



# FUNERAL SERVICE PROGRAMME

FOR THE LATE

DEACONESS

*Mrs.*  
**VICTORIA ADZO  
QUIST**  
(NEE GBEWONYO)



AT PENTECOST INTERNATIONAL WORSHIP CENTRE (PIWC), ATOMIC || SAT. 18<sup>TH</sup> APR. 2026

## PRE-BURIAL SERVICE (6.30am)

- Opening Prayer - Rev. Freeman Atsu
- Hymn "O God our help in ages past"
- Bible Reading (Psalm 46: 1 – 5) - Priscilla Essah Gyamfi
- Tributes: - Nieces & Nephews; Jacqueline & Co; Sedem Ghattie; Washington Family In-laws
- Hymn "God be with you till we meet"/FILE PAST
- Bible Reading (John 11:23-26) - Samuel Chris Edudzi Quist
- Tributes: - Grandchildren  
DCNS Rose Asare; Ofori-Adjei Family; Good News Club; Gaithersburg District (USA)
- Hymn "Shall we gather at the river"/FILE PAST
- Tributes: - Quist Family; Siblings (JCAG);  
Ps. Esther Gbewonyo  
Grandchildren
- Hymn "When the roll is called"/FILE PAST

## END (8.00am)

MC.: Rev Freeman Atsu

# Order of Service

## **PART ONE**

- Opening Prayer - Eld. Michael Yeboah-Botwe
- Chorus - Congregation
- File past
- Introductions and Acknowledgement - Ps. Abubakari Issah-Gustav
- Songs
  - *Area/Districts*
  - *PIWCs (Dansoman & Atomic)*
  - *All Officers*
- Scripture Reading - 1 Corinthians 15:50-58
  - *English* - *Dcns. Lydia Dugbartey*
  - *Akan* -
- Song - There is a land that is fairer than thee
- Thanksgiving Prayer - Pastor Frank Annor-Anim
- Biography - Family member
- Tributes
  - *Widower*
  - *Children*
  - *PIWC-Atomic* - Elder Eric Atta-Sonno
- Song - When peace like a river
- Sermon / Altar Call - Pastor Paul Komi Adzigbli
- Offering - Royal Vessels Inc.
- Song by bereaved family -
- Prayer for bereaved family - Apostle Dr Eric Nyamekye
- Vote of Thanks - Family member

## **PART 2 - AT THE CEMETERY**

- Prayer -
- Song - Abide with me
- Committal - Ps. A. Issah-Gustav
- Prayer / Benediction - Ps. A. Issah-Gustav

*Conductor: Ps. Abubakari Issah-Gustav*

## **OFFICIATING MINISTERS**

- Aps. Eric Nyamekye, PhD - Chairman, CoP
- Aps. Samuel Gyau Obuobi - General Secretary, CoP
- Aps. Emmanuel Agyeman Bekoe - Missions Director, CoP
- Aps. William Boakye Agyarko - Area Head, CoP Haatso
- Aps. Anthony Mensah - Area Head, CoP Abeka
- Ps. Paul Komi Adzigbli - Area Secretary, CoP Haatso Area
- Ps. Frank Annor-Anim - Executive Member, CoP Haatso Area
- Ps. Abubakari Issah-Gustav - Resident Minister, PIWC-Atomic
- Rev. Prof. E. Kingsley Larbi - Associate Minister, PIWC-Atomic
- Ps. Michael Laryea Jnr - Associate Minister, PIWC-Atomic

# *Biography of the late*

## DEACONESS MRS. VICTORIA ADZO QUIST (NEE GBEWONYO)



*Then I heard a voice from heaven saying to me, "Write: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.' " "Yes," says the Spirit, "that they may rest from their labors, and their works follow them." (Revelation 14:13)*

Indeed, in life and death, Deaconess Mrs. Victoria Adzo Quist represented her King—Jesus Christ of Nazareth and His Kingdom!!

### **BIRTH, EDUCATION AND PROFESSIONAL LIFE**

Deaconess Mrs. Victoria Dziekpor (Ziekpo'wo) Adzo Gbewonyo Quist was born on 2nd January 1943 at Sekondi in the Western Region to Mr. James Constance Awovor Gbewonyo and Mad. Mary Abia Yoganador Aheto, from Anyako, all of blessed memory. She was the second born of her mother and the tenth born of her father.

She began her early schooling at Zion Nursery at Sekondi and later traveled with her mother to Keta in the Volta Region of Ghana to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Gertrude Torsi Adadevoh of blessed memory to continue her schooling. At Keta, she schooled at the Roman Catholic Converts Girls' Primary School.

At the age of nine, she lost her father through a motor accident. Upon completing her primary education, she continued to middle school form two at the same school, then returned to her mother at Takoradi to complete her middle school education at Apowa Methodist Middle School in the Western Region from 1958 to

1959, obtaining her Middle School Leaving Certificate. She sat for the Common Entrance Examination and passed, gaining admissions to Holy Child Teachers' Training College and OLA Secondary School. However, due to financial difficulties she couldn't continue her schooling.

She got employed at the Ghana Railways Corporation in Takoradi in 1960 as a Clerical Assistant. She was transferred to Accra in 1977. She did a number of in-service training in accountancy and rose through the ranks to the position of Assistant Accountant at the time she voluntarily retired in 1999.

Though she was a corporate woman, she engaged in a number of businesses to support herself and her family. These include the sale of ceramics, cloth, coconut oil, palm oil, palm kernel oil and bread. She also produced and sold gari.

### **CHRISTIAN LIFE AND SERVICE**

Victoria was born into a Roman Catholic home. Whilst living with her auntie, in 1952 she fell very sick and sharp contentions arose between family members, with one faction insisting that she be taken to a traditionalist, while her older auntie, a member of the Apostolic Church, stood her grounds in opposition. Members of the then Apostolic Church came home to pray for her every dawn till she was healed by the Lord.

She relocated from her auntie's place to her mother to complete her Middle School and there, continued as a staunch Catholic, singing

in the church choir. In 1958 her mother accepted Jesus Christ as her Lord and personal Savior and was attending the Apostolic Church of Ghana. Vicky followed her mom to Church mainly to receive prayers and also to give company to her mother until 1970 when she gave her life fully to Jesus at the Church of Pentecost, Takoradi Central Assembly. She was baptized that same year by immersion by the late Apostle D.Y.A. Owusu. In 1976 she was nominated to be ordained as a Deaconess but her mom fell critically ill and since she had to take care of her mother she could not be ordained.

**M**ama Vic, as she was affectionately called, was very active in the Witness and Women's Movements. During rallies, she powerfully used to do altar calls, her favorite songs being "*Bra, bra, na Obe gye wo*", "*So Yesu mu yie, na ema Wo anfi wo nsa*". "There is no one like Jesus to me". Being bi-lingual, Mama Vic was gifted in interpretation. She worshipped at the Takoradi Central Assembly near the old Accra Station.

In 1977, she was transferred to Accra, and worshipped at the Osu Assembly at Morning Star School in Cantonments where she fellowshipped with the likes of Mama Esme Serebour and Elder Johnny Mallet, all of blessed memory.

In 1985, the family relocated to Dansoman and fellowshipped with the Dansoman Central Assembly. Mama Vic served as Group Leader for the Women's Movement and later as a Cell Group Leader. The Home Cell Group grew so rapidly and soon, the Bethel Assembly, Dansoman District was birthed in 1993.

She was called and ordained as a DEACONESS of the church in 1993 by the late Apostle Patrick Asiamah of blessed memory. She was appointed

the first local Women's' Leader of the newly created Assembly, serving from 1993 to 1998.

In 1998 she had the opportunity to travel to the United States of America and joined the saints at the Virginia Assembly and then to Los Angeles (LA) Central Assembly. She finally settled in Gaithersburg and started worshipping at the Silver Spring Central Assembly, Muncaster Road where she continued to serve faithfully as a Deaconess.

In the year 2001, when it became necessary to form the Gaithersburg Cell Group, Mama Vic was very instrumental, offering her apartment as a meeting place for the group, sometimes using her meagre income to buy drinks and preparing doughnuts for the saints who gathered weekly. The group became one of the most active and fast-growing Home cells in the Silver Spring Assembly. By God's grace the Gaithersburg Assembly was created as a result. The Gaithersburg Assembly, at the onset faced accommodation challenges but again Mama Victoria Quist gladly offered her apartment as a place of meeting for the midweek Bible Studies and Friday Prayer Meetings until a suitable place was found. Her sacrifice for the Lord in Gaithersburg made her peers to call her "Gaithersburg Maame."

In 2002 she came back to Ghana and then again was appointed for the second time as the local Women's' Leader for the Bethel Assembly, Dansoman. She served in this capacity from 2004 to 2006, when she went back to the United States to join the Burtonsville Central Assembly and served in the marriage committee. She served faithfully and was retired from active service as a Deaconess on 17th November 2019 at the Burtonsville Central Assembly, Maryland District, USA.

Her husband, Mr. Ernest Quist transferred from the Bethel Assembly, Dansoman as one of the pioneers of PIWC, Dansoman in 2009. From that time, anytime she came back to her roots in Ghana, she would join her husband at the PIWC, Dansoman. However, in 2023, as it became more difficult to journey to PIWC Dansoman, they regularly visited PIWC, Atomic which was closer to their residence. In August 2024, she and her husband officially got transferred to PIWC Atomic, where she fellowshipped until her demise.

### **MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE**

In 1964 Mama Vic was married to the late Mr. Daniel Safo Agyapong Ghansah. Their marriage was blessed with three offspring; Henry, Anthony and Princess. Having accepted the Lord JESUS and through teachings and prayers she understood that she could not continue to be a second wife. Through the intervention of the Lord in 1972 she got married to Mr. Ernest K. Quist. In 1993 their marriage was blessed by Pastor J. Y. Acquah, the then District Pastor for Dansoman District of the Church of Pentecost. The Lord blessed Mama Vic with three more children- Ernestina, Chris and Monica. Together for over 50 years, they built a legacy rooted in love, dedication and prayer.

**A**s a wife, she was the epitome of the Proverbs 31 woman. As a mother she exemplified the Obaatanpa accolade, the Protector, Advisor, Chief Disciplinarian and many other wonderful virtues.

In the vineyard of the Lord, the Lord has been gracious to Mama Vic, honoring her offspring. Her children and all who call her MOTHER (for she has been a mother to many) call her blessed.

She was very committed to her family, both nuclear and extended and ensured that she attended ceremonies and contributed her due. She was an active member of the James

Constance Awovor Gbewonyo Union and was one of the Trustees

### **JOURNEYING INTO GLORY**

When Mama Vic turned 80 years, she started having some challenges with her health. She miraculously got better and finally returned to settle in Ghana in 2023. She enjoyed a period of fairly good health and went about her normal daily activities. On a normal routine check to the Ghana Atomic Energy Commission Hospital in October 2025, she was detained for further checks and later transferred to Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital. All the medical checks proved she was well but she did not feel good and struggled with pain in the body. On Monday, 22<sup>nd</sup> December 2025, she became a bit unresponsive and was rushed to the hospital, she became stable but as she was being prepared to be sent to the main ward, she peacefully passed away into glory. She was survived by eleven siblings, her beloved nonagenarian husband, six children, 18 grandchildren, a great grandchild and many who call her mother, aunt, sister and friend.

### **CONCLUSION**

In her 83 years on earth, Mrs. Victoria Quist depended on the strength of the Holy Spirit. She was a very prayerful person. She loved reading the Bible, waiting on the Lord and was an ardent worshipper!! In her years of active service, she served with humility, diligence and with all passion. She was and remained a virtuous woman. She embraced all as her own, especially the young women. She was always ready to help young mothers. She sacrificed her time, money and everything she had to the service of Christ and His Church. The Master of the Vineyard has called her home!! May she receive her reward as a good and faithful servant.

AYEKOO, Mama Vic. Rest Perfectly Well in the Bosom of your Maker. *Hede nyuie!*

# Tribute by HUSBAND



*“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 14:8)*

It is unbelievable that I, Ernest, would today stand to pay tribute to my beloved wife, whom I affectionately call MAMA. I was saddened on that Monday, 22nd December 2025 when you responded to the heavenly call without saying a word to me.



I met my beloved wife for the first time at Bakanu, Sekondi in her father's house in the 1950's. I met her again at Keta, by the lagoon, fishing. I later realized we were both working at the Ghana Railways Corporation. She was at the Accounts Department while I was at the Engineering Department. I had been nursing the idea of marrying her, so sometime in 1972, I gathered the courage, went to her office, called her out and informed her about my intentions to marry her. I made it clear that I was not ready for

just friendship. She asked that I should come home. I went to her home and met her with her elder sister, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Salem Gbewonyo Nyadroh and confirmed my intentions. By the end of that year we were customarily married. Our marriage was blessed by Pastor J.Y. Acquah at the Church of Pentecost, Korle Gonno.

My darling wife, you were very supportive and industrious. You managed the home while I was away in Nigeria in the early 1980's. You engaged in many businesses to support the home. For more than fifty years, God has been gracious to us; we bonded through thick and thin until that fateful Monday. Hmmmmm.

You were my soul mate, specially created by God for me. I called you MAMA, not because you were the mother of our children but because I saw the qualities of my mother in you. You were very dear to my mother as well. I remember how, we used to plan our leave from work and travel together. This translated even to our old age; wherever you are, I am also seen there: church services, funerals etc. Some people named us twins and lovebirds and praised God for our bonding and promised to emulate us.

Times when you were in the United States, distance was not a challenge, because you were just a phone call away. Our bond was always renewed and revived when you came back. In our old age, as we stayed home together, we would chat for hours about anything and

everything and cook together. But where can I find you now?

You were truly on fire for the Lord, and you lit this fire in all of us. This fire will not be extinguished; it will continue to our unborn grandchildren. A popular Ewe proverb maintains that a seed that will reproduce its own kind can be spotted from the soil. You did not only bring up our children in the fear of the Lord, you made me to also know CHRIST and that is very vital to me. Indeed, by your impact on the children, they have not departed from the Lord as they grew. Today, I can say that they all

play responsible roles in the church and society.

My Dear Wife, you have fought the good fight and the Lord, the righteous Judge will reward you.

We are aware you are with your maker void of any pain but laughing, singing and clapping your hands with the angels of God. Receive your crown. Till we meet again.

Fare Thee Well  
Rest in Perfect Peace  
*Hede Nyuie*



# Tribute by CHILDREN



*"Her children rise up and call her blessed (happy, fortunate, and to be envied); and her husband boasts of and praises her."*

*(Proverbs 31:28)*

**F**or us her children, our MAMA, Mrs. Victoria A. Quist sacrificed ALL because she could not attain the educational heights she desired. She would say to us: "Because of my unfortunate experience of not being able to attain higher education, I am ready to sacrifice everything for you all individually to go as far as each one can go. Now it is up to you to do your very best." And God also smiled on her sacrifice and efforts. By the infinite grace of God, her dream was fulfilled.



Mama through your discipline in Christian values and principles you have raised six servant's who serve humanity in diverse ways. Indeed, you have left the world a better place.

