



A LIFE OF
Indelible
INFLUENCE

MRS. BEATRICE MENSAH OSAE

Friday, November 4th, 2016.



A LIFE OF
Indelible
INFLUENCE



Burial and Memorial Service For the Late
Mrs. Beatrice Mensah Osae
52
Royalhouse Chapel International (Ahenfie)
No 16 Ring Road West,
Obetsebi Lamptey Circle, Accra
Friday November 4, 2016
8:30am

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

Apostle General Sam Korankye-Ankrah

Rev. Mrs. Rita Korankye-Ankrah

Rev. Johnny Apea - Korang

Rev. Emmanuel King Foli

Rev. Willie Boahene

Rev. Sam Dupey

Ps. Bernard Batchar

Ps. David Doku

Ps. Owusu Ansah

Ps. Yvonne Honyah



ORDER OF SERVICE

1. Congregation and Family Pay Last Respect
2. Officiating Ministers File Past
3. Opening Prayer
4. Coffin Closed
5. Worship
6. Hymn
7. 1st Scripture Reading (Rev. 14:12-13)
8. 2nd Scripture Reading (Rev. 20:11-15)
9. Hymn
10. Biography
11. Tributes
12. Offertory/Song Ministration by Praising Showers Ministry
13. Sermon
14. Offertory
15. Altar Call and Prayer
16. Announcements/Vote of Thanks (Dead March in Saul)
17. Closing Prayer and Benediction

AT THE GRAVESIDE

1. Opening prayer
2. Scripture Reading
3. Hymn
4. Lowering of Coffin
5. Hymn
6. Prayer of Committal
7. Laying of Wreaths (by family only)
8. Benediction



BIOGRAPHY



"An excellent woman
[one who is spiritual, capable, intelligent, and virtuous],
who is he who can find her?
Her value is more precious than jewels and her
worth is far above rubies or pearls."

– Prov. 31:10

BIOGRAPHY

Mrs. Beatrice Efua Mensah Osaе (Auntie Bea as she was popularly called) was born on Friday, 4th October 1963 to Madam Dorcas Koomson of Ajumako-Kromaim and the late Mr. Gad Andrew Ransford Mensah of Ajumako-Essaman in the Central Region of Ghana. She was the last born out of seven siblings and a Royal from the Ekoana (Ahenfie) Clan in Ajumako-Kromaim.

Beatrice completed her Basic Education in Ajumako Kromaim Methodist School in 1979 after which she continued her studies at Breman Asikuma Senior Secondary School (BASS). She became the Girls' Prefect at BASS during her final year in 1983.

Her desire to work as a Professional Secretary following her secondary education saw her enrolling in the Governmental Secretarial School where she later graduated as a Stenographer Secretary (SS).

Following her graduation from GSS, Beatrice worked as a Secretary in the then Social Security Bank (SSB) for a few years until she gained employment in December 1992 as a Secretary to the Production Manager at Tema Lube Oil Company Limited.

In November 1994 she was promoted to the position of Executive Assistant to the General Manager, Mr. Samuel Tetteh Anguah. After years of hard work, dedication, ingenuity in her role, and an uncanny ability to work and relate well with all around her, she received a dream promotion as the Human Resource/Employee Relations Supervisor of the same company in June 2000. She diligently served TLOC until July 2005 when she relocated to the United States. While working at TLOC, Beatrice started her own lucrative business, Bergandy Services Limited, a human resource and job placement agency that rendered services to several job seekers and businesses alike such as Mawuli Kofi Okudjeto Designs.

Beatrice first married in 1986 at the age of 22. The marriage produced her one and only child Amazing Grace and was later permanently dissolved in 1998. As a single mother Beatrice always sought to give her daughter nothing but the best and made numerous sacrifices accordingly. It was this insatiable desire that led her to abandon her comfort and fulfilling career in Ghana to relocate to Virginia in the United States with Amazing Grace who was almost 15 at the time. She was determined to afford Amazing Grace a competitive and highly reputable education in the US.

Auntie Bea always had a thirst for knowledge all throughout her life. Unsatisfied with her diploma as a Stenographer Secretary, in 2001 she enrolled in the Methodist University College (Accra) as a part time student, a feat she managed while juggling her full time role as a mother and career woman. She graduated MUC in 2005 with a Bachelors Degree in Human Resource Management. She also held postgraduate certificates from the Ghana Institute of Management and Public Administration (GIMPA) in the areas of Human Resource Management and Public Administration. She was also a member of the Ghana Institute of Personnel Management. Her academic career did not end with these accomplishments.

While in the US, Bea gained employment as an Academic Assistant at one of Strayer University's Northern Virginia campuses. She took advantage of the opportunities afforded employees at the school and obtained an MBA in 2009. Beatrice was always an astute and exceptional student in every way and always won praise from her peers and teachers.

Love came knocking at the doors of Bea's heart in early 2010 when a mutual friend, Mrs. Grace Winful, introduced her to Mr. Raphael Okure Awuku Osaе, an expert fish processor and exporter who served as the Chief Executive Officer of Liwon Enterprises Limited in Tema, Ghana. They maintained a long distance relationship for eight months.

In October 2010, Beatrice decided to relocate to Ghana and marry Ralph after accomplishing her goal of seeing Amazing Grace, who had come of age, firmly established at the university. Their beautiful love story remained until her passing.

Talking about Bea without mentioning her faith would be a gross dishonor to her memory. Beatrice loved God all throughout her life. She was a staunch believer in Christ who often recounted with such glee stories from her youth that told of how closely she walked with the Lord. She had such a beautiful and intimate relationship with the Holy Spirit who guided her through many of life's ups and downs. She was raised as a Methodist from infancy. As an adult and single mother she fellowshipped at the Mount Zion Methodist Church in Sakumono where she served as a member of the Susanna Wesley women's group until her relocation to the US.

In the US, Beatrice never neglected her faith. She actively witnessed to any soul who gave her the chance to share her faith. She attended Gateway International Christian Church in Alexandria, Virginia (USA) where she served as a Deaconess and a supporter of the growth of the ministry.

Royalhouse Chapel International (Ahenfie) near the Obetsebi Lamptey Circle in Accra became her new church home following her marriage to Ralph. She loved and gladly

served in RCI in various capacities as a Lady Deacon and member of the Royal Ladies Ministry and its Planning Committee, the Kings Club Ministry, and the Tambourine Choir. She also served as a Patron to the Praising Showers Ministry (a music ministry) and the Kings Service Sunday School ministry.

