lives should be a blessing to everyone who comes our way so that we make a positive impact that cannot be forgotten.

We have peace in knowing that you must be in heaven with mummy and all the saints that have gone before you. You must be dancing with them and happier than you ever would have been here on earth. You must be walking the heavenly gardens and fluttering like a flower in the winds. Just that this time you won't need to ask to pluck a flower home any more.

You are at home where all flowers are made.

Rest in perfect peace, our dear friend. - Alex and Irene



# *Tribute To A Dear Cousin, Sister-In-Law And An Aunt By Opere-Anim Family*

*In Loving Memory of Lillian Ewuraesi  
Cousin, “Uncle”  
Friend of Flowers  
Keeper of Our Family*

## ***A Life of Service, Order and Love***

Lillian called me “Uncle” even though we were cousins. It wasn’t a mistake. It was a choice - her quiet way of saying, “I honor you.”

She honored people more than titles, love more than custom, and service more than recognition.

She moved through life with grace. Respectful, organised, thoughtful in every detail.

When she visited, the house felt brighter and the garden fuller. She curated our flowers with the care of an artist and the devotion of a friend to nature. Every bloom seemed to stand a little taller after she left.

Her heart belonged to people, especially the little ones. My children and grandchildren knew her as the one who would kneel to their level, listen to their stories, and surprise them with a dress or a kind word at the smallest opportunity. She gave not from abundance,

but from a heart that could not help but give.

Lillian loved order and excellence. She planned our family events with a steady hand, anticipating needs before they arose, ensuring no detail was missed and no guest felt forgotten.

Because of her years with the airlines, she became our trusted travel anchor — arranging flights with precision and calm, so we could rest knowing we were in safe hands.

She was grateful for the smallest kindness and returned it a hundredfold. Her life whispered a truth we often forget: that it is the small, consistent acts of love that build a family and hold it together.

**Ewuraesi, we loved you. We still do. We will cherish you forever.**

Sleep well, dear one. The gardens you tended, the children you blessed, the family you held together — these are your living memorial. Your good works follow you, and they will speak long after we are gone.

*“Well done, good and faithful servant... enter into the joy of your Lord.”— Matthew 25:23*

## *Tribute From Rev. Kenny And Adwoa McCauley*

*“...when we asunder part, it gives us inward pain.  
But we shall still, be joined in heart.  
And hope to meet again.” -*

A verse from the hymn BLEST BE THE TIE.

We have nothing to say, as there is nothing to say, that will truly capture the privileged relationship Adwoa and I have had with Ewuresi.

Our hearts are sad for the physical separation but we know you are in the best place. We met you first and then “Moda” and the rest of the family. We set ourselves to bring “Moda” in to the Kingdom and we succeeded. You were our Maid of honor and we thank you. Then we met Daniel and the two of you got married and our relationship took a blazing marvelous run. You were a sister and Daniel is a brother. You even referred to Adwoa as “Big Sis” We traveled together and spent many weekends together with other friends. In fact, it was very common to see us together all the time. Our fufu and banku parties were legendary.

How can we forget how you opened your house to us to nurse Adwoa back to health after her near fatal accident? She maintains that you fed her so well that she is still trying to shed off the weight she gained then till date. When you fell sick some years ago, we

gathered with other notable friends such as Ivy Djangmah and prayed for God’s intervention and you recovered. This time God alone knows best and took you away.

In our youthful days we sang and played in the same Youth Band at church and in later years had a good laugh with all the recollections of funny non-performances. We can fondly remember some phrases we used and names we gave to ourselves and friends.

*ME DAWUTU – I DOUBT WHAT IS BEING SAID.*

*PAVE THE WAY – GIVE ACCESS.*

*EXPATRIATE – STATUS SHE WAS TO ASSUME AFTER RETIREMENT*

*CHAIRMAN MAO – KENNY’S NICK NAME AFTER HE CLANDESTINELY EJECTED IVY DEE FROM THE SEAT OF CHIEF PLANNER FOR YOUR WEDDING.*

*CHAIRMAN MAO SPEAKS NOBODY SPEAKS – REFERRING TO KENNY’S DESPOTIC DECISIONS.*

*PRINCESS OF MAMFE – A NAME KENNY GAVE YOU.*

*OPRAH WINFREY – A REFERENCE TO OUR FRIEND ARABA*

*NANTU – A REFERENCE TO IVY DEE NOW LADY PASTOR*

*THE OGUNDIPES – THE COUPLE RIVERSON AND AWUSHIE*

We are trying to say more and we fight back tears but our last words are that, we who are living and want to see you again, will seek for the path you chose and never looked back. That path is redemption through Jesus Christ. Lillian when you meet all those who went ahead of us into the Kingdom, please tell them we are still in the faith and are biding our time faithfully with patience.

