



**MRS. FLORA  
ADOFO SACKEYFIO**

— 1938 - 2023 —

IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
**MRS. FLORA ADOFO SACKEYFIO**

9<sup>TH</sup> MAY, 1938 - 3<sup>RD</sup> MAY, 2023



**PRE-BURIAL / BURIAL SERVICES AND INTERMENT**  
**WESLEY METHODIST CATHEDRAL, ASAFOATSE NETTEY ROAD, ACCRA**  
**SATURDAY, 24<sup>TH</sup> JUNE, 2023**





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## OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Very Rev. Victor B.B Boyetey (Supt. Minister, Accra Circuit)

Rev. John G. Bortey (Circuit Minister)

## CHOIR

Harmonious Chorale



## ORDER OF SERVICE

### PART I PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

#### 1 Opening Hymn - MHB 50



1. *THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.*
2. *My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.*
3. *Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
et will I fear no ill:  
For thou art with me, and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.*
4. *My table thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.*
5. *Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me,  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.*

#### 2 Prayer & the Lord's Prayer

#### 3 Hymn - MHB 602




1. *FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.*
2. *I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with Joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes,  
And a heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize.*
3. *I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.*
4. *Wherever In the world I am,  
In whatsoever estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate,  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.*
5. *I ask Thee for the dally strength  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
Still keeping at Thy side,  
Content to fill a little space  
If Thou be glorified.*
6. *In a service which Thy will appoints  
There are no bonds for me;  
For my Inmost soul is taught the truth  
That makes Thy children free;  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.*


4 Tributes

5 Hymn & Filling Past  
MHB 492, 649, 569, 478, 650, 878


**MHB 492**

- 
1. 'I THE good fight have fought',  
O when shall I declare?  
The victory by my Saviour got  
I long with Paul to share.
2. O may I triumph so,  
When all my warfare's past,  
And, dying, find my latest foe  
Under my feet at last.
3. This blessed word be mine  
just as the port is gained:  
Kept by the power of grace divine,  
I have the faith maintained.
4. The apostles of my Lord,  
To whom it first was given,  
They could not speak a greater word,  
Nor all the saints in heaven.

**MHB 649**

- 
1. THERE is a land of pure delight,  
where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
5. O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes:
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

**MHB 569**

- 
1. THINE for ever! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above;  
Thine for ever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.
2. Thine for ever! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife:  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.
3. Thine for ever! O how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end!
4. Thine for ever! Shepherd keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.
5. Thine for ever! Thou our guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

### **MHB 478**

1. *JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
On whom I cast my every care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.*
2. *If I have tasted of Thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings;  
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,  
And hovering hides me in His wings:*
3. *Still let Him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart,  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep till He renews my heart.*
4. *His sacred unction from above  
Be still my Comforter and Guide;  
Till all the hardness He remove,  
And in my loving heart reside.*



5. *Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,  
From nature's every path retreat;  
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,  
And set upon the rock my feet.*
6. *Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,  
O reach me out Thy gracious hand!  
Only on Thee for help I call,  
Only by faith in Thee I stand.*
7. *When to the right or left I stray,  
His voice behind me may I hear:  
Return, and walk In Christ thy way;  
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.*

### **MHB 650**

1. *JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In Joy, and peace, and thee?*
2. *When shall these eyes thy heaven-  
built walls  
And pearly gates behold,  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?*
3. *There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy  
scenes  
I onward press to you.*



4. *Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel, at death, dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.*
5. *Apostles, martyrs, prophets there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.*
6. *Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee!  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy Joys shall see.*

### **MHB 878**

1. *O GOD, our help In ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home :*
2. *Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.*
3. *Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.*



4. *The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.*
5. *Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.*
6. *O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.*

7. *A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.*

**6 Covering of Coffin - Song**

**7 Final Hymn - MHB 515**

1. *THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark It be!  
Lead me by Thine own hand;  
Choose out the path for me.  
Smooth let It be or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.*
2. *I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not, if I might:  
Choose Thou for me. my God;  
So shall I walk aright.  
The kingdom that I seek Is Thine;  
So let the way That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.*

3. *Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.  
Not mine, not mine the choice  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All.*

**PART II BURIAL SERVICE**

**1 Funeral sentence**

**2 Announcement of purpose**

**3 Hymn - MHB 832**

1. *FOR all the saints who from their  
labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world  
confessed,  
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever  
blest.  
Alleluia*
2. *Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress,  
and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the  
well fought fight;  
Thou in the darkness drear their  
one true Light.  
Alleluia!*

3. *O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true,  
and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly  
fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's  
crown of gold  
Alleluia*
4. *O blest communion, fellowship  
divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory  
shine,  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are  
Thine.  
Alleluia*



5. *And when the strife is fierce,  
the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant  
triumph song,  
And hearts are brave again,  
and arms are strong.  
Alleluia*

6. *The golden evening brightens in  
the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors  
Cometh rest;  
Sweet is the calm of paradise the  
blest.  
Alleluia*


7. *But lo! there breaks a yet more  
glorious day:  
The saints triumphant rise In  
bright array;  
The King of Glory passes on His  
way.  
Alleluia*

8. *From earth's wide bounds, from  
ocean's farthest coast, Through gates of  
pearl streams in  
the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and  
Holy Ghost:  
Alleluia!*

#### 4 Opening prayer

#### 5 Hymn - MHB 51

1. *THE God of love my Shepherd is,  
And He that doth me feed;  
While He is mine and I am His,  
What can I want or need?*
2. *He leads me to the tender grass,  
Where I both feed and rest;  
Then to the streams that gently pass:  
In both I have the best.*
3. *Or if I stray, He doth convert,  
And bring my mind in frame,  
And all this not for my desert,  
But for His holy name.*




4. *Yea, in death's shady black abode  
Well may I walk, not fear;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
To guard, Thy staff to bear.*

5. *Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love  
Shall measure all my days;  
And as it never shall remove  
So neither shall my praise.*

#### 6 Biography / Tributes

#### 7 Hymn - MHB 478

1. *JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
On whom I cast my every care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.*
2. *If I have tasted of Thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings;  
If with me now Thy spirit stays,  
And hovering hides me in His wings:*
3. *Still let Him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart,  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep till He renews my heart.*



4. *When to the right or left I stray,  
His voice behind me may I hear:  
Return, and walk in Christ thy way;  
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.*

5. *His sacred unction from above  
Be still my comforter and Guide;  
Till all the hardness He remove,  
And in my loving heart reside.*

6. *Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,  
From nature's every path retreat;  
Thou art my way, my Leader be,  
And set upon the rock my feet.*

7. *Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,  
O reach me out Thy gracious hand!  
Only on Thee for help I call,  
Only by faith in Thee I stand.*

8 **Scripture readings - Psalm 90**

9 **Sermon hymn - MHB 528**

1. *IN heavenly love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear;  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here:  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid;  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed?*
2. *Wherever He may guide me.  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd Is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack :  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim;  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.*

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

10 **Sermon**

11 **Affirmation of faith**

12 **Offering**

13 **Hymn - MHB 615**

1. *GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven! Feed me now and ever-  
more.*
2. *Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream shall flow;  
Let the fiery,cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliverer! Be  
Thou still my help and shield.*


