









**BURIAL, MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE**  
for

**Madam Cecilia Barbara**  
**HASFORD**  
**Aged: 70**

**BURIAL SERVICE**

Saturday, 29<sup>th</sup> March, 2025  
at the St. Joseph Minor Basilica, Elmina

**THANKSGIVING/MEMORIAL SERVICE**

Sunday, 30<sup>th</sup> March, 2025  
at the St. Joseph Minor Basilica, Elmina

**Officiating Clergy**

Rev. Fr. Raymond Acquah  
Very Rev. Fr. Anthony Enyiful  
(*Rector St. Joseph Minor Basilica, Elmina*)  
Very Rev. Fr. Bonaventure Annan  
(*Vicar General Archdiocese of Cape Coast*)  
Very Rev. Fr. Micheal M. Panful  
(*Rector St. Teresas Minor Seminary*)  
Rev. Fr. William Fynn  
Rev. Fr. David Quaining  
Rev. Fr. David Ackom Afful  
Rev. Fr. Bernard Appiah Baffoe  
Rev. Fr. Stephen Appianti  
Rev. Fr. Anthony Hayford

Rev. Sr. Faustina Hasford  
Rev. Sr. Monica Ama Appiah  
Rev. Sr. Beatrice Hammond  
Rev. Sr. Elisabeth Amoako Arhin

**Choirs in Attendance**

St. Joseph Minor Basilica Choir  
Holy Family Youth Choir

**Organist**

Mr. Ethelbert Twumasi

**Conductors**

Mr. Charles Benyah Essam  
Mr. Charles Rhule  
Mr. Philip Quaicoe



## ORDER OF SERVICE FOR THE LATE MADAM CECILIA B. HASFORD

### PART ONE PRE-BURIAL SERVICE

1. 8.30 a.m. – 9.00 a.m  
Reception of the body: Lead kindly light (CH 351)  
Reading of Tributes with intermitent hymns

### BURIAL SERVICE (9.00 a.m.)

1. Processional hymn - Nokwar meye Katolik  
Asorba (F.H. 247)
2. Incensing – Yes heaven is the prize (CH 212)
3. Introductory Rites
4. Kyrie - Mass of St. Jude

### LITURGY OF THE WORD

5. First Reading -
6. Responsorial Psalm - My soul is longing for Your  
peace (CH 34)
7. Gospel Acclamation - Alleluia
8. Gospel Reading
9. Homily
10. Prayer of the Faithful – Sufre no, na obegye wo
11. Collection – Medley of Gospel Highlife

### LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

12. Incensing – Pleasant are their courts above
13. Prayer over gifts
14. Sign of peace: When peace like a river
15. Sanctus - Mass of St. Jude
16. Memorial Acclamation
17. Great Amen
18. Pater Noster
19. Agnus Dei - Mass of St. Jude
20. Communion songs – Guide me O Thou Great  
Jehovah (CH 350)  
O bread of heaven (CH 103)  
Saviour God, possess my heart (CH 98)  
How sweet the name of Jesus sound (CH 245)

- Soul of my Saviour (CH 93)  
I come to You once more my God (CH 353)
21. Post Communion Song - Daakye bi yebehiam'  
wo esuegya ho
  22. Post Communion prayer
  23. Second Collection - Medley of Sacred Songs

### PART TWO: FINAL COMMENDATION

1. Opening song: In heav'nly love abiding (CH 412)
2. Reading of Biography: Praise to the Holiest (CH)  
Through all the changing scenes (CH 374)
3. Prayer
4. Sprinkling of holy water and Incensing:  
Abide with me (CH)
5. Prayer of Commendation
6. Closing Song – Dead March in Saul

### AT THE PLACE OF COMMITTAL

8. Song - Yes heaven is the prize (CH 212)
9. Prayer
10. Song: Asomdwee mu na meko m'akoda
11. Laying of Wreaths
12. Song - Pie Jesu
13. Prayer/blessing
14. Vote of thanks by a family member



*In loving Memory*



**MADAM  
CECILIA BARBARA  
HASFORD**  
(A.K.A AUNTIE BADU)  
1954 - 2024



Madam Cecilia Barbara HASFORD | 5



# Biography

of

Madam Cecilia Barbara  
**HASFORD**  
(a.k.a ADWOA BADU)

Give me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

*“None of us lives for ourselves alone, and none of us dies for ourselves alone. If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord. For this very reason, Christ died and returned to life so that he might be the Lord of both the dead and the living” (Romans 14:7-9 NIV)*

## BIRTH AND EDUCATION

On 15<sup>th</sup> November 1954, a bouncing baby girl was born to the late Opanyin Robert Kweku Kai Hasford and Obaapanyin Esi Tawiah Hasford at Nduaebiasa in Elmina. Because she was the last of ten siblings, and born on a Monday, she readily had her name 'Adwoa Badu'. She was later christened at the St. Joseph Catholic Church (now St. Joseph Minor Basilica) in Elmina, with the name Cecilia Barbara Hasford. During adulthood Cecilia was popularly called Auntie Badu.

Cecilia started her formal education at the Elmina Catholic Girls School when she was six years old. Unfortunately, she lost her mother at the age of eight years, so when she got to Standard One, she had to join her Aunty, Madam Mary Akosua Badu Mensah at Prestea in the Western Region of Ghana, where she completed her Standard Four Middle School Leaving Certificate education. After that, she stayed and supported her aunt for sometime and later returned to Elmina.

## MARRIAGE LIFE

At a tender age, Cecilia got married to Mr. Jacob Kwaku Bart-Plange, who was a General Manager at Ghana Water and Sewerage Corporation and moved with him to Ho in the Volta Region. While in Ho, she started meat and chicken business, buying from Meat Marketing Board in Accra and selling them at Ho. She later moved to Kumasi and stayed there for several years doing her business. As years passed, she returned to Elmina and continued with her trading activities to enable her





sustain and support her seven children (Ophelia, Europa, Sophia, Philemon, Cecilia Barbara, Philomena and Eva). With God's help, Cecilia worked diligently to support her children. She was their pillar and beacon of hope.

### WORKING LIFE

Young Cecilia was an ardent trader. With hard work and determination, she engaged in the selling of a lot of foodstuffs and groceries. Auntie Bedu was a good cook! Her neatness and love for cooking earned her a position as a cook at the Catholic Mission house when her cousin Mama Agatha Mensah introduced her to the then Advisory Board. She was hired by the then Parish Priest, Very Rev. Fr. Bonaventure Annan, now the Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Cape Coast. Although cooking was her primary assignment, Auntie Badu was responsible for the general upkeep of the Mission House, and she ensured that several Rev. Fathers, the Archbishop, Bishops, and other important guests who visited the parish were served to their satisfaction. The priests really enjoyed her meals. Cecilia dedicated herself to this work until she retired.

### CHURCH AND SPIRITUAL LIFE

Auntie Badu was baptized into the Catholic faith and steadfastly adhered to the Catholic doctrine. She was a devoted parishioner of the St. Joseph Minor Basilica, Elmina. She was a Marian devotee, always praying with her rosary and the Divine Mercy Chaplet. She was an active member of the Catholic Women Association, Elmina Branch. She also had passion for music, and sang with her

beautiful voice. In her youthful days, she joined the erstwhile Elmina Dramatic Choir, a group that performed at funerals and community events. She was also a member of the St. Joseph Catholic Choir now St. Joseph Minor Basilica Choir for several years until her demise. After her retirement, she started travelling to the United State to visit her children. After two visits, the children arranged for her to live in the United States with them and to also support them in bringing up her grandchildren.

Auntie Ceci mostly lived in the USA for some years, until three years ago when she said she was tired and wanted to be around the rest of her children, grandchildren, family and the choir in Ghana, as she enjoyed being surrounded by her children both home and abroad. Within the last three years, she was not able to attend Mass at the church premises so the priests visited her in the house and administered the Holy Communion to her. Several family members, the Catholic Woman Association, the Choir, as well as her close friends, especially those in the choir, and the “In-All Group”. They will visit and sing with her and make merry. These were precious moments she enjoyed most.

