



IN LOVING MEMORY



**DR. PHILOMENA  
DOVI KUMAPLEY**

***1955-2025***

*But I do not want you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning those who have fallen asleep, lest you sorrow as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so God will bring with Him those who sleep in Jesus*

**1 Thessalonians 4:13-14**

# ORDER OF MASS

## OFFICIATING PRIEST

Rev. Fr. Hillary Agbenosi  
Rev. Fr. Anumu Quayefoli, SVD

## PART ONE

Reception of the Body: 07:00 hrs.  
Lying in State  
Filing past and Reading of Tributes  
CH 339, 377, 365, 163

## PART TWO

HOLY MASS: 08:00 hrs.  
Office of the Dead  
Procession CH 308  
Introit Y3wo fie bi wo soro  
Introductory Rites  
Penitential rite Messe de St.  
Fransiskuss  
First Reading: Wisdom 3: 1-9  
Responsorial Psalm CH 34  
Gospel: Matthew 25: 31-46  
Acclamation Alleluia  
Gospel reading  
Homily  
Prayer of the faithful: Mawu  
miede  
kuku nawò.  
Collection (Medley of songs)

Santus St. Jude  
Eucharistic Acclamation  
The Lord's Prayer  
Sign of Peace: It is well  
Agnus Dei  
Communion CH 252, 106  
Post Communion Anima  
Christi  
Post communion prayer  
Second Collection  
Biography  
Announcement/Vote of  
thanks  
Final Commendation  
Final Blessing  
Recession CH 305

## PART THREE

HE GRAVE SIDE  
Opening Hymn: CH 190  
Introductory Prayer  
Blessing of the  
Grave/Committal  
Intercessory Prayer  
The Lord's Prayer  
Hymn  
Laying of Wreath in  
Final Blessing

## PROLOGUE

### WHEN TOMORROW STARTS WITHOUT ME. BY DAVID M. ROMANO

When tomorrow starts without me  
And I am not here to see  
If the sun should rise and find your  
Eyes all filled with tears for me

I wish you would not cry  
The way you did today  
When thinking of the many things  
You did not get to say

I know how much you love me  
As much as I love you  
Each time you think of me  
I know you will miss me too.

And said my place was ready  
In Heaven far above  
And that I'd have to leave behind  
All those I dearly love

When I walked through Heaven's gate  
I felt so much at home  
When God looked down and smiled at me  
From His great golden throne

He said this is eternity  
And all I promised you  
Today your life on earth is past  
But here it starts anew.

I promise no tomorrow  
For today will always last  
And since each day's the same way  
There is no longing for the past.

When tomorrow starts without me  
Don't think we're far apart  
For everything you think of me

**I'm right here in your heart.**



**"The Lord bless you and keep you.  
The Lord make His face shine on you and be gracious to you  
The Lord turns His face towards you  
and give you peace."  
Numbers 6:24-26.**

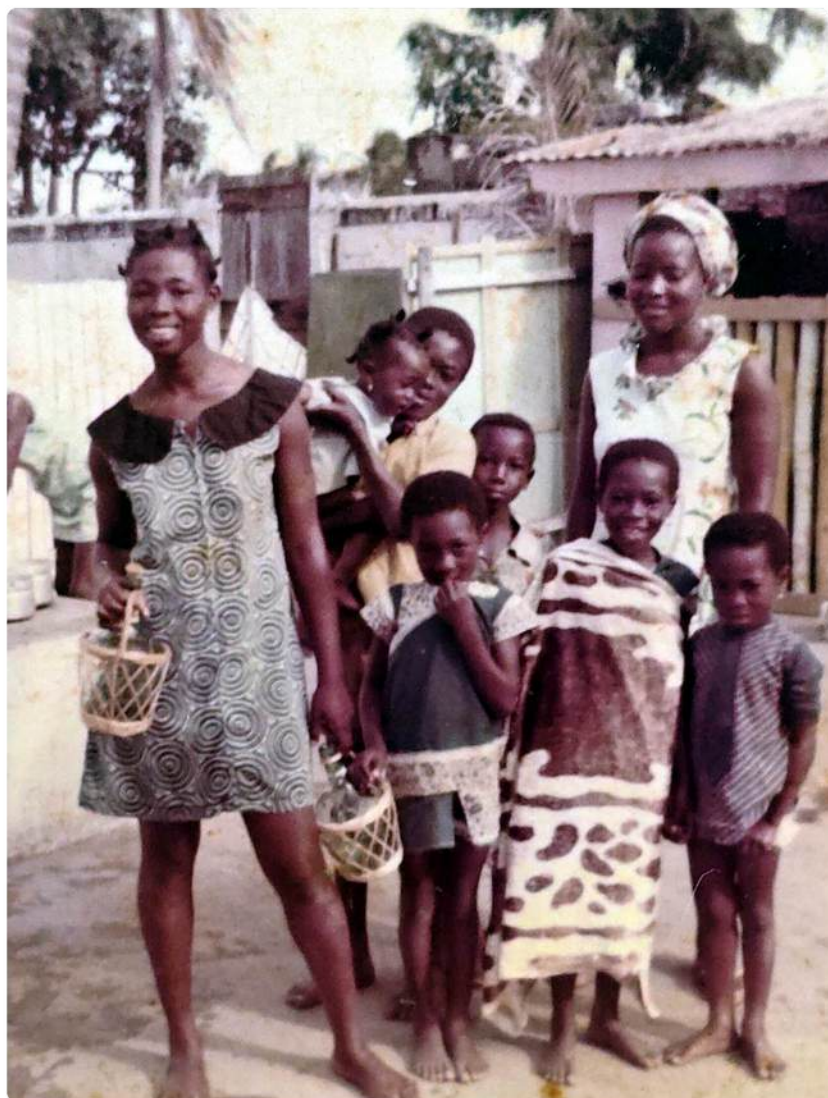
## **BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE DR. PHILOMENA DOVI KUMAPLEY**