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

14 **Thanksgiving, Commendation,  
Concluding Prayer**

15 **The Lord's prayer**

16 **Hymn - MHB 65**

1. *O GOD of God, in whom combine,  
The heights and depths of love divine,  
With thankful hearts to Thee we sing;  
To Thee our longing souls aspire,  
In fervent flames of strong desire;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring.*
2. *O powerful Love, to Thee we bow;  
Object of all our wishes Thou,  
Our hearts are naked to Thine eye;  
To Thee, who from the eternal throne  
Cam'st emptied of Thy glory down,  
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.*


- 
3. *Grace we implore: when billows roll,  
Grace is the anchor of the soul;  
Grace every sickness knows to heal;  
Grace can subdue each fond desire,  
And patience In all pain inspire,  
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.*
4. *Be heaven, e'en now, our soul's abode,  
Hid be our life with Christ in God,  
Our spirit, Lord, be one with Thine;  
Let all our works in Thee be wrought,  
And filled with Thee be all our thought,  
Till in us Thy full likeness shine.*

17 **Benediction**

18 **Dead March in Soul**

19 **Recessional hymn - MHB 490**

1. *FiGHT the good fight with all thy might;  
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;  
Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
Thy Joy and crown eternally.*
2. *Run the straight race through God's good  
grace;  
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face,  
Life with its path before thee lies;  
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.*

- 
3. *Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide,  
His boundless mercy will provide;  
Lean, and thy trusting soul shall prove,  
Christ is thy life, and Christ thy love.*
4. *Faint not, nor fear, His arm Is near;  
He changeth not, and thou art dear,  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.*



## PART III INTERMENT

### 1 Processional Hymn - MHB977



1. *SAFE home, safe home in port!  
Rent cordage, shattered deck,  
Torn sails, provision short,  
And only not a wreck;  
But O the Joy upon the shore  
To tell the voyage-perils o'er!*
2. *The prize, the prize secure  
The athlete nearly fell;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well:  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on.*
3. *No more the foe can harm :  
No more of leaguered camp,  
And cry of night alarm,  
And need of ready lamp :  
And yet how nearly had he failed,  
How nearly had that foe prevailed!*
4. *The exile is at home :  
O nights and days of tears!  
O longings not to roam!  
O sins, and doubts, and fears!  
What matters now grief's darkest day?  
The King has wiped those tears away.*

### 2 Hymn - MHB 976



1. *NOW the labourer's task is o'er,  
Now the battle-day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.*
2. *There the tears of earth are dried;  
There Its hidden things are clear;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.*
3. *There the Shepherd, bringing home  
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,  
Shelters each, no more to roam,  
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.*
4. *There the penitents who turn  
To the Cross their dying eyes  
All the love of Jesus learn  
At His feet in paradise.*
5. *There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He who died for their release.*
6. *Earth to earth, and dust to dust!  
Calmly now the words we say;  
Left behind, we wait in trust  
For the resurrection day.*

### 3 Committal

### 4 Prayer

### 5 Vote of thanks by the family

6 Hymn - MHB 948



1. *ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me  
abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.*
2. *Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!*
3. *I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can  
be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with  
me.*
4. *Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing  
eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee:  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!*

7 Benediction





## BIOGRAPHY / LIFE STORY OF MRS. FLORA ADOFO SACKEYFIO (NEE BADDOO)



**F**lora Adofo Sackeyfio (Nee Baddoo), was born on the 9th of May 1938 to Mr James Peter Baddoo and Mrs Sybilla Afua Baddoo (Nee Vanderpuye). Both parents have passed on to eternity.

She was the last of 7 siblings: a brother who was the eldest, and 6 sisters. Auntie Flora, as she became affectionately known, is survived by one sister, Madam Elizabeth Baddoo.

Her parents were staunch christians and practiced their faith based on Methodist doctrine and engaged in respective industrious professions.

Mr Baddoo, a choirmaster and organist at Freeman Memorial Methodist Church, was also an accountant at the Accra General Post Office. Mrs Baddoo was an extraordinarily resourceful entrepreneurial cook and baker.

Auntie Flora's childhood was therefore influenced by an ambience at home which could be characterised as one of practical family love, deep moral values, and a strong work ethic. These characteristics formed the bedrock of her entire life.

She formed a strong bond with her siblings, especially her sisters and grew fond of both parents. She observed and learned her mother's broad range of cooking skills while she accompanied her father to choir practice and to the post office when he was going to deposit money and it was mutually convenient. It was therefore no surprise that she became a member of the Freeman Methodist choir and enjoyed singing Methodist hymns in her moments of reflection, worship and joy.

Auntie Flora had her primary education at the Methodist Girls' School where she excelled in her learning and later gained admission to Wesley Girls' High School to pursue her secondary education. Because of her quiet demeanour and strong affinity for what was right, she attracted many acquaintances with whom she would form long lasting friendships. In 1957, she passed her O' level examinations and got admission to the nursing training college (NTC) at the Korle Bu Teaching Hospital. There, she embarked on her formal nursing education.

Upon completion of her training at NTC, she was appointed to the position of staff nurse (commonly referred to as SRN) in June 1961. She applied herself diligently to her calling as a professional nurse until her retirement in May 1998 by which time she had attained the position of Principal Nursing Officer.

Having established herself as a competent staff nurse at Korle Bu, she undertook a course in paediatric nursing from August 1966 to December 1967 at the Royal Liverpool Infirmary, formerly Alder Hey Childrens' Hospital in the United Kingdom (UK), which led to her qualification and registration as a sick children's nurse (R.S.C.N.).

Completion of the paediatric nursing course opened the opportunity for her to take up a position as a nurse at the cardiac unit of the Royal Manchester Childrens' Hospital. Her diligence and application to acquiring new skills in paediatric cases led to promotion to the grade of ward sister, an appointment with which the Ghana Civil Service Commission was extremely proud. This promotion took place in February of 1968.

From May of 1970, Auntie Flora took up part time positions in a conglomerate of hospitals in the Yorkshire County of the UK. The hospitals where she worked in, included Bradford Royal Infirmary and the Halifax General Hospital. She had started a young family by this time.

Auntie Flora returned to Ghana with her young family in 1973. In September of 1974, she was appointed by the Public Services Commission of Ghana to the position of Ward Sister (Nursing Officer) specifically engaged in paediatric nursing at the Komfo Anokye Teaching Hospital (KATH) in Kumasi. She continued with her diligent attitude to work. The techniques she acquired, and her natural resourcefulness enabled her to design tools such as a wooden medicine trolley and wooden trays for temperature, pulse and respiration measurement instruments. These were required for optimal patient care but were in short supply. Her quiet leadership and execution of clinical nursing and administrative duties brought her reward as she was promoted through the ranks and given assignments such as being the in-service educator for nurses. She eventually retired from active service in May of 1998 attaining the position of Principal Nursing Officer.

On the 28th of July 1968, Auntie Flora got married to Professor Arthur C. Sackeyfio, at Heaton Moore Methodist Church in Stockport UK, with whom she would form a bond of friendship, love, trust and mutual respect. At the time, Uncle Arthur was in the UK pursuing a career in immunopharmacology. He, Uncle Arthur would later take up an academic position at the department of pharmacology, University of Science and Technology (UST) now called, KNUST. A move which facilitated their joint plan and desire to pursue respective careers in Ghana.