We hear you calling “Chairman, Chairman Mao?! Nkwan no ye fine papaa!!” Meaning

“Chairman, the soup is delicious!”

Ewuresi rest peacefully in the arms of our Lord Jesus Christ until we surely meet again.



## *Our Tribute To Lillian - From The Gyechie Family*



Lillian, a name as gentle as a lily kissed by the morning dew,  
Pure of heart, and innocent in all she knew.  
Her beauty moved with grace and poise,  
With a love so rare that nothing and no one could replace.

Lillian, your name still carries that light, even in your absence,  
A spirit wrapped in warmth, shining impossibly bright.  
We miss you every single day,  
Because some souls are simply too beautiful to fade away.

She gave her love so freely, without pretense or guile,  
Touching every heart with her infectious smile.  
We have truly lost a wonderful soul.

Our heartfelt condolences go to “Mother,” her beloved mum,  
and to the entire family. Though our words can only do so  
much to soften the pain,

We trust that God is in control, He will comfort and strengthen  
you during this difficult time.

Auntie Lillian, rest in peace. You will always remain in our  
hearts.

***Mr. and Mrs. Max and Sophia Gyechie (UK)***

*In Loving Memory Of Lilosh From Dr Kathy Swanzy- Derben  
& Mrs Joanna Essilfie (Derben Sisters, UK)*



*“Your memory is a keepsake from which we’ll never part, God has you in His keeping, we have you in our hearts”*

Anonymous Author

They say a true friend is a rare treasure, and for the decades we shared with Lilosh, we knew exactly how fortunate we were to have a true friend like her.

At 60, Lilosh still had so much life left to give, but she leaves behind a legacy of joy, kindness, compassion, dependability and loyalty that will never be forgotten.

Lilosh was the definition of a free spirit - easy-going and care-free, and always ready to lighten the mood with a joke just when you needed it most. But beneath that laughter was a heart of gold and a soul that always went the extra mile for those she loved.

We saw the true depth of Lilosh’s love just this past February 2026. When our Dad passed away, Lilosh didn’t just offer condolences, she moved into our home to help us navigate the pain, sorrow and heartbreak and organise his funeral. She was our absolute rock, carrying us through our darkest days with a steady heart and a helping hand that never wavered.

It was as if Lilosh gave everything she had left to make sure we were okay. Becoming unwell immediately after we said goodbye to Dad, Lilosh left us shortly after, having fulfilled her final mission of true friendship.

Thank you, Lilosh, for the laughter, for your selfless heart, sacrificial love, constant support and for being the anchor we needed. You left us far too soon, but you gave us everything until the very end.

You will be sorely and painfully missed Lilosh but God will comfort us and fill the vacuum you have created in our hearts.

Rest in perfect peace our dearest sister and friend Lilosh, in the loving arms of the Almighty God.



## *Tribute From Willie And Mamle Djangmah*



There's still that one tick on the last WhatsApp message sent to you. In all the years we've known each other, the silence hasn't been this long.

At a time like this, one can't help but reminisce about the past and the very beginning. We met in church over 30 years ago, where we ministered together for years and formed a bond of a lifetime. In our youth, we would regularly meet in each other's homes over a good pot of fufu and long hours of raucous board games, dancing, and praying together. Your faith in God was the foundation of your life, guiding you with strength, grace, and compassion.

Every selfie and picture we took together holds stories of our lives. One day, when the pain of your passing dulls, we will look on them with love and laughter. There are many memories we will hold dear, from our love for dancing to singing and the many conversations where we reflected on life.

This past Easter you had planned to bring us to your beloved Mamfe. We're here today, Lillosh!

But it's your silence that meets us.

Farewell, dear. May the angels meet you with rejoicing, and may Abraham welcome you into the presence of God, the God whom you loved faithfully and shared so generously with those around you.

You are missed. You will remain in our hearts forever.

## *Tribute From Easter Lily Street & Family In Loving Memory Of Our Beloved Aunty Lilian (Mrs Lilian Kwauw)*

There are souls whose presence quietly shapes the world around them—souls so full of love, warmth, and grace that their absence leaves a silence words can scarcely fill. Aunty Lilian was one of those rare and beautiful souls.

Today, Easter Lily Street does not feel the same. The laughter echoes a little softer, the gatherings feel incomplete, and the spaces she once filled with light and beauty now remind us how much she meant to each of us.