### SICKNESS AND DEATH

Auntie Badu was diagnosed and battled with diabetes and its complications for several years; but she was strict in taking care of herself. She was so conscious of herself and never relented on her medication. Cecilia became a motivational

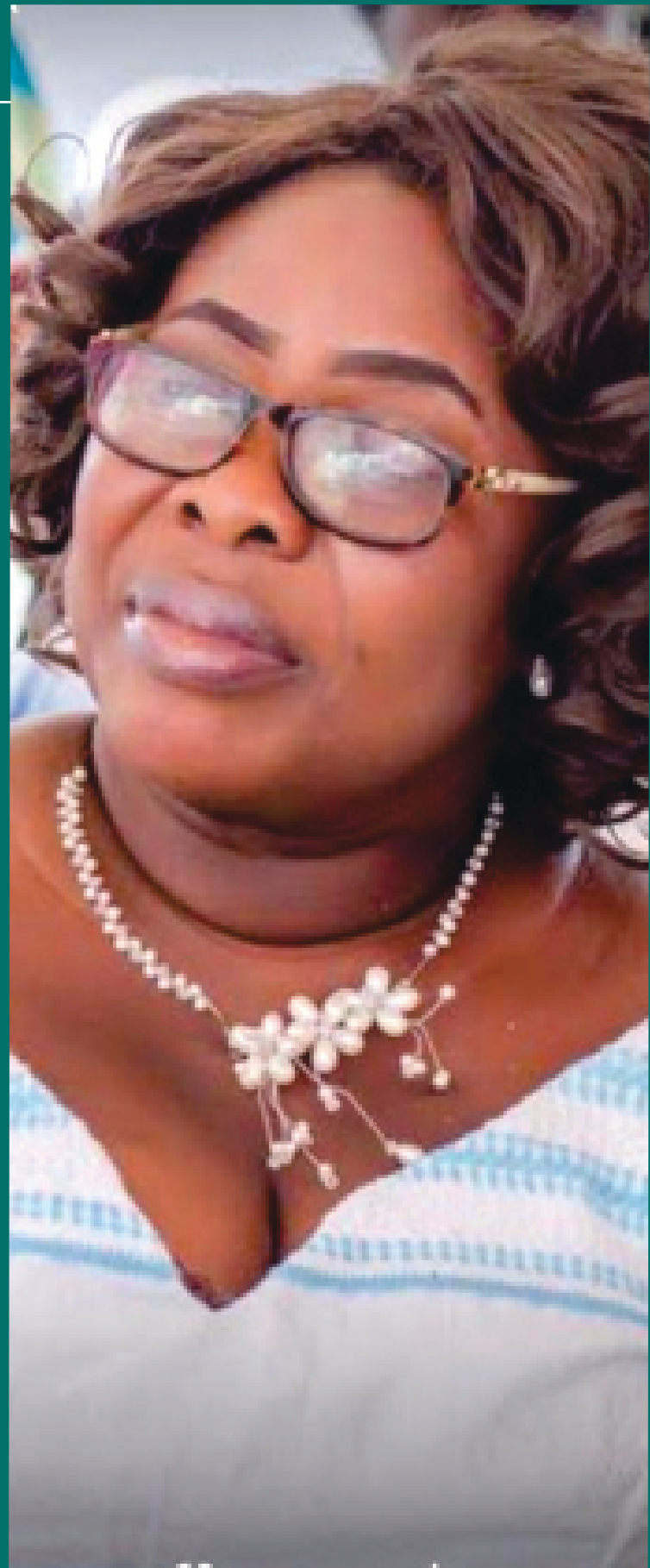
speaker and used to train and talk to other people both young and old living with diabetes about the causes and prevention of the condition. She did this during her doctor's appointments at the Cape Coast Teaching Hospital (Interbetton) and the University of Cape Coast Hospital. And in all this, God was always gracious to her.

In September 2024, she suffered severe diabetic complications and was referred from Oak Tree Practice in Cape Coast to Korle Bu Teaching Hospital in Accra. Medical doctors and paramedics put in all necessary efforts to restore her health. Her children, grandchildren, family, the church family, and friends fervently prayed and believed God for her healing. Nevertheless, the ultimate happened while she was singing "*Abofo rekyin hen ho na wodze nsem pa ako fie*"! God called her home on the 7<sup>th</sup> October, 2024 to rest peacefully. Cecilia was a born-again Christian; she remained steadfast in her faith till the very end. Her kind heart and positive influence has left a lasting impact on her family and the wider community.

She left behind seven biological children, two adopted children, 16 grandchildren, three great grandchildren, in-laws, family, friends, and loved ones to mourn her.

Father, we believe strongly that she is in Your bosom, and we ascribe all the glory of her precious life to you. Mama, Auntie Badu, Auntie Ceci, rest well in the bosom of Your Creator until we meet again.

Da yie dofo pa, Nyame mfa wo kra nsie, Amen.





General

# *Tribute* from the **CHILDREN** A LETTER TO OUR MOTHER

*Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways.*

Mama, as we affectionately called you, was not only our biological mother but a mother for all. You were a mother to our friends and everyone who had the privilege to meet you. You were so loving, kind, jovial, faithful and had a heart of gold.

In growing up, we were all together in Nduaebiasa, our family house, where most of us were born. There was lots of love at Nduaebiasa, the togetherness, kindness and fun but life was at the same time a lot challenging because you were a single mother fending for the seven of us, and for that reason some of us had the privilege to live with some of our Aunties, mostly Ophelia and Bee lived with Auntie Rose and Europa, Sophia and Babe lived with Auntie Martina to help ease up the burden on you, and at this point and always we would want our Aunties to know that we are perpetually grateful for that opportunity.

During our secondary school days, we found ourselves together again. As a mother that you were, you never left the house empty without food. Mama never waited for us to return from school before she cooked, she always had food stored for us. Mom was also always nice and kind to her sisters and sister's children who lived in Nduaebiasa with us.

Mama was a beacon of love, strength, and grace. She was not just a mother but a guiding light who instilled in us the values of kindness, integrity, and resilience.

Raising us was no easy task, but she did it with unwavering dedication, ensuring we grew up in a home filled with love and togetherness. She taught us the importance of unity, and her nurturing spirit has shaped us into the individuals we are today.

Her impact on us was profound, but it didn't stop there. She extended her love and care to the society

around her, touching countless lives through her generosity and wisdom. Her influence will forever be felt in the hearts of those she encountered.

We are incredibly proud to call her our mother. She was our role model, our confidant, and our inspiration. As we bid her farewell, we know she leaves behind a legacy of love and compassion that will endure for generations.

She taught us to pray Psalms 97 and 23. Mom was a chorister and always taught us songs and how to sing hence, all of us, at least 90% of us, can sing.

Anytime we were together as a family, we will sing and sing and sing, Music was our strength and our joy, Songs, hymns always brought us together and made our home peaceful.

There was not a day that passed that we will not sing a note. And mostly, she will tell us stories of her youth and how she grew up. Also she taught us how to pray the psalms and pray to God.

Mom was very particular about each of us, our welfare and our everyday lives. Even when we grew up and were now married and some of us lived away from her, she cared.

She mostly visited us and helped us nurture our children and encouraged us and our husbands. Mom was so loving and kind. She loved us all and we never felt unloved. For most of our children, she was either with us throughout conception until delivery or she will appear as soon as you deliver.

Though it feels like we are worlds apart it at the same time feels like we are near. Your thoughts in our minds and hearts are daily, our love for you is never wavering, love never dies.

Our grief cannot be described as being just sad. We feel so much more. You were a best friend to most of us and we feel so much agony and it mostly rips our hearts in a million ways.

Mama, we wish you eternal peace and rest. You will forever remain in our hearts, a cherished part of our lives. We will miss you dearly, but your memory will guide us always.

The good book says:

*"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."* roman 14:7-8, KJV

Keep resting in perfect peace, Amen.







*Poems* for  
Madam Cecilia Barbara  
**HASFORD**

Poems To Convey Thanks To A Mum For What She Did:

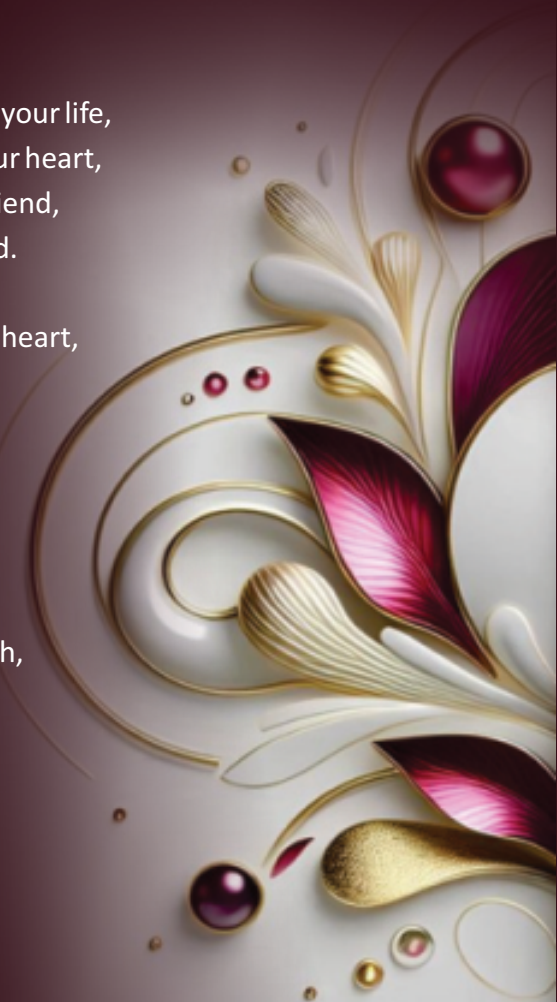
**W**hat is a Mom?

A mom is one of life's best gifts,  
Someone to treasure all life through,  
She's caring and loving,  
Thoughtful and true,

Someone who is always a special part of your life,  
Someone who holds a prime place in your heart,  
She is a mentor, a confidant and also a friend,  
Someone on whose love you can depend.

A mom always has your best interests at heart,  
She's someone so dear and so good,  
She is a blessing, she's a gift,  
She is a treasure like no other,  
She is someone who is truly wonderful.  
Wherever you go, and whatever you do,

A mom's love will always see one through,  
A mom is truly invaluable,  
Indispensable and unforgettable.  
We would not want anyone but you,  
And that's why we're so grateful,  
That life picked you for us.