Together with her husband, just as she had observed in her childhood, created an environment of love, encouragement, tolerance, high moral standards and a strong work ethic at home. They had six births but were blessed with five surviving children, Alfred, Vanessa, Peter (deceased),

Samuel and Arthur. Auntie Flora extended a warm welcome to Val, Naa and Sophia. Subsequently, the family was blessed with 6 grandchildren: 3 boys and 3 girls. Rachel, Hannah, Zachary, Jason, Eliana and Arthur.

She dedicated her Saturdays to cooking and organising her fridge and freezer for the coming week.

Apart from enjoying cooking dishes such as fufu and soup, jollof, waakye, yam croquets, meat and fish balls, pineapple crumble and meat pie, her culinary skills extended to making kenkey, kpoikpoi, and baking bread, cookies and cakes.

She was extremely generous with her cakes and would not forgive herself if she left anyone out. Such a mistake on her part usually resulted in extra baking sessions to ensure all on her list had been catered for.

Auntie Flora was a devout christian who had been introduced to the church by her parents. She personally explored the christian faith and got to know the Lord Jesus Christ on a very personal level. She took active part in church activity and ensured that she had a personal understanding of what it meant to serve in the ministry of Christ. Auntie Flora wasn't one to take any doctrine just on face value. She was an active member of the women's fellowship, Christ little band, and was later appointed a lay preacher of the Methodist Church. Apart from being active with the Methodist Church, she also involved herself in the women's aglow when the opportunity availed itself.

She always looked forward to retirement and relocation to Accra from Kumasi. That happened in 1998, when both she and her husband, Uncle Arthur decided that Accra would be their place of residence. Retirement from active nursing work afforded her the time to forge a closer relationship with her siblings (Auntie Joanna, Auntie Victoria, Auntie Marian and Auntie Elizabeth) who were alive at the time, involve herself with her share of christian duties and re-establish her friendships, foundations of which had been laid in her early years. She would host gatherings for friends and family, support with

outstanding duties and take up any responsibilities for which she viewed as continuing the legacy of the Baddoo family.

She frequently accompanied her husband to Kumasi on his external examination duties. Auntie Flora never forgot cakes for her friends at the department of pharmacology, KNUST.

Her sisters, Auntie Joanna, Auntie Victoria and Auntie Marian pre-deceased her and she offered herself as a pillar of support to their respective families in various ways after their deaths.

She continued her bond with Auntie Elizabeth, they enjoyed each other's company to family meetings and conducted specific duties when their respective schedules would allow.

Her incredible resilience and determination were to be demonstrated in other ways later in life. Although she took her health very seriously and had a healthy lifestyle, in 2010 she was diagnosed with diabetes mellitus, and then subsequently suffered a stroke in 2015. Together with medical staff, a physiotherapist, her children (especially her son Arthur (himself a medic)) and her husband, she demonstrated the fortitude and unrelenting determination which had characterised her whole life to manage the diagnosis of diabetes, while making a remarkable recovery from the stroke. She continued to enjoy her retirement, continuing to indulge in her passions of entertaining and cooking for guests while she pursued any worthwhile Baddoo family projects. Any advice to slow down activities was met with responses such as "what would you rather have me do?", "I am not an invalid", "The Lord has given me strength", "I can still do what I am doing", "Do you think I am too old?"

Her reflective and ponderous nature was evidenced by her favourite saying, "the unknown tomorrow; what is humanly possible; by His grace". After a long chat with close family and friends that quote would roll out of her tongue.

As fate would have it, in January this year (2023) she suffered a second stroke. She spent a few weeks in hospital before being discharged home under 24-hour care. Although Auntie Flora didn't give up the fight she so often characteristically fought, it seems her maker knew best and was called to rest on the 3rd of May 2023, 6 days before what would have been her 85th birthday. She is survived by her husband, 4 children and 6 grandchildren.

May she rest in eternal peace.  
Auntie Adofo Yaawo djobang







## TRIBUTE TO MRS. FLORA ADOFO SACKEYFIO, MY WIFE



Flora Adofo Baddoo was born on 9th May, 1938 to the late James Peter Baddoo and Sybilla Afua Baddoo (whose maiden name was Vanderpuye). We enjoyed almost 55 years of blissful life together and were blessed with six births. Five survived. We lost Peter, our second son just before he turned 4 on the University Campus in Kumasi.

I first met Flora while she was at Methodist Girls' School. She would later also attend Wesley Girls' High School in Cape Coast. I was then a student at Mfantsipim School. Although we shared a few passions, not least the love of Methodist hymns (both our fathers were Methodist church organists) little did either of us know that we would become life partners sharing the same principles, faith and morals. Values we later passed on to our children.

Over the years, Flora became fond of phrases which she either coined herself or were quotes from the Methodist hymns or the bible.

She would quote her three most loved phrases: "His grace is sufficient"; "It will surely come"; and "He is our ever-present help in time of need" at various times. Another was, "But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought." (Shi ke mi na boni odziee ma kanfoo boni sa). This is from the Methodist Hymn: How sweet the name of Jesus sounds (John Newton (1725-1807)). Flora would be saying this particularly when it was clear that, and she wanted to emphasise the point that, she was right in a specific line of action. She would be expressing her joy in the outcome. I would respond saying, "you were right" and she would beam with a smile.

Flora's knowledge of the Ga language was remarkable, and I relied on her for some of my translations into Ga especially when preparing for my preaching appointments.

A favourite hymn to both of us which we sung on our wedding day, on 28th July, 1968 became the family hymn from which she had one of her favourite mantras, "He is our ever-present help in time of need". She lived this hymn throughout our lives together.



I know that my Redeemer lives –  
What joy the blest assurance gives!  
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;  
He lives, my everlasting Head.

He lives, to bless me with His love;  
He lives, to plead for me above;  
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;  
He lives, to help in time of need.

He lives, and grants me daily breath;  
He lives, and I shall conquer death;  
He lives, my mansion to prepare;  
He lives, to lead me safely there.

He lives, all glory to His name;  
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;  
What joy the blest assurance gives,  
I know that my Redeemer lives!



(Samuel Medley, 1738 -99)

She would become the friend with whom I reasoned, raised our children, and discussed the philosophy and value of life.

Mummy (as I sometimes called her) could not easily be dissuaded. Her determination was so profound such that when she set her eyes on a goal, she had to achieve it. She was very determined, especially when she believed it was the right move.

Her determination and resolve were also matched by her compassion and bond to our children. The loss of our son Peter in 1977 really devastated her. Even though she overcame the shock of that loss, the emotional blow didn't seem to leave her. She continued to have very fond memories of him.

Together, we endured the changing phases of life. One of our favourite hymns was "Father, I know that all my life is portioned out for me and the changes that are sure to come I do not fear to see, but I ask thee for a present mind intent on pleasing thee".

Probably it was the words of this hymn that gave me the strength to face the impact of her second stroke in January, earlier this year. I suddenly faced a situation where before my very eyes, the lady whom I knew as robust and full of life, lay stricken with illness. Despite her physical condition, I held on to the glimmer of hope and faith that all would be well.

On the morning of the 3rd of May when the nursing staff called our son Arthur home and he took her to the hospital because she was critical, I was hopeful she would come back. Alas, Flora!! That was the last time I saw her alive. The recent weeks have left me questioning, pondering and thinking the purpose of life and what God's will is for us.

We shared memorable moments which I will always cherish dearly.  
Dee, Yaawo odzobann!!

My Dear Flora, rest in perfect peace.













