

IN LOVING MEMORY



*Mrs. Lydia Darling*

**KAI JOHNSON**

**(NEE QUAYE-FOLI)**



1942-2025



# ORDER OF BURIAL MASS

## OFFICIATING PRIEST

VERY REV. FR. WISDOM K. DORDUNU – PARISH PRIEST

VERY REV. FR. WISDOM K. DORDUNU – PARISH PRIEST

VERY REV. FR. ANUMU QUAYE – FOLI, SVD

VERY REV FR TOMY KANJIRAMALAYIL, SVD

VERY REV FR AUGUSTINE KODO, SVD

ALL CONCELEBRATING PRIESTS

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CLOSING OF COFFIN

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A SONG: NOW SHE BELONGS TO JESUS

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INCENSATION

OKURA ME MU

KYRIE

ST. MARTIN DE PORES

FIRST READING

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RESPONSORIAL PSALM

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CH 34

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PRAYER OF THE FAITHFUL

ALLELUIA

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**BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. LYDIA DARLING KAI JOHNSON  
(NEE QUAYE-FOLI)**

*I need your 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, Oh, abide with me.*

**Stanza 4 of Methodist Hymn 700.**



## EARLY LIFE

Mrs. Lydia Darling Kai Johnson was born on Pentecost Sunday, 24th May 1942 to John and Florence Quaye-Foli, both of blessed memory. She was the third daughter among ten siblings, a position that earned her the name Kai in keeping with Ga tradition. The family lived in Yoruba Cottage at Akotolante in Accra, basking in parental and family affection.



## EDUCATION AND TEACHING CAREER

Lydia started her early childhood education at Merry-Go-Round Villa, also known as “Merry Villars”, in a house where the Shell Fuel station is now situated. At the age of six, she was enrolled at Saint Mary the Virgin Anglican Primary School and later continued her upper primary education at Bishop's Girls School from 1952 to 1955. Following this, she moved to St. Mary's Roman Catholic Girls School at Korle Gonno under the guidance of Monsignor Vanderpuiye, a Catholic Priest, in fulfilment of a promise made by her father to her mother that all their children would be raised in the Catholic faith.

She completed her elementary education in December 1958 and went on to pursue higher education. In January 1960, she gained admission to Our Lady of Apostles (OLA) College of Education in Cape Coast, where she obtained a Certificate 'B' in Education within two years. Following this, she was posted to Roman Catholic Primary School at Ada Foah in January 1962 and worked there until December 1963.

In January 1963, she gained admission to Peki Government Training College (GOVCO) and completed her studies in 1965. Lydia's academic pursuits continued as she went on to study at the Advanced Teacher Training College Winneba, now the University of Education, Winneba, where she obtained a specialist qualification in Education in January 1969.

Lydia's teaching career began early, with her being employed by Rev. Thomas Halleram, the local manager of Catholic Schools, in 1958 to teach at her alma mater. She worked among her former teachers and taught for one year before moving on to other roles.



After obtaining her Certificate B in education, Lydia was posted to Roman Catholic Primary School, Ada Foah in January 1962 where she served till December 1963. Following this, as a full-fledged certified teacher, she took up various teaching positions at Accra Royal Boys' School, James Town; Independence Avenue 1 & 2 Middle School; and Osofomako 1 & 2 Primary School.

In 1978, Lydia was appointed Zonal Superintendent for Osu Schools, Zones A and B. After several years of supervising the Osu Schools, she was transferred to the Inspectorate Unit of the District Education Office. Following the dissolution of the Inspectorate, she was appointed Ga Organizer for Ashiedu Keteke Schools.

Lydia later took on the role of Headteacher at Independence Avenue 1 and 2 Primary School before ending her public service voluntarily in 1998 as Assistant Director of Education. In 2000, she transitioned to the private education sector and supervised the Apostolic Church Academy at Charles Lane in Accra Central.

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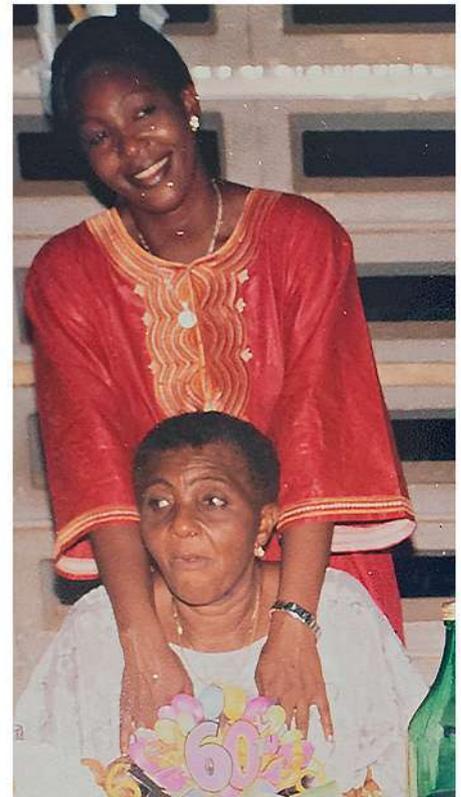
## MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE





In the early 1960s, Lydia met Mr. Samson Johnson in Ada Foah. After a few years together, they were joined in Holy Matrimony in 1967. Through hard work and impeccable time management, Lydia successfully combined her career as a teacher, her role as a wife and mother as well as her trading activities. She also regularly entertained guests at the family home in Kanda. In 1990 however, Mr. Johnson passed away after a short illness. Throughout her marriage and even after her husband's death Lydia remained close to his relatives.

Lydia had three children; Felicia, Philbert and Grace. In addition, she had three grandchildren; Koranteng, Lydia Elaine and Elsie, as well as a great-granddaughter, Tavia. Sadly, Lydia's last child Grace, passed away in 2008 at the age of 33. This was the most painful event in her life and she was devastated. Despite the pain, her faith along with the support of family and friends was a source of great strength and consolation. Mrs. Johnson's affable nature and kind manner gained her numerous other surrogate children who showed her great affection and also kept her occupied in her twilight years.