Aunty Lilian was not just a resident of our street—she was its very heart. A mother to many, a sister, a confidante, a well of wisdom, and a constant pillar of strength. Her home was open, her heart even more so. She welcomed all with warmth, spoke with kindness, and gave of herself so freely. The Bible reminds us in Proverbs 31:26, “She opens her mouth with wisdom, and the teaching of kindness is on her tongue.” This was Aunty Lilian in every sense. Conversations with her were profoundly inspiring and deeply enriching; her words brought healing, guidance, and upliftment.

She carried a quiet strength that reassured us all that, no matter the

storm, peace was possible.

In moments of joy, she celebrated with us wholeheartedly. Every Easter Sunday, during our beloved Easter Lily Street party, her presence was unmistakable—full of life, laughter, and love.

That gathering, long a symbol of our unity and joy, will never be the same without her graceful dance moves and humble stewardship. The music will play, people will gather, but a vital piece of our joy—her—will be deeply missed.

In times of sorrow, she stood with us, offering comfort when we felt weak. As it is written in 2 Corinthians 1:3-4, “Blessed be God... the Father of mercies and God of all comfort; who comforts us in all our tribulation.” Aunty Lilian was that vessel of comfort to so many of us.

Though our hearts are heavy, we hold on to the promise in Revelation 21:4: “He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain...” We take solace in knowing that she is now at peace, resting in the loving arms of the

Almighty.

Her legacy is not just in memories, but in the lives she touched, the love she gave, and the unity she built within our Easter Lily Family. She taught us what it means to truly care, to truly give, and to truly love.

Aunty Lilian, your light will never fade. Your love will continue to guide us. Your beautiful memory will forever be a blessing to Easter Lily Street and beyond.

“I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.” — 2 Timothy 4:7

Rest peacefully in the arms of the Lord.

You will always be loved. You will always be remembered.

You will always be our Aunty Lilian.

**Forever in our hearts.**



*A Tribute To Our Beloved Friend, Lillian –  
Accra High School Alumni*



## 2nd Timothy 4: 7-8

*7 I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. 8 Finally, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to me on that Day, and not to me only but also to all who have loved His appearing.*

A charming smile; emanating warmth, a heart full of kindness; ready to help, a life filled with wisdom; lived purposefully, a vivacious personality, never wasting a good moment to dance.

Fun-loving, peace-seeking, always dressed vibrantly. Spoke her mind on issues with so much maturity. Always ready to contribute her quota to the growth and wellbeing of the group —that is our Lillian.

With hearts full of sorrow, yet deep gratitude, we write this tribute to honour a rare and beautiful soul, our dear friend, Lillian.

We met at Accra High School, but it felt as though we had known each other for years. Very quickly, we became more than friends; we became sisters. Our bond was instant, deep, and truly God-given.

After school in 1986, a few of us, including Lilian stayed in touch and grew closer. We spent so much time together, going out, sharing experiences, and creating countless cherished memories.

As our friendship deepened, so did the bond between our loved ones. Our individual friends became each other's friends.

Lillian, you were full of life, kindness, and joy. Your warmth touched the hearts of everyone around you.

Even though your time on earth was short, your impact was profound and will live on forever.

Your boisterous laughter still echoes; your well-curated steps on the dance floor remain vivid.

Our fragile hearts may heal in time, but the memories you left us will live on.

We miss you dearly. We thank God for the privilege of knowing you, hanging out with you, and loving you.

Rest peacefully, our dear Lillian.

You will forever remain in our hearts.



## *Tribute By Amity Foundation: Lillian Ewuraesi Kuwau*

*"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort those who are in any trouble, with the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted by God." II Corinthians 1:3-4*

Lillian (aka Ewuraesi) was a lively, memorable person. She had a smile for everyone, a kind word of greeting, an engaging conversational attitude and a spirit of decency. In her interactions with people, she displayed the Golden Rule found in Matthew (7:12): "In everything, do to others what you would have them do to you." She was open, friendly, helpful and socially entrepreneurial.

Lillian joined Amity Foundation in October 2022 as part of the most recent batch of new member additions to the Club. It was clear she was not going to be a wallflower. She always sat at the front of the meeting venue, facing the right side of the executive table. She was punctual and attentive. It was no surprise therefore when in less than a full year of membership, she was appointed to the position of Assistant Secretary following the resignation of the former assistant secretary to pursue coursework and a career in the methodist church as a priest.