### **BIRTH**

The late Dr. Philomena Dovi Kumapley was born on Friday 7th October 1955 in Kpalime Republic of Togo. Her parents were the late Gabriel Fiagbedzi Kumapley the then General Manager of John Holt and Bartholomew franchise in Kpalime - Togo and Petrina Afiwoa Hlomador a trader both of blessed memory

### **CHILDHOOD YEARS**

Philo or Tanti Do spent her childhood years in the family house at Tsiyinu a suburb in Kpalime with her numerous siblings and the extended family members. It was a house of discipline and order but also with so much conviviality among siblings and family members.



*Philo and Verbena with nieces and nephews*

## EDUCATION

Philomena had her basic education at the École Notre Dame des Apotres in Kpalime Togo and completed in June **1967**. She then relocated to Ho in the Volta Region of Ghana to join her elder sister the late Olivia Kalefe (Nee Kumapley) the same year. She attended the Roman Catholic School at Housing Estates for two years. Whilst there she sat for the Common Entrance and passed.

She entered Our Lady of the Apostles Secondary School in September **1970** to further her education and completed in June **1975**. She was one of the best students. As such she participated in an exchange programme in London UK for a few weeks. On her return she joined her "O" Level mates for the sixth form course. She completed the "A" Level in June **1977**

Later she entered the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology to do a course in the Biological Sciences. She passed out successfully in **1984** and was appointed an Assistant Lecturer in November 1984 at the Faculty of Renewable Natural Resources.

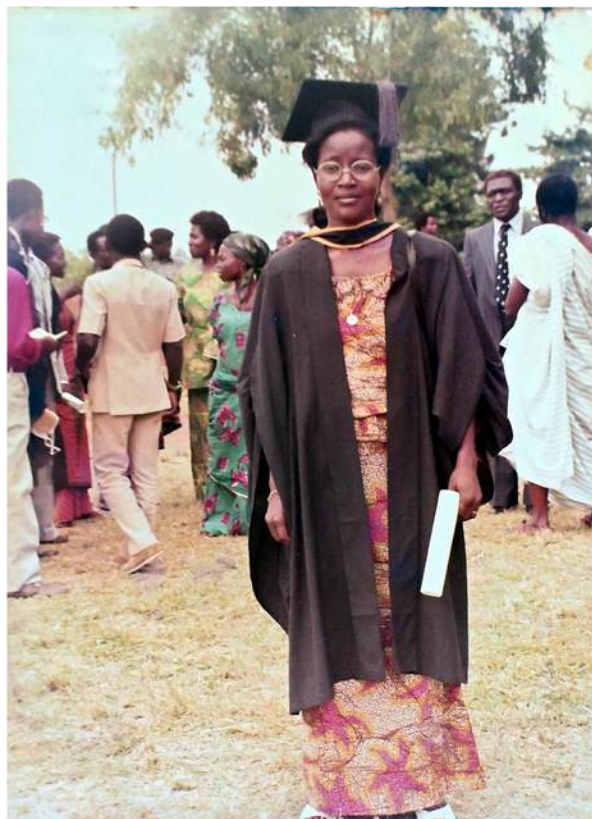


*A photo of Philomena from her ID card at the Kumasi University of Science and Technology in 1977*



Through hard work she gained admission to the Imperial College of Science and Technology University of London UK and graduated with MSc in Applied Technology in **1988**.

In the year **2000** she gained admission to the University of Reading UK where she studied and obtained PhD in Animal and Microbial Science in **2002**



*Philomena at her graduation ceremony in 1981*

## ACADEMIC QUALIFICATIONS

- 2002. PhD in Animal & Microbial Science), University of Reading. UK.
- 1988. MSc in Applied Entomology, Imperial College of Science and Technology. UK.
- 1984. BSc. Hon in Biological Sciences, Kwame Nkrumah University of Science & Technology, Ghana.



## CAREER PATH



Dr Philomena Dovi Kumapley's first appointment was 22nd November 1984 as Assistant Lecturer at the Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources under the Faculty of Renewable Natural Resources. Her initial subject area was Silviculture. By dint of hard work and through further studies she was promoted as a full Lecturer on 29th May 1990. Among the subjects she taught were Forest Entomology, Forest Pathology and Urban Forestry. She published several research papers, either alone or occasionally with other colleagues. She also published some Conference/Seminar papers. She supervised post graduate students. She wrote proposals and got funding for some projects of the University. She was also a **member of a number of Boards/Committees at the University.**

She was a part time Lecturer at the University for Development Studies during the 2002-2003 Academic year. She was also a Rapporteur at the International Workshop on Women and Forestry - A look at the African Experience in October 1992.