*Poems* for  
Madam Cecilia Barbara  
**HASFORD**

**W**e had a wonderful mother,

One who never really grew old;  
Her smile was made of sunshine,  
And her heart was solid gold;  
Her eyes were as bright as shining stars,  
And in her cheeks fair roses, one sees.  
We had a wonderful mother,  
And that is the way it will always be.  
But take heed, because  
She is still keeping an eye on all of us,  
So let's make sure  
She will like what she sees.

In Remembrance  
You gave us life  
To live as we please,  
You gave us love and  
Support to follow our dreams.  
Your beauty lives on  
Forever deep in our souls,  
The memory of your love  
Fills our hearts  
And I am never alone.

*Poems* for  
Madam Cecilia Barbara  
**HASFORD**

**M**other, you were just a girl,

So many years ago.

You had your loves and had your dreams,

You watched us come and go.

You watched us make the same mistakes,

That you had made before,

But that just made you hold us tight,

And love us all the more.

We have not always thought about

The things that you have seen.

To us you have just been 'Mother',

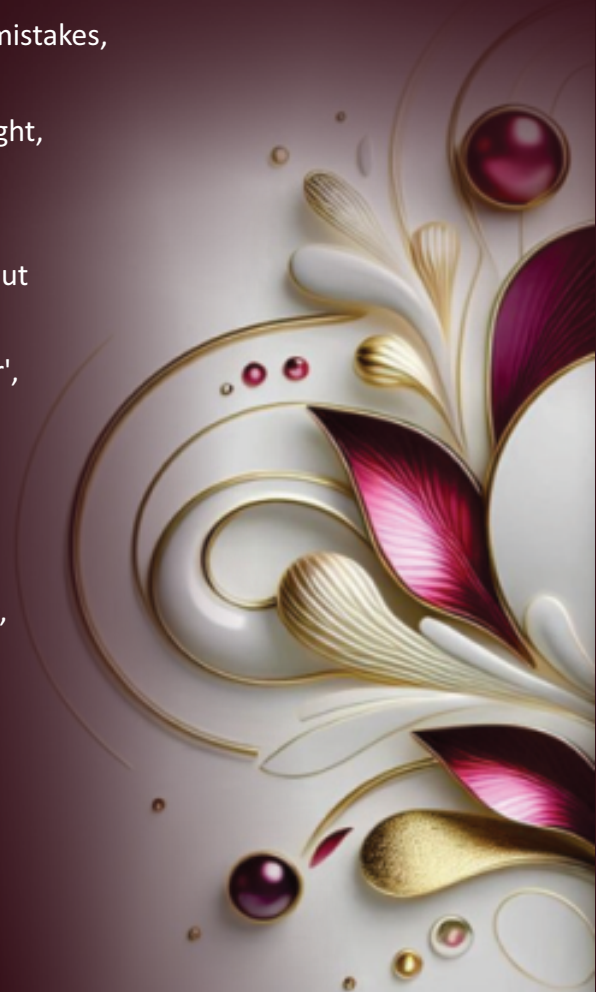
No thought of who you've been.

But we remember now in love,

Your life from start to end,

And we're just glad we knew you,

As Mother, and as Friend.





*Peoms* for  
**Madam Cecilia Barbara**  
**HASFORD**

**F**arewell Dear Mother

Somewhere in our hearts beneath all our grief and pain,  
 Is a smile we still wear, at the sound of your dear name.  
 The precious word is 'MOTHER', she was our world you see,  
 But now our hearts are breaking cause she's no longer here  
 with me.

God chose her for His angel to watch us from above,  
 To guide us and advise us and know that we're still loved.  
 The day she had to leave us when her life on earth was through,  
 God had better plans for her, for this, we surely knew.

When we think of her kind heart and all those loving years,  
 Our memories surround us and we can not hold back the tears.  
 She truly was our best friend, someone we could confide in,  
 She always had a tender touch and a warm and gentle grin.

We want to thank you Mother for teaching us so well,  
 And though the time has come that we must bid you this  
 farewell.  
 We will remember all you've taught us and make you proud  
 you'll see.

Thank you our Dear Mother for all the love you showed us.  
 Although you have left this earth and now you have taken flight,  
 We know that you are here with us each morning, noon and  
 night.



*Peoms* for  
Madam Cecilia Barbara  
**HASFORD**

**Y**ou were there for the grandchildren

You were there when we took our first steps,  
And went unsteadily across the floor.  
You pushed and prodded: encouraged and guided,  
Until our steps took us out the door...  
You worry now "Are they ok?"  
Is there more you could have done?

As we walk the paths of our unknown  
You wonder "Where have my grandchildren gone?"  
Where we are is where you have led us,  
With your special love you showed us a way,  
To believe in ourselves and the decisions we make.  
To look up to God always the author and the  
finisher of our faith.

Taking on the challenge of life day-to-day.  
And where we go you can be sure,  
In spirit you shall never be alone.  
For where you are is what matters most to us,  
Because to us that will always be home...





**TRIBUTE To My Dear Mother**

**Madam Cecilia Barbara  
HASFORD**

**From  
OPHELIA EWURABA AMA ANNA  
BART-PLANGE**



**A**s your first fruit, I had always been your rod through thick and thin. While growing up, I saw my mum as a hard-working woman who never complained of tiredness. At a point in time, she played the role of a father and a mother, however, she smiled during those rocky years. Some of the days were thorny, some were full of tears, but she had bright and gay periods where she enjoyed good life too. Mama was a beautiful lady who lived a very simple life to the admiration of her children.

Your work at the St. Joseph Minor Basilica Mission house was extraordinary. I was so much attached to you that I will follow you to the mission house at the wink of an eye. My usual questioning of you from Rev. Fr. Evans Arhin and Fr. Fynn earned me the accolade “Me Maame wo hen?” Your cooking skills, laying of the dining table, and serving the priests, especially when the Archbishop or Cardinal was visiting, were worthy of emulation. You trained me so well, and I want to take a moment to express my profound gratitude to you.

You were an incredible source of positivity and support in my marriage life. In moments of joy and sorrow, you were my guide. Your encouragement lit up my darkest days, your words a soothing balm. Today, I understand what, and why you did certain things during my school days and when I got married. You had a remarkable ability to understand the feelings and needs of those around you; you were a peace maker and offered your motherly love selflessly. It is a quality that did not only make you a wonderful mum, but also inspires me to be a better person.



We know that you had been battling some ailments, but your journey to Korle-Bu Teaching Hospital was a nightmare! Apart from sipping water, you kept quiet throughout the tavel. From the emergency ward through to the female surgical ward, I was highly optimistic that you were going to make it. I told you over and over that being at Korle-Bu was transient; and that we would go to Basilica to give thanks to God after your recovery.

Sophia and I had been with you throughout the night of Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> October, 2024 till Monday 7<sup>th</sup> October 3.00a.m. I left to prepare your breakfast and came around 4.10 a.m., only to be told that you passed on at 4.00 a.m. Oh, what a black Monday????? I have been struggling to understand your departure to eternity! Ah, I am so devastated that words cannot explain. Mama, we prayed and fasted, but God knows best, and we cannot question His will.

Mama, the lessons you imparted and the love we shared will continue to guide me as I navigate this journey of life. You were my rock, my comfort, and my source of strength each day. Mama, your laughter was a melody, your kindness knew no end. I will cherish every memory, every lesson learned from you. Your legacy of grace and love will always shine through. For in my heart, you'll live forever. May God's name be praised, Amen.

My Dear Mother, My Guiding Star,  
Rest in Perfect Peace.





## A NOTE TO MY MOM

**Madam Cecilia Barbara  
HASFORD**

**From  
EUROPA BART-PLANGE**



**Y**ou called me “Se menyew, meba Maame Afua Mansa” among other pet names. Hmm I was always so proud, excited and energized to call you my mom, to introduce you to my friends and loved ones that you are my precious and loving mother.

Some years ago, going through life's darkest moments, I felt lonely and thought I was finished in this life but you held my hand and showed me that indeed you gave birth to me, you love me unreservedly and will never leave me by myself in despair. You gave me everything with hard work and determination and I'm glad I embraced it. You sold everything you had to take care of me through my secondary and tertiary Education and I am glad God saw me through and did not disappoint you. Your hard work indeed paid off. If I am given a million opportunities to choose a mother, I will choose you over and over and over again.

Growing up was a lot's challenging and complicated, sometimes I do not like to talk about it, other times it sounds fun, exciting and a great lesson of my today. I would not be where I am today if not of my childhood experiences and I am grateful to both my aunt and my mom. I love them both endlessly.

You were there constantly, consistently, indispensably and absolutely essential to me whenever I needed you. Your constant help in my needy times was always available to myself and family till your latter days when you were indisposed and tired. Edward my late husband, Jaden, Jefferey and Josh-Jaffah and I were just privileged and glad to have experienced your love as a mother-in-law, a mother and grandmother. Our lives would not have been this great without your existence in it.

Your love and how special you exhibited it was deeply felt by me, my children, friends and everyone who was close to me. You were not just my mother but a mother to my friends and my many acquaintances.



## IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Mama, I miss you so much already, I miss all those accolades you used to give me and my sons.