1. Rev. Dr. Henry Asante Ghansah: Pastor & Theologian
2. Elder Anthony Ghansah: Electrical Engineer & Elder
3. Mrs. Princess Gyamfi: Osofomaame & Nurse

4. Rev. Dr. Mrs. Ernestina Enyonam Atsu: Senior Lecturer- University of Ghana & Pastor
5. Elder Dr. Samuel Chris Quist: Lecturer, University of Professional Studies & Elder
6. Arch. Mrs. Monica Emelia Adu-Boateng: Architect & Event Planner

Today, we gather with hearts full of love and gratitude to honour the life of our dear mother, Victoria Quist. She was a mother to six of us, yet

as her son, Anthony, so perfectly put it, “in the special way only a mother can, you made each of us feel like your absolute favourite.” She was our mentor, our cheerleader, our warrior, and our first glimpse of Jesus in our lives. Her life was a beautiful tapestry of faith, sacrifice, and unwavering love, woven with threads of laughter, tears, and triumph.

**H**er faith was the very air we breathed. We remember her rising early each morning to organize herself before waking us with hymns for devotion. She stood as the Deborah of our family, considering the church her second home. She taught us memory verses and took us to every prayer meeting, all-night vigil, and evangelism rally. Princess recalls the depth of this devotion: "I remember during intensive prayers when you would tie me to your back and pray fervently." Mama told us how she attended church for the joy of music until a dream of the Lord's coming led her to give her life fully to Christ. Even when faced with the hardship of divorce, her faith never wavered. She was our "Mama Jesus," the "Eunice of our time," who showed us the way of the Lord.

Your love was a fortress; built on the foundation of a faith you so diligently nurtured in us. We can still feel the weight of your hand guiding us to church services—evening prayers, all-night vigils, and evangelistic rallies. You used to say that even if we fell asleep in the pews, the Spirit of God would be brooding over us. You weren't just taking us to church; you were placing us in the very presence of God.

**O**ur home was always full of joy, and Mama had a special way of turning everyday moments into unforgettable memories. Anthony shares a story that still makes us laugh: "On one occasion... the founder of the Church of Pentecost, Pastor James McKeown, was paying

a surprise visit. As I sat in the front pew, I was completely mesmerized; I had never seen a man with such overwhelmingly white skin! When he eventually called me over and asked... ‘What is the name of your father?’ My mind was already buzzing. Lacking the English vocabulary to explain that my Dad wasn't there... I simply answered, ‘My father’s name is Mama.’ As you can imagine, that became his nickname for a long time!

**C**hris also remembers Mama’s unique brand of discipline. "I recall with fondness how in Class 3 or so, I actually added 'Lookhere' to my name... It came from those moments when I had worried her... and she would simply throw her hands up and exclaim, 'Herr Lookhere! Lookhere!!!' That was my cue that I had pushed her to the very edge of her patience. Yet, even in her frustration, her love never wavered."

Beyond the laughter, our mother was a woman of immense sacrifice. She lived out the promise of sacrificing everything for us individually every day. Henry shares, "Your Social Security Pension Money bought my plane ticket to America," and Ernestina adds, "For me, you used your pension to pay off my SSNIT student’s loan, allowing me to begin my working life loan-free." When Anthony won a scholarship but couldn't afford the fee, it was our mother who fiercely declared, "You go back to the scholarship secretariat and tell them your mom said she is going to find the money for you to pay." And she did. She moved mountains for our dreams.

Her love was personal, fierce, and knew no bounds. As Princess shares, "We realized that you made time for each and every one of us to the point that when one of us was alone with you, people would always ask, ‘Are you the lastborn?’” This protective love extended

fiercely to her grandchildren. During the 2011 Earthquake and Nuclear meltdown in Japan, she made an urgent call saying, "As for you and your husband, you responded to the call of service, but for my grandchildren, you have to bring them back immediately because I can't afford to lose you all."

**M**ama, you were a true matriarch who led by example. As Henry so eloquently summarizes:

M - You have taught us as a Mentor

O - You have led us as an Organizer

T - You have shown us what Trusted Team Work is all about

H - You have helped us through thick and thin

E - You have Encouraged and Energized Us

R - You provided all the Resources we needed!!

On our birthdays as kids, you would give us our first Bibles, whispering, "With this, you will overcome every challenge." You may have prayed for an additional "Reverend" in the family, but as Chris beautifully states, "You may not have gotten the 'Reverend' you prayed for, but you got a son who is reverent... You planted a minister in a different soil."

As your Baby last- Maa Monique writes, 'It's been said that a mother's heart is the child's classroom. I thank God for all that you taught me throughout the years. Maa, you taught me the importance of having a personal relationship with God (without whom, I am nothing) and the Holy Spirit, who has been my comforter through these very difficult moments.' Indeed, she taught us that life without God is empty, and she made sure faith was the foundation of our journey. From baptism to communion, from Sunday school to every church gathering, she instilled in us the discipline of worship and the joy of belonging to God's family.

She was a rare soul who reminded us never to

leave the God-factor out of our lives. By her example, she showed us how to trust God in every situation, how to forgive, how to love, and how to walk humbly. Whenever life weighed us down, her first question was always, "*Have you prayed about it?*" And her answer never changed: "*Prayer is the solution.*"

**T**ogether with Daddy, Mama gave wisdom when the path was unclear. She reminded us of our uniqueness, encouraged us to stand firm in faith, and guided us with love.

Today, as we celebrate her life, we honour a woman whose faith shaped generations. Maa, your lessons live on in us, and your legacy of love and devotion to God will never fade.

And oh! Maa Monique has this to say "as a 'pension baby' our age gap was considerably great as mother and daughter; but you were the one that matched my energy the most. You will always be the first to comment on my status to correct me or praise me when I posted an event." We miss you greatly.

**T**hank you, mama, for all the discipline and the corrections. You were our comfort in sorrow and our biggest cheerleader in joy. Thank you for being a mother when we were young and a very best friend when we grew up. Our love, our way, our warrior, our first Jesus that we saw in our lives. You led by example, and through your transparency and selflessness. Your legacy of faith, sacrifice, and unconditional love lives on in each of us. Yes! we see you in all of us. We love you, Mama. We couldn't have asked for more.

Though our hearts ache with your absence, we are triumphant with the knowledge that you are at peace. We thank God for the revelation you received of your heavenly homecoming. In that

moment when you shared it, we saw so much joy in your face. Indeed, a great welcome awaits a faithful servant. A mansion, built not with human hands but with faithful and dedicated service. Trees and flowers planted as you wanted, with healing for all the ailments of this life. You triumphed, selfless servant. Your life was the embodiment of the gospel.

As students, when we came on vacations, we would stay up late into the night chatting, and we would sleep through the morning and when you came to our rooms you would say “*Wo reda abrofo nda*”

This time, it is your time: *Da abrofo nda*  
Our Love & Shining Star!!! *Adwoa Vic! Da yie Gaithersburg Maame! Adziwe! Adjoalistic Vic! Nante Yiee!!* Koku Quist’s sweetheart, Mama Jesus.... *Hede nyuiee*

**FROM SON - PASTOR DR. HENRY ASANTE- GHANSAH**

A TRIBUTE TO OUR BELOVED MOTHER, VICTORIA QUIST



**M**y Mother- Our Mother- Victoria!! Mommy Victoria Quist was not only a Mother, but the best Mentor, Organizer, Team Player-Trust, Great Helper, Encourager, Energizer, Resourceful. As six Siblings, we each have our perspectives of what these mean to us!! Mommy, the Mentor who takes time and patience to teach her children life lessons.

As a little boy less than 7 years old, for sure-I thought to myself- my Grandmother owns a supermarket selling many things especially sugar!! So, my little mind then thought and said, since sugar is so sweet- how come it’s not added to every food to make it sweet!! I had a plan in my head!! When our Mother served me the white rice and palatable stew - Unknown to everyone, I decided to add as much sugar as possible to it and mixed it well with the stew. I took the first portion and my facial expression and body language showed something was wrong!! My Mentor with a heart of gold and patience knew something wasn’t right and tasted the food and burst into laughter!! She kindly changed the food and taught me a life lesson only Mentors teach- The fact that something is sweet does not mean it can be added to everything. The same God who created Sweetness also created other things Bitter. We have enjoyed decades of Sweetness of the 83 years God granted you. Although the thought of missing earthly fellowship is bitter, we know you’re with the LORD!!

Our Mother was an Organizer, and our early years Christmas pictures will show. She would clothe us all siblings in matching team dresses and ties and shoes. Thanks, Mommy, for your skills of organization. It was in full display in Bethel, Assembly, Sahara Dansoman when you organized all the Women as the first Women’s Leader. Mommy, it was in full display when you

organized the then few members of Gaithersburg Assembly in your apartment using your meagre income, and now it has blossomed to Gaithersburg District!! Heaven Remembers!!

**Y**ou were the best Team Player Ever, as you worked hard to bring all people together!! Your Children- your Siblings- Your Family!! You surely demonstrated the Grace of a Team Player that can be Trusted!! The Greatest Helper we know- sacrificing your all as a ladder so your children- your family- your Church and humanity can climb on to heights. Your famous quote was - you did not get the necessary support to further your education because of the early passing of your Daddy, and therefore you will sacrifice all it takes for each of your Children to get the highest they want to go!! Your Social Security Pension Money bought my plane ticket to America, and Mommy, we are glad to report your Sacrifice as a great Helper has yielded great results!!

You truly left the world better than you found it. Through your six children and their families, you gave the world Spirit-filled believers and leaders, alongside scholars, engineers, architects, nurses, and designers. Your legacy is one of faith, wisdom, and excellence — a testimony to the God you served, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. We honor you for the generations you have blessed and the light you have left behind.

**M**ommy Vicky, your life was an Encouragement to us all, inspiring us to unity and Excellence, and for that, we sincerely thank you, Mommy Adwoa, who we popularly called Adziwee!! You were all that by God's Grace and very Resourceful!! You were our dictionary when we needed words explained- our guide when it comes to choices in life. We will give you money and gifts, and you will lend it back to

us because with you, your wealth and treasures were the happiness of your children and humanity. Yea, though we walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, we shall not fear, nor falter because as a MOTHER;

M - You have taught us as a Mentor,  
O - You have led us as an Organizer,  
T - You have shown us what Trusted Team Work is all about,  
H- You have Helped us through thick and thin,  
E- You have Encouraged and Energized Us,  
R- You provided all the Resources we needed!!

**M**ommy Victoria Quist- your Children: Kwesi Henry, Kojo Toni, Yaa Princess, Aku Ernestina, Koku Chris, Maa Monica are grateful to you!! We say thank you for being the Best Mom Ever!! We couldn't have asked for more!! Nante Yiee!! Our Love & Shining Star!!!

**ANTHONY GHANSAH**

A WOMAN OF UNSHAKABLE FAITH  
AND EXTRAORDINARY LOVE



To my dearest mother, a woman of unshakeable faith and extraordinary love.

We are six siblings, and yet, in the special way only a mother can, you made each of us feel like your absolute favourite. If we were to put it to a vote, I am certain I would win, for you gave me a love that was so unique, so personal, you even bestowed upon me the title of "Nana Yaw Gyimah I, Trimudehene of Asokore." You made me feel seen, cherished, and truly special.

Your love was a fortress, built on the foundation of a faith you so diligently nurtured in us. I can still feel the weight of your hand guiding me to church services—evening prayers, all-night vigils, and evangelistic rallies. You used to say that even if we fell asleep in the pews, the Spirit of God would be brooding over us. You weren't just taking us to church; you were placing us in the very presence of God.

As a young mother, you loved the Lord and were always punctual for church service. Your determination to place us in God's presence led to some truly unforgettable, and frankly, funny moments. On one occasion, we went to a service at the Morning Star School and discovered that the founder of the Church of Pentecost, Pastor James McKeown, was paying a surprise visit. As I sat in the front pew, I was completely mesmerized; I had never seen a man with such overwhelmingly white skin! When he eventually called me over and asked in his thick Irish accent, "What is the name of your father?" my mind was already buzzing. Lacking the English vocabulary to explain that my Dad wasn't there and that you, my mom, had brought me—and still distracted by his appearance—I simply answered, "My father's name is Mama." As you can imagine, that became my nickname for a long time! But thanks to your devotion, that

embarrassing moment earned me a special touch from the hand of a revered man of God. It was your faith that put me in that seat, as always.

Of all the gifts and awards I have received in my life, none holds a candle to the one you gave me on my 7th birthday. You called me to your desk, and with a love that enveloped my entire being, you presented me with my very first Bible. "With this, you will overcome every challenge," you whispered as you hugged me. In that moment, you armed me for life. You taught me my first memory verse, Malachi 3:6, drilling that eternal truth into my youthful spirit: "I am the LORD, I change not." (me Awurade me nsesa). You taught me to call upon the name of the Lord, Jesus.

Your self-sacrifice was the stuff of legends. I remember the crushing weight of disappointment when I was awarded a scholarship to study abroad but couldn't afford the processing fee. I walked to your office, heartbroken and ready to give up. But you, my fierce protector, took my hands, looked into my teary eyes, and with a voice that calmed the storm in my soul, you said, "You go back to the scholarship secretariat and tell them your mom said she is going to find the money for you to pay." And you did. You moved mountains for my dreams.

You taught me integrity and the principle of first fruits. When I received my first national service allowance, my first instinct was to spend it all on you. But you gently corrected me, "This belongs to God. It is your first fruit offering." You had me put it all in an envelope, drop it in the offering bowl with my own hands, and acknowledge that it is God who gives the power to make wealth. It was a lesson in gratitude and priorities that has shaped my life.

Beyond these lessons, you were our everything. You were a disciplinarian, ensuring we grew with strong values. You protected us with a constant prayer covering that we could always feel. And you were our biggest cheerleader, celebrating our successes as a proud mother and always encouraging us to push for even higher heights.

You didn't have much, but you had the most important thing: the "Jesus-factor." When you added that to your love, it was more than enough. It was everything we ever needed. Thank you, Mom, for the faith, the sacrifice, and the unwavering love that continues to be the guiding light of my life.

#### **PRINCESS GYAMFI (DAUGHTER)**

*"In a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed."*

*(1 Corinthians 15:52)*

TO MY DEAR MAMA, QUEEN VICTORIA,  
A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.



**M**y earliest memory of my mom started from kindergarten. I saw my Mama rise up early in the morning each and every day before the entire household. She organized herself and then woke us up and got us ready for school. Mom, you stood as the Deborah. As a young mother, the church was your second home. I remember the ordeal you went through, waking my siblings and me up with hymns to get us ready for morning devotion, teaching us our memory verses, and always taking us along to evening prayer meetings, all-night vigils, and evangelical rallies. I remember during intensive prayers when you would tie me to your back and pray fervently.

Mama told stories of how, as a young woman, she followed her mother to church but had not given her life to Jesus. She typically went to church to enjoy singing and dancing until the day she had a dream of the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. She then responded to the Alter Call by giving her life fully to Christ. This was when she was pregnant with me. Life was not easy thereafter because she was a second wife to my biological father, which was contrary to Biblical teachings. So, she went through a divorce. Though life was not easy after that, her faith did not waver.