One unique hallmark of Beatrice was her admiration, honor, and respect for men of the Gospel. Over the course of her life, Bea became a friend, supporter, encourager, and often times, a surrogate mother to several pastors, their wives, and ministries. She was well known by an uncountable number of valiant men of God and often served as an intercessor for them. Beatrice always honored godly men and women. Her passing is a severe blow to uncountable ministries.

Over the course of her life, Beatrice had health challenges that saw her undergo five different surgeries. In 2010 she discovered a lump in her left breast shortly before relocating back to Ghana where she was diagnosed with breast cancer. Although undergoing surgery yet another time was an undesirable option for Beatrice, she gave it her full consideration and began the process for it by receiving chemotherapy treatments. She was to receive chemo three times before the surgery and three times after in the quest to defeat the cancer.

Beatrice and Ralph realized the chemotherapy treatments might have been more detrimental to her health when she nearly lost her life following the second administration. They decided to investigate and research alternative methods of fighting the cancer, a decision they attribute to the extension of her life to six years post diagnosis as opposed to the dismal 2 years projected by her doctors. She received the very best care from expert doctors in both traditional and homeopathic medicine in Ghana, the US, and Canada.

A long time fighter, Beatrice defied all odds by progressing with her life as usual and remaining strong at all times. She gave no hints of her battle to those around her except her immediate family and the Apostle General and his wife Mama Rita along with a few pastoral leaders to assist her in prayers and godly counsel. As one who always loved to see people happy and jovial, she decided to keep her battle with the cancer private in order to maintain a positive attitude at all times and keep all who loved her from worrying too much. Beatrice remained upbeat and lively in the midst of her battle and never felt defeated.

Auntie Bea was always a people person. She loved everyone she met. She was always kind and pleasant. Bea had an infectious smile that brightened everyone's day and a natural sense of humor that lifted spirits. She had a special kind of warmth

and care that attracted so many people to her. She loved people with no reservations and won the love, admiration, and respect of all around her. She was a natural counselor and leader who counseled and positively impacted the lives of numerous people across demographics.

Auntie Bea was a giver in every sense of the word. She gave her life, her love, her resources, her time and all she could in service to humanity. She believed with all her heart that God allowed her birth for this reason. Her generosity was unparalleled. Beatrice gave to several people (family, friends, acquaintances, strangers) and courses. She was always there to lend a helping hand even when she had little to give; she would always share to her last pesewa.

Beatrice is survived by her husband Ralph and her daughter Amazing Grace.

Bea, may your soul rest in perfect peace in the bosom of our Lord.

Till we meet again.

Damirefa Dayie!!



TRIBUTE BY HUSBAND RALPH OSAE

“But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and silver, but also of wood and clay, some for honor and some for dishonor. Therefore, if anyone cleanses himself from the latter, he will be a vessel of honor, sanctified and useful for the master, prepared for every good work.” - 2 Timothy 2:20- 21

A vessel of honor, that is what you were, Medo Bea, that is exactly what you were. You were in far away Woodbridge, of Virginia, USA when you accepted my marriage proposal, the first time we spoke on telephone in February 2010. Always truthful to your own self and to others, you did not hesitate to inform me of this health challenge which eventually led to your passing away to eternity – a vessel of honor indeed.

You came into my life at a crucial time when my finances were in a mess and by your wise counsel, together we got it back on track.

An altruistic soul that you were, you gave willingly and unconditionally to all; high and low in society. You gave your substance to those who were in need and good counsel to those who needed it especially the young upcoming Pastors. I am a witness to your marathon meetings that restored marriages on the verge of break-ups.

Never was there a dull or gloomy moment in your presence. Wherever you showed up, you exuded an aura of genuine love that brought peace to those present.

Worshiping El Elyon, the Most High God Jehovah, was at the center of your whole life. You never exchanged that for anything. Thus, in your painful condition you played the tambourine with the choir with such intensity that always scared me because I knew the excruciating pains you were going through. You have bravely borne breast cancer pains for the past six years and yet you smiled and loved others, Amazing and I as if nothing was at stake.

Thank you for making life so beautiful for me in spite your condition. Thank you for the love you poured into me. Thank you Medo, there will never be another you. And now I cry out with Boris Pasternak’s Doctor Zhivago, “my Brightest Sun has set.” Thank you Lord Jesus for relieving my love of pain.



LOVE LETTER TO MY ONE AND ONLY BY YOUR PRECIOUS BABY

You are the sunlight in my day,
You are the moon I see far away.
You are the tree I lean upon,
You are the one that makes troubles be gone. You are the one who taught me life,
How not to fight, and what is right.
You are the words inside my song,
You are my love, my life, my mom...
You are the one who knows me best, When it's time to have fun and time to rest.
You are the one who has helped me to dream, You hear my heart and you
hear my screams...
You are my friend, my heart, and my soul You are the greatest friend I know.
You are the words inside my song,
You are my love, my life, my Mom.
- Champagne S. Baker

The very first poem I ever wrote went something like this; same sentiments, different words. I wrote two versions in primary school that were both featured in my school's (Tema Parents Association School) literary magazine. I entitled both of them, "My Mother." Truth is you've been my muse and inspiration from the very beginning of our 26-year journey together. I looked up to you in everyway. You modeled Christ so beautifully in everything and in every way. Baker's poem summarizes everything I felt about your blessing as the Mother of my life.

Never in a million years would I have imagined writing this tribute to you so soon. For someone who always has so much to say, I find myself at a complete loss this day. Mom, you were my EVERYTHING. We've weathered many storms and celebrated innumerable victories in our unique dynamic as mother and daughter. It never mattered whatever happened in our lives as long as we were together; two peas in a pod who could not be separated.

As I write this, my mind is flooded with so many memories we shared together. I'm struggling to decide which ones to share in this final love letter to my one and only. You were a mother unlike any other. You amazed and intrigued me with your heart of gold. You genuinely loved all whom you encountered. Everyone who met you immediately called you mom even some who were years older than you.

I can't tell you how many times total strangers would walk up to me and declare themselves my siblings whether I liked it or not because you had accepted them as your children. I would always laugh and give my blessing with no fear because at the end of the day, I knew I was the original and the only "Precious Baby" you had. That was our thing; you would always greet me by singing your own original song, "this is my precious baby" with a cute dance for emphasis. It always put a smile on my face and assured me of your unending and unconditional love.