Lydia had close bonds with her siblings, often cooking for them and taking a keen interest in their well-being, even when she suffered from ill-health. She went through the grief of losing several siblings, some many years younger than her. Each loss was deeply personal and very difficult for her, but she would focus her energy on providing support to her nephews and nieces in an attempt to alleviate the pain stemming from the loss of their parent.





Mrs. Johnson placed high value on maintaining family bonds and this gave her great joy. After retirement, she also took time off to travel and visit family abroad. She travelled to Switzerland, the United States & Canada to spend some time with her children and grandchildren. Lydia cherished these trips and the special moments she shared with her family.

## PERSONAL QUALITIES AND CONTRIBUTIONS



Mrs. Lydia Darling Kai Johnson was known for her tireless efforts to maintain high standards in everything she did. She had a commanding presence and earned the admiration of many through her daily appearance and mannerisms. Her keen fashion sense and style won her many admirers and gained the accolade “MANYE” meaning Queen.

A passionate and sociable individual, Lydia loved music, singing, and dancing even into her old age when her movement and hearing became increasingly challenging. She was a patron of the St. Cecilia's choir at Sacred Heart Parish and represented the choir at the Greater Accra Catholic Choirs Association level.

Her love for dance led her to join the Empress School of Dancing, where she mastered various styles, including Waltz, Slow Foxtrot, Quickstep, and Cha-cha-cha. Lydia was also known for her benevolence and willingness to help others. She played a significant role in planning engagement, wedding, and funeral ceremonies, often going above and beyond her duty without expecting anything in return. Her extensive knowledge of cultural practices made her a sought-after consultant, earning her the nickname "Encyclopedia LYDIANA" within the Quaye-Foli family.

Even as an octogenarian, Lydia remained energetic and youthful, adopting the mantra "OBLAYOO", and often joking that she was still in her prime. While acknowledging that age eventually catches up with us all, Lydia's spirit and dedication to helping others remain an inspiration to those who knew her.

### A LIFE WELL LIVED



Mrs. Lydia Darling Kai Johnson lived an extraordinary life, marked by a deep sense of purpose and dedication to her loved ones. Throughout her journey, she navigated the various stages of life with poise and dignity, always striving to make a positive impact on those around her.

As she passed through the different phases of her life, Mrs. Lydia left an indelible mark on the hearts of all who knew her. Her passing has created a void that will be felt for years to come by her family, friends, and wider community. Despite this, her legacy lives on, serving as a testament to the enduring power of love, compassion, and kindness.

## TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN

*Tribute to our dear mother by Nana and Abaka*

*“Who sat and watched my infant head  
When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed?  
My Mother”*

*My Mother - by Ann Taylor*



Our mother, Mrs. Lydia Darling Kai Johnson, was the most impactful person in our lives. Her soul epitomized her radiance, character, and "the unfading beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is of great worth in God's sight," as found in 1 Peter 3:3–4 (NIV). Her love and conduct were so pure and constant. She was steeped in empathy and emotions as she always sought the wellbeing of others above her own. Giving and generosity were second nature to her. Our mother was the only one we could always count on absolutely in life. Her goodwill and support for us never failed. She taught us what she knew best; to love one another genuinely.

For us, she imbued and immortalized the values of sacrifice, integrity, truthfulness, forthrightness, and hard work. Her entire life reflected these virtues, especially in these times when such values are eroding in our society, often to the peril of those who strive to uphold them. Our mother chose love and forgiveness over hate and bitterness. In love, she stood courageously against injustice, discrimination and unfairness of any kind. She had no fear in making her displeasure known when it was called for. A trait that has moulded our character and has had a profound impact on us.

Our mother did everything in her power to cater for us. She played a major role in our education and kept us comfortable with the meagre salary she earned as a teacher and the income she gained from trading.

She performed her parental duties so well that many of our colleagues assumed we were from a rich family, even though she struggled to achieve this. Even then, she found great joy in giving, and she remained very supportive of her aging parents until they passed away. Mum's good and exceptional nature made Philbert name his first daughter after her. Mum loved her grandchildren-Koranteng Nyakoma, Lydia Egyiriba, Elsie Besiwa and her great grandchild – Tavia, so much so that she took great personal interest in their wellbeing and always interceded for them. Her constant advice to us was to raise them in the fear of the Lord, and to inculcate in them the timeless values of hard work, honesty, discipline and the love for one another.

She remembered the birthdays and anniversaries of family members and friends and was usually the first to convey best wishes, and on some occasions, even reminded the person in question when they had forgotten the significance of the date.

Mum encountered many problems in life, but she confronted them all with courage and dignity. Despite these challenges, Mum was often willing to set her own comfort and interests aside in order to provide help to family, friends and even strangers when they needed it. This attribute, together with her caring, protective, and loyal nature earned her the admiration and confidence of many. Our mother enjoyed motherhood immensely. She relished the opportunity to cater for her children, nephews, nieces, as well as the children of friends and strangers alike. One of her favourite poems titled "My Mother" by Ann Taylor (1782-1866), captured her sentiments about motherhood perfectly and she could recite it from memory.

Our mother was a wise woman who knew how to plan and manage her home efficiently and judiciously. She endeavoured to make the most of every opportunity and resource. Her penchant for ensuring a neat and beautiful home was well-known, always ensuring there were beautiful flowers and plants in the home to create a warm ambience.

Our mother believed in doing things well and disliked lackadaisical, half-hearted and dishonest conduct. She believed that one is his or her best servant. Our Mum was averse to profligate and frivolous expenditures. She often quoted her father, who reminded her that "a fool and his money are soon parted".

Until recently when she fell ill, she would go shopping in the market herself to ensure that the goods were purchased at reasonable prices, often from her well-curated retinue of trusted suppliers. Even at 83 years, she continued to cook for the family and insisted on running errands for us and even supervised construction and repair works. When Philbert decided to send some school supplies to students at his alma mater, Mum insisted on representing him to do the presentation and she did an exceptional job.