**A**s my siblings and I grew and told our stories, we realized that you made time for each and every one of us to the point that when one of us was alone with you, people would always ask, "Are you the lastborn?" My unique moments with you started early in the morning when you would take time to do my hair. Both of us looked forward to that, though it was a challenging moment. You enjoyed your motherly role and loved to see us girls dressed up as beautiful young ladies.

Mama, I grew up seeing you go through the challenges of a Christian woman and an unsaved spouse. Even in those circumstances you provided a peaceful home for us. Our house was always full of joy and laughter. When you married Dada Ernest, and he would come get you in the middle of church service to cook for his friends who had come unannounced, you gently picked us up with joy and would go serve them. You would ask us daily to pray for Dada Ernest to accept Jesus, and you would mention the names of family members so that we would pray for them to accept Christ. Through God's grace, all your prayers were answered, and everyone in the family accepted Christ. Kwesi, now Ps. Ghansah was able to convert our biological dad to Christ before he passed on to glory. Your consistent family devotion and your gentle but stern discipline placed us in God's presence and has built a strong Christian foundation in all of us.

As a Civil Service Worker, your days were very busy. Your anchors were firmly held in Christ through the storms of life. You engaged in many trades to keep up with the family budget.

Mama, you were like the merchant ships that brought food from afar: she gets up whilst it is still night, she provided food for her family. Truly, everything rose and fell around you.

**M**ama, with the little you had, you welcomed all our friends and gave us the opportunity to dine with them. Your favorite Bible quotation to our friends when we were parting with them was Proverbs 3:5, 6 "*Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding, in all your ways acknowledge Him and He will direct your path.*" Your home was open to all as long as they were ready to subject themselves to Christian values and principles. You drew close to many young ladies, mentoring them and encouraging

their faith in the Lord. Your outpour of love and stern discipline enabled you to achieve your principles in life. In our educational life, you always said: "I didn't have the opportunity, but as high as each of you will go, I am there to support." You were happy with how far the Lord has brought each of us.

**Y**ou were one of the founding members of Bethel Assembly, you woke us up early on Sunday dawn to clean the church. You taught us to give our first fruit and always remember to tithe. With open arms, you accomplished your purpose.

You were raising a missionary. Through discipline, you taught us to listen more, to be very respectful, and instilling humility was your hallmark. During our Missionary trips, you were our greatest supporter. Your in-depth prayers, consistent calls, and your welcome songs were very dear to us. During the 2011 Earthquake and Nuclear meltdown in Japan, you made an urgent call saying, "As for you and your husband, you responded to the call of service, but for my grandchildren, you have to bring them back immediately because I can't afford to lose you all." And that is how Priscilla, Joselle, and Jelidiah went to live with you. Thank you for sacrificing for your grandchildren and us.

We built a routine of having intimate conversations on Monday morning where nothing was off topic from ministry to the grandchildren. I was getting ready to call you when I received the call that you had passed. Though it was very painful to hear of your passing, I thank God for the revelation you received of your heavenly homecoming. In that moment when you shared it with me, I saw so much joy in your face. Leaving you on our last visit was very hard because something in us knew that we wouldn't see each other again in this lifetime. I miss you greatly.

Thank you, Mama, for all the discipline and the corrections. I want to say thank you for being a mother when we were young and a very best friend when we grew up. Our love, our way, our warrior, our first Jesus that we saw in our lives. You led by example, and through your transparency and selflessness, we see you in all of us.

Rest Well Mama, till we meet again

**ERNESTINA ENYONAM ATSU  
(DAUGHTER)**

*“As one whom his mother comforts,  
So I will comfort you;  
And you shall be comforted in Jerusalem.”  
Isaiah 66:13*



**O**h Mama! my mother, my comfort, where are you? I stand here to pay tribute to my mother, whose unwavering support has shaped me into the woman, wife and mother I am today, and whose life lessons have taught me about strength and resilience.

Maa, you named me Enyonam, and of all the other names I have, I decided to honour you by officially making it my middle name. I can truly testify that through my life's twists and turns, God has really been good to me and therefore it is well with me just as you desire. Thank you for such a wonderful name that is a great blessing to me.

Mama, you were my role model and mentor! You were diligent in your work as an account personnel and combined it beautifully with running your own businesses on the side. These qualities helped me to combine business with my education and work; and now by the grace of God, I am both a lecturer and a pastor. But more particularly, I am grateful that I did not miss out on the most important thing you had, which is knowing and serving the Lord. Indeed, you were to us the 'Eunice' of our time. We owe who we are in Christ to God and you.

Mama, you taught me the way of the Lord; how to tithe at a very young age and how to be responsible. No flimsy excuse would be taken to absent yourself from going to church, whether on Sunday, midweek, or evening services. When you became the Local Women's Leader at Bethel Assembly, I became your personal assistant, we would go to prepare the place of worship. (Which was then a classroom).

**Y**ou didn't just bring us along to church, you prayed for and monitored us to stay in the faith. Indeed, you were an intercessor! As for the name Jesus hmmm, I wonder if anyone has ever mentioned it more than you. It was your sure means of fellowship and victory in daily life encounters. One would consistently hear you call Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! and this made some of us to call you Mama Jesus! You taught us to pray and intercede for others to have personal encounters with the Lord Jesus Christ, most of

whom have come to know the Lord. A testament that God truly answers prayers, which has re-enforced my belief and commitment to prayer.

You imbibed in me to be content with what I have and not to envy others. In our home Banku was a common denominator, so in the middle of the week when the palmtree or peanut soup cooked over the weekend was getting wearied and finishing, you had a nice way of revitalizing it with some okro, bokoboko or kontomire. Also, when the soup is small you will sing “na toe tui na to wo detsi tui tui tui 2x; menyé dawoe fiuo na nodzobom (literary meaning manage and make soup to suffice for your banku because it is not your mum who prepared it for you to take in large quantities). And indeed, there was no pity partying.

Mama you were a great cook and hence you trained us to learn to cook and do house chores. I remember complaining of heat on my hand after grinding pepper on stone and also how you and Dad sometimes had to eat akpletoku (Banku with lumps) prepared by me. However, all these did not deter you because you wanted the best to come out and for this, I am grateful.

Mama, even though there are six of us, you had a way brokering peace when an issue came up so that no one would feel you took sides. You also had a way of making each of us feel special and pampered but not spoilt. Your physical, spiritual and emotional support for our growth and development was par excellence. You always told us we had your back and you held unto to this promise even to your last breath. You always ensured that we had enough to eat. Even as adult and in marital homes you still packaged groceries for us, whether you were home or abroad.

For me, you used your pension to pay off my

SSNIT student’s loan, making me to begin my working life loan free. You sacrificed your stay and comfort in the USA just to be present when I first married in 2002. You were my number one cheer leader and confidant. In my darkest moments, during the sickness and passing to glory of my late husband, you were there and your presence alone was soothing.

Hmm Mama I remember you would always ask me na Global fo, wɔreyewuden? (What is the Church (Global Evangelical Church) people doing with you?) and really, I did not understand what you meant. Apparently, just like any good mother, you had two desires, which was for me to remarry and get into the pastoral ministry. I am grateful to God you lived to witness these two events that had been your prayer for me for many years.

**Y**ou were a huge support of the Good News Club that meets in our home. You financially gave towards any programme and prepared doughnuts for the children and also served as a volunteer, assisting from time to time. When it became difficult to physically join the meetings, you still asked about them Saturday after Saturday. Indeed, all the members of the Good News Club will miss Grandma.

That fateful Monday morning, when I received the call about your unresponsiveness, for the first time something didn’t feel right, but when I came to see you in the hospital, I had hopes, only for you to slip away so gently and quietly.

Mama, interestingly, you had answered Jesus’ call to be with Him on that day so, I did not hear the usual call Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. Suddenly Christmas and new year celebrations which was always special because it came with your birthday became different this time around. In the midst of gratefulness to God and pain of

losing you we sung around your bed glorifying God and joining the angels to welcome you to your REAL HOME in Heaven.

Mama, you walked in the strength the Lord gave you. Your hands were a shelter for you worked so hard to provide for us. Your words have been rivers of wisdom, and your love has been our crown of life. Mama you didn't just leave a legacy, you lived and exemplified it. With the help of the Holy Spirit I will carry on your legacy of love and sacrifice.

I miss you Mama. My Mama Jesus! Adjoa Vic!! Mamalistic Mama!!! Adziwelistic Mama!!! Oh, my Mama 1 No Size!!!

Till then your *Fine Fine Baby* says Hede nyuie. We will meet again in glory.

#### **A TRIBUTE TO A VESSEL OF HONOUR BY SAMUEL CHRIS QUIST**

*"Her children rise up and call her blessed (happy, fortunate, and to be envied); and her husband boasts of and praises her." (Proverbs 31:28)*



It is with a heart that both aches and gives thanks that I attempt to put words to the immense void and gratitude that I have been feeling since the early hours of the afternoon of December 22, 2025.

I am who I am today because Mommie as I affectionately call her, first believed in God, and then she believed in me.

She was the matriarch of our home, a dedicated woman of God and of the Church of Pentecost whose world of dedication was not just in the church building, but at home and beyond. Her love for God was not a hobby; it was the very atmosphere we breathed. From the moment I can remember, the rhythm of our lives was set to the rhythm of prayer and the melody of hymns. She taught me that a life without Christ is a life without an anchor.

Her strict disciplinary attitude, which I may have once found difficult, I now recognize as the framework that guided my growth towards the heavenly call. She understood, long before I did, that character is the only thing we take with us. Mommie pruned my excesses, corrected my posture, and insisted on excellence, not for the world's applause, but for the glory of God. She raised me under the canopy of God's grace, and because of that covering, I have found my place in loving the things of God with passion.

I know how she held a deep, fervent wish for me to enter full-time ministry and her disappointment anytime she got to know I had declined the call. Hmmm, I pray that you see the truth from Glory today, that, you did not miss your mark. My dedication to the things of God, my service at the altar, my leadership in the church, the integrity I strive to bring to the lecture hall, is purely your handiwork. You planted a minister in a different soil. You raised

a soldier who fights from the ranks. Every sermon I prepare, every young person I counsel, every child I encounter, every lesson I teach laced with biblical truth, it is your legacy walking in my shoes. You may not have gotten the "Reverend" you prayed for, but you got a son who is reverent. You got a son who fears God because you taught him how.

**M**ommie, I will never forget how you taught us to trust God even in scarcity. When resources were lean and portions had to be stretched, you never complained. Instead, you would break into that joyful song of yours: "*Na tor tui, na tor detsia tui tui tui*", to wit "*just dip the banku gently in the small soup.*" With that simple melody, you turned our eyes from what we did not have to the faithfulness of the God who always provided just enough. Yes... She taught us that contentment is not having everything, but appreciating everything as a gift from His hands. Even now, the memory of her voice singing that tune brings warmth to my heart and reminds me that God's goodness is not measured by abundance, but by His presence.

Today, I smile when I remember that I was not always the easy calm son. I recall with fondness how in Class 3 or so, I actually added "*Lookhere*" to my name because I thought so. It came from those moments when I had worried her beyond what she could accommodate, when my name would escape her thoughts entirely, and she would simply throw her hands up and exclaim, "*Herr Lookhere! Lookhere!!!*" or "*Herr Kpodawe!*". That was my cue that I had pushed her to the very edge of her patience. Yet, even in her frustration, her love never wavered. She always pulled me back, corrected me, and set me on the right path again.

**S**he was not just my mum; she was my life **Savior** and my **Nurse**. Time and again, when

my childhood curiosity and daring nature brought me to the very edge of death, her hands and prayers pulled me back. I still remember the day I swallowed that big toffee and it lodged in my throat, choking the life out of me. I saw her face calm amidst the storm, as she acted swiftly and saved me. I remember the time I foolishly attempted to parachute from our rooftop with nothing but an umbrella, only to come crash-landing on a rock. She was there to gather my broken pieces. And I cannot forget the day our (Myself and Tina's) self-made indoor slide ended with me breaking my glabella, again, she was my nurse, my healer, the one who mended me and prayed life back into my body.

She equipped me for life in the most practical ways. I still remember the trips to the market, where she taught me to discern quality, to negotiate with fairness, and to appreciate the value of honest work. And in the kitchen, she insisted I learn to cook. "*Cooking is not only for women,*" she would say, instilling in me a lesson that has gone far beyond the stove or, actually, the Coal pot. She taught me self-reliance, humility, and that to be a man of God is to be a servant of all. Because of you, I can stand on my own, and I carry those lessons into every home I visit and every life I touch.

**T**hank you for the discipline that saved my life. Thank you for the prayers that carried me through. Thank you for the love that reflected the Father's heart, a love that called me "*Lookhere*" and still held me close, a love that sang through scarcity and taught us to dip gently in the soup of God's provision.

Rest well, Mama Jesus, my first teacher. You have finished your course; you have kept the faith. The canopy of God you built over me is now my responsibility to uphold. I will not let you down.

Until we meet at the feet of Jesus, where no earthly title matters, only the knowledge that we are His.

I am Forever grateful, *Dzudzɔ le nɔɪɪfafa...*

### BABY LAST- MAA MONIC

To the woman who embodies love, faith and strength. A pillar of prayer; a fountain of kindness and a shining example of God's love. You were a virtuous woman.

*"Charm is deceitful and beauty is vain but a woman who fears the Lord, she shall be praised!" Proverbs 31:30*



**M**aa, you are that woman and I am grateful to God for you. The eve of Christmas in 2025 which was supposed to be a beautiful family time turned out to be my scariest nightmare hoping to come back to reality. It was a beautiful afternoon as I returned from a 7-day all girls trip which we termed 'When the Group Trip Leaves the Group Chat' which I lead successfully; I was welcomed with the saddest news that you had

responded to the heavenly call two (2) days before my arrival. How?? My Adjoa Vic? My Adziwɛɛɛ wɛ wɛ wɛɛ?

Hmmmmmmmm.....

It's been said that a mother's heart is the child's classroom. I thank God for all that you taught me throughout the years. Maa, you taught me the importance of having a personal relationship with God and the Holy Spirit who has been my comforter through these very difficult moments. You told me that without God I am nothing. You made sure I was baptized even whilst I was on vacation with the then Pastor Chemel in Nkawkaw and made sure I had my first communion before I entered the senior high school. During my Sunday school days at the Church of Pentecost, Bethel Assembly Dansoman, I remember how I will be your first church guest or your number one member whether I liked it or not at *mmaakuo* (Women's Movement) meetings when you were the leader and how you will insist, I partake fully in church activities even though I was barely 10 years old. These teachings have helped shaped my life up till today and I am very grateful.