You sacrificed so much for my sake. Since I was born, I have always been priority number 1 in your life. You made sure I lacked nothing and had nothing but the best. You raised me with a firm and unshakable faith and went out of your way to surround me with godly people who have been blessings to me. As your only child you guarded me like a golden egg and always made sure no harm came my way. I remember that hilarious incident with Sister Aku in the US where we were play-wrestling in our apartment. Being bigger and quicker than I was, she naturally overpowered me and had me pinned down. You mostly ignored us or so we thought till I decided to play my 'Mom Card' and yell "Mommy!" In a fraction of a second Sister Aku was off me and trying to recover from the surprise tackle from you. We struggled to stop laughing about it. Sister Aku and I each learned a lesson from that experience. For me, it was to never play my 'Mom Card' unless I was in real danger. For Aku, it was to never mess with anyone with a powerful 'Mom Card' as I possessed.

I don't know how to thank you for all you did for me as my Mom. I know you would see it as your duty but for me, you always went above and beyond in motherhood. You always put my needs before yours and ensured I was alright even when you were not strong enough. How can I ever forget 2002 when you had just been discharged from the hospital? You were very weak and in pain. We stayed with the Anguahs to ensure you received proper care. I had a cold that day. The minute you got wind of my cold, you kept me under strict surveillance, forgetting your own pain and need to rest. You insisted later that night that I sleep next to you in the Anguahs' guest room rather than stay in Maa Adwoa's room like I had been doing days before you were discharged. You stayed up to monitor my breathing while I slept. You didn't

like the way I was laboring to breath and rightly called Daddy and Mama for help to take me to the hospital in the middle of the night. You saved my life. Had you not stayed up, I could have died that night as I battled bronchitis. Thanks to your sharp intuition and selfless love for me, my life was spared.

I look back at that incident and wonder where you got such strength to care for me in your pain. The kind of strength you possessed whenever you were in pain especially as you battled cancer was almost inhuman. It never made sense. It was absolutely divine. Many have commented on the strength I seem to have shown in this time of gut-wrenching pain. It's been hard to put into words what transpired between us in your final hours at the hospital. You passed that strength on to me without words. I will never forget it. You're simply irreplaceable and I couldn't have dreamed or asked for a better mom even if I tried. To me, you are the greatest of all time.

As a single mother, I watched you turn away eligible bachelor after eligible bachelor not because you didn't like them but because you wanted to be sure I would get nothing but the absolute best father. You didn't care that it would take you over 15 years to find the right dad for me. You picked a real winner when you agreed to marry my Daddy Panda. I don't know many men who would stand firm by their decision to marry a woman after she's disclosed such a serious health battle. But Daddy never flinched. He loved you and that was all that mattered. He's been a better Dad than I could ever have hoped for and I'm forever grateful for giving me such a wonderful gift as a father.

I can't thank you enough for nurturing such a creative spirit in me. As a child, you encouraged me to dream very big and taught me I could be anything I wanted to be in this life if I put my mind to it. The only one who could stop me was me. When I wanted to be an architect, you bought me more Legos. When I wanted to cook, you got me a tiny frying pan and supervised as I fried my very first egg at age 5. Whether it tasted good or not, to you it was a gourmet meal. You encouraged me with art sets, video and learning games, a wide array of toys, yarn and needles for crocheting, books, pen, and paper. I owe the publishing of my two fictional books to you. You saw my talent and did everything you could to nurture it and encouraged me to work with it even when I didn't believe in myself.

Thank you for teaching me how to drive and braving the many drives we shared after you discovered I had inherited your obsession with speed. Don't worry Maa, I'm taking it easy now.

You and I shared a close bond many won't understand. I called myself your handbag;

I went wherever you went. We were indeed two peas in a pod. People often said we were twins. You were my very best friend. Many of my friends envied our relationship. Some went as far as asking me to switch mothers with them even if it was for a second. We could talk about any and everything. You were the only one who understood my obsession over babies because you were the exact same way. You loved children so much and they loved you right back. They were always drawn to you like a magnet. Many of them couldn't decide whether or not to call you Auntie Bea or Mama Bea so they often put the two together and affectionately called you Auntie Mama Bea. Your way with babies was remarkable. Even with the tumor on your chest you would see a young mother at church struggling to comfort her child and offer to help. The minute you took the child, the wailing would end. Bringing joy, happiness, and peace wherever you went was indeed your super power.

I will admit that I'm deeply hurt and saddened by the knowledge that you will not be physically present at the major events of my life (wedding, children, graduation, etc.) when I've watched you stand in as a surrogate mother for innumerable people, many of whom still have their mothers living. It doesn't seem fair at all but I know you would ask me to focus on the God who makes such milestones possible and to never forget to give Him thanks.

Your faith was so infectious. You had a passion for souls and you often won them over to Christ with ease because everyone saw Christ in you. You just loved the Lord and chose to summarize your gratitude to him for everything by naming me Amazing Grace. Introducing me to others always gave you the opportunity to share testimonies of God's amazing grace in your life.

As your daughter, you ensured I attended the three most crucial schools of this life: love, forgiveness, and service. You oozed Christ's love at all times. You never hated anyone, a quality that saw you master the often-difficult task of forgiving transgressions. You forgave easily and quickly. It often amazed me how forgiving you were even of the most egregious offenses committed against you. You were so eternity conscious you had no tolerance for unforgiveness in your heart. Because love and forgiveness were your hallmark, service to mankind was a natural progression for you. You taught me to serve God and serve man with no expectation of a reward in return. You were such a giver. You always gave more than you were asked and didn't particularly care if anyone returned your generosity.

I can't begin to describe the many lessons I've learned from you Maa. It's funny how many things you shared with me finally made sense after you passed. Even in death you are still teaching me. It's been quite a surreal experience, one I would much rather wake up from this minute.

You taught me so many virtues about beauty. To you, true beauty came from within but it didn't hurt to show it on the outside either. You were my fashion icon. No one dressed better than you. Your shoes were always out of this world. It's a shame they are too big for me. I could never fill them no matter how hard I try. It's the same way I feel about filling the big shoes of your legacy with you gone now. But knowing you, I can hear you advising me to not bother so much about filling your shoes but to walk (catwalk if I know you at all) very well and exceptionally in my own so that one day, many will aspire to walk in mine.