*Philomena having a laugh with her research colleagues in the UK*

## FAMILY LIFE



Philomena met James Anani Quaye-Foli in the early 1980's during their activities with the ICMC Pax Romana. After several years together, Philomena and James had a son, Kwei, in 1986. Philomena was a devoted mother and balanced the demands of motherhood with pursuing her graduate education in the UK. Despite the associated challenges, she managed to obtain both her master's degree & doctorate. Philomena's grandson, James Ijabo Quaye-Foli was born just two and a **half weeks before she passed away.**

Sadly, she didn't get a chance to meet her grandson. But she was very happy to see pictures of him. Philomena maintained a close bond with her siblings, nephews and nieces as well as other extended family members. She actively took part in major family events like birthday parties, weddings, funerals and so on. It wasn't uncommon to see Philomena having a hearty laugh with a niece about some funny event one moment, then find her engaged in a heated debate with a sibling soon after that. There was never a dull moment in her presence. These family bonds were a source of great support for her, especially during her retirement. The family will definitely feel her loss for many years to come.





Philomena was baptised at the St Esprit Catholic Church in Kpalime, Togo. She received her first Communion on 3rd May 1964 and Confirmation on the 21st June 1964. As children in the family house in Kpalime we were nurtured to be faithful Catholics. There was a small Chapel in the house where Priests came and offered Mass on regular basis on Sundays for the household. Such beginning solidly grounded Philo in the Catholic faith. Over the years in all the institutions Philo found herself she ensured that she actively participated in church programmes and joined various societies in the church.

## CHRISTIAN LIFE



Along the line in her Tertiary education, she contemplated becoming a Nun so she would spend her vacations with the Nuns at the Bishop's house at Afifekorpe in Ho during the tenure of Bishop Emeritus Francis Lodonu. Her active participation in church programs came to the fore during her working years at KNUST. There she played leadership roles in the Legion of Mary Society, Catholic Charismatic Renewal, Pax Romana Movement, international Movement of Catholic Students and others. Her favourite Bible verse is Hebrews 13:8 "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever."

She also served on the National Justice and Peace Commission of the Catholic Church in Ghana from 1981 to 1983. By being on this Commission she was privileged to visit the Holy See, Rome and met with the late Pope John Paul the second now Saint John Paul. After retirement she relocated from Kumasi to Lashibi, Community 20 in Tema and joined the Saint Bakhita Catholic Church which was just a few minutes' walk from her house. She was happy to be close to a Catholic Church and joined the Legion of Mary's society but ill health did not permit her to fully participate in church and societal activities.

## TWILIGHT YEARS

A few years to Philo's retirement she underwent a major surgery which incapacitated her a bit.

So, after retirement she relocated to Community 20 to be close to family. She went through series of ill health and had the best of medical attention.

On the 17th April 2025 which was Holy Thursday she succumbed to her Maker's call.

*Rest in peace*  
Till we meet again.



## TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER BY KWEI

2 Timothy 4:7

*"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."*



My mother was a remarkable woman. Through hard work and dedication, she managed to rise to the top of her field at a time when women faced significant obstacles and headwinds professionally. From an early age, the signs of her brilliance were undeniable. Her intellect and strong analytical mind were palpable to almost everyone who encountered her.

Throughout her professional life, she distinguished herself as a scholar, lecturer, and researcher—pursuing knowledge with remarkable dedication and inspiring countless students and colleagues along the way. Her mind was sharp, her insights profound, and her commitment to intellectual growth unwavering. Yet, despite her many achievements, she never allowed **them to overshadow her kindness and humility.**

My mother's devotion to the Catholic Church was a source of strength, shaping the way she lived and loved. She was deeply committed to her faith and repeatedly expressed her joy that a church was within walking distance of her home, and attended Mass every Sunday—until her health issues in the past year made it difficult to do so. But even then, her faith never wavered.

More than belief, she practiced her faith. She supported several charitable causes and offered a helping hand to anyone in need. Though we will never fully know the extent of her generosity, those who knew her can attest to her boundless compassion. Life took us down different paths, and for many years, we were apart as she pursued her graduate education abroad. Despite the distance, we remained connected—writing letters, exchanging cards frequently, keeping the thread of family alive.

After she passed away, as I went through her files, I was moved to find that she had kept every letter and card, a quiet testament to how much those exchanges meant to her. Those souvenirs, though small, carried the weight of cherished memories.

Perhaps one of life's bittersweet moments is that my mother didn't live to meet her grandson. She was thrilled when he was born, delighted by the photos she saw, and, in our last conversation, expressed excitement about meeting him when we come to Ghana.



Sadly, fate had other plans—she passed just two and a half weeks after his birth. But I take comfort knowing that she knew about him, that she was proud, and that her love will live on through the generations.

I am grateful that her final days were not marked by suffering, and I thank God for the life she lived. I would also like to express my deepest gratitude to family members and friends who kept in touch with her, checked in, and provided support.

Today, as we remember my mother as a daughter, sister, grandmother, colleague and friend. Let us also remember her as an extraordinary woman who lived with purpose, intellect, faith, and compassion.

*Rest well, Mom. Thank you for everything.*

## TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

**"This world is not my home  
I am just passing through  
My treasures are in heaven  
Somewhere beyond the blues  
The angels beckon me from heaven's open door,  
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore"**

### **By Jim Reeves**

Our dad Gabriel Fiagbedzi brought all of us together by ensuring that during long vacations we all came from various locations to Kpalime in the Republic of Togo to spend our holidays. Through this we all got to know and bonded with each other. After our Secondary education we all proceeded to various tertiary and professional programmes and with that we all did not come together as a big group for holidays as usual. Our dad also retired and relocated to his hometown Dzelukope in Ghana.