**I**n a world that often rushes forward, you were a rare precious soul that always reminded us of what truly mattered- not to ever leave out the God-factor in our life's journey. In my adulthood, you set yourself as an example in so many ways, to trust God in every situation. You taught me how to forgive, love and accept people the way they are. You taught me about pride and humility and reminded me about how unique I was. Anytime I was down with life issues your first question will be-*ako wonkotogwe anim anaa?* (have you prayed about it) and *fa bribiaa yɛ mpaebo* (prayer is always the solution). You together with Daddy were always the ones with wisdom and insight decide what to do when the path was not clear.

**Y**ou were the mother every child would love because birthdays were always a special celebration in our homes. You will always wake up early and prepare the special yam eto (mashed yam) with boiled eggs that counted our age. You will always give me little gifts like handkerchief, candies and the likes to share with my friends in school. During times that you left Ghana and will not be physically present during our birthdays, you will leave us with cards and instruct that we only open it on our birthdays. Your grandchildren could not wait for their birthdays because they knew it was a gift Card with \$20.

You were very principled and pragmatic in your approach to things; a dutiful disciplinarian. At one point in my childhood I thought I was an adopted child. You will say “Spare the rod...” and request that I respond “spoil the child” even whilst I was in tears. You did not mind whose ox is being gored as long as you played out the truth. The very many rods have moulded me into the woman I am now and for this I am very grateful.

**M**aa although we did not have much you did everything in your capacity to make me comfortable in life. Sometime in the university I asked you for so much money for a particular book and you jokingly told me you knew I had taken the money for the book like Geo- gra and phy (meaning I had taken it three times or more). In 2003 when mobile phones were fast emerging you took me to the mobitel office to select my preferred phone the very morning I was leaving to the university You sacrificed the little resources you had to give me my first summer work and travel experience at six flags New Jersey when I least expected as a reward for gaining admission into the School of Architecture at KNUST.

**T**oday as we are gathered here to bid you farewell, I want to say a big thank you for everything you did for me. Thank you for creating a beautiful Christian home for us and thank you for setting a beautiful marriage example for us. As a ‘pension baby’ our age gap was considerably great as mother and daughter; but you were the one that matched my energy the most. You will always be the first to comment on my status to correct me or praise me when I posted an event. You could even recognize on days that I was not physically present at an event decoration. Maa I will miss our goodbye snaps every time I visited, our little Mother’s Day and Father’s Day celebrations, our birthday outings and dance, our long phone chats, my construction site visits and inauguration; most of all I will miss your daily prayers for my husband and his business; my career and praying for your grandchildren.

Mama, my hero, my prayer warrior; the woman who showed me God’s love in action, taught me to walk in faith and celebrated every win with me. Your kindness, strength and unwavering trust in God and your love and respect for our Dad inspires me daily. I promise to hold on tight to the legacy you left and make you proud. Maa, I love you more than words can say.

Rest peacefully in the bosom of your Lord Jesus Christ. Till we meet again its Good bye, My Adjoa Vic! My AdziwEEE wE wE wEE! My AdziwElastic Mama? Hmmmmmmmm

Your forever dearest baby last Maa Monic.

# Tribute by SIBLINGS



**JAMES CONSTANCE**

**AWOVOR GBEWONYO (JCAG) UNION**

*“Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!”*

*(Psalm 133:1)*

**O**h, Aunty Vic! How we miss you! Your pleasant countenance, your energy and zeal. How you desired to see us all together. There’s a big vacuum created by your absence already.

You have been a unifying force, trying hard to resolve every misunderstanding among us. You were an embodiment of humility. You had respect for all: the older folks among us as well as the young and our children alike. You love peace and are willing to sacrifice your rights to help create a peaceful atmosphere.

When our eldest Sister Patience passed last year you volunteered to be there daily in her house to receive any guests that were coming to mourn with us. Your dear husband will help you with your bag and stay to encourage you. Although you were then not too well, you made that trip daily without complaining. You are a super character!

You were the tenth of the paternal siblings. It seemed that you were born with the talent of generosity. For earlier in your life, when we were all very small, you sacrificed your comfort to make living a bit more comfortable for others.

We remember vividly that you were walking bare-footed through the sandy beach of Keta to school and back. In the afternoons, when the

sand became too hot and unbearable for the tender feet of your younger sister Esther, you carried her on your back. You then put all your books together on your head and trek barefooted in the hot sand till you arrive home. Your determination was to let your sister not suffer the discomfort from the hot sand.

**T**here were testimonies that whilst you were in the USA, you partnered with two of your younger sisters, Charity and Esther, to fervently pray and intercede for your siblings and other members of the family. The midnight prayer meetings and intercession were very effective resulting in answers of changed lives. In fact you personally were a prayer warrior. You clearly demonstrated this during you last few months on this earth. At the time when you were having severe health challenge, you would be heard praying in tongues whenever we visited you.

While in the US, you three sisters did not only pray, you also discussed issues concerning the welfare of JCAG Union and made very tangible suggestions that brought progress to the Union. We are aware of the help and support you offered to many people, without asking to be recognized. You joined a small team of volunteers to offer financial support to a member of the larger Gbewonyo Family, to receive University Education a few years back.

**Y**our death has left a void in the team. You have been a gift to mankind, particularly to us your siblings. Your “aaawoo” proclamations

whenever you hear anyone is disadvantaged is still ringing in our ears.

Aaawoo, Auntie Vic, we miss you greatly. However, we know that you are in a better place awaiting the resurrection day!

Sleep well, Auntie Vic in the bosom of the Lord! Fare thee well.

**PS. ESTHER GBEWONYO ZIGARH.**

*And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them. (Revelation 14:13)*



It is with a heavy heart that I write this tribute in memory of my dear Sister whose incredible life we are gathered here to celebrate today.

Ever since your demise, I think of you in silence, and often mention your name day and night. Oh, who will listen to my story? Just as we were being healed of the passing on to glory of our beloved younger sister Beauty Gbewonyo, you have also left me alone. But in all this circumstance I choose to praise God and thank him for blessing me with your life that has

been well-lived.

Your love is one of life's greatest gifts that I was blessed with and you were absolutely the best sister for me. Hmm, a part of my life so vibrant, so loving, so generous, so caring and so full of fire lay before us today. You were not just my sister; you were my best friend, my confidante, and my fiercest protector.

I will miss our everyday calls and the laughter we shared, our inside jokes and the hours we spent just talking about everything; and nothing that our children could even understand what we always spoke about. Our joyful and sorrowful moments. Indeed, our bond was deep.

You brought light to all our children and everyone you set your eyes on.

Sister, you loved fiercely, laughed often, and gave selflessly. While my heart aches in your absence and you being present with the Lord, I believe the strength we shared in the power of God will edge me on in Jesus name. Though this pain is deep, I am grateful for the gift of having you in my life. You may not be here beside me, but you will always be in my heart.

Rest peacefully, my beautiful sister. Until we meet again. Amen.



# Tribute by IN-LAWS



## DAUGHTER-IN-LAW; OSOFOMAAME CHARLOTTE

*“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit”  
(Psalm 34:18)*



**T**oday, we hold onto this promise as we honor and celebrate the life of a truly remarkable woman MRS. DCNS. Victoria Quist.

To my beloved Mother-in-Law,

With heavy hearts, yet deep gratitude, I stand to honor you. You were more than a mother-in-law to me, you were a blessing, a woman of grace, strength, and unwavering faith. From the very beginning, you welcomed me into the family with warmth and kindness. You did not treat me as an outsider, but as your own daughter. Your

love was genuine, your smile comforting, and your presence reassuring. For that, I will always be grateful.

You were a woman of dignity and quiet strength. Your prayers covered your children and grandchildren. Your words carried wisdom. Your life reflected humility, devotion, and a deep love for God and family. Even in moments of difficulty, you stood firm in faith. You showed us what it means to trust God, to love unconditionally, and to serve faithfully. Your legacy is not only in what you did, but in who you were.

Though our hearts ache because we miss you deeply, we are comforted knowing that you are resting peacefully in the presence of the Lord you faithfully served.

Your love remains with us. Your teachings remain with us. Your memory will forever live in our hearts.

Rest peacefully, Mama. We will carry your legacy of faith, strength, and love forward.

With love and honor,  
Your daughter-in-law,

*Osofomaame Charlotte Asante-Ghansah*

## MRS. MARY GHANSAH

*"The Mastermind of Love and Grace"*



### A Mother Beyond Borders

**M**ama, you accepted me as a daughter long before I officially became your daughter-in-law. From the early days of Bethel Assembly in Dansoman, you gathered us young ladies into your fold, creating an environment of solace, safety, and peace. Your home was more than a building; it was a refuge.

### The Architect of Our Union

I stand today as a witness to your wisdom. You were the mastermind behind my marriage, choosing my wonderful life partner and engineering our union with a mother's intuition. Because of you, I found a partner and a family that saw me as one of their own—so much so that the world often forgot I wasn't born into your bloodline, but into your heart.

### A Prayer Warrior and Confidante

To you, I was *"Me na Mary"* a name that carried the weight of history and affection. Through

years of distance and challenging seasons, your voice was the constant: *"Me ba Mary Nyame be ye atse!"* You prayed until the windows of heaven opened, and your joy knew no bounds when God finally made a way.

### The Glorious Welcome

We spoke of mansions, beautiful trees, and flowers, not realizing you were describing the home you were about to inhabit. Like the disciples on the road to Emmaus, we didn't fully grasp that your words were a gentle goodbye. While we hoped to visit you in our recovery, you had an appointment with the King.

**T**hank you, Maa, for welcoming me into your home and your heart; for being the exemplary spirit of grace, and for the prayers that sustained us.

Now that you are closer to Jesus, I know you are still calling His name on our behalf.

### APS. JOSEPH PRINCE GYAMFI, "THE IN-LAW"

**"AND DAVID SAID, I AM ABOUT TO GO THE WAY OF ALL THE EARTH, HE SAID. SO BE STRONG, ACT LIKE A MAN"**

1 Kings 2:2 NIV.



**B**ut I like the NLT better “I am going where everyone on earth must someday go. Take courage and be a man”

This quote is a slight paraphrase of King David’s final words to his dear son - Solomon. David, who is the strongest, wealthiest, and one of the wisest kings to ever live - deemed it necessary to emphasize the inevitability of death in his final words.

Little did I know that I will be quoting Solomon’s Biblical idiomatic expression of Death for my Loving Mother In-Law, Mrs. Victoria Adwoa Quist this very moment.

In 1987, I migrated to Dansoman in Accra, Ghana for greener pastures. My single life in Accra was boring - so I used to travel back home (to Kade) on weekends until I met brother Tony Ghansah - who later became my brother in-law. When Brother Tony introduced me to his lovely family, I made an immediate connection with his mother (Mama Victoria Quist). My first reaction to Tony was “WOW, your mother looks just like my own mother.” Their resemblance was so striking:

- Like my own mother, Mama Vic was also a deaconess who enjoyed serving the Lord and His Ministers
- She was as beautiful as my own mother
- She was as tall as my own mother
- Like my own mother, Mama Vic was also dark in complexion
- Like my own mother, she was also welcoming and hospitable to strangers

- And most importantly, like my own mother, she was also a virtuous woman of God who brought her children up in the Pentecostal faith and in the fear of the Lord

I cannot fully detail how Mama Victoria welcomed and treated me the very first day we met. She immediately accepted me as her own son - and lavished me with motherly love and care that I didn’t have to travel back to Kade on weekends any longer. Indeed, Mama Vic was first and foremost a genuine mother to me before she became my mother in-law.

Mama Vic, as I affectionately call her, was also a prophetess. She gave the nickname “Director” - a name that I am known by her entire family to date. Little did I know that Mama Vic was prophesying my future service in God’s kingdom as a minister of the Lord - by God’s grace.

**I**ndeed, her selfless service to God, and to His church was enviable. I remember her joy and attitude of service when the then Dansoman District birthed a new Assembly and appointed Mama Vic to be the Women’s Ministry Leader. She immediately decorated the place, bought furniture, curtains and all necessary decor with her own money. Today, the assembly Mama Vic started, nurtured and served in so well has grown into “The Delta District” to the glory of God.

At one point, Mama Vic took Apostle Chemel’s children to live with her to allow the Apostle to serve in his new station away from home. I enjoyed Mama Vic’s generosity and support in my own ministry as well. Mama Vic, thank you for leaving your job in Ghana to join us in the USA to take care of our children during my numerous deployments in the US Navy.

Oh, how I miss your Sunday 'Waakye' - no challenger! - only Princess, your daughter (and my precious wife) comes close but still not quite like yours. In fact, panin de panin.

Asew, no one will ever know what it means to lose you, except God. You have such a wonderful and kind heart. Your reassuring voice always brought calmness to our spirits. Your wise and sound counsel was always timely. We will forever remember you for your disciplinary conduct. You were always a joy to us and indeed to our Children - your Grandchildren you loved so much. At least, the Girls were assured of not less than \$20.00 whenever it was their birthday. You were a born giver, always sharing and making sure the people around you are happy.

**Y**ou believed in TITHING and practiced it to the extent that the Chief Accountant whom you served at the Ghana Railways Corporation in Accra once asked what your secret was in life? He could not understand how you could afford to give your children quality and expensive education - and your response was a one word: TITHE. The Chief Accountant began to pay tithe through Mama Vic and upon seeing the results, he went around advocating to people to do what Mama Vic was doing, it works!

As a woman of prayer as characterized in Act 12:12, we always counted on you for support to fight our Spiritual Battles. You will be terribly and sadly missed.

When earthquakes and natural disasters shattered our lives in Japan while serving on the Mission field, our children became traumatized - until you called. "You have signed your death warrant but not the children, so bring the kids to me." Indeed, you left all that you were doing, took them in with you until we were transferred back to the States.

I would be remised not to mention your daily planner and devotional books that you sent me every year. Your support in my marriage and ministry was incredible. I remember you used to welcome me every time with this song: "Akwaaba Nyame somfo, Awurade waye ade kese3, y3de anigyie bekanfo Yehowa - akwaaba, akwaaba, akwaaba."

**M**ama thank you for allowing God to bless me with a WIFE through you. I had introduced Princess to a friend to marry, but before he could meet her, the Lord revealed to me in a dream that she will be my own wife - at which point I mustered the courage to express my interest in her. I remember she responded with "Ahaa, no wonder Mama has been asking me if you haven't said anything ever since you came from the State. She will reply no, but why and Mama will say we will see! For this, Mama Vic. Princess says she doesn't remember oo, But I DO! In fact, I will choose you again if God permits us another chance to choose our own Mother in-law in the next life so I can have Princess again. THANK YOU!

Hmm, Asew, time and space will not permit me to enumerate even a fraction of the goodness embodied in you as my In-Law. I shall cherish you and hold you in my heart till we meet again. Maa Vic. Walk to your Maker in Peace, where we believe the reward of your good works here on earth awaits you. The Gaithersburg Assembly in Maryland that was started in your living room has become a District! PENTECOST DAWASE

GYAMFI ABUSUA DAWASE

*Asepa, Asew kɔnofoɔ, Asew mu Asete Hemaɔ,  
Asew Kese, Asew Kantinka, Asew Deefoɔ, Nante  
yie!*

**REV. FREEMAN ATSU**

*“Honor her for all that her hands have done and let her works bring her praise at the city gate”  
(Proverbs 31:31)*



**M**ama, you were more of a mother to me than a mother-in-law. I remember vividly the warmth and the joy with which you welcomed me not as an outsider but as a family member from the very beginning. You gladly accepted me on that faithful day I was introduced to you by your daughter Ernestina. Your warmth broke every barrier, and your generous spirit made it so easy to feel at home.