Your love was simply pure and priceless, ahhh life, death, "wati. I for talk again... na ma mama na my everything". But I also know that everything is possible with God and if I understand His word then I know for sure that we will meet again.

Mama sleep well; adieu, I hope you perhaps even meet Ed hmmm death you have been defeated in my life.

Till we meet again mama, I Love you endlessly.







TRIBUTE To My Mother

Madam Cecilia Barbara  
**HASFORD**



by **SOPHIA BART-PLANGE**  
(aka **MOTHER**)

**M**y mother has always shown up for me in ways both big and small, with a consistency that has been the bedrock of my life. She had been there during my greatest achievements, cheering me on with unmatched pride, and she had been there during my lowest points, offering comfort and reassurance when I thought I had nothing left. No matter the circumstances, she had always known exactly what I needed - whether it was a word of encouragement, a silent hug, or just her calming presence. Her support had never been conditional; she showed up, not because it was easy, but because that was what love looks like to her.

My mother is the heart and soul of our family, a constant source of love, strength, and wisdom.

Her unwavering support and gentle guidance have shaped me into the person I am today. She taught me the true meaning of selflessness, always putting others before herself, and showing me that the greatest gift we can give is love. Her kindness and compassion touched countless lives, and her ability to listen without judgment had been a comfort during the toughest moments. Through every challenge, she has faced life with grace, resilience, and an unshakeable faith in the goodness of people.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF





**TRIBUTE To My Darling Mother**

**Madam Cecilia Barbara  
HASFORD**

from **Philemon Marfo**



**W**ords cannot express how I feel and the vacuum that has been created in my life due to the demise of my dear mum.

Words fail me in this sorrowful moment. I thank God for the beautiful years of fond memories, inculcating good values in us. I could not have asked for a better mum. The love and affection that you showered on my sisters and me over the years can only be matched with that of God.

“Abudu pai pai” as you called me when I did good, motivated me to do my best. My mum was so fond of me being her only son, we spoke on phone almost every other day. She blindly supported and defended me in everything – the love of a mother. I will hold on to the good values and love for family that you inculcated in me.

You did every trade or business to make sure we were educated and provided for. This I will never forget. Rest from your labour Adjoa Badu; rest from your hard work, my darling mum.

May God keep you in His bosom. Sleep peacefully until we meet again at the feet of Christ, mum.

Your son  
Philemon







**TRIBUTE To My Darling Mother**

**Madam Cecilia Barbara  
HASFORD**



**From  
CECILIA BARBARA ASHILEVI  
(Ne'e Marfo)**

**W**hen I think of my mother, I think of a strong warrior who lost her bows and arrow to fight but continued to fight her opponent which is life and managed to come out strong. Though she may have been taken away from us too soon, her spirit will forever live on in the memories we cherish and love. Growing up life was hard for us, but she tried to do her best for us. On the other hand, I grew up with my auntie but when I got the chance to live with her, we had an exceptional relationship together.

There are so many memories we had together. My mother always says to me "Akosua Adae, wo enyihaw no mu na ara, ye no nkakrankara ebowie". "This was her telling me to keep on even though am tired and did not want to do my laundry. She called me by my native name to persuade me to do so, these words still sit with me to keep on even when am tired. To keep on even when I felt like giving up. In one of her visits to the United States, she noticed that I was leaving the house every morning and coming back late at night. She realised I was not having time to pray so she called me out one morning and before I left for work and advised me "Bee, ma wo were mmfir wo Nyame". That gave me a check to remember where am coming from, I became born again, again that day she then started checking if I had prayed before I left to work.

My mother was a praying woman. She adapted the charismatic fellowship easily and still prays the entire rosary stations by herself every night in the Rosary month. She had a profound impact not only on me but also on all of us. She taught my daughters Aseda and Tecla how to wash their own socks with their fingers. They learned from their grandmother and continued to wash their socks with their fingers.



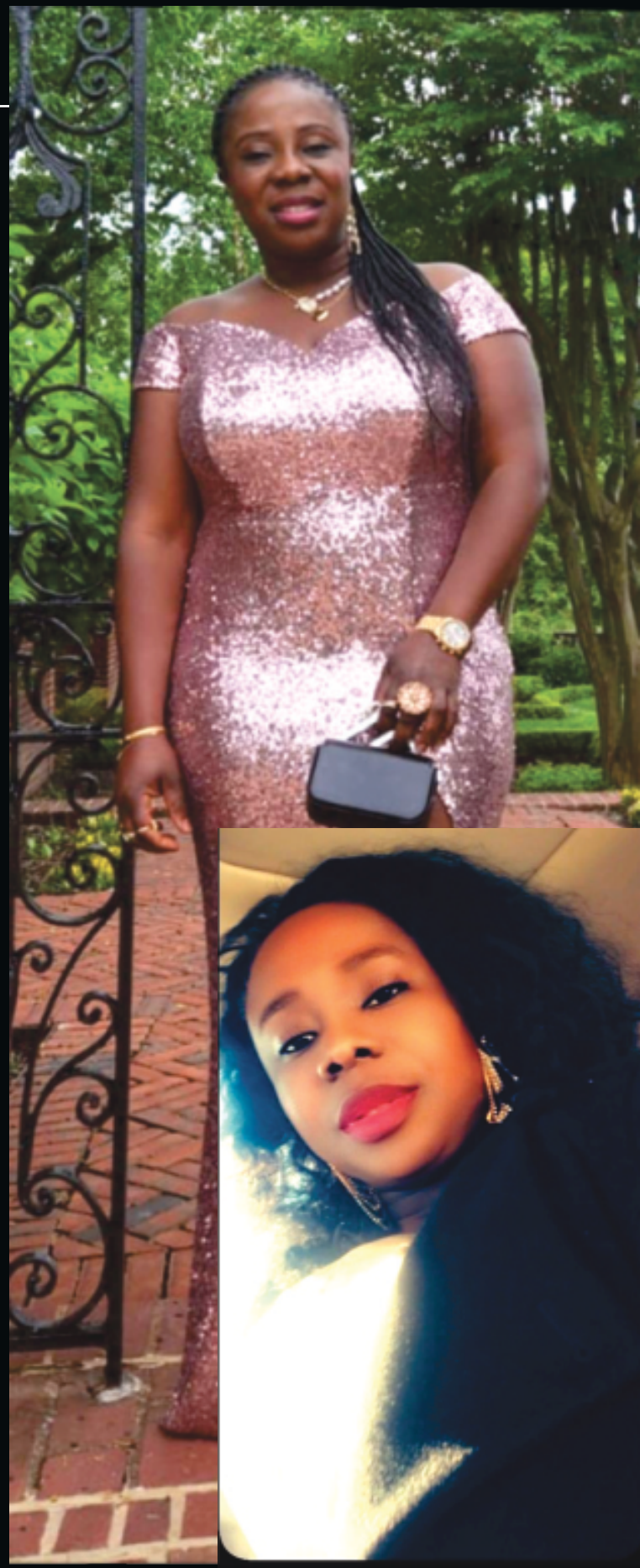
## IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Her memory verse to me was “Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivers her from it all”. This was her way of encouraging me that things will get better, this is when my needs were not met due to financial challenges.

She will say “Bee Nyame be ba atse”. I understood her and believed in God for another opportunity. Things are getting better indeed Maa, but I can not believe you are not here to witness it. I know you are in a better place and resting until we meet again. Maa, I miss you! I miss you a lot! Rest well!



26 | Madam Cecilia Barbara HASFORD





REV. 14:13

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



TRIBUTE To My Mum

Madam Cecilia Barbara  
**HASFORD**



From  
**PHILOMENA MARFO**

Mama, as we all affectionately called you, your labour and works have indeed followed you until your last breath, indeed you were truly a motherly figure, very affable, jovial and easy to hang around. You were always a blessing to us, our friends and people who were privileged to know you.

Thank you for being my mother, I will never forget such a significant person in my life, "mewere enfri wo da". I miss all the songs you used to teach us, and we sang together as a family and at family programs.

Thank you for everything you made possible in my life. I just need you to understand that I miss all our conversations at dawn, they indeed had lots of great impacts on me and I will forever cherish them.

I love you and miss you dearly everyday.

Farewell mom and my friend. "Nyame mfa wo kra nsie"





TRIBUTE To My Amazing Mum  
Madam Cecilia Barbara  
**HASFORD**

From  
**EVA ESHUN**



**T**oday and every day, I want to celebrate the most selfless, loving, and incredible woman I've ever known – mama. Though you may not be here with me physically, your love, guidance, and memory continue to inspire me every day.

Your unwavering support, encouragement, and belief in me helped shape me into the person I am today. Your kindness, generosity, and compassion taught me the importance of empathy, humility, and kindness towards others. Your strength and resilience in the face of adversity inspired me to be brave, to persevere, and to never give up on my dreams.

I will always cherish the memories we made together – the laughter, the tears, the quiet moments, and the celebrations. Your love was my safe haven, my rock, and my guiding light.

As I navigate life's journey without you, I want you to know that I will continue to make you proud. I will carry your love, legacy, and lessons with me always. I will strive to be as strong, as brave, and as loving as you were. And I will keep sharing your story, your wisdom, and your love with the world.

Thank you, Mom, for being my everything. I love you more than words can express.

Rest in peace, Mom. Your love will live on in my heart forever.