We only come home when we were on leave and may be met in smaller groups not all of us at a go. The only times that almost all of us met again were when there were occasions to celebrate either joyous or sad. The talkatives among us are Philo, Lydia (Petu) and Mimi. There is a Girls dormitory in our father's house where we all trooped to when we went home. The three siblings mentioned above had stories to tell throughout the night if given the opportunity. Most often the rest of us would sleep off and left them talking

Tanti Do, you left us without any parting messages. Our long conversations on the phone spanning from issues on our health status, family problems, social and politics when we called each other have ceased.

We all felt guilty because we think we could have done better but city life with its distances, the hustling and stress that we are all going through have made it so. Even though we can no longer see you with our eyes we will forever feel you in our hearts. It is difficult for us but we are consoled by the fact that we shall see you face to face on the last day when the trumpet sounds.

*We love you but God loves you best.  
Fare thee well dear sister.*



# TRIBUTE TO MY SISTER BY MIMI

*By Jim Reeves*

My heart has been left broken  
Since the day you had to go  
And the memories I treasure dearly  
Are in the tears that still flow

You're in my thoughts everyday  
And that's how it will always be  
For you may be up in Heaven now  
But you'll always be with me

If only I could have the chance  
To see your face once more  
Or to hear your voice one final time  
Just like it was before

The day that Heaven calls for me  
Will be a relief from all this pain  
I'll run to you with open arms  
And we will meet again



## A TRIBUTE TO AUNTIE PHILO FROM YOUR NEPHEWS & NIECES



*"it's good to dream because some dreams come true" – Advice from Auntie Philo*

Auntie Philo has always been a constant presence in our lives—a source of wisdom, laughter, and quiet strength. Whether near or far, she was never too busy to check in, always eager to hear about our lives and share in our joys and challenges. She celebrated with us in happy moments, comforted us in difficult times, and made sure we always knew she cared. From Accra and Lome to Brussels, we all have wonderful stories of our time spent with her.

Many of us have fond memories of her visits—whether at family gatherings, holidays, or simple moments shared over conversations. Her infectious laugh was unmistakable, a sound that could brighten even the dullest day. She had a way of making her opinions known, engaging in lively debates with determination, ensuring that her views were well-articulated and understood.

She was not only an intellectual but a true scientist at heart. Whenever we faced a problem, she wouldn't rush to conclusions. She would listen—quietly, patiently. She would ask questions, gather all the facts, and only after careful thought would she share her sage advice. Her methodical approach to understanding and problem-solving was a testament to her brilliance, her wisdom, and her deep care for those around her.

Even as the years passed and her health challenges became more frequent, she never complained. She remained cheerful, steadfast in her faith, responding to every inquiry about her well-being with her signature phrase: "I am fine, by the Grace of God." Her unwavering spirit was a lesson in grace and perseverance, a reflection of her unshakable faith.



Auntie Philo, thank you—for the wonderful moments we've shared, for the lessons you've imparted, for the laughter, guidance, and love you so freely gave. Most of all, thank you for being our aunt.

*Rest in peace, Auntie Philo.*

*With love,*

*Your nephews and nieces*

## A TRIBUTE FROM HER NEPHEW, AMEVI

Though I cannot be there in person, my heart is with you all as we gather to honor and remember the life of my dear Aunt Philomena. To me, she was much more than my mom's sister — she was family in the truest sense. Her presence in my life was a gift I will always treasure.

One of my fondest memories is from April last year, during my visit. She had been in the hospital for several days, and as it happened, the day I arrived was the day she was discharged. I had the privilege of picking her up, and we spent that day together — laughing, talking, and sharing precious time. Despite all she had endured, her warmth, strength, and gentle advice left a lasting impression on me.



Even from a distance, we stayed connected. Each weekend when I called my mom, Aunt Philomena was often nearby, and we'd exchange a few words. Those brief but heartfelt moments meant the world to me. Her love, her voice, and her guidance will always remain close to my heart.

***As we lay Aunt Philomena to rest, I turn to the words of Jesus: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you..." (John 14:27). I pray she has now found the deep, lasting peace that may have eluded her at times in this life — a peace that never fades.***

# TRIBUTE BY PROFESSOR JOHANNES A. M. AWUDZA

## A BROTHER, A FRIEND AND A COLLEAGUE

*"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me on that day - and not only to me, but also to all who have longed for His appearing"*

2 Tim. 4:7&8

I got to know Dr. Philomena Dovi Kumapley when she entered the then University of Science and Technology (UST), now Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology (KNUST), in the late 1970s as an undergraduate student. She was a very cheerful and bubbling young lady who was very serious, enthusiastic and dedicated to her religious and spiritual life. She soon became actively involved in the activities of the UST Catholic Chaplaincy. Apart from being actively involved in the International Movement of Catholic Students (IMCS), Pax Romana, which catered for all Catholic students, she joined the Legion of Mary (Seat of Wisdom Praesidium), the Catholic Charismatic Renewal (CCR) Prayer Group and the Young Christian Students (YSC) Movement. She exhibited her commitment and youthful exuberance in each of these groups. She was not a passive "floor member" of these groups at the Chaplaincy, she got herself involved in different leadership positions. She one time became the Vice President of the KNUST local branch of the IMCS Pax Romana. She was very kind and sometimes invited friends, including myself, to her room for banku and okro soup sessions.