There a billion things I will miss about you. The most painful for me is the warm hugs. Until cancer struck, we always bragged about our ability to hug each other a thousand times a day. We never joked with our hugs. I will miss our pretend-I'm-still-a-baby routine that we always did. I can never forget how the Saturday before your passing you turned the tables on me. Rather than me laying my head on your chest, you decided to lay your head on mine and said for once you are now the baby. I should have caught it then that you were saying goodbye. But how would I have known when that whole act produced so much laughter for how funny we looked? That's another thing. You are the one who always made me laugh the loudest. You never planned it. I always remember something funny you would say and do and laugh a little in this moment of grief. All throughout my life, I've often quoted things you would say like scripture. They have been precious gems to me. I will never meet anyone like you. You were indeed one of a kind. Everything from the way you talked to the way you danced, was uniquely YOU. My proudest moments in life have never been about my accomplishments. They have always been when someone says I remind them of you.

You and I shared so many big dreams together. Living those dreams now will never be the same without you. But, I will cherish all that we had and never forget to give God thanks for it all. In fact, I would like to close with our special Mother-Daughter theme song, which we sang whenever the occasion called for it: Aseda Nyina Ye Wo Dzi.

Until we meet again, I love you Maa. Thank you so much for EVERYTHING. Rest in the perfect and ever loving arms of the Father.

From your Sweetheart, your Baby Panda, your Precious Baby, your Amazing Grace.



Amazing Grace Lois Danso

TRIBUTE TO OUR MOTHER



The dome of joy in our hearts suddenly cracked open! The beaming smiles on our faces suddenly turned sour! The Maker had called one of his subjects to rest from the turmoil of this Earth.

The writer of the book of Ecclesiastes could not have put it any better when he said there is a time and season under the sun (Ecclesiastes 3:15)

Aunty Bea, as she was affectionately called by all of us, came into our lives in 2010. When Daddy introduced and informed us of his intention to remarry after the loss of our mother, we were relieved and elated. We were all happy for him because he had found someone to fill the deep loss and emptiness he was feeling. Aunty Bea became a ray of light for Daddy. Every time we saw our beloved father, he was beaming with smiles. She did not only impact Daddy but all of us. We referred to her as our mother and she always introduced us to others as her children.

Aunty Bea was a woman of strength and faith. As a 'Proverbs 31 woman', without a shadow of a doubt, her worth was far above rubies. She extended her love to all of us. Her encouraging words and unfading expressions of joy to all who came in contact with her, were sources of deep comfort. Like Abigail, she was wise. Like Ruth, she was

devoted to her family and friends. Like Deborah, she was a prayer warrior. She was also a great organizer. One who had a passion for perfection. She never 'ate the bread of idleness'. In fact, she was always on the go. The world has lost a conduit of God's love. The pain we feel is gut-wrenching and unbearable but we are comforted by the fact that the Lord is our strength. As the songwriter says, We have an anchor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the billows roll Fastened to the rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

Looking out onto the horizon, we are no more gripped with sorrow or fear because we know she is in a better place where there is no pain or sorrow. We take joy and pride in the fact that our paths crossed, for the good book makes us understand that in all things we should give thanks to God.

Aunty Bea Nanti yie!

Aunty Bea da yie!

Until we meet again may God Keep and give you rest in His bosom.



Yaw Boohene Osae



Nana Ama Afoa Osae



Rev. Kwame Osae



Mrs. Ewurama Duah Anto



Mrs. Darkoa Dankwa



TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

TRIBUTE: MRS. BEATRICE MENSAH OSAE BY MANSA AMOAKWA-ADU AKA AUNTY MANSA

The news of the sudden death of our dear sister Bea was a shock to us. What happened? Was she sick? Was she involved in an accident? These were some questions we asked because we did not hear she was sick. Answers and explanations were somehow given, but she was gone and it was so sad.

Bea meant so much to us. Whilst growing up together as siblings, she showed a great sense of maturity and wisdom when it came to decision making even though she was younger. She chose her words carefully and was always straight to the point.

Bea was very friendly, always wore a welcome smile and went on very well with people she associated with. She was very kind hearted.

Bea, we did not anticipate your early parting and call into eternity. We really would have loved to have you in our midst much more often and longer but who are we to choose what we prefer now? We love you but God loves you best and has called you to rest from your labors. God is His own interpreter and He understands.

Till we meet again to part no more, sleep on, our dear sister, sleep on.

"Then when our dying bodies have been transformed into bodies that will never die, this scripture will be fulfilled. Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is your victory? O death where is your sting" (1 Corinthians 15:54-55)

Bea, I am at a loss. I cannot find the words to express how I feel about your passing. Your passing was like a flash without notice to me. It has been a privilege to know you, and I find myself lucky to have crossed your path on this mysterious earth.

I met Beatrice Mensah about 20+ years ago when I assumed the position as the Branch Manager at Tema Consumer Credit Ltd., a then subsidiary of formerly SSB Bank (Societe General Bank) and she was my Secretary. Bea was a diligent, hard working, meticulous, and serviceable person. I liked her right away and treated her as my younger sister. It was during this period that Tema Lube Oil Company was established. Two of their Managers came to our office and it was through her good personal customer relationship that she established contact with them. They relayed to her that they were recruiting staff for the Company. I saw the need for her to take the opportunity to move a step ahead of her life, a new place and new opportunities. She applied and got the job. After that the sky became her limit.

Beatrice was a hard working and determined individual. She had a drive and passion for achieving results. Total success in life, was her goal.

At Lube Oil Company, she decided to further her education by attending the Methodist University for a degree course. After her course, she shifted her Career to Personnel Management and Human Resources Development. We parted company when I retired voluntarily at SSB and left for the U.S.

About 3 years ago, I got a surprise phone call from her in the US not knowing she had been able to locate me on the LinkedIn network. It was such a great reunion and I would never forget it. Her happiness, enthusiasm, love, and passion on the phone was touching. We caught up on the past and decided never to lose touch.

Sometime last year, she sent me an invite to attend Ralph's 70th birthday at Tema. I attended the party and that was the first time I saw her in about 20 years. She had become a sophisticated career-oriented woman and a CEO of her Company. I applauded her on her achievement and encouraged her to strive higher. With her beautiful smiles, she quickly invited me to sit at the High Table amongst their special guests, and I was so honored and elated to be one of the people who helped to cut

the birthday cake for the occasion.