Even though you had health challenges, you put in everything to be present at all the marriage ceremonies to give us your motherly blessing. You have indeed shown me that LOVE is not just spoken, but lived through patience, sacrifice and unwavering support.

I cherished the day you called in the morning to check up on us, when your daughter informed you of traveling to Kumasi as one of the facilitators of the ILF program which is part of her work. Your response to her was to stop the numerous trips and stay with her husband, since she has just gotten married. I shouted with great

joy, that my mother-in-law had discernment and has spoken my unspoken heart desire.

Mama, your legacy of mentioning the name “Jesus”, resonates well with my wife and brings your memory anytime she mentions Jesus at the least opportunity. I am so glad and very grateful that in my short interaction with you, you made me feel so valued and cared for, and that is a rare and beautiful gift.

**T**he way you nurtured your family is deeply inspiring, as it holds us together, and makes us stand strong through life’s challenges. Little did I know, the day I administered the communion to you and prayed with you was the last day of our interaction.

Thank you for your endless kindness, for your gentle words, and for the countless ways you showed love without expecting anything in return. You were not only a wonderful mother-in-law but also a true blessing in my life.

Rest well Mama, in the bosom of the Father till we meet again

Dzudzɔ le ɔtɔfafa me

**HELENA AKUA QUIST**

*“Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her: ‘Many women do noble things, but you surpass them all.’”  
(Proverbs 31:28-29)*

**M**ummy, I remember the first day I was introduced to her. She welcomed me into her family with such warmth and love, and told me something I have never forgotten: that tribe does not matter as long as I am a Christian, we are one family. From that day on, she made sure I was introduced at every family gathering. She

didn't just accept me; she embraced me as one of her own.



When our first child, was born, she gifted me a beautiful Kente cloth. It was not just a piece of cloth you gave me; it was a symbol of your blessing, pride in me, and your joy in our growing family. I have cherished it always. Her love for God and the things of God was palpable and evident in how she expressed it through singing and dancing. It lived in every room she entered. She never missed an opportunity to give sacrificially, quietly, joyfully and she always encouraged us to keep the faith, no matter what we faced. Your example inspired me. Your home was always open, always full of life, always a place of welcome.

And oh, how she loved life and fashion! I remember teasing her that she was old, telling her to leave certain fashionistic things to us, the younger ones. And I can still hear her voice, full of laughter and wisdom, replying, "Abrewa wo garage" to wit "The elderly woman is in the garage". You reminded me that age is not weakness, and that life is not to be given away just because the years pass. Her life has taught

me to live fully, right to the end.

Mummy, you were our example in everything. In marriage, in character, in family relationships, and in service to God. She showed us how to love deeply, how to disagree without breaking the bond, how to stand united, how to persevere, and above all, how to never give up on God. She was a mother to me in every sense of the word, and I will never stop being grateful for that.

I cannot thank you enough for the man, my husband whom you raised. The son you nurtured became the partner I am blessed to walk beside. And the family you built became my own.

Mummy, many women have done noble things, but you, Adzoa Vic, surpass them all.

I am here today and can smile through this storm because I know you are in the bosom of your Maker in heaven. I know you are at peace. I will cherish your memory forever. Your legacy of giving, of peace, of love will not end here. It lives on in us, in your grandchildren, in the family you held together with grace.

So now, Mummy, continue to dance before your Lord and King. You gladly responded to the trumpet call of your Master, flew away and have now entered his rest. Rest well, sweet mother.

Rest well, till we meet again to dance around the throne in heaven.

With all my love, forever,

*Helena Akua Quist*

## DENNIS ADU-BOATENG

### A LIFE THAT TRANSCENDS



There are lives that cannot be measured merely by the number of years lived, but by the depth of love given, the strength displayed, and the countless hearts shaped along the way.

Grandma Vic as I affectionately called her, lived such a life. One that now feels less like an ending and more like a gentle transition into eternity. She walked this earth with a quiet faith that spoke louder than words. In her presence, you felt something rare: peace, acceptance and a steady assurance that all is well.

Grandma Vic did not merely speak about love, she embodied it. It was evident in her daily sacrifices, her patience, and the remarkable ability to give without ever expecting anything in return. Indeed, she lived the truth of Scriptures in the most authentic way: *“And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.”* (1Corinthians 13:13)

She was not just my mother-in-law, but a quiet

blessing woven into the fabric of my life’s journey. Her kindness was not loud or attention-seeking, but constant and genuine. It revealed itself in her gentle words, generous spirit and the thoughtful ways she made everyone felt seen and valued.

She taught me many things without ever needing to say much; that love is expressed through actions, that strength can be gentle, and that a meaningful life is one firmly rooted in compassion and faith.

Even in her final days, her strength did not diminish, it transformed. It became a testimony of faith, a reflection of grace and a reminder that while the body may grow weak, the spirit remains unshaken. She lived out the truth of the Psalmist, *“My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.”* (Psalm 73:26)

And now, though we no longer see her, we hold fast to the assurance that she has stepped into greater glory, into a place where there is peace beyond pain, and joy beyond all human understanding.

Her life was a seed planted in love, and today we see its abundant fruits; in her children, in her family and in the countless memories she leaves behind. She has not truly left us; she has simply gone ahead to be with the Lord she so faithfully served.

So today, I do not say goodbye.

I say thank you.

Thank you for your love.

Thank you for your strength.

Thank you for your life.

Until we meet again, may your soul continue to shine in eternal light.

# Tribute by THE QUIST FAMILY



Those we love remain with us. For love itself lives on and cherished memories never fade even when a loved one is gone.

Those we love can never be more than a thought apart. For as long as there is a memory they will live on in our hearts.

When the news of the death of beloved in-law, Mrs Victoria Adzo Quist reached us, we heaved a huff and squeal, that indeed there is a time and season for everything and we felt an emptiness.

Our last encounter with her sprinting down the memory lane was during the burial of Raphael Kwashi Quist at the Lashibi funeral home where she looked cheerful and hearty.

Today, we gather at the call of her demise not to mourn but to honour and celebrate the well lived life of our beloved in-law, Mrs Victoria Adzo Quist, a soul whose gentle spirit deeply touched a lot of people in the Quist family.

She was always motherly with a nurturing spirit. Her quiet dispensation of strength and care was most evident as a wife and mother in every sense of the word and radiated with warmth and pleasantness, making her presence truly special as the spouse of the Chairman of Quist Family Union during union meetings until her health waned and she became indisposed utterly, thus preventing her from participating in subsequent Quist Family Union activities.

A couple of years into getting to know her very

well, her life was typified by kindness and love, leaving an indelible mark of memory on all who knew her in the entire Quist and allied families. She had a unique ability of affinity to all Quists of all ages creating lasting bond with her humility.

May she go, and gently, into the good night and go in peace alone.

May the almighty God let her rejoice in his promise of pardon, joy and peace.

In his mercy, may he turn the darkness of her death into dawn of a new life and sorrows of her departure from this earth into joy of heaven.

May the light shine upon her grave.  
Until we meet again.

Fare thee well.

*Hede nyuie eye na dzudzɔ le ɲutifafa me.*  
AMEN.



# Tribute by GRANDCHILDREN



**TO OUR BELOVED GRANDMA FROM  
PHILIP- DAVID-&- MICHAEL GHANSAH**

*“Her children arise and call her blessed.”*

*Proverbs 31:28*



**T**o our precious and dearly loved Grandma Victoria,

Today, we rise to call you blessed, because that is exactly who you were, a blessing to our family, a light in our lives, and a woman of faith, strength, and grace.

Grandma, you were the foundation of love in our family. Your heart was pure, your hands were always ready to help, and your prayers never ceased. You were patient when we made mistakes, gentle when we needed correction, and strong when we needed protection. Your wisdom guided us, your kindness shaped us, and your faith inspired us.

You were loving, nurturing, compassionate, generous, humble, and full of warmth. Your smile brought comfort, your laughter brought joy, and your words carried encouragement. You taught us the value of respect, hard work, unity, and above all, the fear and love of God. You lived a life that reflected goodness and integrity.

Thank you, Grandma, for the loving phone calls just to check on us and see how we were doing. Thank you for the thoughtful gifts you gave every year, especially on our birthdays. Those gestures meant more to us than words can express they showed us how deeply you cared.

**A**s your grandsons, Philip, David, and Michael, we stand here today grateful for the gift of having you as our grandmother. Philip, your first grandson, will always cherish your guidance and the special bond you shared. David will forever remember your wisdom and gentle spirit. Michael will hold tightly to your love and the precious memories you created with him. And all of your grandchildren will forever treasure your kindness, your prayers, your warm embrace, and the unconditional love you gave so freely to each of us. We are truly blessed to have called you Grandma, and we will continue to honor your legacy in our lives. Each of us carries a piece of you in our hearts. The lessons you taught us will remain with us throughout our lives. Your legacy of faith, strength, and unconditional love will continue through us.

Though our hearts are heavy because we miss you deeply, we are comforted knowing that you

have fought the good fight and finished your race in faith. Your life was a testimony of love and devotion to family.

**G**randma, you were our safe place, our prayer warrior, our encourager, and our greatest blessing. You may no longer be physically with us, but your spirit, your teachings, and your love will live on forever.

We love you beyond words. We honor you with grateful hearts. We will carry your legacy proudly.

Rest peacefully in the arms of the Lord until we meet again.

With all our love,

*Philip, David, and Michael*

## PHOEBE

### **My Grandma: My Prayer Warrior and My Friend**



**T**o be honest, I didn't even know what a "tribute" was until I had to write this. All I knew was that I wanted to talk about my Grandma. She was the only Grandma I ever knew, and I

loved her with all my heart. This is the hardest thing I've ever had to write, but I want to share why she was so special to me.

### The Grandma I Remember

Back in Ghana, I always looked forward to Grandma's visits. She made everything feel like a celebration. A birthday wasn't really a birthday without Grandma's \$20 gift!

But more than the gifts, I remember her heart. She spent years praying for Mommy, Othniel, Jason, and me to come to America. When we finally made it, she was so excited and kept giving thanks to God. She always looked after me when my parents were busy, making sure I felt safe and loved.

### Donuts and Prayers

I will always miss Grandma's donuts. They were—as I always say—"very yummy in my tummy!" I remember her staying up all night to fry them, especially before we had to travel. I'd look forward to those trips just because I knew she'd have a bag ready to fill my hungry tummy. But my favorite sound was the sound of Grandma praying. I could hear her saying, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus..." and praying in the Spirit. She would be so deep in prayer, and then the second she was done, she'd walk straight to the kitchen to check on us. Even when she was sick and every step she took was painful, she would still whisper, "Jesus, ah!" He was her everything.

### The Lessons She Taught Me

Grandma loved to dress up. She always told me to "dress like a lady" and take pride in how I looked. I remember making her some handmade bracelets. Even though they were just something

I made, she wore them with so much joy because that was just "so Grandma."

Saying Goodbye

I'll never forget the day Daddy came home from work. He wrapped his arms around me and said, "Grandma has gone to heaven." I asked him what that meant, and before he could even answer, the tears just started pouring.

My heart still hurts, and I try not to think about it too much because it makes me sad. But Mommy and Daddy remind me that she is in a better place now. She is finally with the Jesus she talked to every single day.

Grandma, thank you for the donuts, the prayers, and for loving me so much. I miss you, but I'm happy you aren't in pain anymore. You are with your Jesus now.

I love you, Grandma.

### GYAMFI GRANDDAUGHTERS



Our beloved grandmother was such a light and joy in our lives. It was following the 2011 earthquake in Japan that we all came to live with her for a few years, and we now view that very difficult time as a gift from God, allowing us to know her better.

Our grandmother loved the Lord. She was well-versed in scripture and could point out the inaccuracies of any Bible character movie we were watching, showing us the correct scripture and passages, and explaining how the plot of the movie should have gone. She was a very diligent prayer warrior. She was committed to multiple prayer lines, both in the U.S. and in Ghana. She did not miss one day, and we learned this the hard way during our first Easter convention together, when she woke us up at dawn as she prayed and worshipped over the phone.

She cared for each of us so tenderly. She never missed any of our birthdays and always sent us \$20 and a gorgeous birthday card, no matter what age we were turning. She would sing to us the full birthday song and make us sing back to her how old we were turning before ending with four verses of "May God bless you now." She took care of Joselle when she was sick, she taught Jelidiah how to take care of young children, and when I would miss Mom and Dad when they were away on missions, she would tell me to give her a hug and look at her face because looking at her would be just like looking at Mommy. She would always remind me that she was waiting for me to get married, and that time was going. If only she had waited a little longer, she would have seen her heart's desire come to pass.

We learned so much from our grandmother. She was the epitome of a hardworking woman. She taught us what it meant to be truly hospitable as she cooked and humbly served every person that stepped into our home, no matter if they were two or seventy-two. She also taught us how to be confident and understand our identities as women of God. She encouraged us to be servants of the church in whatever capacity we were able.

Grandma, we know that you are seated at the right hand of the Father in glory. So as we write this, we are not saying goodbye, we are simply saying see you later. We love you so very much, Grandma, and we hope to honor your legacy.

Your granddaughters,

Priscilla, Joselle, and Jelidiah

**ENYONAM, EYRAM, ETORNAM,  
ELORM, DORIS**



**W**e were blessed with a truly wonderful grandmother, one whose smile radiated warmth like sunshine and whose heart was as precious as gold. Today, we gather not only to bid her farewell, but to celebrate and honor a gentle and loving soul who meant so much to each of us.

She touched countless hearts, changed lives in quiet yet profound ways, and gave so freely of herself to everyone she encountered. Her kindness, wisdom, and unwavering love will remain with us always.

Finding the right words at a moment like this is never easy, because when we lose someone so

deeply cherished, words can never fully express the depth of our sorrow or the magnitude of our loss. Yet even in our grief, we hold on to the beautiful memories she has left us, memories that will continue to comfort and guide us in the years ahead.

Grandma, the little time you shared with us was filled with love, kindness, and patience. We had hoped for many more moments with you, more laughter, more stories, more precious memories, but you slipped away so quietly.

**T**hough our hearts are heavy, we find comfort in believing that you are in a better place. We will always hold close to the lessons you taught us: to share with others, to cherish family, and to never let love fade. Your strength and resilience in the face of life's trials remain an inspiration to us all.

Your final wish, a dream for Etornam to pursue and fulfill, is to become a medical doctor, a noble calling to serve and care for others. This dream will continue to live on, a lasting part of your legacy.

Rest in peace, dear Grandma. We will always cherish and adore you. The love and memories we shared will remain with us forever and ever more.

