

FOREVER
IN OUR
Hearts 



MRS. IRENE IVY
BOATENG

1950 - 2026



Saturday 11th July, 2026





Forever In Our Hearts



A heart so gentle, a spirit so kind,
A beautiful soul you left behind.
Your love, your laughter,
your caring ways,
Will live in our hearts
for all of our days.

You *touched* so many lives
in a special way,
With *patience, grace*
and words to say.
A listening ear, a *helping hand*,
You did so much for *everyone*.

Though you are gone,
we'll never part,
For you will *live forever*
in each heart.
Your memories keep us *strong*
and true,
We'll hold on tight
to all of you.

Rest in peace, our dearest one,
Your journey here on earth is done.
Until we *meet again* someday,
We'll *love you always*,
every single day.





OFFICIATING PRIESTS

Principal Celebrant

- Very Rev. Joseph A. A. Asumadu
St George Cathedral Administrator

Con-celebrant

- Rev. Fr. Gilbert Gbogbo Mortey
Assistant Cathedral Administrator
- Rev. Fr. Shradrack Danso
Assistant Cathedral Administrator
- Rev. Fr. Maxwell Alaaje
Assistant Cathedral Administrator
- Very Rev. Fr. Raphael Gyapong Frempong
(Headmaster, St. Francis SHS, Akim - Oda)

Clergy in Attendance

- Rt. Rev. Felix O. Annancy
(Bishop – Anglican Diocese of Koforidua)
- Very Rev. S. E. Paddy
(Dean of St. Peter Anglican Cathedral)
- Rev. Canon Nelson Boadi
- Rev. Canon (Rtd). Christian T. Akumiah
- Rev. Canon Patrick Sackey Addoo
- Rev. Fr. Douglas Berchie

ST. GEORGE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL – KOFORIDUA
ORDER OF BURIAL MASS

RECEPTION OF THE BODY AND
READING OF TRIBUTES AND
BIOGRAPHY: 8.30 AM

INTRODUCTORY RITE

- Entrance - CH 351
- Lead Kindly Light
- Introit: Ch 212
Yes Heaven Is The Prize
- Penitential rite
- Collect.

LITURGY OF THE WORD

- First reading
- Responsorial psalm - Hymn 106
- The Lord's My Shepherd
- Gospel Acclamation-
- Homily
- Prayer of the faithful: Tie yen
mpaebo

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

- Collection- medley of songs
- Preparation of the altar: Ch 374
Through All The Changing Scenes Of
Life

- Eucharistic Prayers
- Communion: Ch 235 Jesus My Lord
My God, 103 O Bread Of Heaven, 247
Sweet Sacrament Divine, 376, Take
Mu Life And Let It Be 93 Soul Of My
Saviour
- Post Communion

CONCLUDING RITE

- Ch: 365 Silently The Shades Of
Evening
- Final commendation and farewell
- Final blessing
- Recession CH339. God Be With You
Will We Meet Again.

GRAVE SIDE

- Song. Yesu ka woho
- Blessing of tomb
- Interment
- Laying of wreaths
- Closing Song: Asomdwae mu
- Vote of thanks
- Final blessing

Biography

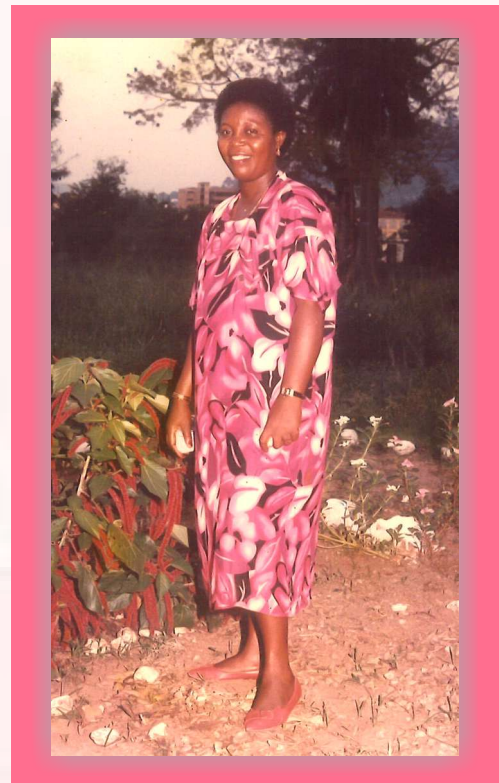
OF THE LATE MRS. IRENE IVY BOATENG

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith" 2 Tim. 4:7



The late Mrs. Irene Ivy Boateng, affectionately called Auntie Irene, whose mortal remains lie in front of us was born on the 12th September, 1950 to Kwasi Yeboah of Abetifi and Mercy Frempong, alias Afia Mmere (Mush) of Betom Koforidua, both of blessed memory. She was the third of five daughters.