Due to her active participation in the activities of the IMCS, Pax Romana, KNUST local, she soon became well known at the national level through national leadership formation programmes and annual conferences. Since there were other young ladies called Philomena from other IMCS Pax Romana locals, she was given the nick name Philo Ku (Philomena from Kumasi), and she became very popularly known by that name, even when she became a lecturer.

As mentioned earlier, she was highly religious and spiritual. Her zeal for the Lord was amazing. At Prayer meetings of the CCR at KNUST, she would often quote the verse "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever more" (Heb 13:8), affirming her deep faith in the Lord. In fact, she used this verse so often that anytime I read this verse in the Bible, it just reminds me that this is Philo Ku's best Bible passage.

Philo joined other Catholic youth leaders in the early 1980s in promoting a preferential option for the poor, conscientization and justice for all. She was part of the Kumasi local branch of the International Catholic Movement for Intellectual and Cultural Affairs (ICMICA), Pax Romana, which is the graduate wing of the IMCS, Pax Romana. She was one of the members of ICMICA who would normally not miss the national conferences of the movement in the 1980s.



I served with Philo on the national Justice and Peace Commission of the Catholic Church in Ghana from 1981 to 1983 and Philo was very vocal on various issues discussed by the Commission.

Sometime in the mid-1980s a leadership formation programme was being organized for newly elected school prefects at St Louis Senior High School, Kumasi. At my suggestion, she was invited by the school authorities to join a team in taking the students through their formation programme. At the end of the programme, she endeared herself so much to some of the students that they would often ask me about "Sister Philo" and how she was doing. For some of them, even in their adult ages, they still remembered what Philo took them through as teenagers and they would often send her goodwill messages.

During Philo's final year in her PhD programme at the University of Reading, UK, I attended a conference in that University. I used that opportunity to visit her, since she was staying on campus. I realized that she was still on fire with her issues of justice and fairness. She had had a few issues with her supervisors and was very unhappy about how some supervisors treated their students – especially foreign students. She was clear in her mind that it was necessary for us in Africa to develop our own expertise in different areas in order to promote the development of the continent. She simply could not live with injustices. She would speak her mind about them whenever she had the opportunity to do so.

Since Philo left campus after her retirement, we often had discussions on the phone. The last time we spoke was about three months ago. She called me to discuss a journal article she was **preparing for publication. I did encourage her** to finish up the paper and send it to a journal of her choice after examining the different options, even though she had been out of the academia for some years. I was hoping to visit her whenever I was in Accra to ensure that her paper goes out. Unfortunately, that was not to be. I was hit with the news of her demise on the very day it happened: Holy Thursday, 17 April, 2025. The Lord Himself knows why He called her on the eve of the day when we reinact commemorate His Passion. May He keep her in His bosom and may she rest peacefully with Him. Meanwhile, I suggest that the paper she was trying to publish should be retrieved from her laptop or archives and published in her memory.

***Philo, you fought a good fight. You have finished your race. May the Good Lord Who you served fervently keep you in His bosom. Rest in peace, till we meet again. De Nyuie.***

## TRIBUTE FROM ELIKPLIM AGBITOR

A BROTHER, A FRIEND AND A COLLEAGUE

*When the day of toil is done,  
When the race of life is run,  
Father, grant Thy wearied one  
Rest for evermore.*

*When the heart by sorrow tried  
Feels at length its throbs subside,  
Bring us, where all tears are dried,  
Joy for evermore.*

*(Evangelical Lutheran Hymn #546 – Stanza 1 & 4).*

Doc., our journey, until your departure, had spanned over 20 years. It may not seem like a very long time, but the memories are worth a lifetime.

On this occasion of your memorial, there will be a lot of mention of your academic and career achievements. I however prefer to recall a few of the light-hearted moments, and the impact of your mentorship.

On this occasion of your memorial, there will be a lot of mention of your academic and career achievements. I however prefer to recall a few of the light-hearted moments, and the impact of your mentorship.

It all began in your Urban Forestry class when I was a third-year undergraduate. You had assigned us poster presentations. When I was done with mine, there were shouts of 'Worwor, Wowor' (a nickname by which my classmates called me, over which I took no offence). You were visibly upset by the uproar and said "Heerh, who said Worwor; why do you call him Worwor?". You had the impression that 'Worwor' was offensive, so you came to my 'rescue'. As is typical of students, my mates and I had a good laugh about this after class (and still do have a laugh about it to date when we meet). From then on, several of my classmates referred to you simply as "Eli's mother". What was evident from this episode was a mother's concern, which would carry through in the years that followed.

During my national service in the University, even though I was assigned to a different department, I spent a lot of time in your office. Being the jester that I was, when you were less busy, I would bring up stories (some true, some mostly true but exaggerated, and others entirely made up). On one occasion, I told you a story about a non-Catholic student in a Catholic boarding school who attended Mass and went for communion. When the priest held up the communion wafer and said, "Body of Christ", the student responded, "Yes father, I like it, please give it to me". You found this so funny; you laughed so much and for so long that tears were

streaming down your cheeks. Your hearty laughter brought a colleague lecturer to come knock on your office door; she said “Doc, I heard your laughter, and I thought I should come check on you. All these years that I have known you, I have never heard you laugh so heartily”. I, on the other hand, had been privileged to have heard you laugh heartily countless times.