## TRIBUTE TO MRS. FLORA ADOFO SACEYFIO (MUMMY) FROM THE CHILDREN



**R**ead the scriptures it is full of mysteries; nmaɛ kron kron lɛ nys kanae sadzinn yɛ mlinn. These are the words Mummy would utter every now and again. Through pieces of scripture verses and Methodist hymns she would teach, admonish, and train us.

We observed and learned mummy's honesty, determination, hard work and attention to detail. She was particular about her appearance, a keen eye for style and a connoisseur in her own way. She insisted that her work uniforms and dresses be ironed in a particular manner. After ironing her shirts and blouses, you had the job of making the edges of fabric running from the seams of the sleeves less pronounced. This seemed an odd request since it was the opposite for Daddy!! Sunday evenings were for ensuring her shoes for work were sparkling white.

Mummy wouldn't tolerate doing housework with a frowned facial expression. "Are you angry?", "why are you being slow?", "You will do it", "I am training you". During our holidays, before Mummy went to work, she would give us housework to do in her absence, and when she came back, she would go round the whole house inspecting to ensure we had done whatever it was we were expected to do. She did not like it and would not understand when there was something left undone. In that respect, Mummy was a no-nonsense woman. The time to watch was between 3 and 4pm when she would be returning from work.

She liked our friends and always said to us "your friends are my friends, but tell them this, if I walk past them without acknowledgement it would be because I hadn't recognised them, they should call

me". She realised she had a quiet and reserved demeanour, one which could be mistaken as being aloof, or not as friendly or welcoming as one would expect by those who did not really know her. Mummy was very welcoming and always had something to share, particularly cakes to make visitors to our home feel at ease.

Her warm welcome extended to Val, Naa and Sophia. They became her respective daughters in law. She played her role as the grandmother encouraging us to be gentle with the grandchildren.

Singing hymns not only brought her solace and joy but allowed her to show what a beautiful voice she had. When she was in the kitchen and she began singing what would be one of her favourites, you couldn't help but admire and join in.

This one was dear to her heart!!



"On Calvary's tree He suffered for me,  
The just for the unjust that I might be free.  
His grace is abundant, His love divine,  
Oh! Wonder of wonders, This Saviour is  
mine."



(A famous hymn: Ref. Unknown)

One of Mummy's favourite mantras was "His grace is sufficient" and indeed, The Lord's grace abounds.

Mummy fought so relentlessly for unity, especially within the extended family. She was the pillar we all leaned on, and the



attractive force that pulled and held all the various parts together. Not only was she theoretical about it but very practical indeed. She lived a life ensuring her parents' legacy lived on. Mummy would say, "if Nanaa were here this is what she would do...." (ke dzi Nanaa ye bienee neke dzi boni ebaa fee), referring to their mother, and that would be when the cake tins would come flying out, indicating she was ready for the next bake.

Mummy did this at whatever time of day it was.... 4am, 2pm, or even as late as 12midnight. All this was to ensure that whoever it was she was baking for, felt well thought about and duly catered for. She knew no rest until she was satisfied that the job had been done.

Mummy lived the saying, "there's more blessing in giving than in receiving" through and through. She had a very big heart, probably too big to fit into her frame, which is why it was never about herself but all the time about others. She rarely had time to spare a moment's thought about herself. Mummy had a lot of energy to make others happy. Mummy was selfless, indeed!!

In our view she was too generous. There was one occasion when she had baked Daddy's favourite, fruit cake. He had thoroughly enjoyed it and there was a piece which we knew Daddy had his eyes on. One of our friends visited, and Mummy offered that last piece to them. Daddy came back from work to be told "I gave the last piece to one of the kids' friends". "Oh! Akor cake ee y3 i dar", he said, meaning, "Oh! I have been robbed of the cake I was so very much looking forward to".

Whenever she was baking or making kenkey, we would ask "Mummy, who is on the list this time"? Sometimes, irritated with our persistent questioning, she would say "stop bothering me, I have not decided yet", we would persist, and she would say, "ask me no questions and I will tell you no lies".

Such interactions would even inspire her to bake more, not necessarily for us but to give out.

When you felt you hadn't done well in an assessment in school, she would encourage and say, "it could have been much worse", and then almost immediately would say to you "with great determination at the next opportunity demonstrate who you are".

Mummy was very prayerful. She allowed herself to be led by the Holy Spirit and once she set herself to doing something, her determination was such that there was no stopping her. Mummy had a lot of hymns she enjoyed, one of which was:



"Lead me, Lord, lead me in thy  
righteousness;  
make thy way plain before my face.  
For it is thou, Lord, thou, Lord, only,  
that makest me dwell in safety."



(Samuel S. Wesley, 1810-1876)

To us, a great soul has fallen. We believe that Mummy now dwells safely in the bosom of our Lord.

The promise we will make to you, Mummy, is that we will take good care of your one true love of over 55 years, Daddy (Dee as you affectionately called him, and he, you), your treasure. Wo baa kwe o diagba no odzogbann wo ha bo.

We will not be able to match your standard, but we will try our utmost to ensure Daddy is happy.

Rest well, Mummy in the bosom of our Lord; Farewell, until we meet again on the other side. You will always be in our hearts.

Mummy, yaa wo odzogbann ye Nuntso Yehowa le kpokoi le amlin keya shi bee ni wo baa kpe ekoon!!













## TRIBUTES FROM DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW



### **1. From Mrs Val Sackeyfio Eulogy to Mum-in-law, Mrs Flora Sackeyfio**

**Y**ou were a splendid woman, bold, unfettered, and brave. You did not hesitate to speak your mind. Thank you for raising the man that I love and for instilling in him the virtue of patience and that quiet strength that is one of his amazing qualities. You have given me a gracious man with whom I share my life and you were an amazing grandmother to our kids, Hannah and Zach who loved the Ga lessons you often had with them on the phone. Thank you for all the lovely things you did for us, we will all miss the delicious meals you always prepared for us with pride and passion even when you were not so strong on your feet. Your cakes: banana, chocolate, marble, you name it were a family favourite and often accompanied us back to the UK when we visited you in Ghana. You never asked for anything in return for your love and care and for that I always respected you. You are one of the strongest women that I had the privilege of knowing. Over the years I have seen your resilience and strength and how you've bounced back after illness. I know you fought valiantly till the end. Our hearts ache with grief but I am reminded of scripture in 1 Cor 15:53-54 "this perishable body must put on the imperishable, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When this perishable puts on the imperishable, and this mortal puts on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: "DEATH HAS BEEN SWALLOWED UP in victory" Mummy, Yaawo ye hejole mli. Yaawo ye hejole mli. Rest peacefully in our Lord until the resurrection. Val.

### **2. From Mrs Naa Adorkor Sackeyfio A Tribute to my mother-in-law, Mrs Flora Sackeyfio**

*For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain (Phil 1:21).*

**M**ummy lived a godly life and now rests peacefully with her maker. We are sad, but not as those without hope, for the grave has no victory. Mummy welcomed me with love from the very first day we met and she extended that love to my family. We shared some common interests and enjoyed spending time together. She was generous, gracious and principled. She was also very attentive and thoughtful and encouraged us to always prioritise the needs of our children. I'm grateful for the time we shared. I learned a lot, from recipes to life lessons. I cherish the many beautiful memories and appreciate her counsel. Our last time together was emotional. It was filled with hymns, tears, a warm embrace and finally a prayer. I remembered that day vividly when I heard the grim news of her passing on 3rd May. That was indeed our goodbye. Mummy, I will miss you. Thank you for being a mother to me and a loving grandmother to our children. Your life was a blessing and I'm thankful for the hope of seeing you again someday. Rest peacefully in the Father's arms. Naa Adorkor.