However, because the Club's constitution required a minimum of one year's membership for executive office, her role was held on an acting basis until that requirement was met. She was subsequently confirmed as substantive Assistant Secretary of Amity Foundation. Lillian immersed herself in her role as assistant secretary, taking and writing meeting highlights and minutes assiduously.

She played supportive roles in other activities and took on tasks with a smile and positive attitude. She displayed excellent organizational skills and a willingness to assist the executives, the Club and members alike in several roles or tasks, most of which she took on herself.

In March, Lillian was taken ill and hospitalized. The Club followed her progress closely and we were very heartened when she was taken home from the hospital where care continued. We hoped that the journey to full recovery had commenced. Alas, this was not to be. On 15th April we heard the devastating sad news of her passing. The Club was thrown into grief, turmoil and pain. A situation which continues to this day.

However, we take solace in 2nd Corinthians 1, 3-4 and believe that indeed, 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, will comforts us in our current tribulation, so that we may be able to comfort the family of our late member, Lillian Ewurasi Kwawu, with the comfort with which we ourselves are comforted by God Almighty.'

Today, we gather here to honor the memory of Lillian, particularly the personable-ness, kindness, helpfulness, diligence and warmth she exhibited during the relatively brief period of her membership of Amity Foundation and also throughout her life.

May her soul travel in peace.





## *A Tribute To Auntie Lillian, Park Committee Chairperson By The Park Committee*

Auntie Lillian was passionate about one thing above all: keeping Alison's legacy alive. Her love for plants made her a natural fit as Chairperson, and she brought that same care for beauty and life to everything she did for the park. She wanted children to enjoy it, and she went out herself with two committee members to procure the swings from the donations we had received. That was Lillian — hands-on, present, and quietly generous.

Her leadership was firm but never rigid. She would slow down a decision when more dialogue was needed, but she also knew exactly when to say no and mean it. There was wisdom in both. No one can quite fill the space she has left.

Each of us encountered her in our own way.

*For Alex, she was like the flowers she loved: bright, bringing joy and smiles wherever she went.*

*Kwabena Yeboah remembers: Chilling Mama wasn't just a friend. She was home. We used to go round welcoming new homeowners and residents, her infectious warm smile leading the way — and she was the one rounding us up every December for the Christmas party. Lillian was always laughing and always*

*making it fun. The estate feels quieter without you. But the joy you brought stays with us. Rest well, Chilling Mama. You were loved, and you'll never be forgotten.*

*Foster Yeboah Owusu remembers her as more than a neighbour: "She was a friend to all of us — fun, respectful, and a true servant of this community. Her sudden passing has shaken me deeply and has me reflecting on just how precious and fragile life truly is."*

*Brenda Kissi, our assistant park secretary, writes: "I felt very welcomed when I newly joined Palm Valley, particularly because Lillian always made sure to stop and ask after my wellbeing whenever we met on the estate streets. Working with her on the Park Committee was so seamless. We will miss her immensely."*

*Ewurama Bennin, our park secretary, says: "My heart is heavy. Our last discussion was about flowers you wanted. I can't believe I won't hear your voice of wisdom and encouragement when I dial your number. You were a true chairlady — but beyond that, you were a big sister and a friend. God be with you till we meet again."*

As a committee, we grieve. But we are comforted knowing you are in a place of golden streets, trees bearing fruit all year round, and beauty beyond anything we can imagine here.

You are truly home, and truly at rest.

Fare thee well, Aunty Lillian.





## *Tribute From Former Colleagues (Lufthansa / Brussels Airlines / United Airlines)*





*“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 labour, for their deeds will follow them.’”* **Revelation 14:13**

Today, we gather to celebrate the life of our dear colleague and friend of more than twenty years, **Mrs. Lillian Elsie Kwawu**. Our journey with Lillian began in 2004 when she joined Lufthansa, marking the start of many years of friendship, camaraderie, and cherished memories.

Her radiant smile and warm personality brought joy to everyone fortunate enough to know her. She had a remarkable ability to make people feel welcome and valued.

Our customers always wanted Lillian to attend to them after their first interaction with her because of her exceptional cordiality and professionalism. She also had a unique and unforgettable way of introducing herself on the phone: “Li.li.aan.”

Lillian was elegant, composed, and mature. She took pride in keeping everything in order, ensuring that the papers on her desk were always neatly arranged. We fondly teased her by calling her “the old woman’s daughter” because of her calm and responsible nature.

She was highly disciplined with her time. Her car was usually ready and waiting at closing time, and she would be prepared to leave the office promptly. However, if anyone wanted Lillian to stay a little longer after 5:00 p.m., all they needed to do was play some music.