I also recall, during my national service, a day when we were in your office until late in the evening. When we were about leaving the office, you asked what I was going to have for supper. I responded that I had to get back to the hostel and work out what I would have. You said, in that case, we should go buy food. So it was that you and I walked out of the Faculty gates together to Ayeduaase where you bought two portions for kenkey and fish; one portion for you and one for me.

You once asked me what I planned to do after national service. I mentioned that I wanted to continue my studies. Some weeks afterwards, you called me to your office and gave me **information you had gathered about a new scholarship scheme for Masters studies**, and asked me to apply. That was how my dreams of a Masters degree came to fruition. We stayed in touch for the entire period I was away studying. When I returned home after completing my studies, you took interest in my job prospects **and would advise on potential opportunities.**

When I started a family, you would regularly call to check on my wife and the children. During the covid times, you called specifically to instruct my wife and I to ensure that we got masks that were appropriate for the children, in order to keep them safe. You even told us where we could find child-appropriate masks to buy.

Knowing that my wife is not a Ghanaian and might not be familiar with how to prepare some **of our dishes, you once spent a significant** amount of time over the phone, giving her step-by-step tutorials on how to prepare the perfect okro soup – Anlo style. All the while, I was in the background giggling. Towards the end of the call, my wife jokingly asked, “*Mama, are you worried that I might not be able to cook your traditional meals for your son? Would he lose his identity as an Ewe if he didn’t eat okro soup?*”. All three of us burst out laughing.

What began as a lecturer-student relationship evolved into mentorship, and blossomed into an enduring friendship. I am going to miss my visits to your home. I will miss our phone conversations, which would typically last over an hour, because we always had a lot to talk about; from our comfort zones of forestry, religion, family and culture, to the less familiar world of politics, real estate and economics. I will miss your nuggets of wisdom and life’s lessons.

***Rest thee well!  
Hede nyuie!  
Dzudzɔ le ɲutifafa me!  
Mawu fe ʏe naklẽ na wo!***

## MRS MARGARET TAKYI- MICAH

In the quiet moments,  
I still see us as we were—  
teenagers laughing at OLA Secondary School in Ho, dreaming in whispers,  
unknowingly weaving a friendship  
that would outlast years, distance—time itself.

You were there at my wedding,  
your gift still tucked away like a promise after four decades:  
I will always be part of your story.  
And you were.

Through careers, through life's twists,  
through the sacred privilege of watching your son Kwei grow—  
you let me walk beside you, even if just now and then.

Grief is the price of love, they say,  
**but it's also its proof.**  
How lucky we were to find each other so young,  
to hold on even when life pulled us in different directions.

The threads between us never frayed—  
they only stretched, flexible and strong.

Now, though I ache for one more conversation,  
one more shared memory,  
I'll carry you with me:  
in the echo of your laughter,  
in the wisdom you gave your son,  
in the love that doesn't vanish  
just because you're no longer here to say it aloud.

I remember fondly your role as a pioneer in renewable energy,  
and my urging that you return to the field as a consultant.  
You said you were tired—  
yet you promised to share your papers with me for publishing.  
That dream, we could not fulfill.

*Rest gently, my dear friend, Dr. Philo.  
Thank you for every moment we shared.*



# **A TRIBUTE TO MY LONG-TIME FRIEND AND AN ACADEMIC COLLEAGUE, DR PHILOMENA KUMAPLEY**

## **BY PEGGY OTI-BOATENG AND FAMILY**

For more than 40 years, I had the honour and privilege of calling Dr Philomena Kumapley not only a friend but also a trusted academic colleague. Our journey began when we were both admitted to the then University of Science and Technology, Kumasi in November 1977 to pursue our Bachelor of Science degrees in Biological Sciences and Biochemistry respectively. Those were the days when there were very few girls pursuing degrees in science. We quickly realised we must support each other to excel so we set up a study group tutoring and supporting one another until we both graduated. Later as young Lecturers our journey was again filled with intellectual exchanges, profound discussions on how to remain relevant in academia, and moments of laughter that made the challenges of academia worthwhile.

But beyond our professional paths, we shared something even more profound—a deep and unwavering Catholic faith. Together, we worshiped, prayed, and upheld the values that guided our lives. Philo K was not only a scholar but a devout believer, living out the principles of our faith with humility, kindness, and grace. Her devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary was an inspiration to me.

She was a beacon of wisdom, always seeking knowledge not just for personal growth but to enrich the lives of others. She did not throw away any journal article or publication—her house was an encyclopedia. Her generosity knew no bounds—not only in her words and actions but in the very way she lived. During a time when I had returned from study leave in Australia, she opened her doors for a month, without hesitation until I was assigned an accommodation on campus. That act of kindness was not just a reflection of her heart but of the unwavering love and compassion she carried for others. Those days together as flat mates were filled with conversations that stretched late into the night, moments of joy, and mutual support that strengthened our friendship even more. She was more than just a friend—she was family.