### 3. From Mrs Sophia Carolyn Sackeyfio A Tribute to Mummy

*Romans 14:8 If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.*

Today I stand here not only to mourn but to celebrate 'Mummy' as I affectionately called my mother-in-law. Two missed calls from Beaty in the early hours on Wednesday May 3, 2023, got me thinking about what his call could be about as the week had started on a rocky note for us. We had just lost a friend who was also very instrumental in making provisions for your care when you fell sick. When I returned his call, he said, and I quote, "be calm, relax and know that everything is under control, but I think we have lost Mummy". Tears rolled down my face, but I knew this might just be what you were referring to when we visited you early January at home. You said there comes a time when every man would have to accept that it is time to go to his maker. Today, I believe it was time and when the Almighty bid you to come that morning, you silently accepted his call and now you dwell in his bosom in peace and at rest. Mummy, you were beautiful and graceful in every sense of these words. You were kind and made sure to extend this to everyone that crossed paths with you. You were a remarkable woman and your sense of dedication to the family both nuclear and extended truly was worthy of emulation. Unbeknownst to you, you challenged me on several occasions to extend same to my own family and the extended family at large. You never failed to seize every opportunity you had to tell me about your days as a nurse. The funny episodes as well as the not so pleasant ones. We would laugh at some of them, but you would make sure to point very vital life lessons to me to guide me in my own journey through life. During my days with you at McCarthy Hill, you added Naa to my Akuapem name and called me Naa Darkoa. That was supposed to baptise me fully to be a Ga. When I returned home from work, Mummy would never respond to my evening greetings in English as she was attempting to teach me Ga. It did not really work but I will not forget "S33 F333...S33 DJ)". I will miss very dearly the help you always extended to me because you felt my job was too stressful. As old as you were, you would cook for us as your own contribution to making my life a little less stressful. I will miss you singing hymns with Daddy, praising your maker because you knew he was the author and finisher of your faith. You would say "Sufficient unto the day" when you had had a long day, practically standing on your feet, cooking and cleaning. It is "sufficient unto the day" Mummy so you can rest peacefully now. Thank you for your love and good counsel. Thank you for being a good mother to Beaty, a good mother-in-law to me and an amazing grandmother to Borley and Odoi. Till we meet again, I will miss you dearly. Love, Naa Darkoa.











## TRIBUTE FROM GRANDCHILDREN



**W**e come to celebrate and commemorate the life of our grandma Flora. It is an honour to share about the time we spent with her. As much as we all wish we had the chance to get to know her better, we will always cherish our memories of her.

During our time spent together, we shared delicious meals and listened to her stories of life as a nurse, just as we shared with her our experiences in school. We are grateful for the wonderful conversations and words of advice she shared with us, each time we called and visited her. We are thankful to God for her life and the time she spent with us. We pray that her soul will rest in perfect peace.

Grandma, you will be deeply and dearly missed by all who knew you. Thank you for your love and care. Your memories will live on in our hearts.

Rachel, Hannah, Zach, Jason, Eliana and Arthur all bid you farewell!!!

Rest in eternal peace.





TRIBUTE TO MY DEAR SISTER  
MRS FLORA ADOFO SACKEYFIO (NEE, BADDOO)  
BY MDM. ELIZABETH NAA TIORKOR BADDOO



**MHB 578**

*A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never dying soul to save'  
And fit it for the sky:*

Our late parents, James Peter Baddoo and Mrs. Sybilla Baddoo (nee Vanderpuye) were blessed with seven children - a boy and six girls. Adofo, as we used to call her, was the last born. We lived under the same roof together with an aunt, a cousin and nephews as a happy family. She related very well with her siblings, family members and friends.

Throughout her life she attended Methodist schools. She was smart and very bright. Her favourite game was "ampe". She was a chorister, and her late father was then the choirmaster/organist at the old Freeman Methodist Church at Bukom. She accompanied him to choir practices and church services and as normal as would be, carried his hymn books and choir robes. God blessed her with a beautiful voice and she used it to His glory.

Later, she relocated to Sekondi to live with her late brother, Dr. Michael Adotey Baddoo, when the Ministry of Health posted him there as a medical officer. While there, she sat for the then Common Entrance Examination and gained admission to the Wesley Girls' High School. From there she entered the Nursing Training College at the Korle Bu Teaching Hospital in Accra. She worked at the hospital after completing her nursing training. Later she got married to Prof. A. C. Sackeyfio.

She was a disciplined woman and would not compromise the truth. She would say

things as they were, and though sometimes they hurt, that was the truth. She fought for and defended the right cause. No one is righteous before the Lord. She may have had her faults, but despite that, she stood by her Christian principles.

As fate would have it, Death, The Leveller laid his icy hand on our five elder sibling leaving just the two of us - Naa Tiorkor and Adofo. A few months back you became ill and my prayer was that you would fully recover. But my thoughts were not God's thoughts neither were His ways my ways. His ways are perfect and He does what pleases Him. On the 3rd of May, 2023, He called you to glory. May His name be praised!

I must confess, the news of your demise was a big blow to me. It devastated me completely. Adofo, my dear sister, this morning we are gathered here in this auditorium as a family and with sympathizers alike, to mourn, view your mortal remains, and bid you farewell. As human as I am, my heart is aching. How can I bid you farewell when you and I were the only two left. This is God's plan. I will therefore ask for grace and strength from Him to BOLDLY BID YOU FAREWELL. Be assured that I am not alone. My EMMANUEL is with me. May He be with you also and give you eternal rest.

Mi nyemi Adofo, yaawo jogbann. Adieu.



TRIBUTE TO THE LATE  
MRS. FLORA ADOFO SACKEYFIO  
BY SAMUEL CLEMESU SACKEYFIO



Adofo Anokwafo.

**M**rs Flora Adofo Sackeyfio and I were members of the Freeman Memorial Methodist Church Choir around the same time before our middle school years. Mr. J. Peter Baddoo, Aunt Flora's father, was the organist of the choir during that time. He came to church every Sunday with his daughter. My father, Mr Samuel Odokwei Sackeyfio had been the organist before him, and before my father the organist was Reverend J. Allotey-Pappoe. His wife and Aunt Flora's mother, Mrs. Sybilla Baddoo were sisters. My mother told me once that Rev. Allotey-Pappoe and my father were very good friends. I say all this to show the type of web we were living in as far as the marriage of my brother, Uncle Arthur and Aunt Flora were concerned.

As time went by and we grew older, Adelaide, my sister, and Aunt Flora went to school together at Wesley Girls High School at Cape Coast. And I kept on hearing good stories about Aunt Flora.

I run errands for my mother from time to time. Some errands took me to either Aunt Flora's mother or her uncle, Rev. Acquaye-Baddoo at their house near Debby Works. I got to know her brother, Dr. Baddoo, who was a friend of my brother, Uncle Bro Odoi.