To everybody's surprise at the party she and Ralph's marriage was blessed by Rev. Korankye-Ankrah of Royalhouse Chapel International Church. Myself and Bea had always arranged for lunch and dinner dates but we never had the opportunity to make them. We have been communicating regularly. We chatted almost everyday on WhatsApp. It was only 3 weeks ago (at the time) that I realized she was not responding to my chats. Little did I know that my little Sister was not well and in pain and was trying to avoid everybody.

Bea, you were full of life, you lived it to the fullest. Rest in perfect peace. I end here with this song:

I DID IT MY WAY BY FRANK SINATRA.



And now, the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friend, I'll say it clear
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain
I've lived a life that's full
I traveled each and every highway
And more, much more than this, I did it my way
Regrets, I've had a few
But then again, too few to mention
I did what I had to do and saw it through without exemption
I planned each charted course, each careful step along the byway
And more, much more than this, I did it my way
Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew
When I bit off more than I could chew
But through it all, when there was doubt
I ate it up and spit it out
I faced it all and I stood tall
and did it my way
I've loved, I've laughed and cried
I've had my fill, my share of losing
And now, as tears subside, I find it all so amusing
To think I did all that
And may I say, not in a shy way
Oh, no, oh, no, not me, I did it my way
For what is a man, what has he got?
If not himself, then he has naught
To say the things he truly feels
and not the words of one who kneels
The record shows I took the blows
and did it my way
Yes, it was my way
Yes indeed, you did it your way.
Fare thee well my Sister
and may the earth lie gently on your mortal remains.
My deepest condolences to Ralph, Amazing Grace and the rest of the family.



TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
THE LATE MRS BEATRICE MENSAH OSAE
BY THE ANGUAHs

“When this passing world is done, When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in Glory, Looking o’er life’s finished story,
Then, Lord shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.”
- Robert Murray McCheyne (1837)

Our hearts are heavy with grief, but not as people without hope, “for we know that if the earthly tent we live in is destroyed, we have a building from God, an eternal house in heaven, not built by human hands” (2 Corinthians 5:1).

The Late Mrs. Beatrice Mensah Osaе, (affectionately called Mama Bea by the junior members of our family) has been an honorary member of the Anguah family since 1992 when she worked with Daddy in the same company (Tema Lube Oil Company Limited).

An excellent organizer with an eye for beauty and style, she was always available to lend a hand and participate in all family activities and programs. She was a mother, sister and friend, sharing in both joyous and anxious moments. Her joyful and vibrant personality illuminated her surroundings, positively influencing all who came into contact with her.

To the bereaved family, Mr. Osaе and Amazing Grace as well as friends, we offer our deepest condolences. May the good Lord strengthen and comfort us all.

Mama Bea, we will miss you. Daddy and Mama, Kwabena, Kwasi, Kofi and their spouses, Mercy and Little Boss say fare thee well.

Rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord. Amen.



TRIBUTE TO MAD. BEATRICE MENSAH (AUNTY BEA)
BY 2001/2005 YEAR GROUP OF
METHODIST UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

‘The sun is out, birds are singing, hustle and bustle of daily activities goes on around us but it is raining in our hearts’

It is with a heavy heart and shock that we have to put together this tribute to our fashion icon, designer, unifier, wise counsellor and ever-radiant face of love, Aunty Bea.

Did you want to tell us something when you invited us on numerous occasions for a get-together? Did you need us as usual to hold hands and pray? Did you want to give us your wise counsel verbally?

You have given us the shock of our lives because two days before your demise you were posting inspirational words on our WhatsApp platform.

We were the second batch of students at Methodist University College, Accra in 2001, the graduating class of 2005, and it would surprise you to know that the very first day we all attended class, we bonded and became like brothers and sisters till date. Of course this became possible because a personality like Aunty Bea was part of us. In class she would make sure everybody is present and if not, would call you before lectures ended.

Whilst in school her demeanour and appearance alone made her the “MOTHER” of the class. As for the surprise gifts she carried in her car for us, the least talked about them the better: food, impromptu class parties, engine oil, chocolates, etc. She was always available to see to the comfort of everybody. She was always early, disciplined and made important submissions in class.

Even when she was abroad, she would call often to ensure everybody was doing well including our family members. Some of us talked to you during the week but you did not even give any indication of a headache but as usual, had a hearty chat with us.

The joy we have is, knowing you were a devoted Christian and you loved your maker.

As we join Daddy, Grace and the entire family in mourning your death, we can only thank God for giving us the opportunity to share your life for a while. Aunty Bea, you have no doubt made your mark. We hope to keep the torch burning. In bidding you farewell, we pray the Good Lord keep you in His bosom and give you a peaceful rest.

OBAA PA DAYIE... DUE NE AMANEHUNU. DAMIRIFA DUE

TRIBUTE BY A SPECIAL DAUGHTER RASHIDA MOORE

I am honored and grateful to have the privilege to write a few words about my one and only auntie B. She was a cheerful, fun-loving, God fearing woman who was full of life. Her smile could light up a room and it was infectious! She made everyone around her feel happy and special. Whether it was a funny joke, her positive attitude, or her big smile, she was a delight to be around.

I really appreciated how much she cared for others. I knew I could always count on her for anything I needed. Above all, I appreciated her constant concern, prayers and advice. I will miss my aunt's smile and positive attitude. She was an incredible sister, mother, wife and aunt. Thank you for being that positive light and role model in my life. You will be missed by a lot of people here today yet we are so excited to see you in Heaven soon. I wish you peace and will always love you. Rest in peace mommy!



TRIBUTE BY A SPECIAL SON APOSTLE SAMUEL ASOMANI

"Blessed are the dead who die in The Lord now on, yes says the spirit that they may rest from their labor and their deeds will follow them." Rev. 14:13

Mrs. Beatrice Osae, a devoted and faithful Christian has been part of my family's life since 2010. She displayed an exceptional interest and love for us with a passion that was remarkable and worthy of emulation.

Mrs. Osae was courteous and submissive and always ready to serve. The qualities of her humility and selfless dedication made her known to my entire family. As months went by this year, Mrs. Osae fell seriously sick for a short while and was admitted at the Bengali Hospital. I visited and prayed with her but never knew that The Lord was calling her home. I

was saddened by the news of her death because she adopted me as her son. Mum who did you leave me with now?