The lessons she imparted, the memories we shared, and the prayers we offered together will forever be etched in my heart. Though she may no longer be with us, Philo's legacy lives on—in my heart, in the students she inspired, in the research we conducted together in a male dominated academic environment, and in the countless lives she touched. Most importantly, her faith remains a guiding light, reminding us of the hope and peace found in God's eternal embrace.

***Rest in peace, dear friend. May the Lord welcome you into His heavenly kingdom, where your devotion and good works will be rewarded. Your light will continue to shine in all those fortunate enough to have known you, especially the Oti-Boateng family***

***Peggy Oti-Boateng and Family  
Nairobi, Kenya.***

## ATRIBUTE TO MY DEAR FRIEND PHILO BY MARY-LILY FOSTER

In 1975, I walked through the gates of OLA Secondary School to begin my sixth form studies, fresh from completing my O'Levels at St. Rose's Secondary School. It was there that I met Philo—she was already an established science student, and I was venturing into the Arts. Though we didn't share classrooms or coursework, a deeper connection was quietly forming—one that would weave through our lives for decades to come.

Alongside our mutual friend Elizabeth Devine, we formed a trio bound not by subjects or grades, but by laughter, shared stories, and a quiet understanding of one another. Philo, always the diligent student, seemed to know just where we could find peace and quiet to focus. That was who she was—thoughtful, intentional, and quietly generous.

After school, life took us in different directions. I pursued university in the UK while Philo in Ghana. Yet across oceans and years, our friendship held firm. When I returned home, she was the very first person I reconnected with. At the time, she lived on the Legon campus, and it felt like no time had passed at all.

On another occasion, I accompanied her to pay our respects at her ex-husband's passing and then on a memorable stopover at KNUST after a trip to the north. Over that visit, we talked long and deeply about life—especially about what lay ahead for her after retirement. It was during those quiet, reflective moments that her true spirit always shone through: sincere, reflective, and resilient.

Philo was not one to collect a crowd of acquaintances. She kept a tight circle, but if you were her friend, you were truly seen. You were cherished. A poignant example of this was when my daughter began her university studies in Reading. Philo, then pursuing her PhD, opened her flat without hesitation. She made herself available, as she always did—for comfort, for guidance, for presence. That was Philo: selfless, kind, quietly dependable.

She had the intellect and insight that could easily have carried her to a professorship—indeed, I've often thought that had she been a man, the world would have made more room for her ambition. Still, she pushed on with grace, even as health challenges loomed. When she told me about her spinal surgery, I worried—but her strength, both physical and emotional, never failed to impress me. After her recovery, we exchanged visits—simple moments over coffee and pastries that meant everything. We shared dreams—hers of building a home, mine freshly realized in a housing project we continued to visit one another, our conversations always returning to our children, our memories, and the lives we had carved out.

Philo was a rare kind of friend—the kind whose presence you don't measure in frequency but in depth. She was loyal, smart, and quietly generous in ways that only those who truly knew her could understand. I am deeply grateful for the gift of her friendship, and for every moment we shared. ***Rest well, dear Philo. You were deeply loved, and you will never be forgotten.***



## **ATRIBUTE BY MS AURELIA POTAKEY AKPOKAVIE**

### **A FAMILY MEMBER AND SCHOOL MATE FROM OLA TO KNUST.**

Philo was a dedicated Catholic. She was in the Legion of Mary and always took her Legion work seriously. She had firm ideas and always stuck to her principles and her faith. May Our Lady, to whom she was so devoted, intercede on her behalf and present her to Our Lord as her servant.

*Philo, rest in peace.*

A LIFE OF COMMITMENT TO THE LORD  
A TRIBUTE IN MEMORY OF DR. PHILOMENA DOVI KUMAPLEY  
**BY**  
**TRIBUTE BY PAX PARENTS, KNUST CATHOLIC**  
**CHAPLAINCY**

*"But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.  
In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure is taken for misery, and  
their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace."*

*(Wisdom 3:1-2:)*

It is with deep sorrow that we pay tribute to the memory of Dr. Philomena Dovi Kumapley whom we affectionately called Philo. We have known her since our student days at the then University of Science and Technology (UST) since the 1980s. Philo was Catholic through and through. She was very active in the student movement called Pax Romana and played active part in all the campus political arguments between the NUGS and Pax Romana. In living the "option for the poor spirituality" of Pax Romana, Philo participated in all the rural evangelization activities. On Spirituality she was an active member of the Catholic Charismatic Renewal and the Legion of Mary

After her undergraduate studies, Philo went to study abroad and returned after her doctorate to KNUST to lecture and to research. As a researcher she was an authority on termites. As a lecturer, she was devoted to her work but she continued to be involved in Pax Romana affairs, this time as a mentor in what is known as Pax Parenting. She put her time and experience at the disposal of students, helping to mentor and to mold the young Catholic students in a holistic way. Dr. Philomena Kumapley's presence was felt particularly, at orientation of Catholic freshmen and freshwomen who enter KNUST as Pax Romana. During the mentoring meetings between Pax Parents and Pax Romana Executives, she was there in her characteristic self to bring her experiences to bear on the student leadership.

Upon retirement, Philo relocated to Tema where she said she wanted to spend her life quietly. So Philo, when we did not hear from you for some time, we thought true to your wishes, you were spending your time quietly. Little did we know that you were on your way to your maker.

Philo, your passing has been a shock to us. But we are gladdened by the knowledge that since that you served your God throughout your life. He would grant you eternal rest until we meet again.