Above all, Mum had strong faith in God and was prayerful. This belief, coupled with fervent prayers, was a source of strength for our mother in the difficult times, particularly after the death of her daughter, Grace Esi Benyiwa Johnson and several of her own siblings. It was Mum's constant prayers that also guided our paths through the vicissitudes of life. She loved to go to church and relished every bit of the Mass, including the opportunity to socialize with church members after Mass. She loved hymns and recited them prayerfully. She encouraged the youth to always pray and even in her last days, urged the young nurse attending to her never to depart from praying.

Mum's departure is so painful, but we are comforted that she lived a full and purposeful life which positively impacted many. Her memories are etched in our hearts and through grace, may the Lord Almighty help us to live in faith as she did, and radiate positive energies into the lives of many, until we meet our Maker.

We would like to thank all family members and friends who supported our mother, especially over the recent years. Although we know you are too many for us to name, we are especially grateful to Mr. Kofi Adimado, Dr. Sylvia Deganus, Leonie Atayi, Julie and Agatha Hansen, Ernest Adjei Bekoe, Clifford Kwaku



*Mummy, may your gentle soul rest in perfect peace. Amen!*

**POEM: MY MOTHER BY ANN TAYLOR**

*Who sat and watched my infant head  
When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed?  
My Mother.*

*When pain and sickness made me cry,  
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,  
And wept for fear that I should die?  
My Mother.*

*Who taught my infant lips to pray  
And love God's holy book and day,  
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?  
My Mother.*

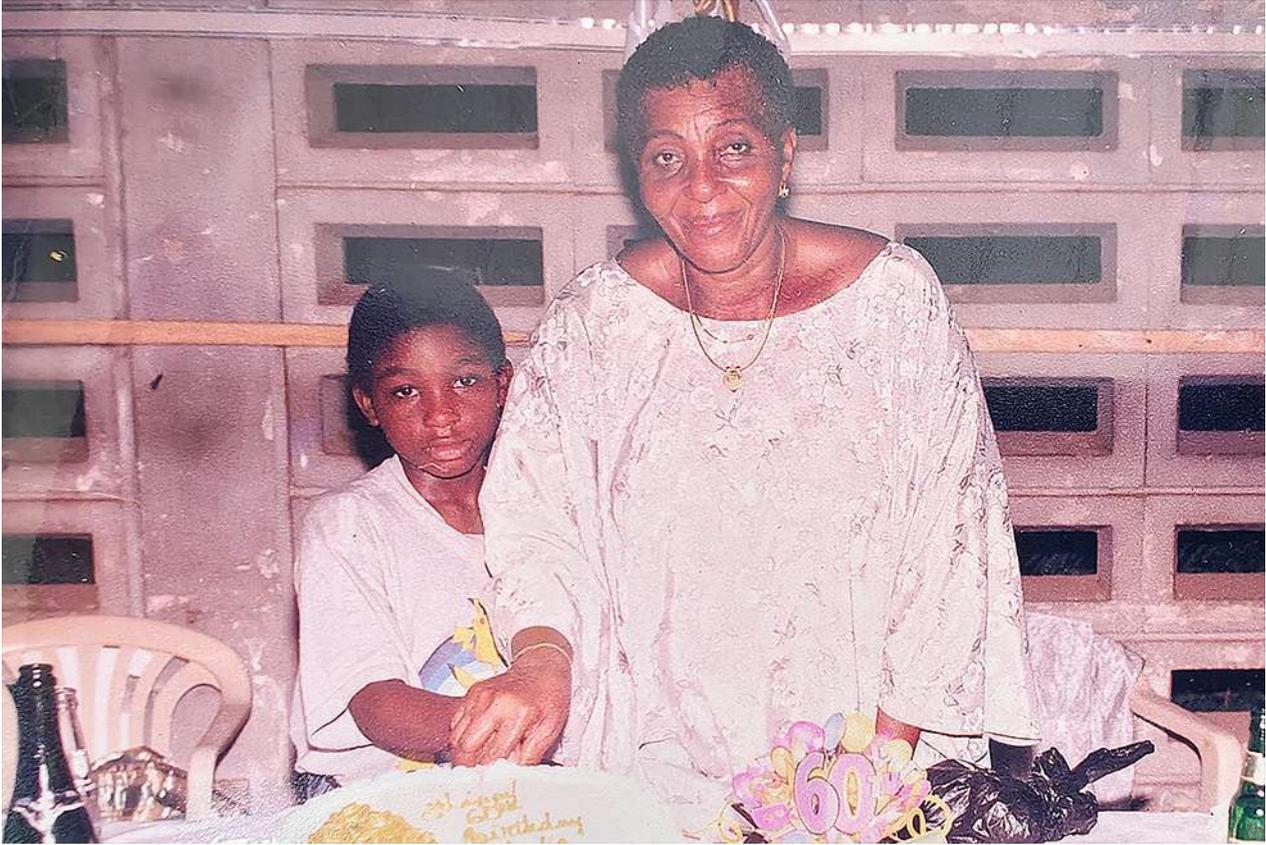
*And can I ever cease to be  
Affectionate and kind to thee,  
Who wast so very kind to me,  
My Mother?*

*Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,  
And if God please my life to spare  
I hope I shall reward they care,  
My Mother.*

*When thou art feeble, old and grey,  
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,  
And I will soothe thy pains away,  
My Mother.*

## TRIBUTES BY GRANDCHILDREN

### *My Tribute to Grandma by Korangteng*



Growing up, I found it difficult to articulate my feelings, and now I find myself writing the words I seldom spoke but surely should have said to you. While you knew that I loved you, you hardly knew how proud I was to be your grandson—how proud I was to stand in your light and to be mentioned in association with you, the matriarch who commanded respect by embodying elegance and wisdom. The name Mrs. Johnson was spoken with reverence, and each time, I was filled with pride. I was proud of the woman you were, proud of the educator who shaped minds, proud of the merchant who built and provided, proud of the botanist who nurtured life, proud of the entrepreneur who created opportunity, proud of the life of the party whose laughter lit up every room, and proud of the mother, sister, and daughter who gave so much of herself to her family. I was proud of you, Grandma. And while I selfishly wish you were still here so your presence might ease my pain, the joy I feel in knowing you have found rest outweighs my longing. I am forever proud to have been knighted by you.