Auntie Irene started her formal education at Zion Primary School Koforidua and continued at St. Agnes Roman Catholic School. She then continued at Asokore Local Authority (L/A) where she completed her Middle School in 1966. She was living with her mother at Abotanso – Betom all this while. Auntie furthered her education at St. Louis Training College and had her Teachers' Certificate 'A' in 1970. In her career as a teacher, she taught at the following schools during her forty (40) years of classroom teaching period,



Takorase L/A Middle School (Akim)	–	1970 – 1971
Mangoase United Primary School	–	1971 – 1972
Suhum Methodist Home Science Centre	–	1972 – 1973
Suhyen Methodist Primary 'A'	–	1973 – 1985
Koforidua Archbishop Lemaire Anglican Primary	–	1985 – 1999
Koforidua St. Peter's Anglican KG	–	1999 – 2005
Koforidua St. Peter's Anglican Primary	–	2005 – 2006
Korle Nkwaanta Good Shepherd Anglican KG	–	2006 – 2010

She retired on the rank of Assistant Director I, a testament to her dedication and meritorious service in the Ghana Education Service.

Auntie Irene was baptized into the Catholic faith in April 1963 and received her first Holy Communion the same day. She was confirmed in July of the same year. Auntie Irene was a devoted Catholic who took church activities seriously. She was a staunch member of Christian Mother's Association and held some key positions in the church. She held positions such as Deanery Vice President, Cathedral Treasurer and Parish Councilor of the Association. She had the Association at heart and would not miss any of the activities of the Association.

Auntie Irene got married to Mr. George Freeman Boateng, who she affectionately called him G F, on the 30th of December 1973 and the marriage was blessed at St. George Cathedral Church on the 20th of May, 1989. The union was blessed with four beautiful daughters. Auntie Irene took care of the children when her husband travelled to Nigeria to work there. Being a single mother at that time, she made sure that the children did not lack anything. She combined teaching with sewing so she could cater for the children and their needs. Being a professional teacher, she applied this skill in teaching her children how to sew. All her children learned how to sew

whether you like or not. As a caring mother, she took care of her siblings' children even when things were difficult. Her caring nature, love for children and her benevolence extended to children who are not even related to her. She would accept any child who would want to stay with her. Her generosity was manifested when it was time to share food in the house. If you see the number of plates to be served one would think is a boarding school. Children who are not even staying in the house would be served. This shows how generous Auntie Irene was. For her love for children, those she nurtured and mentored include, Sister Lydia, Ataa Portia, Adwoa Love, Mabel Dankwa and many others.

Auntie Irene had been battling with sickness for quite some time now and has been going for checkups every now and then. She was to go for her normal checkup but could not go because she was not feeling well at that time. On the 5th of March she was rushed to the Regional hospital, attended to and admitted. On the 6th March, 2026, She gave up the ghost.

May the Angels lead you to your father's bosom.

Auntie Irene, rest in perfect peace









Tribute

BY MR. GEORGE FREEMAN BOATENG - HUSBAND
IN LOVING MEMORY OF IRENE IVY BOATENG



A Devoted Wife, Mother, Teacher & Pillar of Faith
"She is clothed with strength and dignity; she can laugh at the days to come. She speaks with wisdom, and faithful instruction is on her tongue." — **Proverbs 31:25–26**



In God's providence, our lives were brought together for a reason to build a home, nurture a family, and share experiences that time can never erase. As we gather to celebrate your life, I do so with gratitude, respect, and fond memories of you. Today, I remember not only the woman I once called my wife, but also the mother of our children and a person whose life, strength, and kindness left an enduring mark on me and all who knew her.

Before we became sweethearts, we were neighbors living in Betom about two hundred metres (200m) apart. Our mothers, who knew and loved one another like sisters,

watched us with quiet joy, later on, in the journey of life, as two young teachers fell in love our relationship blossomed into something sacred. We had our exceptional customary marriage ceremony.

In 1972, when we began our journey of marriage, walking hand in hand, commuting together between Koforidua and Mangoase, boarding the same 5:30am passenger train each morning and returning home together on the same train each evening made me love you more. I still hold, in the gallery of my heart, the picture of the young, beautiful, elegant woman in her spectacles whom I fell so deeply for.

Three years into our shared teaching career, you urged me on in numerous ways, sparing no expenses which enabled me pursue further studies at the University of Ghana, Legon, between 1974 and 1977. You were, in every sense, the wind beneath my wings.

In God's perfect timing, we welcomed our first child three years into our marriage. We trusted the Lord through that season of waiting, and He proved Himself faithful, for between 1976 and 1984, He blessed us abundantly with four beautiful daughters: Ama Dankwa Boateng, Yaa Boatemaa Boateng, Akosua Kyerewa and Akosua Bimponma. Truly, "children are a heritage from the Lord, offspring a reward from him" (Psalm 127:3).