I write this tribute with a heavy heart, mourning the loss of a woman who was a mother in every sense of my life. Auntie Badu, from the moment you took me in as a child, you became my safe haven. When my mother was transferred to a distant village and wanted me to have the best education in town, you did not hesitate—you opened your home and your heart to me. You embraced me as your own, wrapping me in your love, and from that moment on, I was your lastborn. In your presence, I found warmth, peace, and a love so pure that it made every moment with you feel like home. After school, I ran straight to you at Kokwado, and I would not leave your side until you closed. You made sure everyone in the family saw me as your own, and for that, I will forever be grateful.

Now that you are gone, where shall we go for the comfort of your presence? Who will give us wise counsel in times of distress? Who will fill the void your departure has left in our hearts?

Growing up with you, I saw your kindness and humility every day. You welcomed everyone with love and taught me the values of hard work, respect, and sacrifice. You made me independent, showed me how to navigate life, and even taught me how to cook—never knowing I would one day become a priest. I still remember how you called the boys after school and the altar servers after church to come and eat, even if it meant going hungry yourself. You lived for others, always giving and sacrificing. Now that you are gone, who will care for those in need? Who will give the warmth of your embrace?

When I felt the call to the priesthood, it was you who showed me the way. You walked with me through every step, from Amisano to Sowutuom, and even when you left for America, you never stopped being my guiding light. When you returned, you continued to nurture the seeds of faith and perseverance you had planted in me.



I still remember those days in Pedu Seminary, how you would send food for me and my friends, even when you could not come yourself. And when the going became too tough and I wanted to give up, it was your voice that urged me to press on. Oh, how I long for just one more moment with you, one more embrace, one more word of encouragement to guide me on this priestly journey. But now, I have only your memories and the words you left behind.

Mama, you and I know the love we shared—a love so deep that I would run to you before my own biological mother. You were more than a mother to me; you shaped me, nurtured me, and sacrificed for me. Everything I am today, all that people see and admire in me, is because of you. Even on your sickbed, your only wish was for me to take you home. I wanted to. I prayed for that moment. But when duty called, and I left, I only to return and find that you had answered a different call—the call of eternity. And for that, I still blame myself. What if I had stayed? What if my presence could have given you strength to hold on just a little longer? But God, in His wisdom, saw your suffering and called you to a place where pain and toil no longer exist.

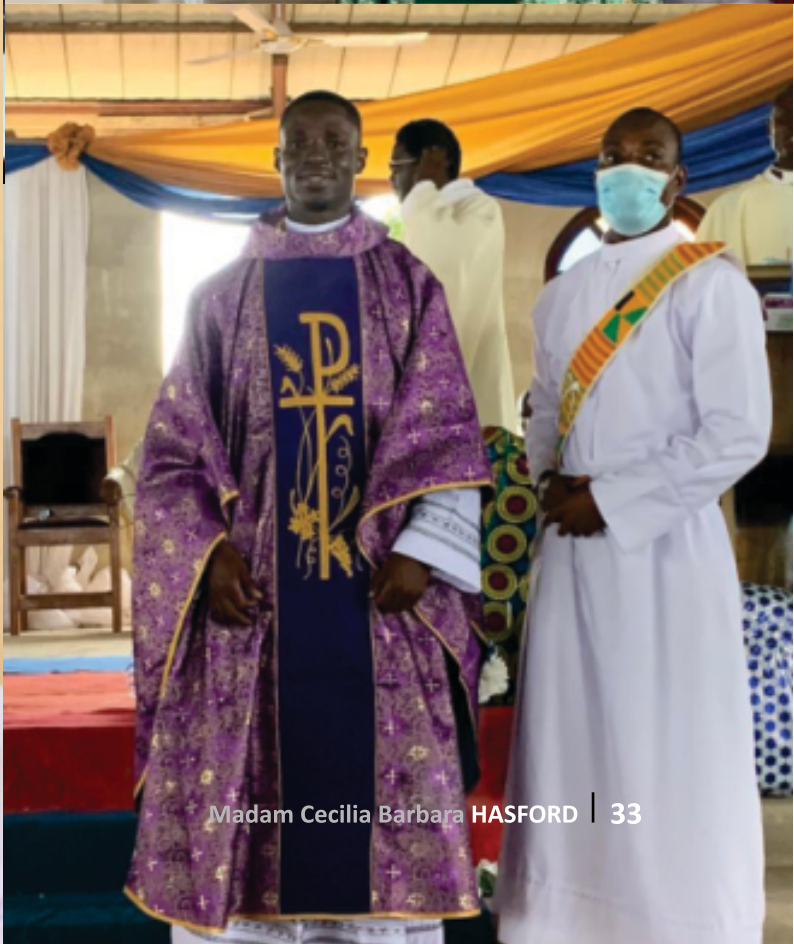
Now, as you lie here, silent and still, I am forced to accept this heartbreaking reality—you are gone. I have lost the joy of seeing your beautiful smile, of hearing your soothing voice, of basking in the warmth of your love. But though I have lost you, I know I have lost you to the Lord.

I pray that the Almighty God, whom you served so faithfully—through your service to His priests, through your dedication to raising us well, through the songs of praise that flowed from your lips—will welcome you into His eternal rest.

Rest in perfect peace, Mama.  
Until we meet again,

May  
**GOD**  
keep you  
safe.





TRIBUTE FROM MAAME ESI TAWAAH  
TO  
**Madam Cecilia Barbara**  
**HASFORD**  
(aka Auntie Badu)

It just feels like yesterday when I was lying on your laps and you patting my back, I was enjoying it just like the big baby I am. We talked about many things and I remember the prayer you said for me, the encouragement and advice you gave me, we cried like it was the last day of us seeing each other. Hmm little did I know it was indeed the very last time for me to physically hug, kiss and be pampered by you. It was difficult for us to part from our hug that day but we made ourselves the promise of coming over on your birthday to celebrate you, that gave us the courage and hope to let go of our hug.

Ha, had I known it will be our last hug, I would never have let go, how I wish the heavens have a telephone I would have rang you daily, I have missed your beautiful voice-Me Badu, as I call, you and you will affectionately respond me'wuraba or Mena Esi Tawaiah, O death you have indeed created a massive vacuum in my heart.

Mama, your tenderness, teachings of love, kindness and humility will stay with me forever, your voice will continue to ring in my ears whenever I sing as we used to. I have a lot to write but prefer to keep it in my heart and cherish our every moment. I miss you so very much ma, I pray your beautiful soul rest peacefully with your maker, till we meet again

Love

Maame Esi Tawaiah









## TRIBUTE To Our Beloved GRANDMOTHER



**"Grandchildren are the crown  
of the aged, and the glory of children  
is their fathers."  
Proverbs 17:6**

**T**oday and every day, we celebrate the extraordinary life of our beloved grandmother, Madam Cecilia Barbara Hasford, fondly known to us as Grandma Badu.

Her love, kindness, and generosity touched our lives in profound ways, leaving a legacy that will forever be etched in our hearts.

With a heart full of love and a spirit that could light up an entire room, Grandma Badu was the embodiment of warmth and compassion. Her radiant smile, infectious laughter, and comforting hugs made each of us feel seen, heard, and deeply loved.

She was more than just a grandmother she was our guiding light, our confidante, and our best friend. She taught us invaluable lessons about resilience, compassion, and the enduring strength of family.

As we reflect on the countless memories we shared, our hearts overflow with gratitude for the time we had together. Each moment we spent with you remains etched in our hearts, reminding us of the boundless love, joy, and laughter she so effortlessly gave.

Emily, lovingly known to you as "Mi Brone," treasures the special bond you shared, filled with unforgettable moments of affection and joy.

Paa Kwesi Nduom, your "Doctor," fondly recalls the countless times you believed in him, making every achievement feel extraordinary.

The Afedi brothers (Jaden, Jefferey and Josh-Jaffah), your loving and sweet boys, wish to express their deepest gratitude for your unwavering presence and boundless love. From the very moment they entered this world, you were there offering care, comfort, and an endless well of affection, even when they went to



the United State you were there creating wonderful and unforgettable moment together.

Candida, your playful rival and spirited “fighting partner,” remembers how, no matter the banter, you could never truly say no to her.

Bonaventure, who you made feel like your “last born,” holds dear the times he felt your unwavering love and pride in him.

From the Arthurs, your precious little angels, Chana and Tecla, your love was nothing short of extraordinary. You made the ultimate sacrifice, relocating to the United State just to shower them with your undying care and nurture. They want you to know how much they love you and treasure the beautiful moments they shared with you.

Cinda, Ophelia, Joses, Tiffany, Jacob, Jeremiah, William, and Cecilia each hold their own cherished memories of you, Grandma. Your selfless love and boundless devotion touched every one of us, ensuring that no one ever felt left out or unloved.

Together, we all share a common memory the laughter that filled the air when we were with you, the comfort of your love, and the wisdom you imparted with such ease and we say indeed we are all Grandma's children.

Your love extended far beyond moments of joy, reaching into the moral and spiritual teachings you instilled in us. Grandma Badu, a devout Catholic, emphasised the importance of faith, prayer, and family unity. She taught us to cherish the Rosary, ensuring we understood its significance in our spiritual journey.

Some of our most treasured moments with her were spent gathered as a family, praying the Rosary together a sacred time that deepened our faith and strengthened our bond as a family.