**CLARESTA GYTHA MAWUSENAM  
QUIST (GRAND-DAUGHTER)**

**Life in Full Color: A Tribute to the Queen of  
Our Hearts**



**F**or those who truly knew my grandma, you would know two things immediately: she had a faith that could move mountains, and she lived life with a flair for the dramatic; turning every ordinary moment into a scene straight out of a movie. That drama was not just for show; it was part of her vibrancy. She didn't just walk into a room; she made an entrance. She didn't just tell a story; she performed it. That vibrant, theatrical energy was the heartbeat of our family. But behind that larger-than-life personality was a heart completely surrendered to God. Her faith was so evident in everything she did. Even in her final days, when she was in pain and exhausted, the name of Jesus never left her lips. She spoke of him so much that the hospital staff stopped calling her by name and began referring to her simply as “Maame Jesus”. I can still see her every morning, sitting with that tower of devotionals she worked through faithfully. She didn't just read the Word; she studied it, prayed it, and breathed it. She loved the Lord with all her heart, all her mind, and all her soul.

I remember when we were younger; she would spend time preparing the most amazing doughnuts and fresh fruit juice to bring along to church on Sundays knowing how long we spent at church. That was her always anticipating our needs, always providing with a smile. She was... and is... truly phenomenal.

**S**he was a real-life role model to her children, her grandchildren, and everyone she touched. She showed us exactly what the Bible meant when it described the Proverbs 31 woman; a woman of strength, dignity, and a heart for her household.

Grandma, they say you never truly know what you have until it's gone, and I miss you terribly. We all do. I can't wait to meet you again, and I know that when I do, you'll have a thousand dramatic, beautiful stories to tell me about heaven.

As the Scripture says:

*“For now we see in a mirror dimly but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I have been fully known”.*

Till we meet again...

**SAMUEL CHRIS EDUDZI QUIST**



In all situations, we praise the Almighty. Standing here today with a bold heart and cheerful memories held firmly in my hands, I realize the impossibility of capturing the vastness of the legacy my grandmother left behind with just mere words. Yet, I must try for the sake of this blue event. She was no ordinary woman; she was the epitome of greatness, a yardstick for all women to follow. Deeply rooted in her faith, she nourished her grandchildren with the knowledge of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. I stand here today as a living testament to that truth.

Although the path of grief is a solitary one, I tread it not alone. How, you may ask? Because our late Lady of Grace made sure to embed within us a scripture to hold us firm in times of struggle. And so, with blissful tears, I read to your hearing the very words which stood as the pillars of her heart: Isaiah 41:10, *“So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand”*.

In her presence, drama was a constant guest. She possessed the rare alchemy of turning the commonest situations into lasting memories, from the epic sagas of our family gatherings, especially birthdays, to those long, winding stories where we often lost the trail, yet followed her voice anywhere. And who could ever forget the doughnuts her calloused hands prepared?

They were crafted not merely to satisfy the body, but to alleviate the soul. She spoke with weight and grace, spitting wisdom as if she were perpetually pregnant with knowledge.

They say you cannot blame the wind for the mess it made once you have opened the window. I will not lie, we did not spend as much time together as my soul now hungers for. I find myself wishing God would grant me just a few

seconds, a mere minute, to tell you everything all over again. Her absence shows how much we have indeed lost. You didn't just leave; it felt as though you took our smiles and our spark with you. But as she would say, 'keep pushing.' In those words, we find a new sense of pride to live.

As the saying goes, if you wish to speak to the departed, speak to the wind. Grandma, I say to the wind: I will keep my head high. I will keep your word in my heart. And until eternity, I will continue making you proud. Rest in blissful peace, until we meet again.

### AFI SEDEM OFORI



**T**oday, we gather to celebrate the life of a remarkable woman, my beloved grandmother, whose love, wisdom, and strength shaped who I am today. She was more than a grandmother to me, she was a guide, a teacher, and a constant source of comfort. Her presence in our lives was a blessing, and her memory will forever remain in our hearts.

Being with you was always fun. We could laugh throughout without anyone getting the gist. Our last conversation was *“Eiü Afi da ben na*

*ebeware*". You taught me to be humble, strong and never give up.

Grandma, your words continue to echo in my heart. You encouraged me to stay focused, remain humble in success, and be strong in difficult times. You constantly reminded me that giving up was never an option, no matter how challenging life became. The lessons you shared with me will continue to guide me throughout my life.

**T**hough it is painful to say goodbye, we are grateful for the beautiful memories you gave us. We take comfort in knowing that your life was filled with love and purpose. Your legacy lives on through the values you instilled in us, the love you shared, and the lives you touched. Grandma, thank you for everything you did for us. Thank you for your love, your patience, and your wisdom. You will forever remain in our hearts, and your memory will continue to inspire us every day.

Rest well, Grandma. You may be gone from our sight, but you will never be gone from our hearts.

### JESLYN ADU-BOATENG



Grandma, you are truly one of the most unforgettable people in my life. You filled every room with energy, laughter, and love. Whenever we heard you loudly calling out "Jesus!", we knew you were nearby, which always made us laugh. Your faith was so strong, and you never hid it."

One of the things I will always remember about you is your cooking—especially the trays of delicious doughnuts you made. They were warm, sweet, and made with so much love. Whenever you brought them out, everyone rushed to grab one because we all knew they were the best."

You also had the biggest heart when it came to your grandchildren. Every birthday, you would send cards with money tucked carefully inside. It wasn't about the money itself—it was your way of reminding us that you were thinking of us and celebrating us.

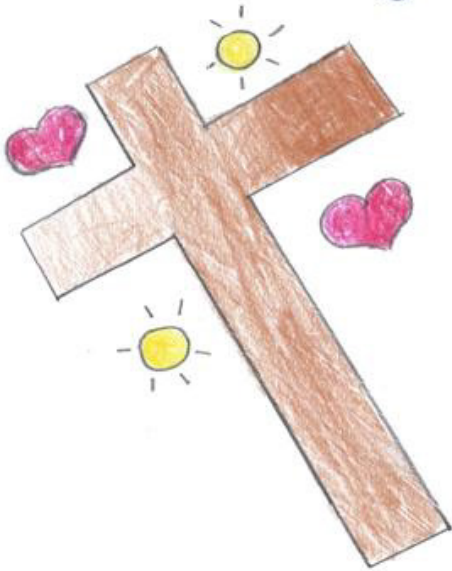
Another thing about Grandma was that she loved to dance. Music could start anywhere, and before long, she would be moving, smiling, and encouraging everyone else to join in. Her joy was contagious.

Even though you are no longer with us, the memories you gave us will stay forever. The smell of fresh doughnuts, the sound of you shouting Jesus' name, the birthday cards you sent, and the way you danced with happiness will always remind us of the wonderful person you were.

Grandma, you were deeply loved, and you will never be forgotten.

Dear Grandma Vic,  
✝

I really miss you. You were the absolute best grandma the whole wide world could ever ask for. I wish you stayed longer for me to say goodbye, but I will stay strong for you. You were the best dancer. When I saw you dance so gracefully on Mother's day, I knew you were the best back in your days. Your voice was so smooth it soothed me on the sad days. I love you so so super much and everybody else does too!



Love,  
Jasielle Baaba

Rest In Perfect Peace ♡ 

*Jasielle*

## JAMES FIIFI BAFFOE



**G**randma Vic was not perfect, but she was everything many people wish they had in their lives.

She had a heart that made room for everyone, loving people as her own unconditionally and without hesitation. To me, she was more than just a grandmother; she was warmth, generosity, and honesty personified.

One of the things I will never forget is how she showed her love through the meals she prepared.

They weren't just ordinary meals, but massive, generous portions—as if she wanted to ensure I would never lack, never go hungry, and never feel uncared for. That was her way of speaking love, and she spoke it fluently.

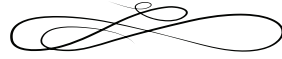
She was always frank with me. She never hid the truth or pretended; she guided me with honesty, even when it wasn't easy. In her own quiet, special way, she looked out for me more than anyone could see. Even when I had everything I needed, she would secretly give me money for school, just to make sure I was truly okay. That small, hidden act of love meant more than words can ever express. Grandma, my Stargirl, I love you, and I will miss you so much.

You may not have been the best in every way, but you were real. You were always present, and are deeply loved.

Now that you are gone, the space you leave behind cannot be filled. But your love, generosity, honesty, and your quiet sacrifices will stay with me forever.

Rest well, Grandma. Your love lives on in me.

# Tribute by NIECES AND NEPHEWS



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

**T**oday, with heavy hearts but deep gratitude to God, we pay tribute to our beloved aunt, **Deaconess Mrs. Victoria Adzo Quist, aka Mama Vic.** Though Mama Vic, as we her nieces and nephews affectionately call her, lived to the remarkable age of 83, it still feels too soon to say goodbye to someone who meant so much to all of us.

To us, Mama Vic was far more than just an aunt—she was a spiritual pillar, a counselor and a prayer warrior whose love and concern for us never wavered. One thing we will always remember about her was her constant prayers, especially for our marriages. She carried our homes in her heart and lifted them up to God faithfully, believing that strong families are built on faith, love, and commitment.

Mama Vic had a special way of keeping us on our toes. Her phone calls, especially on our birthdays, were never just routine check-ins. With genuine care and wisdom, she would ask about our marriages, our spiritual lives, and our careers. She challenged us to grow, to stay grounded in our faith, and to pursue excellence in everything we did. She wanted each of us to become the best version of ourselves, and she never stopped encouraging us to rise higher.

Among us and even among our parents, we fondly nicknamed her the “drama queen.” If you did something wrong and your mum was

already scolding you, you would quietly pray. Mama Vic would not hear of it—because her “dramafull scolding” would surely follow. Yet, even in those moments, her correction was always wrapped in love, wisdom and deep affection. She disciplined us not to break us, but to build us.

She was truly the pride of our Aheto-Gbewonyo Family—a woman of dignity, strength and unwavering faith. Her life was a testimony of service to God and love for family. Through her words, her prayers, and her example, she planted seeds of faith and responsibility in our lives that will continue to grow for generations.

Today, we will miss her voice, her prayers, her wisdom, and those loving reminders that kept us focused on what truly matters. But we take comfort in knowing that the legacy she leaves behind lives on in all of us—in our homes, in our faith, and in the way we strive to live our lives.

Dear Mama Vic, thank you for loving us, praying for us, guiding us, and believing in us. Your impact on our lives can never be forgotten.

Rest well, faithful servant of God. Your race is complete, your work is done, and your legacy will forever remain in our hearts.

*Hede nyuie Mama! Mama Vic Dzudzɔ le ɲutifafa me!*

**JACQUELINE, PRISCILLA, ANGELA & RAPHAEL**

Dear Auntie Vic,

**W**e are deeply saddened by your passing.

We vividly recall those days when Daddy drove us to your residence at Ringway Estates for visits. You would serve us drinks and even give us food. Your love for children was truly amazing.

You were always quick to ask whether everyone was doing well. Your smile alone gave us so much comfort.

Aunty Vic, you were an awesome woman, full of grace and virtue in every sense. You were a woman of peace—ever ready to step in and settle any dispute. May God richly bless your memory.

One thing that we—Jacqueline, Priscilla, Angela, and Raphael— will forever be grateful for was when you left your matrimonial home to come and take care of our Daddy when he was ill in Dzorwulu. That act of selfless love was so deeply touching, and we do not think we ever thanked you enough for it. We also wish to thank Mr. Ernest Quist for graciously allowing this to happen.

We are forever grateful for that kind gesture. It has been twenty-two years, and yet you and Daddy Quist have never stopped showing concern for our Daddy. Once again, we sincerely thank you and your entire family for that enduring kindness — it is something we will carry in our hearts always.

Jacqueline is especially grateful to you for the honour you bestowed upon her by proposing the toast on one of the most significant days of her life—her graduation as a Chartered Banker. That

moment meant the world to her, and your presence made it all the more special. Even across the miles when you were in America, the two of you remained in constant touch on WhatsApp. She fondly remembers the joy she felt when you shared your 80th birthday pictures with her— your radiant smile in those photographs is now a cherished memory. You both shared a beautiful thing in common: a love for dancing. Your passion for dancing was so admirable and brought such joy to everyone around you. Those moments watching you move with such grace and enthusiasm will forever be treasured. Your constant advice and wise counsel were not just soothing—they were a source of strength and guidance. She misses those heartfelt conversations deeply and will forever carry your words of wisdom in her heart.

We have each encountered your love in our own way, and we are all grateful that you were there for us.

untie Vic, *“hede nyuie, dzudzɔ le ηitifafa me. Mawu nanɔ kpɩ wo sia.”*

**SEDEM**

**L**ast December, I received news of the quietus of my eldest mom, Mama Vic. That evening, like many evenings before it, I was shedding the stoic composure that my work demands and returning to the warmth and safety of home when the message came—sudden and piercing. I was told you had left us.

Questions rushed through my mind: where, when, how? I could not restrain the tears. The news stood in painful contrast to the prayers and hope I had carried for your recovery. I believed, firmly, that you would rise again as you had done before, sustained by God’s grace.

I had looked forward to the day you would meet Malike in person. The pictures and videos I showed you were never enough; I longed for the joy of seeing you hold him, speak to him, and bless him yourself.

**M**ama Vic, the last time I visited, I had to gently interrupt your sleep. I told you I had to return to Ho. In your familiar, tender voice you responded, “Oh Sedem, God should take you safely.” Then you rested again. Those were your final words to me. They carried the same motherly blessing you had spoken over my life countless times—over my work, my journey, and over Malike.

By God’s grace, I arrived safely in Ho. Soon, God called you home.

Mama Vic—present at my birth and ever present in the lives of my siblings—you lived a life marked by devotion to family. Your commitment to your siblings were unwavering. At Legon, you remained faithfully by your sister’s side until the evening tides fell. With patience, care and quiet sacrifice, you lifted us up and gave us the love and attention every child needs.

Your voice and warm embrace often reminded me of Auntie Solace, so that whenever you were near, it felt as though her presence lingered among us. You followed closely every matter concerning us and remained attentive to the affairs of your sister’s estate, carrying responsibility with quiet strength.

Mama, thank you for the discipline. I need your rough candour now as much as I needed it then. You never spared correction when I was wrong, yet every rebuke was wrapped in love. You would say, “*I want it to be well with you in the future.*” Those words still guide me.

I remember vividly a day at University Primary School, Legon. You followed up on my attendance at extra classes and discovered that instead of being in class, I was on the football field. Your correction that day was swift, firm, and unforgettable—and it was right.

Thank you for your prayers. Before examinations, before interviews, and before every important step in my life, your prayers rose faithfully to God on my behalf. I remember nights when you remained awake until I returned home, asking how an interview had gone even when I arrived very late.

Oh, I have been loved. I stand today as one of your answered prayers. You did a remarkable work with me, Mama.

**T**hank you for the meals—even though I was a difficult child to cook for. On Sundays, you rose at dawn and stood alone in the kitchen so that by the time we awoke, both lunch and supper were ready. Your baked jollof remains my favourite. Thank you for the fresh fruit juice every morning. I miss those quiet acts of care.