*Rest in peace.*

## Tribute to Grandma by Lydia Egyiriba and Elsie Besiwa



In loving memory of a woman whose strength, compassion, and quiet faith helped shape the man who raised us. Her presence was not only a blessing to our father but also to everyone who had the privilege of knowing her. Through her love, she built a foundation of kindness, resilience, and devotion. This foundation continues to guide and sustain our family today.

Though her earthly journey has come to an end, her influence will never fade. It lives on in the values she instilled, the memories we cherish, and the example she set in a life marked by dignity, generosity, and grace. We give thanks for her life, her unwavering support, and her faith that carried her through both joy and hardship. Though her earthly journey has come to an end, her influence will never fade. It lives on in the values she instilled, the memories we cherish, and the example she set in a life marked by dignity, generosity, and grace. We give thanks for her life, her unwavering support, and her faith that carried her through both joy and hardship. *Grandma ya wor odzogbaa*

**TRIBUTE BY BROTHERS**  
*A TRIBUTE TO KAI*  
*( A BELOVED SISTER AND “MOTHER” )*

*“ O not lost but gone before us, Let them never be forgotten, sweet their memory to the lonely. In our heart they perish not.” NCH 667*



Lydia, as Sir Victor usually calls you!

Kai as ‘Yours truly’ affectionately calls you.

This tribute coming from the ‘Little Remnant’ of your siblings (The remaining two out of the eight who have departed) will obviously be rather short.

You were the one who drafted almost all the tributes of our siblings and parents who have gone before us. The last one you drafted was for Adelaide just in February. In that tribute, you stated the following:

*“ Indeed all ten of us namely Victoria, Adelaide, Lydia, Victor, Karl, John, James, Adelina, Andrew and Emmanuel started our journey of life in our beautiful family. Victoria alighted at mile One in 1938, Karl alighted at mile Five in 1951, Adelina alighted at Mile One 1954, John alighted at Mile Fifty- Two in 2001, Emmanuel alighted at Mile Forty- Two in 2006, James alighted at mile Fifty- five in 2007. We, Lydia, Victor and Anumu, your three Surviving siblings hope to follow in your footsteps and travel a bit longer in the journey of life.”*

Following the agreement we made that our exit from this life should follow the order in which we came, you fueled our hope of travelling a bit longer in this life by stating categorically that you will live to be 100 years old.



Being the youngest, I took it for granted then that I will be at Least 101 years old before I exit. Your exit at 83 makes me wonder what happens to that hope. Kai, at age 83 you leave behind a legacy that will forever inspire us and the generations to come. You were, without any doubt, a pillar of strength, love and dedication for our family.

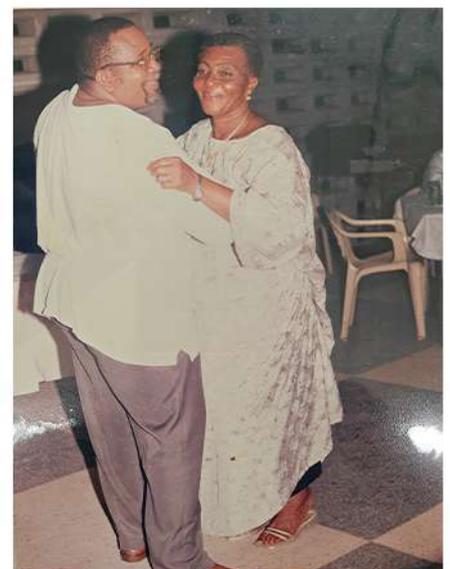
You became a maternal figure even before the demise of our mother, and more so after. You took after her as the “Library” of the Family and you became the custodian of

our family’s history. You, like our late beloved mother, had the exceptional ability to recall vividly and recount events, both joyful and painful. Although you managed to document much of this, we know the surviving records will pale in comparison with

your eidetic memory. Throughout your life, you were blessed with an exceptional memory; sharp, clear, and never failing to recall even the smallest details. Your innate ability to notice the intricacies in life was truly remarkable. We are grateful to fate for making you our sister. You uniquely blended the roles of sister, friend, and guardian; a constant source of comfort, guidance, and love that shaped us into the people we are today. And now, your passing has left a void that has broken our hearts, leaving us with an unfillable sense of loss and devastation.

Kai, you were so generous, often to a fault. Your generosity knew no bounds, touching countless lives with your signature kindness and compassion. Your strong character has been a beacon of hope and guidance, shaping many people into what they have become today. Unfortunately, your kindness and goodwill were not always well-received. Some questioned your motives, while others showed you ingratitude. Yet, in the face of all this animosity, you remained resolute in your generosity.

Our joy is that, with God’s grace, we were able to work through those extremely painful experiences successfully before you left us on that fateful day. Through all the ups and downs of life, you celebrated the joyful moments and bravely navigated life’s challenges, often alone and relying only on God and your strength. Even after the death of your husband, you remained strong and never wavered in your obligations to your family.



We will be eternally grateful to you for the care and devotion you showed to us, your siblings, and to our parents. Even through your own personal difficulties, you ensured you made significant sacrifices for our benefit. You were the rock from which we all derived support, even to the very end. You gladly gave us your time, resources, wisdom and much more. Lydia, you poured your heart and soul into raising your children, providing for them, guiding them and showering them with unconditional love. Even now, as mature adults with families of their own, Nana & Philbert bear testimony to the pivotal role you continued to play in their lives, despite your health challenges.