The Lord called you in His appropriate time because He knows better. You are gone but never forgotten. The society grieves for your loss but I rejoice in The Lord because you accepted The Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Savior.

I am grateful to God for your life and the remarkable legacy you've left, and our consolation is that you're resting

peacefully in God's bosom. May The Good Lord grant you rest in His eternal home.

Mum, fare thee well! Da yie! Da yie! Da yie! Nyankopon mfa won sie.



AU TRIBUTES



AFRICAN UNION
الاتحاد الأفريقي



UNION AFRICAINE
UNIÃO AFRICANA

Addis Ababa, Ethiopia P. O. Box 3243 Telephone 517 700 Fax: 011-5517844
Website: www.africa-union.org

Reference: REA/403/1624.16
Date: 17 October 2016

Mr. Raphael Osae and Family
Liwon Enterprises Limited
P.O Box CO 29
Community 1
Tema - Ghana

The African Union Commission (AUC), has learnt with sadness the untimely passing away of Mrs. Beatrice Mensah Osae.

Beatrice's journey with the AU Commission commenced in 2012 when she opened the doors of her family business facility, **Liwon Enterprises (Ltd)** for the European Union and the Department of Rural Economy and Agriculture for practical use and reference during the 'Better Training for Safer Foods' training programme. She eloquently explained the processes of hygiene practice and management to over 50 trainees representing different countries and the Regional Economic Communities of Africa. From their family resources, she fed all the trainees who visited their business premise, exhibiting an act of generosity, care and selflessness to total strangers.

Beatrice's excellence at her work place and strategic thinking endeared officers of the African Union Commission to her as a source of immense knowledge for Africa. She was later identified as a member of the expert group from the private sector representing Ghana to benefit from the training and awareness creation on Geographic Indications within the overall context of Intellectual Property. She participated in the following Geographic Indications Fora;

1. Abuja, Nigeria, December 2012
2. Midrand, South Africa, March 2013
3. Accra, Ghana, August 2013 (development of Geographic Indication project Concept Note)
4. Nairobi, Kenya, November 2014
5. Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, December 2015 (development of Commodities Strategy for Africa)

Beatrice was a respected member of the Geographic Indications network. She proposed a number of commodities for protection, notably the *Kente* of Ghana. In November 2016, the Geographic Indications Strategy for Africa will be finalized. The Commission acknowledges her role in contributing to the drafting of the strategy.

On behalf of Her Excellency, the Chairperson and the entire staff of the AU Commission and the entire staff of the Department of Rural Economy and Agriculture, I wish to convey our deepest sympathies and condolences to you, the bereaved family of Mrs. Beatrice and her friends.

MAY HER SOUL REST IN ETERNAL PEACE


Dr. Janet Edema
Ag. Director, Department of Rural and Agriculture
African Union Commission



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Beatrice has gone to be with the Lord. I sincerely believe she adequately prepared for her journey spiritually. I first met the person who would become my best friend, Beatrice in 2012. From then, we met at least once every year but always communicated. What was striking to me was the way she was very willing to share her business knowledge, a commodity business people treat as utmost secret. Our paths became intertwined professionally but most importantly, we were friends.

Beatrice visited my home in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia in December 2015 and for the first time met my children whom she had only seen in pictures. She also met my mother, sister, brother and my nephew!

Beatrice always had a present for me and my family every single time we met! A dress, a shirt, a handbag name it! Sometimes I dreaded meeting her simply because I knew she would present me with something because I myself was never always prepared to meet her with a gift in hand.

As we celebrate her life today and always, I am happy that every time I set foot in Ghana, we always made it a point to meet. And every single time that we met, Ralph was always there with her! We shared experiences from our personal lives and I will forever remember and cherish her good counsel. The one lesson I learnt from this experience is that relations is all that matters irrespective of where we come from. I also that sharing and caring is such a blessing!

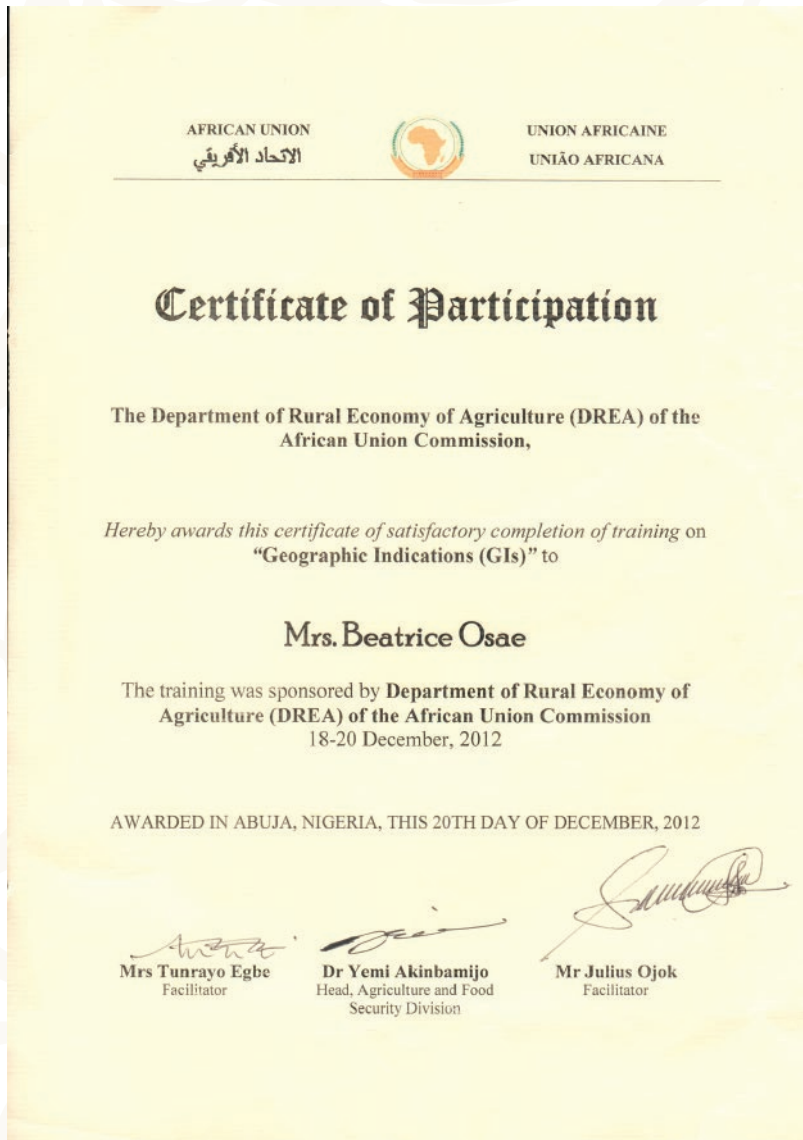
The day she passed on, she was on my mind even when I was not aware that she had been hospitalized. And because she was on my mind, I sent her a message on 24th September 2016. My message was answered by their lovely daughter; Ms. Amazing Grace!