Grandma Badu's legacy is one of love, faith, and unity. She reminded us of the importance of staying connected as a family, supporting one another, and embracing the values she held dear.

Her teachings and the memories we shared will forever guide us, keeping her spirit alive in our hearts and lives.

Grandma Badu, your love, wisdom, and legacy will continue to inspire us and bind our family together. Though your absence leaves a void, your memory will live on in our hearts forever.

“Well done, good and faithful servant! You have been faithful with a few things; I will put you in charge of many things. Come and share your master's happiness!” – Matthew 25:21

Rest in perfect peace, dear Grandma, Madam Cecilia Barbara Hasford. We love you more than words can ever express.

You will forever be our guiding star.



Madam Cecilia Barbara HASFORD | 37









TRIBUTE to our  
**GREAT-GRANDMOTHER**  
from Great-Grandchildren



**D**earest Grandma Badu,

Even though we are still little, your grandchildren Edward, Nana, Ama Adoma, and Ivan felt your love in ways that words can not fully describe. You had a way of making us feel special, like the most important people in the world. Your hugs were warm, your smile was comforting, and every moment with you felt like pure magic.

We may not fully understand everything yet, but one thing we know for sure is how much we loved you and how much you loved us. You always made time for us, always made us feel safe and cherished. Even in our young hearts, we know we have lost someone truly irreplaceable.

Though you are no longer here, we will hold on to the stories, the memories, and the love you gave us. We promise to grow up carrying your kindness and warmth in our hearts, just like you would have wanted. As we say goodbye, we find comfort in God's promise: *"But the steadfast love of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting on those who fear Him, and His righteousness to children's children."* – Psalm 103:17

We love you, Grandma Badu, and we always will. Rest peacefully in heaven, knowing that your little ones will never forget you.











TRIBUTE from  
**NEPHEWS AND NIECES**  
TO OUR BELOVED AUNTIE  
Madam Cecilia Barbara  
HASFORD



**A**mongst the good number of nephews and nieces that Madam Cecilia Hasford had, some of us were so privileged to be closely associated with her by way of staying together in Nduaebaasa whiles growing up and so developed a deep bond with her up until she took her last breath.

**John 14:1-3**

*"Let not your heart be troubled, you believe in God, and believe in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself; that where I am, there shall you be."*

The memories of growing up in Nduaebaasa (Our family house in Elmina) are so sweet and fresh in our minds mostly because you were part of it, your kind hearted personality, making sure you share the little you have, not only with your children but your

nephews and nieces and all others who came your way. Your warm reception transcended even to our friends and schoolmates who came to visit, making Nduaebasa a very accommodating house for everyone to feel welcomed and have something delicious to eat. You were simply a mother to us all.

Your captivating smile was big enough to make everyone feel at home whenever we were around you and how can we ever forget those sweet melodies of yours, be it hymns, choral or indigenous Ghanaian or Edina songs. You simply had a healing voice. They still echo in our ears with some nostalgic feeling. It was always a joy to attend family gatherings with you present.

You were undoubtedly hardworking, a great woman with a heart of gold, beautiful inside out and a great fighter. Even though you are no longer with us, we, your nephews and nieces will never forget the good you did us when you had the opportunity to be a blessing. As Jesus said in John's book, though we are deeply pained by your passing, we will not let our hearts be troubled for we believe in God and Jesus, so we know that He has come to receive your beautiful soul to His Father's house which has many mansions, and we shall one day be with you there. Fare thee well Auntie Badu. Rest peacefully with your Maker.



TRIBUTE from

# SIBLINGS



**D**earest Sister Badu, we knew you were facing health challenges, just like all of us, but it never occurred to us that you would leave us so soon and suddenly. Words cannot express how saddened we are about your passing.

In times like these, the Bible reminds us to give thanks to God in all circumstances. Even though our hearts are heavy and full of questions, we trust in God's wisdom and cannot question His plans.

Our mother left us when you were about ten years old and you faced many hardships, yet with God's guidance, you found your way and settled at home in Elmina. Whenever we returned to Elmina for weddings, funerals or other occasions, you took good care of us and made sure we were well fed and made comfortable.

Such occasions gave us cherished opportunities to reunite. We will forever remember singing old Catholic Fante Hymns together, with you often reminding us of the lyrics. These memories are treasures we will hold close to our hearts until we meet again.

You served your God to the best of your ability, and in doing so, you blessed us all. The entire Nduaebaasa family both home and abroad will miss you dearly, indeed we have lost a very special sister.

May your good deeds follow you until we meet again.

Nyame mfa wo nsie.









*Tribute to our*  
**BELOVED MOTHER IN-LAW**  
**MADAM CECILIA BARBARA**  
**HASFORD**

*Listen, I tell you a mystery: We will not all sleep, but we will all be changed—in an instant, 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. For the perishable must be clothed with the imperishable, and the mortal with immortality. When the perishable has been clothed with the imperishable and the mortal with immortality, then the saying that is written will come to pass: “Death has been swallowed up in victory.” “Where, O Death, is your victory? Where, O Death, is your sting?” Amen!*

**(1 Corinthians 15:51-55)**



In loving memory of a beloved mother-in-law, Madam Cecilia Barbara Hasford whom we affectionally called Mama, Anty Badu, Grandma. Mama's stories, laughter, and traditions will be passed down through generations, keeping her spirit alive and weaving her essence into the fabric of our families.

Your love knew no bounds, and neither does our gratitude. You willingly and effortlessly took care of our children (your grandchildren) when they were born, even until your demise. Giving them morning and evening bath amidst singing hymns with your angelic voice; you cared for your grandchildren with so much love to the envy of others.

Gone from our sight, but never from our hearts. We will miss your phone calls checking up on us, wishing us happy birthday, Merry Christmas and New Year. Thank you for welcoming us into your family with open arms and a heart full of warmth. To the world, you were one person, but to us especially your grandchildren, you were the world. Your memory will forever be a treasure, cherished and celebrated. You were not only the matriarch of your family, but the heart and soul that kept us connected and grounded in what truly matters.

We will forever cherish the moments shared, the laughter enjoyed, and the countless lessons learned from your remarkable life. Mama, we miss your presence, your voice, and your gentle touch more than words can say, but we find solace that you are in a better place with no more pain or worries.

Rest in peace, Auntie Badu, knowing you made a profound impact on our lives, teaching us the true meaning of family, compassion, and unconditional love.

May God keep you until we meet again.

Da yie wo Christo mu, Asew konofo. Amen.





**TRIBUTE TO MY  
BEAUTIFUL MOTHER-IN-LAW  
MADAM CECILIA BARBARA  
HASFORD**

from  
**DAUGHTER IN-LAW  
ABA ESSIEN MARFO**



A remarkable woman who effortlessly played many roles with grace and dignity – mother, friend, and confidant. For some of us you were not just a mother-in-law; you accepted us as your own children easily sharing your opinions and sentiments with us. We would chat over hours on phone discussing every topic and everyone. In your last days at Korle Bu when I called, you exclaimed, oh my daughter in-law Franca, how are you? Every time you called me Franca instead of Aba, I knew you were in good spirits so I never thought that would be the last time speaking to you. Mama as I affectionately called you, thanks for introducing your son to me and accepting me as your daughter in-law.

May God grant you a perfect rest.



Madam Cecilia Barbara HASFORD | 47



**TRIBUTE TO HONOUR  
THE MEMORY OF  
MADAM CECILIA BARBARA  
HASFORD**

**From THE ST. JOSEPH MINOR  
BASILICA CHOIR, ELMINA**

Silently, the shades of evening  
gather round  
My lonely door  
Silently, they bring before me  
Faces I shall see no more

The St. Joseph Minor Basilica Choir bids farewell to a loved one we cherish. We are gathered here today in memory of our dear fellow member, Auntie Badu (as we affectionately called her), who joined the St. Joseph Minor Basilica Choir in the 1990s. She had a very beautiful soprano voice even at that middle age and she really loved singing Latin songs. In spite of her busy schedule at the Mission house as a cook, she was an active member of the choir attending choir practices and other public functions. Later, when she travelled to the United States of America, Auntie Badu continued to fulfill her obligations as a chorister. She occasionally sent us messages and inspired us to hold on to the good works we are doing. Thinking of Auntie Badu automatically brings a smile to the lips of those who knew her because she loved life. She always had a smile. Auntie Badu, through her decorum and grace, endeared herself to many in the choir.

About four years ago, Auntie Badu returned to Ghana, from the USA, and the choir visited her. We sung her favourite songs and danced with her. It was all joy. Although, we knew she faced a challenge to her life by way of a grave illness, we were optimistic of her recovery. Her determination to carry on despite trying personal circumstances demonstrated her faith.

The choir had the information of her hospitalisation on Sunday, 6<sup>th</sup> October, 2024 and prayed for her. However, the shocking news of her passing struck us on Monday morning,

7<sup>th</sup> October. Oh, what a black Monday! We were saddened. Death had taken away a genuinely warm individual, more importantly a loving friend, and deprived so many others of a good mentor. We are crying in silence, because we have learned that a life can be taken in the blink of an eye, and only Heaven really knows when that person will have to say “Goodbye.” Life can be fleeting, but a life lived to the fullest stays in fond memories.