Your generosity extended beyond your children to your siblings and many others, many of whom still cherish your counsel and affection and will continue to do so for a long time to come. Indeed your unwavering resilience and unshakeable spirit have inspired not only your children and we your siblings but also many other people who got close to you.

Your relatively long life of four scores and three has indeed been a master piece of resilience and hard work. To say we will miss you will be a serious understatement. Yet

*“ what can a mourner say? For death  
has claimed our friend.*

*We’re left bereaved and sad. And yet  
it’s not the end.*

*O Christ protect us from despair.*

*And keep our sister in your care.*

*Farewell beloved one.*

*In heaven we shall meet.*

*Then why should we still mourn?*

*You’re safe at Jesus’ feet.*

*O Christ protect us from Despair.*

*And keep our sister in your care.*

*Lest we forget!!*

## TRIBUTES BY NEPHEWS & NIECES

### TRIBUTE FROM CHARLES, SAMUEL & JOSHUA AKUETTEH

#### *Tribute to our Beloved Auntie Lydia*

*“I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness...” – 2 Timothy 4:7-8*

Auntie Lydia had a heart big enough to embrace everyone. She was caring, hardworking, and never idle. Her kindness was practical, her diligence inspiring, and her life continues to speak long after her passing. As a mother figure, she instilled discipline, cleanliness, and excellence. Saturday mornings were memorable as she rallied us for washing (when and how to apply blue and starch), ironing, and scrubbing, habits that shaped us for life. Her corrections, always given in love, wherever she found herself (sometimes with humour), reflected her guiding philosophy: *once a teacher, always a teacher*.

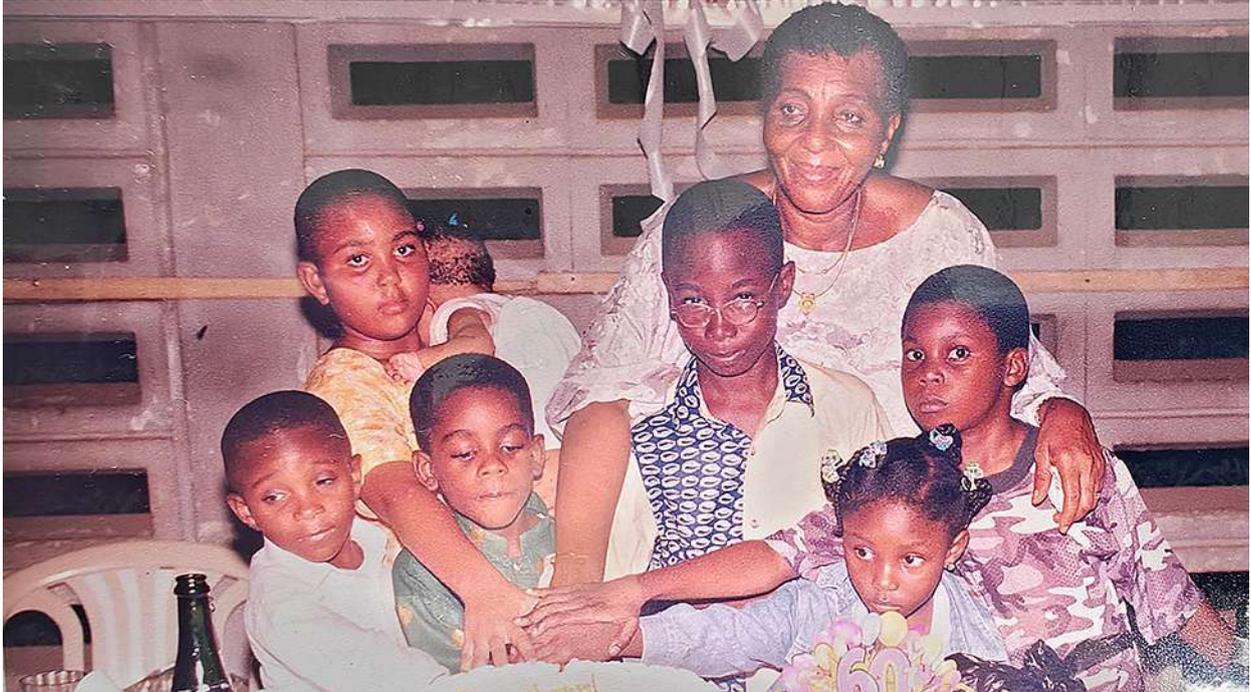
Auntie Lydia was an outstanding educationist, serving faithfully as a headmistress and later as a director of education. To her, teaching was a calling, not just a profession. She nurtured character as well as knowledge, leaving behind generations of students who saw her as mentor, mother, and role model. She managed resources wisely, despising waste and teaching us contentment and prudence. Industrious and enterprising, she supported the family with dignity and care. She was firm in truth, never compromising her integrity, and often the bold voice for her siblings.

Auntie Lydia loved beauty, flowers, and decoration, seeing in them a reflection of God’s handiwork. Her home was warm, welcoming, and filled with thoughtful touches. She delighted in cooking our favourites, especially her famous hard meat stew and shito, which we carried back to school or home with joy. Her life was a tapestry of love, discipline, integrity, and grace. She cared deeply, taught faithfully,



managed wisely, and lived truthfully. Though we mourn her absence, we celebrate her legacy. Her lessons will guide us, and her love will forever remain in our hearts. *Rest well, dear Auntie, until we meet again in the presence of the Lord.*

*TRIBUTE BY KWEI, JOANA, KARL, JOHN, ADELINÉ  
& FLORENCE QUAYE-FOLI*



*"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."*

*Revelation 21:4*

Auntie Lydia, you have been a constant and integral part of our lives from as far back as each of us can remember. You were always an active presence at family gatherings, ever-ready to mark our various milestones with us. You were an extraordinary person who made a profound impact on our lives. Your warmth and calm demeanour created a sense of comfort and security that we will always cherish.

You possessed a deep understanding of family history, culture, and tradition, which you shared with us through stories and anecdotes that were always told with passion and enthusiasm. We admired your encyclopaedic knowledge, not just about our own family's past but also about broader cultural norms.