As I come to terms with her seemingly untimely passing on, I will forever cherish the friendship Beatrice and I shared.

MAY HER SOUL REST IN ETERNAL PEACE


Ms. Diana Akullo
Policy Officer, Agriculture and Food Security, Department of Rural and Agriculture
African Union Commission





With Diane Akullo (Uganda)



With Kate Kibarah (Kenya)

TRIBUTE BY ROYALHOUSE CHAPEL INTERNATIONAL

“Blessed are the dead who die in The Lord now on, yes says the spirit that they may rest from their labor and their deeds will follow them.” Rev. 14:13

The late Lady Deacon Mrs. Beatrice Osae, affectionately called “Mama Bea” was a woman who always strived for perfection. She was sweet natured, kindhearted and always maintained a warm disposition towards all who came her way.

She had an excellent relationship with the Apostle-General, Rev. Sam Korankye Ankrah and the Premier Lady, Rev. Mrs. Rita Korankye Ankrah. Her love, respect and admiration for the Apostle General as a spiritual father made it easy for her to submit to his leadership, apostleship and covering when she relocated to Ghana in 2010. Upon joining the church, she gladly availed herself for baptism after successfully completing the Foundation School of Discipleship.

Lady Deacon Beatrice committed her life to the work of God as though she believed God was depending on her to further His cause in Royalhouse Chapel.

She was hard working, serving in several groups such as Royal Ladies, Deacons Board, Tambourine Choir and the Kings Club. By dint of her hard work and spirit of excellence she was the natural choice for the position of chairperson for the Royal Ladies Planning Committee. In addition to these she was also the patron of Praising Showers Ministry (the senior-most of 13 choirs at the headquarters, Ahenfie) and the King’s Service Ministry (the children’s service of Royalhouse Chapel).

She was a woman who believed in practical Christianity and supported the social intervention programs of Royalhouse Chapel generously.

Her natural warmth, kindheartedness and affable nature created a comfortable atmosphere around her which made people feel at home with her irrespective of their social status or age gap.

We will dearly miss our mother, sister and friend but we rejoice also, because she is with our Savior, Jesus. In honor of her, we say...

Ring out the welcome
Swing wide the gates

Choirs of angels stand and sing, “Amazing Grace” There’s one more soldier of the King
Whose trials are past
Ring out the welcome loud and clear
She’s home at last.

Mama Bea, Mrs. Osae, REST IN PERFECT PEACE!!!



TRIBUTE FROM ROYAL LADIES PLANNING COMMITTEE



We write this tribute with unimaginable sadness over the loss of a dear friend, mother and sister.

This beautiful woman was a wonderful friend, sister and mother to us; supporting many over the years with her gentle and caring nature. We always admired her dedication to the things of God and her great organizational skills.

Mrs. Osae as many called her was truly a saint. Many of us did not know her for a very long period but the few years we spent with her were filled with countless joy and happiness. She had a special relationship with every single person she came across, touching many lives with her smiles and kind words, always addressing you as "m'ewuraba."

We will not forget you in a hurry our dear sister. You will forever remain in our hearts. Your smiles and kind words are forever imprinted in our memory, your invaluable and candid advice we will surely miss. Royal Ladies Planning committee will most definitely miss our chief organizer. Mrs. Osae, we have many more events to plan, where are you to captain the ship...? But indeed, we dare say, that henceforth our programs will be bigger and better because we have you chairing and directing affairs from heaven!

We mourn but we also have hope, for our comfort is in the infallible word of God. We are assured that God has taken you to a better place to give you rest from the pain, hurts and toils of this world. Rest in peace our cherished sister. Enjoy your rest in the bosom of our Lord.



RLM TRIBUTE TO LADY DEACON MRS. BEATRICE OSAE

“Those who live good lives find peace and rest in death” – Is. 57:2 (GNT)

Today, Royal Ladies Ministries International celebrates an amazing and extraordinary woman. Mrs. Osaе, you were an emblem of beauty, an epitome of compassion and a symbol of faith.

Your great leadership qualities made you the natural choice for the position of chairperson of the Royal Ladies Planning Committee and the head of the Assemblies' Coordinating Team. You were and will always remain an inspiration to us all. Thank you for your friendship, love, kindness and counsel. Like Mary Magdalene, you broke your alabaster box and generously supported all our programs. Your kind donations as a diamond sponsor enabled us to empower the thousands of women in regular attendance at our camp meetings each year.

Words will never be enough to adequately describe what you mean to us. Mrs. Osaе,

- From the entire membership of Royal Ladies we say that you have left a mark in our hearts and we will forever cherish the virtues you passed on to us. Two things we will never forget, your beautiful smiles and how you joyfully waved your scarf to the Lord during praise and worship.
- From the Executives, the Assemblies' Coordinating Team and the Tambourine Choir, we say we will surely miss your inspiring words and leadership drive which made every seemingly insurmountable challenge achievable.
- From Mama Rita (the President General) “.... Yet who knows whether you have come to the kingdom for such a time as this?” (Esther 4:14b). Your selfless service, acts of kindness and support of my vision will forever be remembered. May my God bless your daughter Amazing Grace and your posterity. I will be there every step of the way to organize her wedding, giving her all the support you would have given her. This I promise you.

We can never turn back the hands of time though we desire earnestly to relive some of those happy moments with you. We shall therefore write your name in our hearts where it will stay forever.

Until we meet again, rest in perfect peace dearest Mother. Nante yie!

