In Loving Memory of

Esther Ownsu



Eumise

June 12, 1955

Suns et

June 15, 2016

Friday, July 22, 2016 - 7:00 P.M.

Cotton Funeral Service

1025 Bergen Street Newark, New Jersey Pastor Joseph Asmah, Officiating

Order of Service

Musical Prelude

ProcessionalViewing
Welcome and Opening Prayer
Tribute by First Ghanaian Association
Hymn
Eulogyread by Patience Owusu
Scripture Reading 1. Psalm 90:1-12 2. John 14:1-7
Hymn "Captain of Israel's Host And Guide"
Hymn"It Is Well With My Soul"
Words of Encouragement
Prayer for the Family
Announcements
Closing Hymn "Guide Me Oh Thou Great Jehovah"
Benediction

Interment

Rosehill Cemetery Linden, New Jersey



Thank you all for taking the time to join us in celebration of my Mother's life this evening.

The hardest thing I've had to do is to write about the memories I have about my beloved Mother.

1 John 4:16 says: "And so we know and rely on the love God has for us. God is love. Whoever lives in love lives in God, and God in them"

The love my mother poured into her children is similar to the love God has for us.

It was an unconditional, unexplainable and undeniable.

My mother taught me that no one will ever live your life for you; you have to live it to the best of your ability while you're here on earth. I've always kept that close to my heart because my mother LIVED during her short and precious time here with us. She traveled the world and enjoyed learning about different cultures and languages. She had this lovely aura about her that was undeniable. She was the perfect person to get amazing advice from. Sometimes her incredibly warm smile was enough for me.

She overcame tough obstacles and this has served as a valuable life lesson that I will always cherish. She used to tell me how proud she was of me and that would make me crumble into tears.

I want her to know that I am proud of the phenomenal woman she was. The strong, beautiful spirit she was. The kindest warmth of love she was. The brilliant, remarkable mother she was and most importantly, the God fearing woman she is.

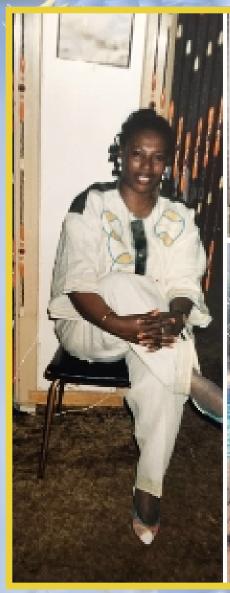
She was my light in the dark. She held the candle and showed me there will always be a way. As long as I trust and believe in God, there will always be a way.

Lasting





Memories







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A TRIBUTE BY FIRST GHANAIAN SOCIETY OF NEW JERSEY

Ms. Esther Owusu was sworn in as a member of First Ghanaian Society of New Jersey on July 1st, 2001. She took an oath to serve the association at any given time or day, rain or shine, to the best of her ability and that was exactly what she did.

She was very dedicated, attended meetings when time permitted and paid her dues. Auntie Esther, as she was affectionately called was very friendly to all which made it easy for almost everyone to approach her. She was mostly quiet at our general meetings but never hesitated to ask questions or add her input. Although she came in late sometimes, she made sure to go around and say her "hellos" to all. Auntie Esther was very committed to FGSNJ by making sure she did what was expected of her.

We were all shaken on Wednesday June 15th, 2016 when we heard the news about her condition. We found it hard to believe until the President and some of the association members went to visit her and confirmed it. An announcement went out for all to keep her in our prayers. Unfortunately, we heard the very painful and sad news of her passing soon after.

Most of the members reached out to her family to express our deepest condolences. It has been very hard for us to accept the passing of a dedicated mother, sister, friend, wife and member of this wonderful association. However, Romans 14:7-8 says: "For none of us lives to himself and no one dies to himself. For if we live, we live for the Lord and if we die, we die for the Lord. Therefore, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's".

Sleep well Auntie Esther; we know it will be a glorious moment to see you again in Heaven. Until then, may the Lord watch over you and over us all. We will truly miss you.

DA YIE ONUA, TILL WE MEET AGAIN.



Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me
To be a happy one,
I'd like to leave an afterglow
Of smiles when day is done.
I'd like to leave an echo
Whispering softly down the ways,
Of happy times and laughing times
And bright and sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those who grieve
To dry before the sun
Of happy memories that I leave behind,
When the day is done.
-Helen Lowrie Marshall

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.

Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.

Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.

Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.

Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

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