We were all born on Tuesday in September. Your name at birth was Abena Boateng. I am Kwabena Boateng, was it co-incidental or destiny?

Auntie Irene as I affectionately called her was a remarkably sociable woman, one who made friends easily and was warmly embraced by people of every kind and every walk of life. Her circle of friendship was wide and her heart wider still. She would not forgive me, even now, if I failed to honour by name some of those dear to her: Ruby Adawo, Veronica Amekudzi, Veronica Okoampa, Christiana Asare Ampofo, Awo, Comfort Quaye, Edith Addo, Mercy Boampong, Agnes Asifiri and Regina Gyimah. To each of you, she would say: thank you for walking with me.

Irene, your love for the things of God, most especially within the Catholic Church, was one of the things I cherished most about you. From your school days through to teacher training at St. Agnes Girls' School and St. Louis Teacher Training College, you embraced the faith and never let it go. You remained a faithful daughter of the Catholic Church, present at every event, active in every activity, giving yourself fully without being asked. You were a proud member of both St. Anthony's Guild and the Christian Mothers' Association. Among your peers you carried yourself with such generosity and warmth that you earned the affectionate title "cash madam", a true reflection of the benevolence you so freely displayed. The full story of what you meant to that fellowship, I gladly leave to your colleagues to tell, for they knew you in a sacred way that words cannot fully express.

It would be incomplete, however, not to acknowledge the Anglican thread woven deeply into the fabric of her life. Her mother was Anglican, and I, her husband, am Anglican. For over twenty years, she dedicated her teaching career to Anglican schools, shaping young minds within that tradition. And when God blessed us with our daughters, it was in the Anglican faith that she chose to have them all baptised. Though her own personal devotion found its home in the Catholic

Church, her roots, her household, and her years of service were firmly planted in the Anglican soil. She was, in her own quiet way, a bridge between two great expressions of the Christian faith."

As humans, ours was not a union without trial. There were disagreements, some bitter, some sour, some heartbreaking, yet through every one of them, you stood with me. You never let me out, even when those who sought to come between us came knocking persistently at your door. You proved, time and again, that you were far more than a wife to me: you were a mother, a supporter, a protector and a defender. In all my shortcomings, you forgave me freely and easily, and you lived beside me as though no wrong had ever been done.

I cannot, in honesty, say that I gave to you in equal measure all that you gave me. But I thank God that He chose me to be the one to love you and to care for you in your final days on this earth. I am consoled, even now, by the words you spoke in my absence, that I had done all that was needed for you, and that you could now go and rest. What a testimony to receive from the woman I loved. I am profoundly grateful.

As I mourn you, I say to you: bye, bye, bye. Fare thee well, rest well, Irene. Sleep in the bosom of our Lord and Saviour, until we meet again.

Damirifa due, due, due!

Da yie,



Tribute

TO OUR CHERISHED MOTHER



"And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes, there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away". Rev. 21:4

We will begin by thanking the Almighty God for making us come into this world through one of the most amazing and loving mother one could ever have in lifetime. We are grateful to God and proud to have had a mum like we had whose sense of responsibility, care, love and nurturing have shaped us. We wish we could postpone this heart-wrenching activity for eternity, but we realize that our wishes do not count here and, in any case, no matter how long it is postponed, we will ultimately have to deliver it one day as the chickens are bound to come home to roost. Yes, we wish we could be spared this emotional experience, but alas society expects it of us and so shall it be. It is going to be a very difficult thing to do, not because we lack the words but because to the person who didn't know her well enough, who didn't live with her, who didn't experience her motherliness, it would seem exaggerated. You can have our word though that this tribute is well-deserved. It is as far as humanly possible, an accurate account of the qualities of the woman who nurtured and groomed us.

The late Mrs Irene Ivy Boateng, our Mother was known to us as Auntie. She was the

kind of mother that everyone would want to be proud of and yearn to have. How she did it will forever remain a mystery to us, but if we could turn back the clock, we would simply look at her with awe and admiration. Auntie, you were not just an ordinary mother to us but a pillar, a virtuous woman, an exceptional, loving and a source of pride. You took care of us and those who are not your biological children as well as your siblings' children.

Auntie played her motherly role to perfection such that she would do everything possible to ensure that we had enough to eat, including sewing alongside teaching. Auntie made sure that we all learn how to sew. Sewing was and still part of us no wonder one of us is a professional seamstress. On education, Auntie was an educationist so she went all round to ensure we were all well-educated.

Kwasi says he is your first apprentice in sewing. You taught me how to sew kaba and slit. You taught me how to do all house chores, how to take care of my siblings, how to carry them at my back, how to cook and everything in life. Indeed, you were and still my mentor. What I am today is by your tutelage.