Auntie Lydia, your sense of fashion was legendary, always dressing exceptionally well to fit the occasion. You were often the life of the party at celebrations. Conversely, you were also the dependable pillar of strength and support during the difficult times.

One of your greatest strengths was your willingness to tell us when we were wrong, but even then, you did so in a way that was constructive and loving. You knew exactly how to balance discipline with compassion, teaching us the importance of accountability and responsibility. As we grew older, we appreciated your thoughtfulness and generosity even more because we got a glimpse of the extent of your sacrifices. You would cook for us, send gifts, and check on us regularly, always showing concern for our well-being. When our fathers passed away, you became an even more vital source of support and comfort, providing emotional strength during those difficult times. Even after you retired and were living on your pension, with mounting health issues to manage, your generosity continued.

We'll miss you dearly Auntie Lydia, but we are grateful for the time we had with you and the lessons you taught us about family, culture, tradition, and the importance of living a good life and being kind. Your legacy will live on in our hearts.

*Thank you for everything. You have fought the good fight, and you have lived well. Now rest in peace, till we meet again.*

**TRIBUTE BY SACRED HEART CATHOLIC CHURCH,  
DERBY AVENUE - ACCRA**



*For none of us lives to himself, and none of us dies to himself. For if we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord. So then, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's*  
(Rom: 4: 7-9).

It is with great sadness that we gather before the mortal remains of our beloved sister, mother, friend and grandma, Mrs. Lydia Darling Kai Johnson to pay our last respect and tribute. We were taken aback when we heard the news of her demise though she has not been well for some time.

Mrs. Johnson, Maa Lydia as we affectionately called her, was baptized and confirmed at Sacred Heart Catholic Church, Derby Avenue. She spent all her all years in the parish playing significant roles and touching lives as an educationist



She was a devoted and dedicated member of the parish. She served as a lector, a former member of Christian Mothers and currently an active member of Saint Anthony Catholic Ewe Union. As an educationist, she offered guidance and counseling to most of the young ones who got close to her, shared her knowledge anytime she had the opportunity.

Through her hard work, in the year 2023, Mrs. Lydia D. Johnson was crowned Mother of the year, an award that filled her with so much joy and a sense of recognition from the church community. This award deepened her faith and increased her commitment to church programs and activities irrespective of her age and predicament. Mrs. Lydia Johnson, loves to entertain friends and loved ones after church, sharing the little she brought from home. She was always ready to support church projects too. Though very sad, we take consolation in the fact that, Maa Lydia is with her maker and has started enjoying the fruits of her labor.

*Yes; Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on, they will rest from their labor for their deeds will follow them. ( Rev: 14:13)*

*REST WELL; Mrs Johnson, Maa Lydia*

*TILL WE MEET AGAIN*

## TRIBUTE BY MR. HAYFORD ADORYE

With deep sadness and heartfelt affection, I honour the life of a remarkable woman who lived 83 years filled with love, care, and compassion. This is a woman I got to know at her ripe age, but I have learnt a lot from her. Mama Kai, as I affectionately called her, touched my life and the lives of everyone around her with her kindness, warmth, and generosity. Her love for family and friends was unwavering, and she cherished every moment spent with her.

Knowing Mama Kai was a source of comfort, and her wisdom guided me and, I believe, all those who knew her. May her soul find peace and joy in the memories of a life well-lived. Indeed, Mama Kai's love, care, and kindness will be remembered and cherished by me and by extension, all who knew her. With love and sadness, I say goodbye to a wonderful woman who lived a life of caring, loving, and giving. Her kindness, warmth, and devotion to family and friends will be deeply missed but never forgotten. May her memory be a blessing to all of us who knew her." *Mama Kai, may you rest well in the bosom of the Lord, till we meet again on the resurrection day. Amen.*

## TRIBUTE TO MRS. LYDIA DARLING KAI JOHNSON BY THE HANSON SISTERS

*"For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have fallen asleep." – 1 Thessalonians 4:14*

Maa, as we affectionately called her, was a loving, compassionate, and inspiring soul. She was a childhood friend of our late mother, Marian Manko Thompson, and from our childhood days, this friendship bonded our two families together. After our mother's passing, Maa naturally stepped in as one of the few who filled that gap, embracing us with the warmth and guidance of a mother.

She never ceased to check on us. Almost every week, Maa would call to ask after everyone—Julie, Naana, Addo Borger, Sarah, and even our aunties and uncles she had not seen in a while. Her calls alone were special, but her thoughtfulness extended further. She distributed gifts with such care, wrapping each one with names and tags, even when the gifts were the same. She always remembered to send something, no matter how little, and sometimes even after an occasion had passed.

One moment that will never leave our hearts was during our mother's illness. Maa asked us to pick up some items she had prepared, but in the busyness of hospital life, we forgot. Without delay, Maa sent them to us with the words: "If my sister cannot eat or use them, at least those taking care of her can use them to gain strength to care for my sister." In that moment, Maa secured a special place in our hearts forever. From then on, she never abandoned us, and we held on to her just as closely as her own children, Nana and Phill. She never ceased to check on us. Almost every week, Maa would call to ask after everyone—Julie, Naana, Addo Borger, Sarah, and even our aunties and uncles she had not seen in a while. Her calls alone were special, but her thoughtfulness extended further. She distributed gifts with such care, wrapping each one with names and tags, even when the gifts were the same. She always remembered to send something, no matter how little, and sometimes even after an occasion had passed.

Maa was a disciplinarian, molded by her background as a Teacher and Headmistress, yet she was approachable and kind. She played an instrumental role together with other mothers in shaping the lives of many young ones. After our mother's demise, she constantly checked on us and prayed with us. She never forgot our birthdays, she would call Agatha and use her as a point of contact and pray for us all. Truly, she lived the Akan saying, "Ena bi wua, ena bi te ase" — when a mother dies, another rises. In her final weeks, we prayed for her recovery and were grateful when she was discharged from the hospital; little did we know that God was preparing to call her home.