While we mourn the loss of our departed fellow member, we pay tribute and celebrate a life that was well lived. Her mission was one that made a great difference in the lives of many people. She was a reassuring presence for us as choristers. Thank you, dear friend, mother, sister, and

colleague, for the great privilege of having known you for all these years. We know you have joined the choirs above singing halleluiah chorus with the choirs of angels. Thank you for reminding us that the present moment is precious, and that we should make the most of it by loving fully and generously.

In extending our heartfelt condolences to the family in this difficult and painful moment, we wish them courage and strength to bear this irreparable loss.

Auntie Badu. May God be with you till we meet again, Amen.





**Madam Cecilia Barbara HASFORD'S  
REDEDICATION to GOD**

Being Born Again.  
When you were born again God  
made you his own. You became his  
offspring and his living temple. From  
that moment, you were sanctified into  
him and became one with him.

He sanctified your vessel. your  
Gods dwelling place. He actually does  
live in you. And because He lives in  
you, He speaks through you and  
walks in you (2 Corinthians 6:16) He  
manifests himself in and through you

Think about it the great God of  
Glory. The monarch of the universe,  
lives in you! He created you in his  
image and in his likeness to make it  
possible for you to be filled with his  
spirit

what a blessing! what a privilege!  
always honour the spirit, appreciate and  
celebrate his presence in your life  
fellowship with him often and your  
life will be an endless stream of  
blessing and the supernatural.





**Journeying with my dear friend**

**Madam Cecilia Barbara  
HASFORD**

**from**

**Prof. (Mrs.) Elizabeth Cornelia  
Annan-Prah**

A friend so dear, now gone too soon,  
Leaves behind a void, like a silent, empty tune.  
A light that once shone brightly, now rests in  
gentle peace,

Your love and wisdom guided me,  
your spirit will never cease.



In the tapestry of life, certain threads shine brighter than others, and my best friend was undoubtedly one of those luminous threads. As I reflect on our time together, I am filled with gratitude for the moments we shared, the lessons learned, and the unwavering support that defined our friendship.

I met Auntie Bedu, as I affectionately called her, in 1979, when I followed my school mate Sister Rita Dadson to Nduaebiasa. From the very first day we met, there was an undeniable connection between us. It was as if we had known each other for a lifetime. She either called me “Akrabekyi” – a pet name that emanates from the name “Konduabah” or “mowuraba” – my lady! She had a unique way of finding beauty in me, and treated me like a sister from another mother. We simply enjoyed quiet evenings filled with deep conversations, and our laughter echoed through countless memories. Each moment spent together added richness to my life, and I cherish every memory we created.

**Her Strength and Resilience**

One of the most admirable qualities of Auntie Bedu was her incredible strength. Life threw challenges her way, yet she faced them with grace and determination. Her resilience inspired me to confront my own struggles head-on. She taught me that vulnerability is not a weakness but a testament to one's courage. In her presence, I felt empowered to be my true self. I learned invaluable lessons about love, loyalty, and authenticity. When I informed her of going to pursue PhD, she exclaimed “Ah, Akrabekyi na isua adze a embere a? She also quickly encouraged me to pursue my dreams fearlessly to reach for goals I once thought were unattainable. Her belief in me often outweighed my own doubts!

### Celebrating Her Life

As I celebrate her life today, I am reminded of all the joy she brought into this world – a heart that overflowed with kindness; acts of selfless love; and an innate ability to make everyone around her feel valued and loved. Whether it was through small gestures or grand acts of compassion, she always found ways to uplift others. Her empathy knew no bounds; she listened without judgment and offered support when it was needed most.



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### Forever in My Heart

Auntie Bedu, though you have journeyed on beyond this earthly plain, and no longer be physically present in my life, yet, your spirit will forever remain etched in my heart. I am eternally grateful for having had such an extraordinary friend who enriched my life in so many ways. In honoring your memory, I promise to carry forward your legacy of kindness and strength, while cherishing every moment as you would have wanted me to do.

So, rest now from your labour, my dear friend, in God's eternal light, Amen.





TRIBUTE FROM  
**IN-ALL FRIENDS**  
 TO  
**Madam Cecilia Barbara**  
**HASFORD**  
 (aka Auntie Badu)

Praise to the Holiest in the height  
 And in the depths be praise  
 In all His words most wonderful  
 Most sure in all His ways



For reasons unknown to the members of **IN-ALL Friends**, this hymn has become the flagship closing hymn of the St. Joseph Minor Basilica Choir every Sunday before taking off our robes. The hymn has also been adopted by various church groups when they meet. It is a hymn the melody of which almost all parishioners of the St. Joseph Minor Basilica sing. Watch us! For those of **IN-ALL Friends**, we stand at the tune of the hymn as our eyes wet with tears.

The genesis of the popularity of this hymn is ascribed to our sister, Cecilia Barbara Hasford (aka Autie Ceci or Auntie Badu), who went through a great trial of survival, giving her best in this physical world with a great faith in God, before being called to her Maker. At the least opportunity, she emotionally sang this hymn for consolation and strength.

The hymn consequently also became an emotional anthem of the **IN-ALL Friends**. We of the **IN-ALL Friends** are people who came together to give our best to the world as much as we could, to the service of God and fellow man, irrespective of clique insults, jeering, gossip, discouragement and backlashing. Periodically, it became even necessary to engage a priest to go through retreats with us to make us strong in tribulation and even pray for detractors to reform.

Auntie Ceci was the oldest and most experienced among the ladies of the **IN-ALL Friends** and a matriarch par excellence. She was from the Nsona Nduaebaasa House with a unique family tradition,

Catholic culture and with a flood of experienced siblings and family members, among whom was the late Mgr. Gabriel Mensah. Auntie Ceci's father was Supi Kow Kai of the No. 4 Boase Wombir Asafo who built the Wombir Asafo post in 1966 and was a courtier in the Edina Traditional Council. Auntie Ceci herself had seven children and many grandchildren. She was, therefore, in a position poised to give mature pieces of advice always.

Whenever the **IN-ALL Friends** met, we prayed, and we received pieces of advice on how to lead responsible lives for God, our families and society. At such meetings, we fielded our difficulties and discussed them. We wept for our trials; we prayed for ourselves and each other to improve in life. We prayed for the protection of our families and true friends and for detractors to change. As we gave our narratives, each ended his or her experience by exclaiming '**In All**' to which we responded by singing the rest of the hymn '**His words most wonderful, most sure in all His ways**'. We also remembered departed members of our group, wept and prayed for them.

We also had joyful moments of celebrating each other's birthday with as equal zeal as we empathized with problems. We wine moderately but dine heavily with our contributions. We talked about ourselves. Amid such gatherings, Auntie Ceci gave pieces of advice for the general good. To female members, she gave pieces of advice on self-carriage, female personality, endurance, dressing and speaking.

To male members, Auntie Ceci discussed courtesies for men and their responsibilities, on comportment during interaction with fellow human beings, especially women, be they family members or of the general society. We departed from our meetings with food for thought to be good people.

Now, Auntie Ceci, you are departing from us, and we will surely miss you. We pray that you rejoice on your journey to your Maker. For all the pain you went through, death has liberated your soul into eternity. Death has no more sting. Neither will your grave have any victory. Rest in perfect peace, praising the Holiest in the height as we in this depth also give praise, for, in all His words, He is most wonderful and most sure in all His ways.





TRIBUTE FROM  
**Pastor Beatrice Benson**  
 TO  
**Madam Cecilia Barbara**  
**HASFORD**  
 (aka Auntie Badu)



Hearing about your death, I could not but feel a deep sense of loss, but at that instant, the Lord flashed your face in my heart, and began reminding me of the very first day I met **MAMA CECILIA HASFORD** on her hospital bed. Here, I had the privilege of going through all that transpired between us on that very day and the Lord consoled and encouraged me and said to me be strengthened, she is safely home now with Jesus.

Glory!!, I remembered the whole scenario like yesterday, your daughter King Euro had invited me to visit you at the hospital to pray with you.

I remembered coming in and seeing you looking sad, greeting you, the first question that came out of my mouth holding your hands was: are you born-again? Do you want to receive salvation? To my uttermost surprise, you gently and immediately said yes and we together said the prayer of salvation receiving and confessing Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior the Bible way. **(Romans 10:9-10).**

At the same time, you instantly received the Holy Spirit and fell backward into your bed; for a while you were out of it but on getting up, instantly there was this deep happiness/ joy glowing all over you and you sat up in the bed and started smiling and I have known you to be happy ever since. This the Lord said to me, you have prepared her for the rapture, you have prepared her for the first flight. **This alone tells me of your gentle quiet nature.**

The Lord reminded me of this story for a reason, to encourage so that I do not sorrow like those who do not know the Lord. The Lord said to me, Mama Cecilia Barbra Hasford is born-again and has received eternal

life and is not amongst those that will perish for, John 3:16 says:

**<sup>16</sup> For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.** God reminded me that Mama is saved, and is in a better place now. The burden is lifted, Mama Cecelia is home with the LORD.

The Spirit of God again flashes this scripture in my heart:

**<sup>13</sup> 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. <sup>14</sup> 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).**

Going through loss and grief is not easy but Suddenly I was strengthened in the Lord. And so, I pray for every one of you who is connected to Mama Hasford: be encouraged and strengthened in the Lord. God never leaves us alone. Always there when we need Him the most.