Ama Dankwa says she would never forget the pains you went through to straighten her life during her difficult moments. You raised a stubborn child and never gave up. Your patience with my stubbornness taught what real strength looks like. Thank you for not letting my stubbornness win over your love.

Yaa Boatemaa says you were her confidant who she shares her worries with. She says who will tell her, Yaa, abotare ohh after she has complained of something bothering her. Patience was your answer to every problem and situation. Who will tell her, don't worry when your mum the cash woman is here, everything will be okay.

Akosua Kyerewah says she calls you Irene A Boat and you respond that's me with a smile and a thumb up. You were not just my mother but my friend, fighting partner, my world. Mum, you promised to wait until I get married and give you grandchildren. Why couldn't you wait for me, why leave this soon. Who will come to my aid when am sick and crying, "yɛsu yɛsu?" You were my strength when I could not stand. I still hold on to the love you gave me, lessons you taught and memories we shared.

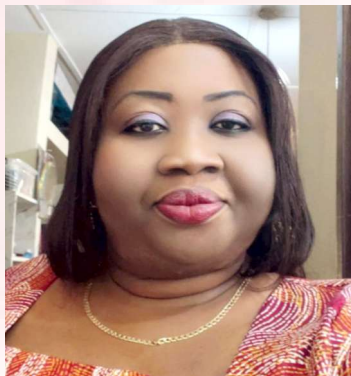
Akosua Bimpomaa says you taught her to be patient in all her dealings because you were incredibly patient. You would often say, don't worry Esi Atta, because you believed that everything would work in its time. You were the cash woman because you always gave us money. You often said, "ɛdidi daana ɛyɛ, ɛyɛ ɛdidi prɛko." We often argued about the way I was raising my children because you thought I was too strict. I know this shows your love and concern you had for your grandchildren.

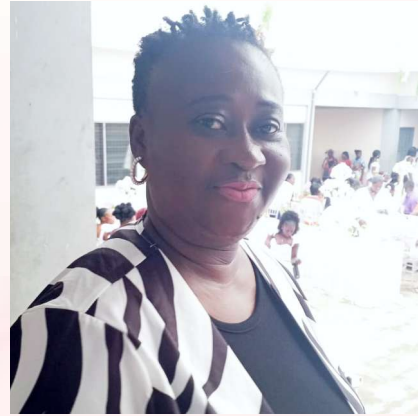
Auntie, forgive us if we could not say it all but we had to leave some of the fine details lest those who didn't know you would think we have made it all up. Our beloved Mother, if we have the chance to choose one woman among all the women in the world, it is you we would have chosen for a mother. Death may have taken you from our sight but in our hearts, you will forever remain. An unfathomable vacuum is created and filling it will be very difficult. Auntie, we would like to say thank you so much for all that you have done for us. Auntie, Kwasi Dankwa says thank you, Ama Dankwa says thank you, Yaa Boatemaa says thank you, Akosua Kyerewah says thank you, Akosua Bimponmaa says thank you, Michael Boateng, Ama Adutwumwaa, Kwasi Boateng Jnr say thank you, Sister Lydia, Kofi Agyekum, Ataa Portia, Adwoa Love, Adwoa Dankwa, Nana Yaw, Kwabena Boateng Jnr, Kwadwo Boateng, Yvonne Boateng, Naomi, Maa and others say thank you. We would like to use this opportunity to say a very big thanks to a wonderful woman who was with our mother before she gave up the ghost, Auntie Christie. Auntie Christie, you and our mother were like sisters going everywhere together. Anytime we are in need of you, you are there to help us and to guide us. You were standing by your sister when she gave up the ghost. Auntie Christie, we say a huge thank you.

Now, the Sun has set and we have come to the crossroads. We can only linger, but not to go with you for in your lineage, there is still an unfinished business to ensure that your name and memory live on.

**Sadly, we have to part ways, tearfully,
We say fare thee well
Auntie**

CHILDREN





Tribute

FROM GRANDCHILDREN

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his servants"
– Psalm 116:13.

To the world, she was a remarkable woman, but to us, she was simply our lovely Granny the heart and soul of our family.

Growing up under her watchful eye and tender care was a privilege we will forever cherish. Granny had a unique way of making each one of us feel like her absolute favorite. Her home was a sanctuary of warmth, always smelling of comfort, always filled with laughter, and always open to us no matter what.