Maa, you fought a good fight, and though we wished for more time, we bow to God's perfect will. Today, as we celebrate a life well lived, we thank you for your love, your advice, your kindness, and for giving us the opportunity to love you as a mother.

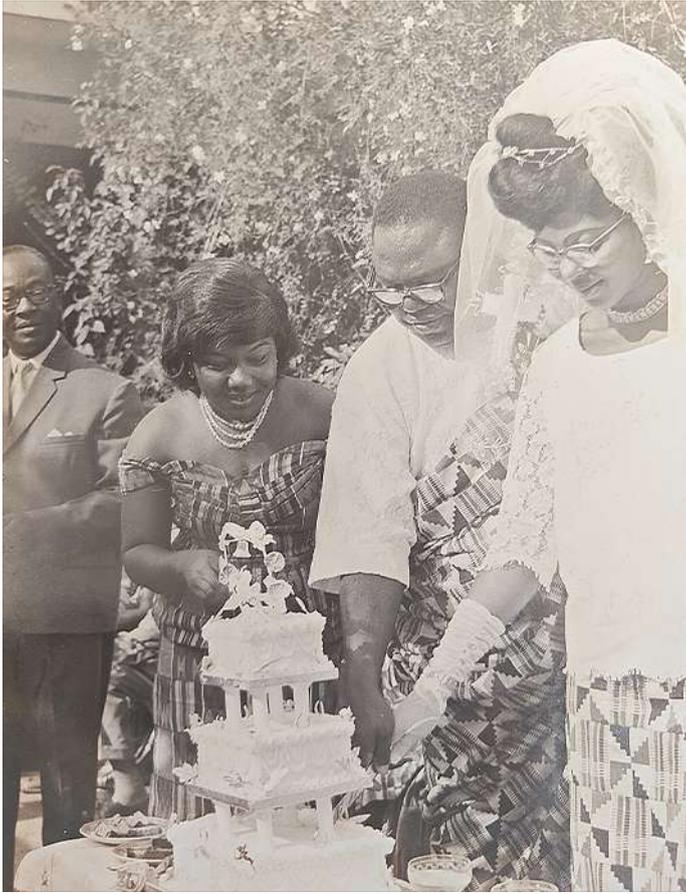
*Maa, Yaa wo ojogbann; w) s33 kε w) kpe ekonn ε w) baagba sane, like you always said to Agatha.*

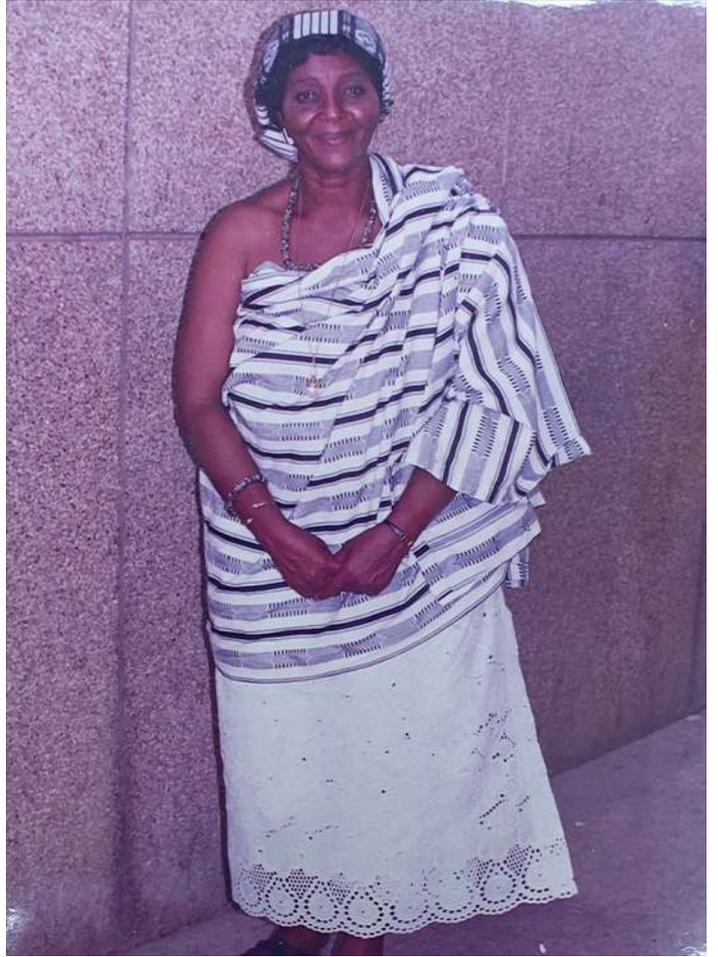
*Nunts) ε aha bo hej)ε, ejaake, ta ε ohuu!*