Now then, when our eldest sister, Sister Borle (Mrs. Ellen Quartey-Papafio) passed away, the foundation of our immediate family shook for the second time. The first time was when our father died. Among the many sympathizers attending our sister's funeral, the majority of whom were members of our extended family, I remembered seeing Aunt Flora at our family house at Akoto Lante. It seemed like changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace. If you like Biology, look at how a seed dies to give rise to a new tree. We lost our Sister Borle and gained Sister Flora. My brother and I noticed the change; it was a chemical change. We spent many sleepless nights figuring out the State of Affairs of our family. By God's Grace things started to fall in place. We had to be firm and strong-willed. We needed to support our mother in every way possible. Aunt Flora, by her constant presence in our family affairs, provided a huge moral support for us all. Uncle Arthur and Aunt Flora became close and good friends.

I had an accident in the evening at about 11 PM one day. Uncle Arthur and I were at home at Swalaba. A razor blade cut my left index finger and I rushed to the hospital at Korle Bu in Accra. At the emergency room I found Aunt Flora on duty. She attended to me right away. She stopped the bleeding and I had about eight stitches. I remember soiling her apron with my blood. She was very kind. With the blessings of their respective mothers, eventually, Uncle Arthur and Aunt Flora got married in the UK where both of them were students in the medical field. Aunt Flora was a devoted wife and Uncle Arthur returned the favour in kind. I saw



that first hand when I visited my brother in Stockport in the UK on my way to the US in 1969. The two weeks that I spent with them, just the three of us, was warm and memorable. I went to visit my brother a second time, still in the UK in Macclesfield. At that time they had two children of their own and my brother was taking care of three of the four children of our late Sister Borle. Aunt Flora managed to hold the family together. She provided the needed support and leadership with zeal. Two more visits followed when my brother was at KNUST in Kumasi. Every time

I visited him, his wife made me feel at home. I enjoyed the company of their children tremendously. All meals were at the dinner table and she made sure everybody was full and happy.

It got to a point in time when our mother, Mami Naa Tswei, decided to honour Professor Arthur Commey Sackeyfio. She presented him with a stool at a family ceremony at Swalaba in Accra. That was to show her appreciation of my brother's contribution to the well-being of our family, and also to acknowledge his great work in Academia. Now, let me ask a question, if Uncle Arthur is great, who was behind him? Remember the old adage, "Behind every great man is a great woman". And therefore I say, Aunt Flora deserved more than half the trophy our mother gave to Uncle Arthur. Winston Churchill would say Aunt Flora never faltered in her duty.  
Q.E.D.

I shall leave you with a Bible verse, Matthew 25:21,

*Enuntso le kele ake  
Ahekoo tsulo kpakpa ke anokwafo  
oye anokwa ye nii fio he  
maha oye nii pii atse  
botemo onuntso miise le mli.*



TRIBUTE TO OUR BELOVED COUSIN FLORA  
FROM: CHRISTIANA, ADOKWEI AND  
ALFRED ACQUAYE-BADDOO



Any worthy tribute to our cousin must begin with an acknowledgement of God, her heavenly Father, who graciously gave Flora to her parents, siblings, children, grandchildren and the entire family. Many are the positive character and personality traits we could write about. However, due to time and space constraints we prefer to keep this tribute brief. We care to highlight one quality that stood out in the span of her earthly life. She was a woman of high principles. In an age when many people were willing to go with the flow, she distinguished herself as a person who stood for what was right. Her life reflected the content of the adage: “If you don’t stand for something, you will fall for anything”.

It takes a fiercely independent thinker to see the world through a lense of moral principles. I often wonder how many people she bumped heads with because she wouldn’t budge on her commitment to moral values, or compromise the principles of Scriptures. We know that she wasn’t perfect, but she was consistently committed to taking a stand for what is right. One cannot take such a firm stand without ruffling some feathers here and there. At the end of the day, she was a loving wife, mother, and grandmother; An inspiration to her family, friends and relatives.

Legacy must have been in the forefront in all her actions, relationships and endeavours. She must have understood that in life, those who are preoccupied with self preservation end up losers. She was willing to sacrifice popularity at the altar of courage, decency and justice for all. We will miss her as a person, but her legacy of standing for something will endure the tests of time. To GOD be the Glory.

Wo nyemi ke naanyo, yaawo odzobann.



## TRIBUTE TO MY DEAR FRIEND ADOFO BY ELIZABETH AKUORKOR SOLOMON



For Me, Be It Christ, Be It Christ Hence To Live:  
If Jordan Above Me Shall Roll,  
No Pang Shall Be Mine, For In Death As In Life  
Thou Wilt Whisper Thy Peace To My Soul.

*It Is Well With My Soul,  
It Is Well, It Is Well With My Soul.*

I write this with great sadness over the unimaginable loss of a close friend. We met at Methodist Girls' School in the late 1940s as two strangers in different classes. Adofo was in two classes behind me. Perhaps we spoke a couple of times, perhaps we didn't. However, in Wesley Girls' High school, when Adofo was placed in Wrigley House, we cultivated a great friendship that has endured over 70 years.

During her years in Kumasi, we kept in touch through phone calls. When the family relocated to Accra and joined Wesley Methodist Cathedral it was always a joy to meet at church, catch up on the week's activities and look forward to the week ahead.

Adofo loved to cook, bake, and experiment in the kitchen and she was generous with her products. Especially during Christmas, when she will have delivered to my household bottles of her homemade ginger drink and different varieties of cakes.

Adofo was special! Everything good, everything wholesome, everything pure about humanity was found in her unique personality. When she entered any space, she brought with her joyfulness and fun, and an unmistakable kindness.

When I heard of her failing health, I prayed incessantly for her recovery, but God knows best.

I am consoled by the fact that as Christians we know that Adofo is now in a place beyond sorrow and pain, in the arms of God our Father.

Rest in peace my dear friend.  
Rest in perfect peace  
Amen.





## TRIBUTE TO AUNTIE FLORA FROM HER NIECES AND NEPHEWS (BADDOO FAMILY)



**A**untie Flora was the youngest of the uncle and aunts. Right from her youth she was kind and caring to us when we were children. She even managed to rope in one of us to be a bridesmaid at her wedding all the way in England.

Auntie Flora's working life was in Kumasi and the nieces and nephews who went to university there were very much at home with her and she looked after them very well. This, in later years, extended to great-nieces and great-nephews who followed suit to 'Tech'. Those of us in other parts of the country or who had moved abroad were warmly welcomed when we visited. Like her mother and sisters, Auntie Flora's culinary skills were second to none. She was an excellent cook which made our visits to her home even more delightful.

Even after retirement and moving back to Accra her hospitality continued. But woe betide you if, in her perception, you had offended her or done something at variance with custom! She was straightforward and would pursue a matter until she was satisfied with the outcome. She liked to see family functions well organised and encouraged us to live in harmony with each other.

After Auntie Flora retired, one would have to allow many hours on a visit to her as she would tell long nostalgic stories of the good old days living in the family house. She would recall happy days as the youngest child, especially about accompanying her father on various outings and visits. These stories would lead to lamentations on the loss of certain traditions – like the importance of being in touch with relatives. She felt we did not know, for example, the other branches of the descendants of a great, great grandmother of ours!



## TRIBUTE TO AUNTIE FLORA FROM HER NIECES AND NEPHEWS (SACKEYFIO FAMILY)



*Your strength was his grace; Your rule His word,  
Your end the glory of the Lord  
(Adapted from Methodist Hymn 608)*

**I**t is with both great sadness and gratitude that we pay our respects to Mrs Flora Sackeyfio or Aunty Flora as we knew her. It is painful that we were not able to say a goodbye to her.

She was married to our Uncle, Professor Arthur Sackeyfio for almost 55 years (Pat and Ellen were amongst their bridesmaids) and it is hard to think of either of them without the other.