She didn't just tell us she loved us; she showed us every single day. She taught us kindness through her actions, patience through her gentle guidance, and the true meaning of family by keeping us all so tightly knit together. The lessons she taught us and the love she poured into our lives will remain with us forever. Your sudden departure has left a great vacuum and is irreplaceable, our heart are really broken in trenches of grief. "He heals the broken hearted and binds up their wounds" Psalm 147:3. Your words of comfort encourages us to keep trusting in God that one day he would show himself strong in every situation." He has made everything beautiful in it time. Also, he has put eternity into man's heart, yet so that he cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end " Ecclesiastes 3:11

Aww Auntie Irene, Our cash woman, Irena boat!!!! That's me .Indeed your are gone but your spirit of good heart will continually reign with us. We promise to take care of ourselves in high esteem as you wish to see us progressing. Our cash woman keep resting eternally and may God Almighty shield your journey in the bosom of Abraham. Thank you for being our anchor, our cheerleader, our motivator and the sweetest grandmother with the swag. Till we meet again Auntie Irene a.k.a cash woman rest peaceful our Queen.

Damirifa Due

Auntie Due ne amane hunu...

GRAND
CHILDREN





Tribute

BY IN-LAWS

“Honour her for all that her hands have done, and let her works bring her praise at the city gate.” Proverbs 31:31

Today we, your in-laws, stand to honor a woman whose life was defined by two beautiful words: **kindness and patience.**

Mama, from the first day we stepped into this family, you received us with open arms and a warm heart. You never made us feel like "in-laws." To you, we were simply your children.

Your kindness had no limits. Your door was always open. Your food was always enough. Your prayers were always going up for us, even when we didn't know.

Your patience taught us the most. You listened without judging. You corrected with love. You waited for us to grow, to learn, and to get things right. In moments of misunderstanding, you were the calm in the room. You showed us what it means to keep a home together in peace.

Because of you, this family is united. Because of you, we learned how to love, to forgive, and to serve others.

Mama, thank you for being a mother to us all. Thank you for the wisdom you shared, the meals you cooked, and the quiet sacrifices we will never fully understand.

We promise to live by the example you set. We will be kind, we will be patient, and we will keep this family close – just as you taught us.

We love you deeply. We will miss you dearly.

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace.



IN-LAWS



Tribute

TO THE LATE
MRS. IRENE BOATENG BY FAMILY

"A great soul serves everyone all the time. A great soul never dies. It brings us together again and again." — Maya Angelou

For over seven decades, a great soul, Mrs. Irene Boateng, known to her parents as Abena Boatemaa, was a blessing to the Ekuona Abusua of New Juaben.

Auntie Irene was affectionate, caring, generous, and peace-loving, with a "can-do" spirit and attitude.

As a teacher, she helped train the children in the family. One or two of her siblings' children, and others as well, lived with her at different times.

In deep sorrow, we bid farewell to a cherished daughter, sister, mother, and grandmother. Her unwavering love, boundless generosity, and steadfast support shaped the very fabric of our family.

Abena, it was always our wish that you remained with us, so we could continue to feel your love and concern. But the immortal God loves you best.

Even though our hearts are broken and our spirits crushed, we hold strong to the conviction that we will meet you again on that glorious day when the Lord comes for His own.

Auntie Irene, may the Good Lord grant you eternal rest in His bosom.

Auntie, Dayie.



Tribute

BY SIBLINGS

*"To everything there is a season, a time to be born
and a time to die" (Eccl 3:1)*

A light from our household is gone. The voice we loved is stilled. A place is vacant in our home which can never be filled. Words cannot describe the sorrow churning through us as we write this tribute.

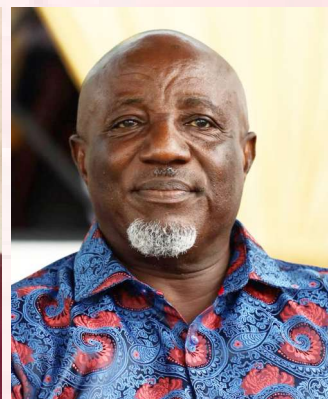
Auntie Irene as we affectionately called her, was a woman of substance with a good heart and a source of blessing to us. Auntie was a thoughtful woman of words and her kindness had no bounds.

She has such a big heart and was ready to help anyone in need. Your love and positive energy will continue to vibrate in us, your children and generation to come. We cannot find the exact words and expression to convey to the world how generous you were to the family.

We wish our gathering here today is to celebrate you and not mourn you. Your departure has created a vacuum, a big black hole, like a meteor falling from the sky into our hearts. If we may ask, whose hand have you left your husband, children and siblings?

It is our prayer that the good Lord gives us the strength to carry on. You have fought a good fight and brought your work on this earth to an end. You are not lost but gone ahead of us. You will never be forgotten. Your memory will forever remain with us in our hearts. May the good Lord grant you a peaceful rest in His bosom until we meet again.

With heavy heart we bid you fare thee well.



Tribute

TO THE LATE MOTHER IRENE BOATENG
BY CHRISTIAN MOTHERS' ASSOCIATION
(ST. GEORGE CATHEDRAL, KOFORIDUA)



"Whatever you do, remember that some day you must die. As long as you keep this in mind, you will never sin." Sirach 7:36

Today, people of God congregated here, we celebrate the life of our dear Mother Irene Boateng, a woman full of life, a light of hope and a symbol of strength in our society, the Christian Mothers' Association.