By Royal Ladies Ministries International

TRIBUTE BY PRAISING SHOWERS MINISTRY

Mrs. Beatrice Osaе as we affectionately called her was one of the patrons of Praising Showers Ministry. She was a mother to us and was an inspiring soul; she was always there for us. She offered kinds words and wise advice to us, mostly to the executives. She was the most Loving, Humble, Compassionate, Understanding, and one of the most beautiful souls one could ever meet. Mummy you were a precious gift from God with so much beauty, grace, love and patience that you possessed. You touched our hearts in so many ways, and with your strength and smile. Even in tough moments you made us realize we had an angel beside us.

We will forever salute you mummy because you have been all we ever needed within the few years we knew you. You are God given! You taught us to never give up on our dreams but to persevere no matter how hard the storms may be.

We miss you so much mom! We love you. God keep you until we meet again.

Rest in perfect peace.



AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;

How precious did that grace appear

The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come;

'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me, His Word my hope secures;

He will my Shield and Portion be, As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease,

I shall possess, within the veil,

A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,

The sun forbear to shine;

But God, who called me here below, Will be forever mine.

When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun,

We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we'd first begun.

His love in time past forbids me to think

he'll leave me at last

in trouble to sink;

while each Ebenezer

I have in review

confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

Why should I complain of want or distress, temptation or pain? He told me

no less; the heirs of salvation,

I know from his word, through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

How bitter that cup,

no heart can conceive, which he drank right up that sinners might live;

his way was much rougher and darker than mine;

did Jesus thus suffer,

and shall I repine?

Since all that I meet

shall work for my good, the bitter is sweet,

the med'cine is food; though painful at present, 'twill cease before long; and

then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

BE GONE, UNBELIEF; MY SAVIOR IS NEAR

Be Gone, Unbelief; My Savior Is Near

Begone, unbelief;

my Savior is near,

and for my relief

will surely appear;

by prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform; with Christ in the vessel, I

smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,

'tis mine to obey,

'tis his to provide;

though cisterns be broken and creatures all fail,

the word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Jesus, lover of my soul,

let me to thy bosom fly,

while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high; hide me, O my

Savior, hide, till the storm of life is past; safe into the haven guide,

O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on thee; leave, ah! leave me

not alone, still support and comfort me. All my trust on thee is stayed, all my

help from thee I bring; cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy

wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found, grace to cover all my sin;

let the healing streams abound; make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the

fountain art;

freely let me take of thee; spring thou up within my heart, rise to all eternity.

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD, I'LL NOT WANT

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want. he makes me down to lie
in pastures green; he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again; and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness, even for his own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, yet will I fear no ill;
for thou art with me; and thy rod
and staff my comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;

my head thou dost with oil anoint, and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life shall surely follow me;
and in God's house forevermore my dwelling place shall be.

WILL YOUR ANCHOR HOLD IN THE STORMS OF LIFE

Will Your Anchor Hold in the Storms of Life

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their wings of
strife? When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain, Will your anchor drift or firm
remain?

We have an anchor that keeps the soul Stedfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the Savior's
hand;

And the cables passed from His heart to mine, Can defy the blast, through strength
divine.

It will firmly hold in the straits of fear,

When the breakers have told the reef is near; Though the tempest rave and the wild
winds blow, Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our latest breath;

On the rising tide it can never fail,

While our hopes abide within the veil.

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

Stand up, stand up for Jesus! ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner, it must
not suffer loss: From vict'ry unto vict'ry, His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey:

Forth to the mighty conflict, in this His glorious day;

Ye that are men now serve Him against unnumbered foes;

Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone, The arm of flesh will fail you,
ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gospel armor, and watching unto prayer,
Where calls the voice of duty, be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus! the strife will not be long; This day the noise of battle,
the next the victor's song; To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory shall reign eternally.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, and drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole, and calms the troubled breast;

'tis manna to the hungry soul,

and to the weary, rest.

Dear Name, the rock on which I 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, my End, accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart, and cold my warmest thought; but when I see thee
as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim with every fleeting breath;

and may the music of thy Name refresh my soul in death!

CAPTAIN OF ISRAEL'S HOST AND GUIDE



Captain of Israel's Host and Guide
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.
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.
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.

GALLERY







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forever missed ▶ Sound | Sign In | Create a Memorial | Need Help? | Have a Suggestion

Beatrice Mensah Osae

1963 - 2016

About Her Life Gallery Stories



Beatrice Mensah Osae

- 52 years old
- Date of birth: Oct 4, 1963
- Place of birth: Ghana
- Date of passing: Sep 23, 2016
- Place of passing: Ghana

“ Let the memory of our beloved wife, mom, and extraordinary friend, Beatrice Mensah Osae, forever remain with us. ”

Invite your family and friends to visit this memorial:

INVITE NOW

Share on Facebook

Your E-mail Notifications:

Subscribe to receive e-mail notifications when others contribute to this memorial.

This memorial website was created in loving memory of our beloved, Beatrice Mensah Osae, 52, born on October 4, 1963 and passed away on September 23, 2016. We will love and remember her forever. Together we say rest in perfect peace.

- *Amazing Grace (daughter), Ralph (husband), and Family*

Memorial Tributes

LEAVE A TRIBUTE


This tribute was added by Ernestina Kioba on 6th October 2016

"I want to say" thank you" to God for giving me the opportunity to know this lovely angel called Mama Beatrice...

She always made sure i had a smile every time i met and the best of it all was when she called me "My lady Tina" i felt like i was the most special and beautiful person on earth.

You will forever remain in our hearts and memories mummy...
The thought of you bring smiles and joy to our faces.
We love you and may the God of Royalhouse, keep you safe.

Well done mummy..."



Click on a photo to enlarge.

ADD PHOTOS

This memorial is administered by: [Amazing Grace Danso](#)

MEMORIAL WEBSITE

Auntie Bea was loved by several people; many of whom we would have loved to feature in this booklet through tributes if we could. In order to afford everyone the opportunity to share their memories, tributes, condolences, etc., we have created a memorial website in her honor: <http://www.forevermissed.com/beatrice-efua-mensah-osae/#about>



In such difficult and trying times, it's great to know we have friends and sympathizers like you to lean on. On behalf of the Osae Family, we would like to offer our heartfelt thanks to you for your kind gestures of condolence and for sharing in our memories of Auntie Bea. We will all miss her terribly but know she is smiling down at us from above.

God richly bless you.