There are 18 of us who are nephews and nieces to Uncle Arthur and so to Aunty Flora. Almost all of us stayed with them at various times in our youth either in UK or in Kumasi. Some stayed during holidays, others for periods of up to 2 years.

Aunty Flora was above all a mother figure. She had a deep faith in God by which she lived, demonstrating a strength from his grace and a reliance on his word. She started work early each day, combining her work as a nurse with the care of the household. She was principled and hard-working, almost to exhaustion, taking her role of training us in housekeeping and other chores very seriously. She would not tolerate idleness and insisted on a high standard of behaviour. Our memories are so many, from Auntie Flora making her own kenkey to preparing a variety of dishes. We particularly enjoyed her yam balls, rice with various stews served with salad, pastries and cakes. Some of us even learnt to rear chicken. Perhaps most importantly she involved us in the lives of our cousins with whom we formed a bond. We thank God for her life, for all she taught us, for her wisdom, her advice and the impact she made on both the nuclear and extended family. Auntie Flora, rest in everlasting peace.



TRIBUTE TO MRS FLORA SACKEYFIO  
BY MRS. VICTORIA WRIGHT &  
<sup>1</sup>PROF. ALBERT WRIGHT

(<sup>1</sup>FORMER PRO VICE-CHANCELLOR, KWAME NKRUMAH  
UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY)



*“For none of us lives for ourselves alone, and none of us dies for ourselves alone. If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord.*

*So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord.” Romans 14 : 7 - 8 NIV*

**W**e first met Sister Flora at least 50 years ago. The men in our lives had met earlier as fellow students at Mfantsipim School and met again at the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science & Technology as lecturers. What struck us about Sister Flora at first sight was her broad disarming smile; but it did not take very long for us to realize that this smile reflected her personality.

In Ephesians chapter 4, Paul lists the four virtues of the Christian life that lead to peace and unity. They are humility, meekness, patience, and love. We soon realized that our late sister, Mrs. Flora Sackeyfio, was a personification of these virtues, and more. She had such a pleasant disposition – she was soft-spoken, slightly shy, highly respectful, and greatly respected in the Ladies Club on the university campus. She exuded serenity and peace. It was always a joy and so relaxing to be in her company because she had such a calming personality; and one thing we learned from this was that a person did not need be assertive to be powerfully persuasive! For reasons like this, we got on so very well; and even though we were campus colleagues, our two families lived like close blood relatives. It was abundantly clear that she was a great family person.

Apart from her devotion to the welfare of her family, two other things appeared important to her. These were her work as a nurse, and her membership of the Ga branch of the Methodist church in Kumasi. We could see how she shone brightly in her nursing uniform and in the attire of such church ministries as the “Christ Little Band”.

It is difficult for us to imagine that it is possible to experience parting with such good people through death, the leveler! Yet here we are! This notwithstanding, we know that because our redeemer lives, she lives too! And that, one day, we will all meet at the feet of our Redeemer! Meanwhile, she will be sorely missed on this side of the divide.

One thing we know, however; and it is this: as the poet, Dorothy Ferguson would have put it in her “Little Footprints”,

*“Only a moment she stayed, but what an imprint her footprints have left on our hearts.”*

May her soul rest in perfect peace!





*“The Smiling, Shining and Serene Nurse”:*

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS FLORA SACKEYFIO.  
FROM PROFESSOR H. NII-ADZIRI WELLINGTON  
AND MRS JESSIE NAA SHORMEH WELLINGTON.



*“And I heard a voice from heaven saying, “Write this: ‘blessed are the dead ‘who die in the Lord from now on.’ “ Blessed indeed,” says the Spirit, “that they may rest from their labors, for their deeds follow them!”*

Book of Revelation Chapter 14, verse 13.  
(The Reformation Study Bible –English Standard Version) 2015  
R.C.Sproul-General Editor

**W**e got to know Professor A. C. Sackeyfio (Uncle Arthur) and Mrs Flora Sackeyfio (Auntie Flora) way back in the seventies when we arrived back at the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology from Germany, to begin our career in the academic milieu on Campus in Kumasi.

The Sackeyfios were among the senior Ga-Dangme speaking compatriots we got to know, such as the late Prof Nii-Amon Kotei and Mrs Barbara Kotei, the late Mr and Mrs Andy Kwandahor Laryea, Prof Ablade Glover, Prof and Mrs Akpo Tei, Prof Fred T and Mrs Mate, and many others whose names could not be recalled immediately, as we write this tribute to the memory of our dearest senior Sister, Auntie Flora.

We came to cherish her, not only as a compatriot with the same ethnicity, but also as a Christian Sister who took keen interest in the welfare of Naa Shormeh as a younger sister.

Anytime she passed by, on her way from the Komfo Anokye Hospital where she worked for several years as a senior nursing officer, and when Naa Shormeh saw her in her cute and smart white Senior Nursing Sister’s uniform, Naa Shormeh would say: “Aha! Behold the smiling, shining and serene Nursing Sister from work”.

While we lived together on the KNUST Campus and later on in Accra, the relationship deepened and Uncle Arthur and Auntie Flora became our close family friends.

We got to know about Auntie Flora’s compassionate and serene attitudes shown on the wards she worked at Komfo Anokye Teaching Hospital. Her comportment and kindness did not only positively impact patients, but influenced also a number of young Doctors she worked with. The testimony of Prof Johnny Gyapong, immediate past Vice Chancellor of the University of Health and Allied Sciences, Ho, that Auntie Flora “taught me as a young Doctor in 1988, how to set an IV line”, speaks volumes about her as a competent Senior Nursing Officer.

As we compose this Tribute to her memory, we are reminded of her profound spirituality also. Amongst others, her strong sense of commitment to support the work of Evangelism; her trust and confidence in the Word of God as a source of comfort and assurance, and her persistent and heroic support of the enduring ministry of Uncle Arthur in the Ga-Adangme Methodist Congregation in Kumasi, affirm the truth of the opening Scripture above that those “who die in the Lord are blessed and rest from their labors and their deeds follow them”.

So, we conclude this Tribute with praise, adoration and gratitude to God for the beautiful life of Mrs Flora Sackeyfio, our one and only Auntie Flora, our cherished “Smiling, Shining and Serene Nurse”.

Auntie Flora dear, rest in the perfect peace of the Lord Jesus whom you served with zeal and distinction.

***Yaawo odjogbann yer oNuntso ler kpokoian!!!***



TRIBUTE TO  
MRS. FLORA ADOFO SACEYFIO  
BY ROSEMARGARET ESUBONTENG



There are those ordinary things in life that have a knack to take on such significance in their insignificance. Growing up Aunty Flora was one of my mother's close friends, much as she was family. She would come to our house either alone or with Uncle Arthur her husband during the times she visited Accra from Kumasi where they resided. These apparent ordinary visits would develop in time into one of the important milestones I would garner in parenting and family values.

In 1979, when I arrived in Kumasi to start my undergraduate degree at the University of Science and Technology (now KNUST) it was as though I had arrived in a strange land. However, my parents had informed my auntie Flora and her family who resided on campus I was starting my university programme. So even though I was in a strange land, I was not without family. Within a few weeks I had connected with Aunty Flora and my new family at the University.