Our hearts are heavy, yet filled with memories of your love, laughter, care and counselling. Your generosity also touched some individual lives and the association in general.

Mother Irene was the quiet type though, due to her faithfulness, she became our treasurer for quite a long time, perhaps over a decade.

She was instrumental in making decisions that affected all members of the C.M.A. positively. She also sewed the association's uniforms for some members freely. She has made a lasting impact on us all and we will

forever be grateful for the time and energy she put into making the C.M.A. a success.

As we bid farewell to Mother Irene Boateng, her incredible work she has done over the years, her passion and dedication to humanity. This has inspired and motivated many of us and we are better human beings for having known her.

Mother Irene Abena Boatemaa Boateng, Christian Mothers' Association will forever remember your generosity, compassion and faithfulness.

May the Good Lord grant you a perfect place of abode, that is HEAVEN.

AMEN

Glory be to God: He lives forever.



Tribute

BY ST. GEORGE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL
FOR MRS. IRENE IVY BOATENG



*The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no
torment shall touch them." - Wisdom 3:1*

The Cathedral Administration, Religious, and Parishioners of St. George Catholic Cathedral join family and friends in thanking God for the life of Mrs. Irene Ivy Boateng, a devoted daughter of the Church whose life was marked by faith, humility, and service.

Born in September 1949, Mrs. Boateng embraced her Catholic faith wholeheartedly. She was baptized on 13th April 1963, received her First Holy Communion on 14th April 1963, and was confirmed on 28th July 1963, laying a strong spiritual foundation that guided her throughout her life. She further sanctified her Christian vocation through the Sacrament of Holy Matrimony on 20th May 1989.

Mrs. Irene Ivy Boateng was naturally quiet and unassuming, yet her actions spoke volumes. Behind her gentle demeanor was a compassionate heart that always found time to support and assist those in need. Her kindness, generosity, and willingness to serve touched many lives within and beyond the parish community.

She was diligent and dependable in carrying out her church responsibilities and actively participated in women's activities, contributing her time, talents, and energy to the growth of the Church. Her commitment to God's work was evident in her faithful service and unwavering dedication to the parish.

Mrs. Boateng became ill about three years ago and could not come to Church but she gave us hope whenever we visited her either for communion or normal visits showing her trust and belief in Christ. God calls when He wills. God's time is the best.

As we bid farewell to this faithful servant of God, we take comfort in the Christian hope of the Resurrection. We thank God for the gift of her life, her witness of faith, and her quiet but impactful service to the Church and society.

May the Lord whom she served faithfully grant her eternal rest, and may perpetual light shine upon her. May her gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

Amen.

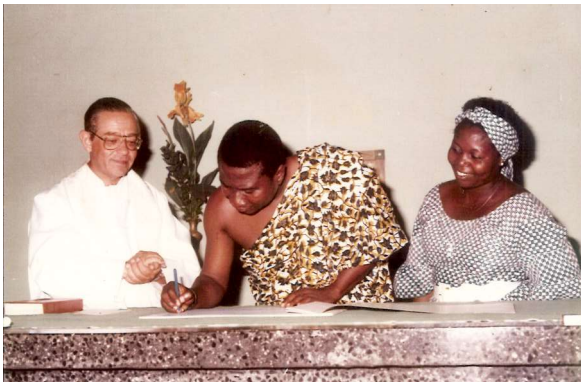
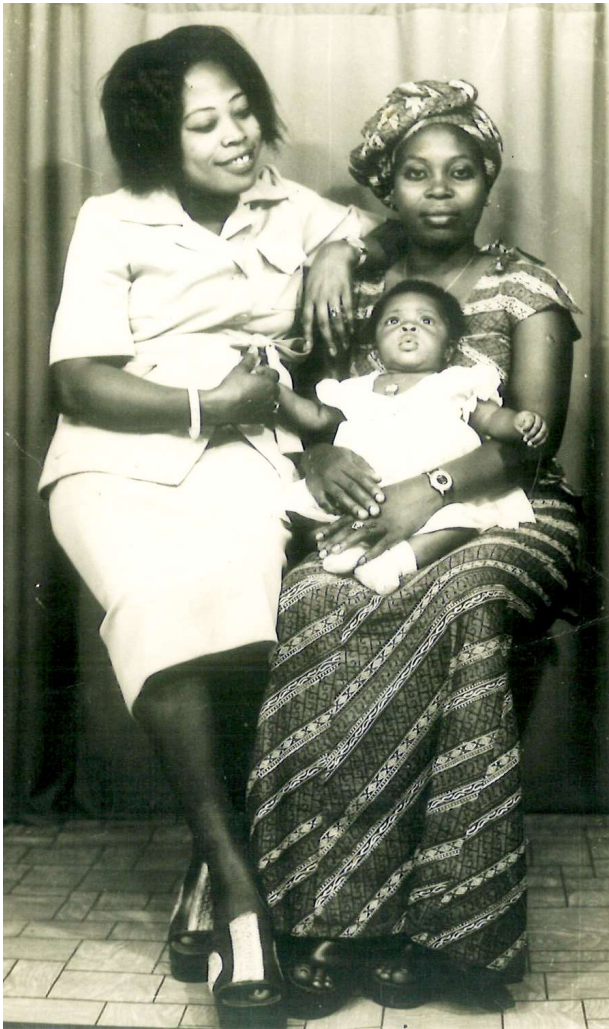