Above all, Mama Vic, thank you for the greatest gift you gave us: faith. You taught me to love God, to trust Him completely, and to obey Him even when the path was not clear. You taught me that family is a sacred trust and that love must be lived daily through quiet acts of care.

Your life was not merely spoken—it was demonstrated—in your discipline, in your prayers, in your sacrifices, and in the countless unseen ways you ensured that we were well.

Today we mourn your absence, yet we also give thanks for your life:

a life of devotion,

a life of prayer,

a life poured out in love for family.

And so, Mama Vic, we release you into the eternal rest of the God you loved and served so faithfully.

Your voice will linger in our memories. Your prayers will echo in our lives. Your love will remain our inheritance. For the Scripture reminds us from Paul:

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

Star girl, rest. Mama, rest.

#### **ANTHONIO SELORM GHATTIE**

Some people come into our lives and play a role, while others become part of our very foundation. You, Mama, were not just family to my siblings and me; you were a mother in every sense of the word.

You loved us, corrected us, guided us, and stood by us in ways that words can never fully capture. In moments when I needed direction, you gave

me wisdom. When I needed strength, you showed me resilience. And when I needed love, you gave it freely and unconditionally.

You were one of the greatest influences in our upbringing and training. The values I carry today, discipline, humility, strength, and compassion, are a reflection of the life you lived and the lessons you taught me, both in words and in action.

Losing you feels deeply personal because I have not just lost a Mother, but a pillar, a mentor, and a safe place. Selly and Maloe will deeply miss your presence, your warmth, and the love you shared so generously with us all.

Yet, even in this pain, I find comfort in knowing that your life was impactful, purposeful, and full of love.

Thank you for being my guide, my support, and my mother in every way that mattered.

Rest well, Mama. You will always be loved, always be missed, and never be forgotten.

# *Eulogy by* THE WASHINGTON FAMILY



Today, we gather to celebrate the life of a remarkable mother, whose heart was a wellspring of love, care, and selfless devotion.

**M**ama Vic entered my life during one of its most vulnerable and sacred seasons, the birth of my children. At that time, she became more than a friend; she became a guardian angel, offering support, guidance, and unwavering encouragement. She prayed fervently for me, for my children, and for my family, carrying us in her heart and lifting us before the Lord with faith and diligence.

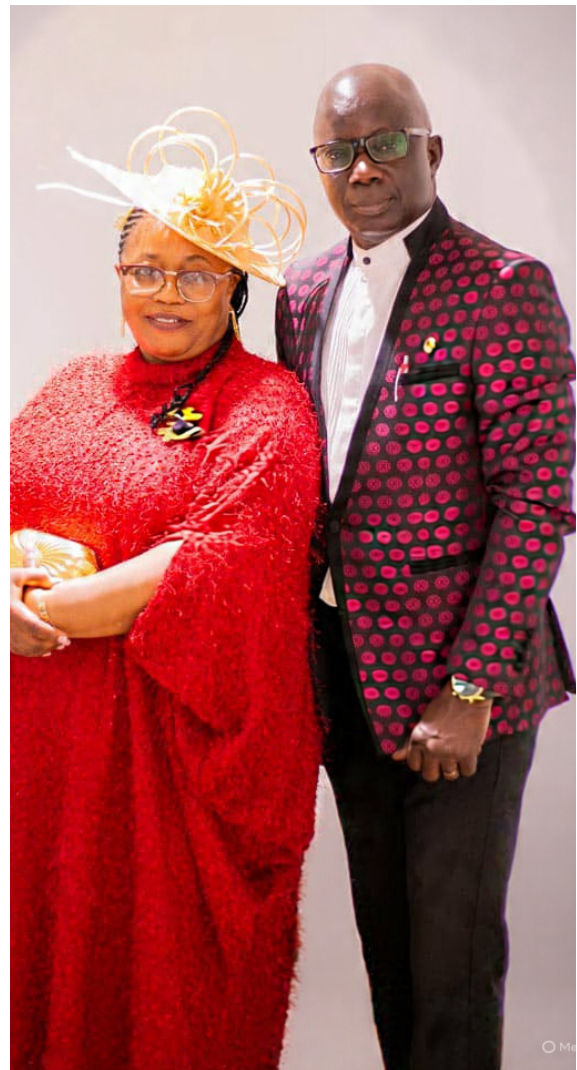
Her support went beyond words or gestures. She nurtured with tenderness, guided with wisdom, and gave of herself tirelessly, even when the task was demanding. She celebrated our joys, bore our burdens, and stood by us through every challenge. Her love was a quiet but powerful force that strengthened and sustained us.

Today, as we remember her, we honour a life defined by compassion, resilience, and generosity. Her legacy is felt in the lives she touched, the prayers she offered, and the countless ways she made the world a better place for those around her.

May we continue to carry forward the love, faith, and care she modelled. Though she has departed from this earth, her spirit remains alive in our hearts, our memories, and the many blessings she sowed through her life.

**DEACONESS MRS. VICTORIA ADZO GBEWONYO QUIST** was not just a mother, she was a symbol of love, strength and wisdom. Her presence will be solely missed, but her spirit will live on through the memories we hold.

Rest in perfect peace, Beloved Mother, Friend, and Guide. You have been a blessing beyond measure, and your memory will forever shine brightly in our lives. AMEN!



# Tribute by DEACONESS MRS. FLORENCE KALEDZI



I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.” (2 Timothy 4:7)  
Today, my heart is heavy as I say goodbye to my dear friend, my sister in every sense of the word. For many years, we walked life’s journey together—sharing joys, sorrows, laughter, and unwavering faith in God.

You were more than a friend to me. You were a confidante, a source of strength, and a true companion. Through the seasons of life, your kindness, wisdom, and gentle spirit touched not only me but also everyone who had the privilege of knowing you.

Though you have departed from this world, I

take comfort in knowing that you have indeed fought the good fight, finished your course, and kept the faith. Your life was a testimony of love, patience, and devotion to God.

I will miss our conversations, your warm presence, and the special bond we shared. But I am grateful for the beautiful memories we created together—memories I will carry in my heart forever.

Rest well, my dear sister. Until we meet again, may your soul find perfect peace in the arms of our Lord.

Sister *Hede nyuie le n̄utifafa me*



# Tribute by OFORI-ADJEI FAMILY



*“You have decided the length of our lives. You know how many months we will live, and we are not given a minute longer” (Job 14:5, NLT)*

When the death knell sounded on that fateful day, Mama Vic, a fully committed member and dedicated officer of the Church of Pentecost yielded to its prompting because she understood what Job meant by, ‘*You have decided the length of our lives*’.

Our paths crossed each other about three decades ago when we worshipped together at the then Bethel Assembly in the Dansoman District. That assembly is now the seat of the Sahara District. Later, we found ourselves worshipping together at PIWC, Dansoman.

Mama Quist, as we fondly called her, came across as a woman who exuded humility, respect for others, generosity and total commitment to the work of God. Her zeal for the work of God was so evidential to the extent that most of her children now occupy elevated positions in the house of the Lord.

Though a far younger couple, she and the husband, Dada Quist, lived with us as if we were contemporaries. Their love for our grand daughter was better experienced than described.

She had a term with which she related with them and they only understand it. The relocation of both families to the Dome-Kwabenya area cemented the relationship between us.

Somewhere along the line, Mama Vic had to spend most of her time with the family in the US. That did not in any way affect the relationship between us because she would periodically call to find out how we fared. What a wonderful relationship!

A woman who has been faithful to the gospel throughout her life has gone to be with the Lord where her eternal home is. We have assurance in the resurrection promise that we shall meet again. Fare thee well Mama Quist.



# *Tribute by* DEACONESS ROSE ASARE



I met Deaconess Victoria Quist at Sahara, then Bethel Assembly of the Church of Pentecost in 1993. It was a newly planted church under Dansoman District. We were ordained as Deaconesses in the same year. She became my mother, senior sister and a confidant.

Soon, she was appointed local leader for the Women's Ministry and I was her assistant. She was very committed, the perfectionist type and ensured that we participated in all church activities especially that of the Women's Ministry. She was understanding, hospitable, and prayerful and approaching her was a joy.

Your generosity, which endeared many towards you and your guidance, could not be forgotten. Those who got closer to you were encouraged and taught how to handle life with all its challenges and opportunities.

Your prayer life had a great impact on the ministry and the women as a whole. Your legacy will continue to inspire us and you will forever be remembered. We have so much to thank you for especially your role as a leader. It is painful to lose such a wonderful woman, but God knows best.

Mama VIC! Rest in Peace. AMEN



# *Tribute by* GODWILL GOODNEWS CLUB



Grandma, we, the children and the teachers of Godwill Goodnews Club, celebrate your legacy and good works; and the impact you've made in our lives.

**Y**our love for good works will forever be cherished. You brought up children in the community with loving guidance, showing hospitality to the hungry, and welcoming the saints into your home. You cared for the afflicted, those who lost hope, and devoted your time to correcting and molding good behavior in us.

Your presence at our club meetings gave us great comfort and security. Your contributions during our Bible discussions, pieces of advice and diligent discipline instilled the fear of God in us.

Grandma, you adjusted yourself to accommodate our noise and naughty behaviors, even at your resting hours. You never rebuked us harshly or drove us away, even when we came in with wet, dirty clothes and looked untidy into your hall when it rained. You hosted us with a good cheer.

Grandma you were the secret behind our joyous celebration after club meetings, sharing small chops, especially doughnuts and sobolo drinks.

You willingly donated to support the production cost of the club's T-shirt. When the number of children increased beyond expectation, you added more funds, so none would be left out. Oh, what can we say?

You were a grandma among grandmothers. Grandma, the epitome of excellence, demonstrating true gestures of Jesus in words and action. You opened your arms and said; 'Let the children come unto me.'

Grandma, we will miss you badly, but we take consolation in the Lord, knowing heaven is a happy place of perfect peace and rest. It's our prayer that the Lord helps us grow in the saving knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, walk in his path, and make it to our destination in heaven one day to see you again.

We love you Grandma, Rest in peace.

**Bye-bye, Amen.**

# *Tribute by* THE GAITHERSBURG DISTRICT, USA



Beloved, today we gather with hearts that are tender yet deeply grateful as we honor the life and legacy of Deaconess Mrs. Victoria Quist—a woman whose faith, courage, and obedience helped shape the very identity of the Church of Pentecost, USA Inc. - Gaithersburg District. We stand here not only to mourn her passing, but to celebrate a life that continues to bear fruit in ways she may never have imagined.

**M**any of us remember the early days, when the Gaithersburg work was nothing more than a small gathering of believers searching for a place to pray, to grow, and to belong. It was in those days that Deaconess Quist opened her home—her apartment—and said, “Let the work of the Lord begin here.” She didn’t wait for a sanctuary. She didn’t wait for resources. She simply offered what she had, and God used it mightily.

In that humble apartment, she gathered and marshalled the elder women—those we affectionately called the Sweet 16s along with other younger brethren who formed the cell group. Under her gentle but firm leadership, these brethren became pillars of intercession. They prayed with passion. They travailed with purpose. They stood in the gap for the young cell group, believing that God would breathe life into what seemed like a small beginning. And God did.

Their prayers became the spiritual foundation of everything that would follow. The Sweet 16 ladies served as role models to the rest of the

young Gaithersburg cell group and the prayer life that Deaconess Victoria spearheaded became a defining trait of the now Gaithersburg district.

From those early gatherings, a local assembly was born. And from that assembly, a district emerged, one that has grown, flourished, and produced five pastors since its inception. This is the legacy of Deaconess Victoria Quist. This is the harvest of her obedience, her faith, and her willingness to say “yes” to God when the work was still fragile and unseen.

To us in the Gaithersburg District, she was far more than a Deaconess. She was a mother in the faith. She was a counselor whose wisdom steadied many. She was a quiet anchor, gentle in spirit, but strong in conviction. Her presence brought peace. Her words brought comfort. Her prayers brought strength. She served without seeking recognition, and she loved without reservation.

Her life was a sermon - one preached not with many words, but with consistent devotion, humility, and grace. She taught us that ministry begins at home, that prayer is the engine of the church, and that one person’s faithfulness can shape generations.

She showed us that God can take the simplest offering—a living room, a prayer meeting, a willing heart—and build something extraordinary.

Today, we feel the weight of her absence, but we do not grieve as those without hope. We rejoice that she has entered her rest, that she is now in the presence of the Lord she served so faithfully. And we stand here as living testimonies of the seeds she planted—seeds that continue to grow, to multiply, and to bless countless lives.

May her memory inspire us to serve with the same humility. May her example challenge us to pray with the same fervor. And may her legacy continue to guide the Gaithersburg District and the entire Church for generations to come.

Fare well.

# Tribute by PENTECOST INTERNATIONAL WORSHIP CENTRE



*“And now, dear brothers and sisters, we want you to know what will happen to the believers who have died so you will not grieve like people who have no hope. For since we believe that Jesus died and was raised to life again, we also believe that when Jesus returns, God will bring back with him the believers who have died.” (1 Thessalonians 4:13-14)*

It is with hearts full of gratitude, reverence, and profound admiration that we pay this tribute in honour of a woman who embodied grace, devotion, and the joy of the Lord in every season of her life: our dear Deaconess Mrs. Victoria Adzo Quist.

Deaconess Victoria Adzo Quist formally transferred membership from the Pentecost International Worship Centre (PIWC) – Dansoman to PIWC-Atomic in August 2024. Old age and its challenges, unfortunately, affected her level of involvement in church activities.

From what is available to us from PIWC Dansoman, the story of Deaconess Victoria Adzo Quist in that centre is inseparable from the story of her devoted husband, Mr Ernest Quist, a man of unwavering faith who was among the pioneering members of PIWC Dansoman when it was established in 2009. Though Mama Quist’s primary residence was in the United States of America, she never allowed distance to diminish her bond with the assembly. Every time Mama Quist returned from the United

States, it was as though the assembly itself lights up with a renewed energy. She did not come merely as a visitor passing through. She came as a daughter returning home, fully present, fully engaged, and fully devoted. She would take her seat not as a spectator but as a worshipper, and her participation in the life of the church was seamless, as though she had never left at all.

She understood what it meant to serve not for recognition, but out of a genuine love for God and his people.

One of the most cherished and endearing memories the PIWC Dansoman family holds of Mama Quist is her unrestrained, joyful expression of worship on the dance floor. Even in her old age, when many would consider such exuberance a thing of youth, she refused to let the years diminish the fire within her. When the Spirit moved, and the praises rose, she would take to the dancing floor with a boldness and a joy that was simply infectious.

But it was in those moments when the music carried the familiar, rhythmic pulse of the Agbadza tune that Mama Quist truly came alive. Her face would light up with recognition and pride, and she would step forward with grace and vigour, dancing Agbadza, the traditional dance of her Ewe heritage, to the glory of God. In those sacred moments, her identity, her roots, her culture, and her faith converged into one breathtaking act of worship.