Safely home, dear Mama Cecelia Barbra Hasford, until we meet again.





TRIBUTE FROM FIIFI  
TO  
A LOVING MOTHER-IN-LAW  
Madam Cecilia Barbara  
**HASFORD**  
(aka Auntie Badu)



With a heavy heart, I honor Cecilia Barbara Hasford aka Auntie Badu. As one of the many in-laws Auntie Badu had, her devotion and love to me and my family wasn't just a mother-in-law gesture but like a second mother to us. With her unmissable and consistent words to my wife, "hwe wo kun yie oo".

Auntie Badu's life was a testament to Proverbs 31:26: "She opens her mouth with wisdom, and the teaching of kindness is on her tongue." She had a way of making everyone feel seen, heard, and loved, no matter the circumstance. Her hands were always busy serving, her heart always full of compassion.

Auntie Badu was the person we turned to for advice, comfort, and strength. She embodied Philippians 2:4: "Let each of you look not only to his own interests, but also to the interests of others." She lived selflessly, pouring out her love to her family, friends, and community. Her love was not just spoken; it was shown in her every action, her every sacrifice.

Though we are heartbroken by her absence, we find solace in the promise of Revelation 21:4: "He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain." We know she is now in the presence of her Saviour, her work on earth completed, and her reward in heaven secured.

Cecilia Barbara Hasford (aka Auntie Badu), your legacy will live on in the lives you touched. You taught us how to love deeply, give selflessly, and walk faithfully. You will forever remain in our hearts until the day we meet again. Rest peacefully, wrapped in God's eternal embrace.

Fiifi

# PHOTO GALLERY of Madam Cecilia Barbara **HASFORD** (aka Auntie Badu)

















































Madam Cecilia Barbara HASFORD | 70



**Forever In Our Hearts**



**REST IN PEACE MAMA**

***Cecilia Barbara Hasford***

**1954 - 2024**

# *Hymns*

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Yes, Heaven is the prize;  
My soul shall strive to gain;  
One glimpse of Paradise,  
Repays a life of pain.

**Chorus:**

*'t is Heaven; yes Heaven;  
Yes Heaven, is the prize;  
't is Heaven; 't is Heaven;  
Yes Heaven is the prize;*

Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
My soul, oh think of this;  
All earthly goods despise,  
For such a crown of bliss.

Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
When sorrows press around.  
Look up beyond the skies,  
Where hope and strength are found. [Chorus]

Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
Oh! It's not hard to gain;  
He surely wins who tries,  
For hope can conquer pain. [Chorus]

Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
The strife will soon be past,  
Faint not, but raise your eyes,  
And struggle to the last. [Chorus]

Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
Faith shows the crown to gain,  
Hope lights the way and dies;  
But Love will always reign. [Chorus]

Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
Too much cannot be given;  
And he alone is wise,  
Who gives up all for Heaven. [Chorus]

Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
Death opens wide the door,  
And then the spirit flies,  
To God for evermore. [Chorus]

**CH 34**

My soul is longing for you peace,  
Near to you, my God

Lord, you know that my heart is not proud,  
And my eyes are not lifted from the earth.

Lofty thoughts have never filled my mind,  
Far beyond my sight all ambitious deeds.

In your peace I have maintained my soul,  
I have kept my heart in your quiet peace.

As a child rests on his mother's knee,  
So I place my soul in your loving care.

Israel, put all your hope in God,  
Place your trust in him, now and evermore.

**CH ..**

Pleasant are Thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe;  
O, my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
King of Glory, God of grace.

Happy birds, that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O most High!  
Happier souls that, find a rest  
In a heav'nly Father's breast;  
Like the wandering dove, that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls, their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe!  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies;  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place;  
Sun and shield alike Thou art,  
Guide and guard my erring heart.  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

#### CH

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

*It is well with my soul!*  
*It is well, it is well with my soul!*

Though Satan should buffet, though  
trails should come;  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

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!

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.

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend;  
Even so, it is well with my soul.

#### CH 350

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,  
pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain  
whence the healing stream doth flow;  
let the fiery cloudy pillar  
lead me all my journey through:  
strong deliverer,  
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
bid my anxious fears subside;  
death of death, and hell's destruction,  
land me safe on Canaan's side:  
songs and praises  
I will ever give to thee.

#### CH 103

O bread of heaven, beneath this veil  
That has my very God conceal;  
My Jesus, dearest treasure, hail;  
I love you and adoring kneel;  
Each loving soul by thee is fed,  
With you own self in form of bread.

O Food of life, thou who dost give  
The pledge of immortality;



I live; no, 't is not I that live;  
 God gives me life, God lives in me:  
 He feeds my soul, he guides my ways,  
 And every grief with joy repays.

O bond of love, which does unite  
 The servant to his living Lord;  
 Could I dare live, and not requite  
 Such love - then death were meet reward:  
 I cannot live unless to prove  
 Some love for such unmeasured love.

Beloved Lord in heaven above,  
 There, Jesus, thou awaiting me;  
 To look on you with changeless love,  
 Yes thus, I hope, thus shall it be:  
 For how can he deny me heaven,  
 Who here on earth, himself hath given?

#### CH 98

Saviour God, possess my heart,  
 From it never more to part;  
 Come, Lord, to my heart and reign,  
 Come dear Saviour, and remain.

Jesus, Jesus come to me,  
 All my longing id for thee,  
 Of all friends you are the best,  
 Make of me your counterpart.

Dearest Lord, I live for thee,  
 Son of God, I die for thee,  
 Jesus, I belong to thee,  
 Now and all eternity.

#### CH 245

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast;  
 It's manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary rest,

Dear Name! the rock on which we build,  
 My shield and hiding-place,  
 My never-failing treasury filled,  
 With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! ,my Shepherd, brother, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 My Lord, my life, my way, our end,  
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of our heart,  
 And cold our warmest thought;  
 But when I see you as you are,  
 I'll praise you as I ought.

Till then, I would your love proclaim,  
 With every fleeting breath;  
 And may the music of your name,

#### CH 93

Soul of my Saviour,  
 Sanctify my breast;  
 Body of Christ be  
 You my saving guest;  
 Blood of my Saviour,  
 Bathe me in your tide,  
 Wash me with water,  
 Flowing from you side.

Strength and protection,  
 May your passion be;  
 O blessed Jesus,  
 Hear and answer me.  
 Deep in your wounds Lord;  
 Hide and shelter me;  
 So shall I never,  
 Never part from Thee.

Guard and defend me,  
From the foe malign;  
In death's dread moment  
Make me only yours.  
Call me, and bid me  
Come to you on high,  
When I may praise you  
With your saints for aye.

**CH 353**

I come to you once more, my God!  
No longer will I roam;  
For I have sought the wide world through,  
And never found a home.

Though bright and many are the spots,  
Where I have built a nest,  
Yet in the brightest still I pined,  
For more abiding rest.

Riches could bring me joy and power,  
And they were fair to see:  
Yet gold was but a sorry god,  
To serve instead of Thee.

Then honour and the world's good word,  
Appeared a nobler faith;  
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung,  
And trembled on a breath.

The pleasure of the passing hour,  
My spirit next could wile:  
But, soon, too soon, my heart fell sick,  
Of pleasure's weary smile.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health,  
The flush of manhood's power;  
But then it came and went so quick,  
It was but for an hour.

And thus a not unkindly world,  
Has done its best for me;  
Yet I have found, O God! no rest,  
No harbour short of you.

For you have made this wondrous soul,  
All for Yourself alone;  
Ah! send your sweet transforming grace,  
To make it more your Own.

**CH 412**

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

Wherever he may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack:  
His wisdom acts like leaven,  
It moves us from within,  
He knows the way to heaven,  
Which only love can win.

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



**CH 396**

Praise to the holiest in the height,  
and in the depth be praise;  
in all his words most wonderful,  
most sure in all his ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!  
when all was sin and shame,  
a second Adam to the fight  
and to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
which did in Adam fail,  
should strive afresh against the foe,  
should strive, and should prevail;

And that the highest gift of grace  
should flesh and blood refine:  
God's presence and his very self,  
and essence all-divine.

O generous love! that he who came  
as man to smite our foe,  
the double agony for us  
as man should undergo:

And in the garden secretly,  
and on the cross on high,  
should teach his brethren, and inspire  
to suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
and in the depth be praise;  
in all his words most wonderful,  
most sure in all his ways!

**CH 374**

Through all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still,  
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,  
Till all that are distress,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His name;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around,  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance He affords to all,  
Who on His succor trust.

O make but trial of His love;  
Experience will decide,  
How blessed they are, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

Fear him, you saints, and you will then,  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you His service your delight,  
he'll make your wants His care.

**CH 349**

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, oh, abide with me.

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.

I need your presence every passing hour:  
What but your grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like yourself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

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

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

**CH 212**

Yes, Heaven is the prize;  
My soul shall strive to gain;  
One glimpse of Paradise,  
Repay a life of pain.

**Chorus:**

*'t is Heaven; yes Heaven;  
Yes Heaven, is the prize;  
't is Heaven; 't is Heaven;  
Yes Heaven is the prize;*

Yes, Heaven is the prize!  
My soul, oh think of this;

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