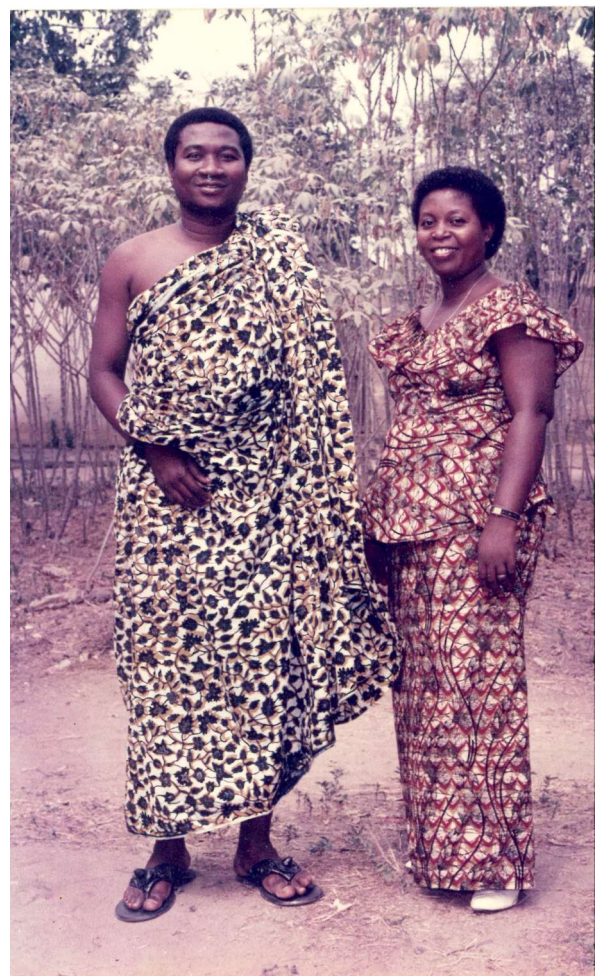


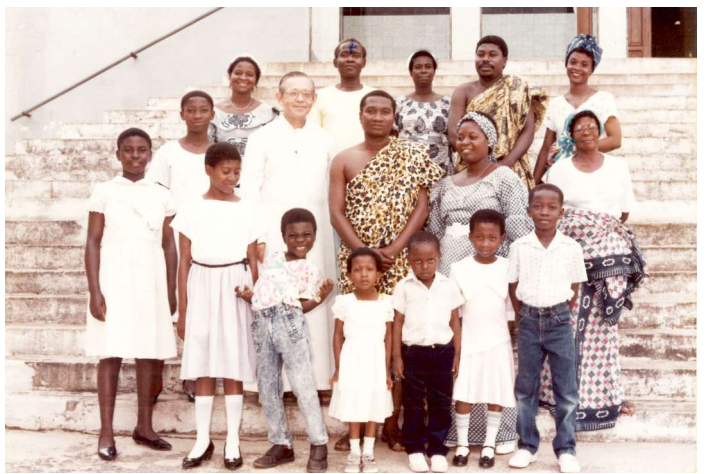
Gallery

LIFE OVER THE YEARS















Hymns

351. Lead, Kindly Light, Amid T...

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Yes, lead me on!
The night is dark,
and I am far from home;
Yes, lead me on!
Keep firm my feet;
I do not ask to see The distant scene;
one step enough for me.

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
you; should lead me on; I loved to
choose,
and see my path; but now, Yes lead me
on!
I loved the garish day, And, spite of
fears, Pride ruled my will;
Remember not past years!

3. So long your power
has blessed me,
sure it still Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen,
O'er crag and torrent,
till the night is gone,
And with the morn,
those angel faces smile,
which I Have loved,
long since,
and lost awhile!

212.

1. Yes Heaven Is The Prize.
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.

2. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
My soul, Oh think of this;
All earthly goods despise,
For such a crown of bliss.
't Is Heaven, etc.

3. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
When sorrows press around, Look up
beyond the skies, Where hope and
strength are found.
't Is Heaven, etc.

4. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Oh, it's not hard to gain;
He surely wins who tries, For hope can
conquer pain. 't Is Heaven, etc.

5. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
The strife will soon be past, Faint not,
but raise your eyes, And struggle to the
last. 't Is Heaven, etc.

6. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Faith shows the crown to gain,
Hope lights the way and dies;
But love will always reign.
't Is Heaven, etc.

7. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Too much cannot be given;
And he alone is wise,
Who gives up all for Heaven.
't Is Heaven, etc.

8. Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Death opens wide the door,
And then the spirit flies,
To God for evermore.
't Is Heaven, etc.

106. The Lord's My Shepherd, I...

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

2. My Spirit he restores again;
My life he does reclaim, He guides me
into righteousness,
To glorify his name.

3. Although I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For you are with me; and your rod And
staff my comfort still.

4. My table you have well prepared, In
presence of my foes;
My head you do with oil anoint, And my
cup overflows.

5. Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

374. Through All The Changing...

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

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

3. O magnify the Lord with me, with me
exalt his Name;
when in distress to him I called, he to my
rescue came.

4. The hosts of God encamp around the
dwellings of the just; deliverance he
affords to all who on his succour trust.

5. O make but trial of his love;
experience will decide
how blest they are, and only they who in
his truth confide.

6. 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.

235. Jesus, My Lord, My God,...

1. Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all, How
can I love you as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift, So
far surpassing hope or thought?
Sweet Sacrament, we you adore;
Oh make us love you more and more.

2. Had I but Mary's sinless heart, To love
you with, my dearest King, Oh, with what
burst of fervent praise, Your goodness,
Jesus; would I sing!
Sweet Sacrament, etc.

3. Ah, see! Within a creature's hand, The
vast Creator deigns to be, Reposing,
Infant-like, as though, On Joseph's arm,
or Mary's knee.
Sweet Sacrament, etc.

4. Your body, soul, and Godhead, all;
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have, For all you
are and have are mine;
Sweet Sacrament, etc.

5. Sound, sound his praises higher still
And come, you angels to our aid;
'Tis God, 'tis God, the very God, Whose
power both man and angels made.
Sweet Sacrament, etc.

103. O Bread Of Heaven, Bene...

1. O bread of heaven, beneath this veil
that has my very God concealed; my
Jesus, dearest treasure, hail; I love you
and adoring kneel; each loving soul by
you is fed with your own self in form of
bread.

2. O food of life, that you do give the
pledge of immortality;
I live; no, 'tis 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.

3. 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 unmeasur'd love.

4. Beloved Lord in heaven above, there,
Jesus, is 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 has
given?

247. Sweet Sacrament Divine.

1. Sweet Sacrament divine, Hid in your
earthly home;
Lo! round your lowly shrine, With
suppliant hearts we come;
Jesus, to you our voice we raise In
songs of love and heartfelt praise Sweet
Sacrament divine (2x)

2. Sweet Sacrament of peace, Dear
home of every heart, Where restless
yearnings cease, And sorrows all depart.
There in your ear, all trustfully,
We tell our tale of misery,
Sweet Sacrament of peace. (2x)

3. Sweet Sacrament of rest, Ark from the
ocean's roar, Within your shelter blest
Soon may we reach the shore;
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves:
Sweet Sacrament of rest. (2x)

4. Sweet Sacrament divine, Earth's light
and jubilee, In your far depths do shine
Your Godhead's majesty;
Sweet light, so shine on us, we pray
That earthly joys may fade away:
Sweet Sacrament divine. (2x)

376. Take My Life And Let It Be.

1. Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2. Take my hands, and let them move At
the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and
beautiful for Thee.

3. Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with
messages from Thee.

4. Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5. Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour, At Thy
feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all
for Thee.

93. Soul Of My Savior, Sanctify...

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

2. 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 you.

3. Guard and defend me, From the foe
malign;
In death's dread moment
Make me only Thine Call me and bid me

Come to you on high
When I may praise thee With your
Saints for aye.

365. Silently The Shades Of Ev...

1. Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2. O, not lost but gone before us,
Let them never be forgot,
Sweet their memory to the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!

3. How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven,
We may hope to gain at last.

339. God Be With You Till We...

1. God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you, With
His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Refrain:

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at
Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2. God be with you till we meet again;
Neath His wings protecting hide you;
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.
[Refrain].

3. God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.
[Refrain].

4. God be with you till we meet again;
keep love's banner floating o'er you,
smite death's threatening wave before
you;
God be with you till we meet again.
[Refrain].



Fare Thee Well

*Your love was a blessing,
Your memory a treasure.
You are loved beyond words
And missed beyond measure.
Rest in perfect peace.*

Thank You

We sincerely thank you for coming to mourn with us and for sharing in our sorrow during this difficult time. Your presence, support, prayer, and kind words have brought us great comfort and strength.

*May God richly bless you abundantly
for your love and compassion*