In no time, she would be on the dance floor, bringing life and laughter to the moment.

Lillian wore her smile like a badge and related warmly with all the agents who handled our flight operations, whether she was carrying out an assignment locally or travelling on duty outside Ghana.

Lillian, the excitement surrounding the preparations for your 60th birthday celebration especially finding attire in your preferred colours was, though stressful for us, but was great fun and joy. We looked forward to celebrating another chapter of your life and were eager to do everything possible to make this milestone birthday and your transition into retirement truly memorable.

When we received news of your sudden illness in March, we were deeply concerned. We hoped and prayed that you would recover quickly and return to us in good health. Sadly, it was not to be. The news of your passing on that fateful Wednesday, 15th April 2026, came as a profound shock to all your colleagues.

There are countless memories we could share, but words alone cannot fully capture the impact you had on our lives.

Fare thee well, our dear friend and colleague.

May you rest in the bosom of the Almighty God.

**Ruhe in Frieden. Rest in perfect peace.**

## *Tribute To Mrs. Lillian Elsie Kwawu By The Wedding Crew*



*(Best Man, Maid of Honour, Bridesmaids & Groomsmen)*

The passing of a dear friend leaves a pain that words can scarcely describe. Yet true friendship transcends death, for the memories shared, the laughter enjoyed, and the bonds created remain forever etched in our hearts.

Today, with deep sorrow and heavy hearts, we mourn the passing of our beloved sister and cherished friend, Mrs. Lillian Elsie Kwawu. Over the years, we were privileged not only to witness but

also to be part of a beautiful love story and marriage that flourished gracefully for more than twenty-two years. From the joyful moments surrounding their wedding day to the many years that followed, Lillian carried herself with warmth, kindness, grace, and genuine love for people.

It is often said that “friends are the family we choose,” and being welcomed into the Kwawu family circle remains one of the greatest blessings and honours of our lives. Through the years, Lillian made every friendship meaningful. Her gentle spirit, calm presence, caring heart, and beautiful smile left lasting impressions on all of us.

Though her departure has left an irreplaceable void in our hearts, we remain grateful to God for the gift of knowing her, loving her, and sharing life’s journey with her. Lillian, your memory will continue to live on in our hearts and in the countless lives you touched with love and compassion. We will forever cherish the moments we shared and the friendship we were blessed to enjoy.

Rest peacefully, dear Lillian, until we meet again.

May the good Lord keep you safely in His bosom and grant you eternal rest.

**Rest in Perfect Peace.**

## *Tribute By Pastor Fijfi Pentsil, House Of Worship – Maryland, USA*

**Lillian,**

I first met you when I was a guest speaker at Covenant Life Community Church. Your kindness and hospitality were outstanding. My wife and I got the opportunity to fellowship with you and really get to know you and Daniel when you came over to Maryland for your medical checkups.

While in Maryland, you joined us at House of Worship, where you gained another family. Your love for God and dedication to His service were exemplary. During that time, we witnessed God's faithfulness in healing and sustaining you. You were a living sign among us of His healing power. Your trust and faith in God were evident. You did not flinch in trusting God as your healer.

You were a great encouragement, checking on us as a family and asking about the progress of the church. Our long conversations were always marked by checking on others and guiding our hearts to pray and remember those who were close to us. Your understanding of the airline industry was so refreshing. I would call you whenever I had challenges with my connecting flights. Thank you for being the calm and assuring voice on the other end of the line. You always helped me with such grace and kindness.



It's too soon, Lillian.

It is difficult to write about you with reference to the past, but we know you are in our future. We take great comfort in knowing you are with our Lord Jesus. You are safe, completely healed and free in His Presence.

Rest well, Lillian. Till we meet again rest well, rest well, rest well.



## *Appreciation*

The Akogyiram Atua, Kwawu and all Allied Families extend our heartfelt gratitude for the love, kindness, support, and prayers you have shown us as we celebrate the life and cherish the memory of our beloved Lillian.

Your presence, comforting words, acts of generosity, and unwavering support during this difficult time have been a great source of strength and encouragement to us. They have reminded us that although we grieve, we do not walk this journey alone.

As we honour Lillian's beautiful life, loving spirit, and lasting legacy, we deeply appreciate every expression of sympathy and solidarity extended to our family.

May the good Lord richly bless you, reward your kindness, and keep you and your loved ones in His care.

*We are truly grateful for your support and for standing with us during this time of remembrance and celebration of Lillian's life.*