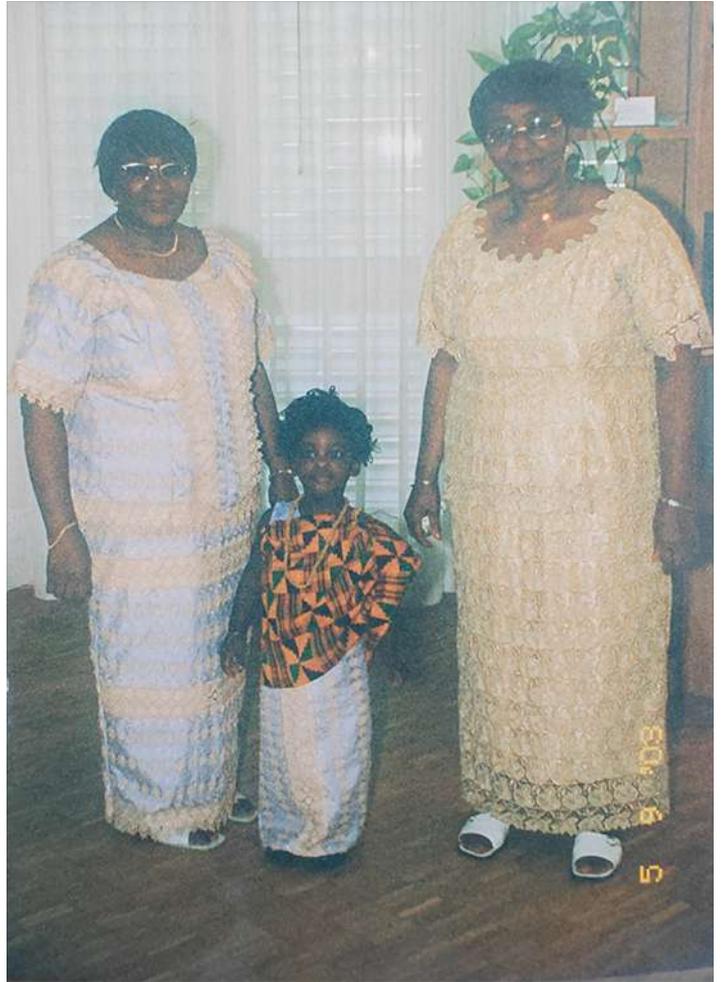
*Nye kpakpa, yaaw) dioo! Amen.*

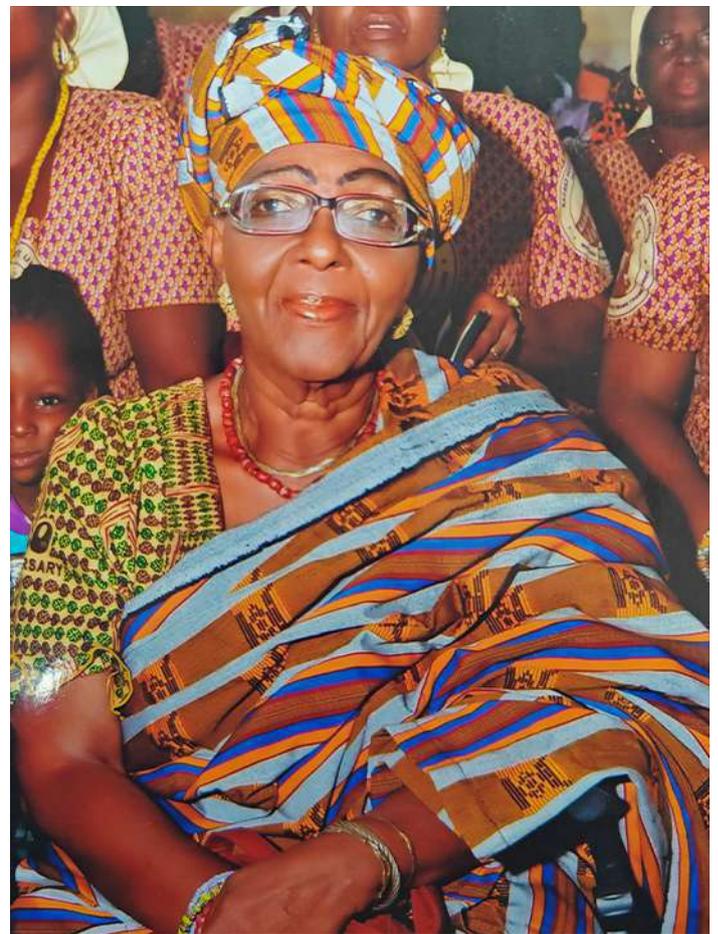
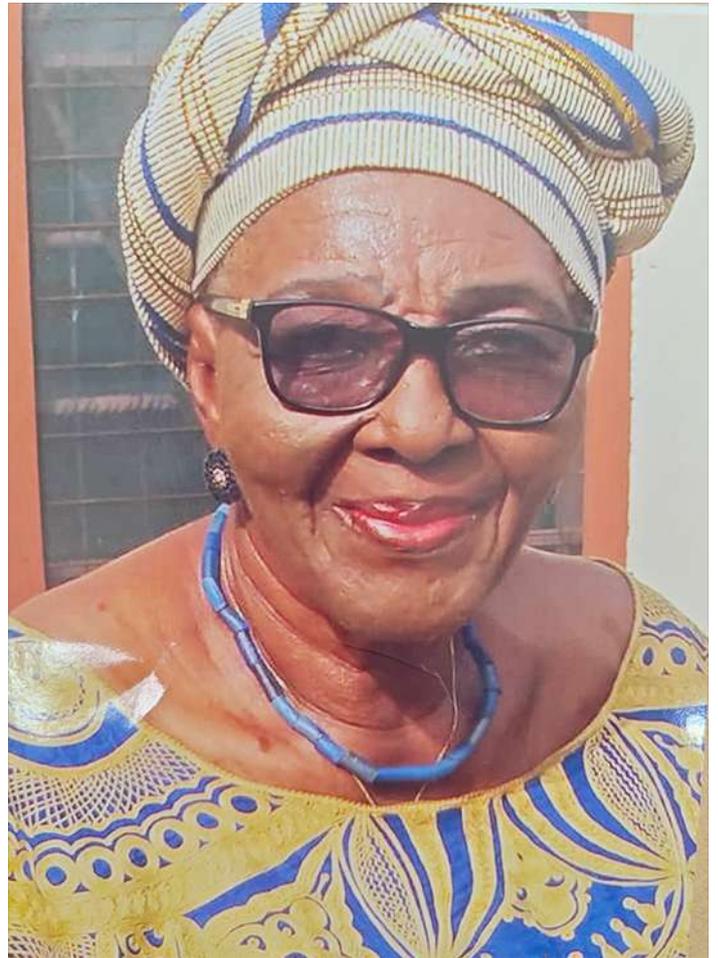
# PHOTO GALLERY













# APPRECIATION

The Family of the Late

## **MRS. LYDIA DARLING KAI JOHNSON**

Wish to thank you for all the love and support you have shown to her while she was alive as well as to us since her passing. May God richly bless you.