She made no apology for who she was. She danced as David danced with her whole being, unashamed and unreserved. And the congregation watched with delight, many joining in, as this remarkable woman reminded everyone that worship had no age limit, and that our heritage, when consecrated unto the Lord, becomes an offering of beauty before his throne. Deaconess Victoria was not simply dancing a cultural dance; she was declaring through her body that every tribe, every tongue, every rhythm, and every tradition can be laid at the feet of Jesus.

**A**mong the many gifts that Deaconess Victoria Quist brought to the Centre, perhaps none was more quietly powerful than the witness of her marriage. The bond she shared with her husband, Mr. Ernest Quist, was a living testimony of covenant love, the kind of love that endures separation, remains faithful across oceans, and grows sweeter with time rather than dimming with distance.

Whenever Mama Quist was in Ghana, the way she and Mr. Quist bonded was an absolute delight to behold. Their togetherness radiated warmth, affection, and a palpable mutual respect. They moved together in harmony, laughing, praying, worshipping, and simply being present with each other in a way that spoke volumes about the years they had built together.

For younger-generation couples finding their way, young people dreaming of marriage, watching Mr and Mrs Quist together was nothing short of an encouragement. They were living proof that a godly marriage is worth fighting for, that love deepens with faithfulness, and that a couple who serves God together remains bound together by something far greater than circumstance. Many a young couple in this assembly drew silent inspiration from their

example, finding in their union a picture of what God intends when he joins two lives as one.

She was a woman who understood that ministry begins at home, that the greatest legacy a believer can leave is not found in titles or accolades, but in the lives of children who walk in the fear of the Lord and the hearts of a church family that was touched by her presence. Deaconess Mrs. Victoria Adzo Quist leaves behind exactly that kind of legacy.

In 2022, after years of faithful membership at PIWC Dansoman, Mama Quist and her Husband began contemplating the difficult but necessary decision, which eventually led to their transfer to PIWC-Atomic. The twin challenges of distance and advancing health challenges made it increasingly burdensome for the lovely couple to make the journey to Dansoman with the regularity their devoted heart desired. And so, with the blessing of the leadership, they transferred to PIWC-Atomic, a congregation closer in proximity.

**T**hough she now rests in the bosom of the Almighty, her memory remains indelibly woven into the fabric of this congregation; a congregation she called home, a family she embraced with her whole heart, and a community of faith she enriched with her presence whenever the Lord brought her back to our shores.

We take comfort in the knowledge that she ran her race faithfully, she kept the faith, and she finished well. As our dance floors continue to echo with the memory of her footsteps, the walls of this sanctuary hold the sound of her praises, and the hearts of our congregations will carry the impression of a life well-lived for God.

Dance on, dear Deaconess. Dance before the Throne. For in His presence, there is fullness of joy, and surely, where there is joy, your feet will move.

# Songs



## ENGLISH

### 409

1. When peace, like a river  
attendeth my way  
When sorrows, like sea  
billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast  
taught me to know,  
*"It is well, it is well with my  
soul  
It is well... with my soul...  
It is well, it is well with my  
soul*

2. Though, Satan should buffet,  
If trials should come  
Let this blest assurance  
control,  
That Christ hath regarded my  
helpless estate,  
And hath shed his own blood  
for my soul.

3. My sin-oh, the bliss of this  
glorious thought  
My sin - not in part but the  
whole  
Is nailed to his cross; and I  
bear it no more;  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
O my soul.

4. 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.

5. But Lord, 'tis for thee, for  
thy coming we wait  
The sky, not the grave, is our  
goal  
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh,  
voice of the Lord'  
Blessed hope! Blessed rest of  
my soul.  
*H.G. Spatted  
R.H. 527*

### 361

There's a land that is fairer  
than day  
And by faith we can see it afar;  
For the Father waits over the  
way,  
To prepare us a dwelling  
place there

*In the sweet by and by  
We shall meet on that  
beautiful shore  
In the sweet by and by  
We shall meet on that  
beautiful shore*

2. We shall sing on that  
beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest,  
And our spirits shall sorrow

no more,  
Not a sigh for the blessing of  
rest

3. To our bountiful Father  
above  
We will offer our tribute of  
praise,  
For the glorious gift of His love,  
And the blessing that hallow  
our days

*PH 273, S. Bennet*

## 5

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. I fear no foe, with thee at  
hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears  
no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting?  
Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide  
with me.

5. Keep 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  
*RH 797, H.F. Lyte (1793-1847)*

## 41

1. Captain of Israel's host,  
and guide  
Of all who seek the land  
above,  
Beneath Thy shadow we  
abide  
The cloud of Thy protecting  
love  
Our strength, thy grace  
Our rule, Thy word  
Our end, the glory of the Lord

2. By thine unerring spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert  
stray;  
We shall not full direction need,  
Nor miss our providential  
way  
As far from danger, as from fear

While love, Almighty love is  
near.

3. We've no abiding city here  
But seek a city out of sight  
Thither our steady course we  
steer  
Aspiring to the plains of light  
Jerusalem the saints' abode  
Whose founder is the Living  
God

*Charles Wesley - MHB 608*

## 710

1. Wɔ̀bɛ̀hwim yɛn afa  
mununkum yi mu

Akɔ yɛn Agya nkyɛn wɔ  
soro hɔnom

Yɛn koma bɛtɔ yɛn yam  
Wɔ̀bɛma yɛn akwaaba  
Yɛn koma bɛtɔ yɛn yam  
Wɔ̀bɛma yɛn akwaaba

2. Sɛ yɛpue Kristo anim wɔ  
soro hɔ a

Yɛbenya anuonyam  
ahenkyɛw pii  
Abɔfo bɛtɔ yɛn nnwom  
Na wɔama yɛn akwaaba

*Eunice Johnson*

*Vs. 2 by Samuel Obeng Eshun*

# JCAG FAMILY UNION: UNION OF CHILDREN OF THE LATE JAMES CONSTANCE AWOVOR GBEWONYO



The late James Constance Awovor Gbewonyo, father of the late Mrs Victoria Adzo Quist, was born in the year 1905. His father was the late Husunukpe Gbewonyo, a descendant of the SUKPLA family of ALAGBATI at Anyako in the Volta Region. His mother was Mama Adoguia of the DZAKPASU-DZOKOTO-GLIGUI family also of Anyako.

Awovor was an advocate of the injunction, "Be fruitful and multiply..." He married five wives, namely, Afiwor Nyonator. Dorothy Sedode, Janet Adzowor Afetsi Deegbe, Mary Yoga

Nador Aheto-Hia and Grace Hudzorme Dzikunu, who together gave him twenty-nine (29) children, twenty-four (24) of whom survived him.

To the admiration of his contemporaries, he was able to provide for the upkeep of not only his wives and children, but for his nieces and nephews as well. His house was open to all. In fact, he took care of many members of the extended family.

He also had a strong sense of social responsibility. He took an active part in the founding of the Zion College of West Africa at Anloga by the Late Rev. F. K. Fiawoo to promote education in the Anlo District. Awovor was also a pioneering member of the EWE union which sought to see to the development in the entire Volta Region during pre-independence and agitation years in the then Gold Coast.

He was committed to the development of the town of his birth, Anyako, as well as the promotion of the Bremen Mission activities. He was the secretary of the Anyako Development Union at Takoradi, who met regularly, drawing up plans and projects for implementation at Anyako where the Union travelled to, during Easter holidays.

It was during one of those trips in 1952 that two of the members lost their lives through a road accident at Ada junction on Good Friday. Awovor also died of his wounds at the Keta Hospital on the 19th of April 1952.

He left behind his five (5) wives, all of whom have since died. God graciously sustained the twenty-four children he left behind and kept them together for 51 years, before the first of their siblings passed on to glory at the age of 52.

The children have a Union, the James Constance Awovor Gbewonyo Union. His children, the twenty (24) direct sons and daughters are the first generation/Trustees of the Union.

The sons and daughters of the late James Constance Awovor Gbewonyo (**left after his demise**) are listed as follows:

1. Robert Kofi Dedeve Gbewonyo (deceased)
2. Patience Adzo Deladem Gbewonyo (deceased)
3. Vincent Kudjoe Gbewonyo
4. Elizabeth Salem Gbewonyo (deceased)
5. Joshua Kodjo Hillary Gbewonyo (deceased)
6. Ruben Kwashie Gbewonyo
7. Godwin Kwabla Gbewonyo (deceased)
8. James Kwashie Gbewonyo
9. Sylvester Kodzo Gbewonyo (deceased)
10. Victoria Adzo Gbewonyo (deceased)
11. Lovestone Kwashie Gbewonyo (deceased)
12. Armstrong Kwashie Joe Gbewonyo
13. Prudence Koshitse Anane Gbewonyo (deceased)
14. Hope Ferdinand Kwaw Gbewonyo
15. Charity Gbewonyo
16. Esther Adzo Gbewonyo
17. Beauty Awula Gbewonyo (deceased)
18. Clement Kafuworla Gbewonyo
19. Seth Kofi Gbewonyo
20. Kodzo Iknow Gbewonyo
21. Christiana Essie Gbewonyo (deceased)
22. Felicia Solace Gbewonyo (deceased)
23. Alice Adzo Gbewonyo
24. Faith Xorse Gbewonyo (deceased)

# Condolence




**Condolence**

DATE: 28-12-2025

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: MICHAEL & MANUKI REDJAH

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: Box 763, Adanta, Accra

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/REMARQUES: Mama! We miss you sorely as your presence is no more with us. But we believe in our hearts that you are not dead, you have only been made to cross over to be with our saviour Jesus Christ until we also come over; & with us mortals, we see you & we see that you are only sleeping. We know that you will wake up at the last day when we are all assembled together with the Lord Jesus Christ, & so keep on enjoying with Him (Jesus Christ) until we come. Rest Well. Amen.

Signature: 

Thank you for coming Phone: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

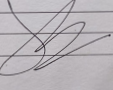
**Condolence**

DATE: 26/12/2025

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: REV PAUL E. K. LARDI

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: LEGAT UNIVERSITY

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/REMARQUES:   
 AMMA VIK  
 REST IN PEACE

Signature: 

Thank you for coming Phone: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

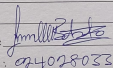
**Condolence**

DATE: 28-02-2028

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: REV & MRS EMMANUEL & GIFTY BARANETO

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: GLOBAL EVANGELICAL CHURCH, TRINITY CHAPEL, KOTOBARI

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/REMARQUES: When peace like a river attended my steps; When sorrows like sea billows roll; Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say; It is well with my soul. Mama, indeed, it is well with your soul. Sleep on, Mama. Your faith and memory lives on. Rest well!

Signature: 

Thank you for coming Phone: 0240280333  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: revsabaruel@yahoo.com

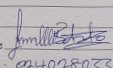
**Condolence**

DATE: 28-02-2028

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: REV & MRS EMMANUEL & GIFTY BARANETO

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: GLOBAL EVANGELICAL CHURCH, TRINITY CHAPEL, KOTOBARI

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/REMARQUES: When peace like a river attended my steps; When sorrows like sea billows roll; Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say; It is well with my soul. Mama, indeed, it is well with your soul. Sleep on, Mama. Your faith and memory lives on. Rest well!

Signature: 

Thank you for coming Phone: 0240280333  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: revsabaruel@yahoo.com

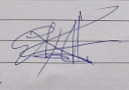
**Condolence**

DATE: Feb 01, 2026

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: Rev. Dr. Courage Davidson Gbogi

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: Ghana Atomic Energy Commission - LG 80, Accra

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/REMARQUES: Dear Mama, on behalf of the Global Evangelical Worship Centre (GEWC) Zion Family, I want to say you have really shown us great love. We were hoping you will recover and join us with your smiles and stylish dance on Mabasa day.   
 Mama, rest well till we meet again. Blessings.  
 REST WELL!

Signature: 

Thank you for coming Phone: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_


**Condolence**

DATE: 15th January, 2026

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: ELDER AND DEACONES OJARI-AJJE

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: KWABENYA

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/REMARQUES: Our paths crossed each other about three decades ago. She and the husband have been more of parents to us all these while. She has been an asset to the body of Christ. We thank God for life. Rest in perfect peace in the bosom of Christ!

Signature: 

Thank you for coming Phone: 0244223133  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: coms06@yahoo.com

**Condolence**

DATE: 15th JANUARY, 2026

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: ELDER AND DEACONES OARI-ADE

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: KWABENYA

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/ REMARQUES: Our path crossed each other about three decades ago. She and the husband have been more of parent to us all these while. She has been an asset to the body of Christ. We thank God for life. Rest in perfect peace in the bosom of Christ.

Signature: *[Signature]*  
 Thank you for coming Phone: 0244223133  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: somo06@yahoo.com

**Condolence**

DATE: 16th January 2026

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: CAPTAIN K. OJUI

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: *[Address]*

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/ REMARQUES: Your demise came to me as a shock. At the same time we are for God. God knows best for He has given and has taken away as He pleases so it is done. Rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord. R.I.P

Signature: *[Signature]*  
 Thank you for coming Phone: *[Phone]*  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: *[Email]*

**Condolence**

DATE: 15th January 2026

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: Pastor J. V. Agyemang & wife Julia Agyemang

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: C.O.F. Ghana - Accra

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/ REMARQUES: We thank God for what He has done. God called our dear sister when (she) a District Pastor at Bonoman. She was devoted and active member of the church. She served God very well. I know her good works will never be in vain. May her soul rest in perfect peace.

Signature: *[Signature]*  
 Thank you for coming Phone: *[Phone]*  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: *[Email]*

**Condolence**

DATE: 15th January 2026

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: MRS K. A. ANSIA DUSKATE (DECEASED)

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: House No 12 Blue Ridge Estates

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/ REMARQUES: A Dedicated Servant of God. Active worker in the church. Raised Godly children for God's Church.

Signature: *[Signature]*  
 Thank you for coming Phone: *[Phone]*  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: *[Email]*

**Condolence**

DATE: JANUARY 14, 2026

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: Mrs J. N. NOKO-ADE & Mrs GIFTY OJUI

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: HOUSE No GC 057-0735

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/ REMARQUES: Our Omnipotent and Omnipotent God, in His own wisdom, has called my dear sister Mrs Victoria Ojui. We give all glory to Him. Our condolences to the widower Mr Ernest Ojui, the children and the rest of the bereaved family. May the Lord continue to comfort all the bereaved family.

Signature: *[Signature]*  
 Thank you for coming Phone: *[Phone]*  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: *[Email]*

**Condolence**

DATE: 15/01/2025

NAME OF MOURNER/NOM DE CELUI EN DEUIL: Mrs. Rose May Ananga-Etego

ADDRESS/ADRESSE: St. Joseph for the Study of Religion, Lagos

REMARKS OR COMMENTS/ REMARQUES: May the Heavenly God grant your eternal rest and may you continue to intercede for your family. You will be forever missed. I wish I knew you better and met you again.

Signature: *[Signature]*  
 Thank you for coming Phone: 0261647574  
 Merci Pour votre venue E-mail: rosekayo@yach.com

# Gallery