While on campus, I spent a lot of my Sunday afternoons with her and the family. I remember during one of my visits in the early days, they gave me a good introduction to their family. I recall Uncle Arthur operating the film strip projector, showing me different slides that told various stories about the family, as Aunty Flora interjected with vital information. Of course, these visits afforded me the opportunity to develop a special bond with Aunty Flora in our own way.

Observing how Aunty Flora related with her children and how she responded to the various questions from those enquiring minds was interesting. She and Uncle Arthur created an environment of love in which the children developed. Aunty Flora was soft spoken and patient yet had her own way

of instilling discipline. Recently, Vanny was recollecting how sometimes her response to some questions was a quiet 'silence'. I found the interactive dynamics to be rather inspiring and attractive. I saw different ways how to satisfy the curiosity of children within the context of parent child relationships and how to make little minds flourish.

Over time I developed great individual relationship with all members of the family. I still remember the hot delicious meals Aunty Flora prepared and the conversations around the dining table, as well as the board games all of us played together. Many a student would have loved to be in my shoes, and I have remained grateful all these years.

Aunty Flora was caring, loving, and such a sweet gentle soul. She was one who cultivated and cared for both her immediate and extended family. When I was on holiday back home and was told Aunty Flora had come to Accra, I never missed an opportunity to visit her.

I am grateful to God for giving me a second family during my days on campus, for Aunty Flora and her family welcoming me and opening their home to me. This relationship over the years have manifested in different ways. BT became my page boy and Vanny one of my flower girls during my wedding. Sammy was my first employee when I started my private practice. For a good part of a year or so my husband and I took Freddie along to church when he came to do his national service in Accra. So, the ordinary relationship we developed became significant in their own ways, thanks to Aunty Flora.

Aunty Flora, yaa wo odjogbaa.





TRIBUTE TO MUMMY (AUNTIE FLORA)  
FROM NIKI, STEPHAN, OUR WIVES  
AND CHILDREN.



**W**e started off with Auntie Flora.  
You received us with open arms into your house.

In no time your house became our home.

We don't remember how we transitioned from Auntie Flora to Mummy.

You were indeed a mother to all of us.

We fondly remember our long conversations of current issues interspersed with stories from the wards of the Komfo Anokye teaching hospital, of the high standards back then, of the good old days. You would top it all up with invaluable advice on parenthood and raising children and faithfulness to God.

Our annual invitations to dinner at McCarthy Hill where the tables were impeccably laid with sumptuous meals still fill us with nostalgia.

We not only enjoyed your meals, we also got an education in the culinary arts. We especially remember how we discovered the "tea knife" when much of what we knew about cutlery ended up at the "table knife".

Our children will miss a doting grandmother who would religiously send them sumptuous home-made Christmas cakes and jewelry on special occasions. Such kindness and care are rare gems indeed.

Mummy you were dearly loved and will be fondly missed.

May the earth lie gently on you, Mummy.

Mummy, Yaa Wo Dzogban Ye Nuntso Le Kpokoin, Rest in Perfect Peace.



TRIBUTE BY  
W.G.H.S 1957 YEAR GROUP  
TO THEIR CLASSMATE  
MRS. FLORA ADOFO SACKEYFIO  
(NEE BADDOO)



*"Lord, teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."  
Psalm 90:12*

Once again, it has come as a painful duty that we, members of the class of 1957 year group of Wesley Girls' High School (W.G.H.S.), have to bid farewell to one of our classmates!

Flora Baddoo, as we knew her then, was one of a group of about sixty (60) fresh students (green horns) admitted to W.G.H.S in January of 1953! The students were split into two (2) streams, called S & J, to start form 1 in their new Secondary School!

We all had to belong to one of the 4 houses in the school, called Bellamy, Ellis, Waldron, and Wrigley, all named after the first 4 white female Methodist Missionaries, who came to Ghana to establish this wonderful school in 1836, so Flora was sent to Wrigley House!!

Flora was smart and loved by all, and had this aura of finesse about her, so she commanded a lot of respect from her peers, which made her stand out as someone who knew where she was going!

After leaving school, she went into nursing training and excelled in that profession too. She married a pharmacist, which was not surprising, and became Mrs. Flora Adofo Sackeyfio. She had a daughter, who also attended W.G.H.S., called Vanessa Sackeyfio of the 1989-year group! We feel sad about the loss of your mum, Vanessa, and hope you draw comfort from the fact that your mum was well loved and that she is resting peacefully in the bosom of the Good Lord in heaven!!

Goodbye, Flora, we will miss you, but we know we will meet again on Resurrection Day!!

Bye for now!!!



TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE LATE MRS. FLORA SACKYFIO  
BY WESLEY SOCIETY OF THE ACCRA DIOCESE  
OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, GHANA



*“And I heard a voice from heaven saying, “Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord henceforth.” “Blessed indeed”, says the Spirit, “that they may rest from their labours, for their deeds follow them!”*

*Revelations 14:13 (RSV)*

It is with deep gratitude to God for a life well lived, that we of Accra Wesley Society, Accra Circuit, pay tribute to the memory of our cherished late member, Madam Flora Sackeyfio (Mrs.). Our late mother was a committed Christian and a devoted member of the Methodist Church Ghana throughout her lifetime, serving in several capacities in the Church. Her proactive Christian activism was clearly evident early in her life, starting off from the Ga Society of the Church based in Kumasi where she became a Class Leader, a Lay Preacher and the Children’s Service Superintendent. She was also a passionate member of the Women’s Fellowship and the Christ’s Little Band. Later on in life in 1999, she transferred her membership to Accra Wesley Society, Accra Circuit where she continued her service as a Lay Preacher and Class Leader. She remained an active member of the Women’s Fellowship and the Christ’s Little Band. She was also a Patron of a number of Organizations in the Church including the Youth Fellowship and the Children’s Service.

Our late mother, Mrs. Flora Sackeyfio always gave freely of her time and financial resources in supporting various projects and activities for the growth and progress of the Church. She was highly supportive of many members of Accra Wesley Society and became a confidant to quite a number of people, providing sound counsel to assist them through life. Her generosity knew no bounds.

By her demise, Accra Wesley Society, Accra Circuit and The Methodist Church, Ghana at large have lost a true-hearted member who served the Lord and the Church selflessly with fervour and with great candour. Her zeal for the work of Christ was outstanding and absolutely positive. May God Almighty console her family left behind and wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Our dear Auntie Flora, we believe you have only embarked on a journey that all mankind must make, and each one of us must go alone. It is an inevitable part of our Creator’s plan for our glorious eternal redemption. So if you must leave us, then go in peace; we wish you “Safe Journey” on your timeless trip to blissful Eternity. Though you are gone from us in body, you will always remain alive in our hearts and in our minds. May the Good Lord grant your gentle soul peaceful rest.

Mad. Flora Sackeyfio (Mrs);  
Yaa wo ojogbann! Amen

















## APPRECIATION



**PROFESSOR ARTHUR C. SACKYFIO & FAMILY AND  
THE AKOTO BADDOO, ADDY, VANDERPUYE, AND ALLIED  
FAMILIES OF ACCRA AND OSU**

Express their sincere gratitude and appreciation for your presence,  
presents, prayers and support in diverse ways during  
the loss and funeral of their dear Auntie Flora.

May The Lord continue to bless you for all you have done.

Many Thanks.



IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
**MRS. FLORA ADOFO SACKEFIO**

*9<sup>TH</sup> MAY, 1938 - 3<sup>RD</sup> MAY, 2023*