It's thump up from **Pax Parents** and *Pax Romana KNUST Local*.

## THE “CHILDREN” OF CARDINAL DERY (DERYMMA)

*“I am not sure exactly what heaven will be like, but I do know that when we die and it comes time for God to judge us, He will NOT ask, “How many good things have you done in your life?” Rather He will ask, “How much LOVE did you put into what you did?” Mother Teresa of Kolkota*

Our meetings always begun with the usual opening prayer “In the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, Amen .....” An opening song was always sung:

“Conscientization, conscientization, conscientization, awareness, At Nkenkaasu.....or a different version or a different song.” What is the meeting normally about? It was often about option for the poor, it was about conscientization, it was about action in solidarity with the people for development, it was about our vision and mission as Catholic Christians, the people of God, about the common values that we share together and the common destiny that we dream about. Yes, this is the nature of the meetings by Cardinal Dery children whose meetings were aimed at reflecting and dreaming about the common good and sharing our common faith in God and taking the appropriate actions.

As people of faith who believe in the communion of saints, we first call into memory our beloved dead:

### **Peter Cardinal Porekuu Dery**

John Kofi Turkson

George Abatey

Cybil Agyemang

Emmanuel Quayee-Foli

James (Fuzzy) Quayee-Foli

Michael Nyame

Emmanuel Quainoo

Abeeku Brew-Hammond

Cletus Kosiba

Tony Kofi (Godfather

amuel Zan Akolgo

D. S. O. Annan

Charles Babo-Brown

Albert Catelaars

Philomena Cudjoe

Wilbert Tengey

Francis Banka

Dominic Otomfo Essel

Rosaline Obeng-Ofori

Alice Parker-Allotey

.....  
Then the book was opened for a roll call of the living:

Then the book was opened for a roll call of the living:

Joseph Afrifah-Agyekum	Francis Vorgbe	Baffour Agyeman-Duah
Philip Naameh	Claude Akpokavie	Tony Dogbe
John Appiah-Poku	Samuel Kofi Ampadu	Aba Brew-Hammond
Walters Mawusi Agbetoh	Philip Naameh	Cynthia Baffour
John Addae-Boateng	Francis Avonsige	Annie Vorgbe
Bernice Broomh	Sylvester Parker-Allotey	Aurelia Akpokavie
Philomena Morris	Willie Awinador Kanyirege	Cecilia Ampadu
Charles Oti-Boateng	Stella Gliku (Dzandza)	Rose Avonsige
Philip Naameh	Theresa Kyei	Jerry Kofi
Eddie Prah	Kobby Aido	Adjoa Awinador Kanyirege
Jonny Osei Kofi	Philomena Coompton (Philo Cape II	Perpetua Hughes
Charles Abugre	Kuuku Lemaire	Tony Baffour
Francis Cornah	Tony Osei-Tutu	Joana Aidoo
Agnes Attakora-Gyan	Kwakyee Agyekum	Siapha Kamara
David Ibrahim King	John Osei-Tutu	Paul Buah Bassuah
Theresa Osei-Tutu	George Oduro...	Mahlape Osei-Tutu
Peggy Dzodzomenyo	Benedict Assorow	Kwaku Darkwah
Derx Baffour	Kwaku Ohene Bonsu	R. O. Kontor-Ppau
Joe Tabazuing	Ato Coleman	Theresa Oduro
Louis Tuffuor	Rudith King	Emmanuel Bombande
John Ofori Mireku	Lady Queen Akrofi Bruce	Ernest Emaré
Brigid Andoh	Victor Quaye-Foli	Maxwell Blueie
Fosuaba Mensah Banahene	Agnes Cornah	Agnes Cornah
Peggy Oti-Boateng	Kweku Ainoor Ansah	Kweku Ainoor Ansah

## Philomena Kumapley ???

## Philomena Dovi Kumapley ???

## Philo Ku ???

There was no response. Oh no!!!! We hope another bad news is not looming!! But alas, there was bad news!!! Philo could not respond to the call of the living. She was no longer with us. She has joined the ancestors. Oh Philo, you left without a word, without bidding us goodbye. Why did you do this to us?

As a student at the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology (KNUST) in the late 1970s and early 1980s, Philo was an active member of the International Movement of Catholic Students (IMCS), Pax Romana. She was one time the Vice- President of the local IMCS branch at KNUST. She attended many of the programmes of the IMCS, both at the local and national levels. At the national level, since there were other young ladies called Philo from other institutions, she was nicknamed Philo Ku and she became very popularly known by that name. Philo was also an active member of the Legion of Mary (she was a true Marian devotee and prayed the Rosary fervently), the Catholic Charismatic Renewal Prayer Group and the National Justice and Peace Commission of the Catholic Church in Ghana. She served on the later from 1981 to 1983.

At that time, the enthusiasm about option for the poor as proclaimed by Jesus Christ at the launch of His ministry in Nazareth (Lk 4: 16-18), conscientization and action for development at the grassroots level were well imbibed by many members of the IMCS – Pax Romana and the Young Christian Students (YCS) movements. A common pastoral project (CPP) had been agreed upon by the two movements at the international level and Ghana was among the first countries to implement this CPP. The maiden CPP in Ghana was held at Nkenkaasu, Ashanti Region. Philo Ku was one of the Catholic youth leaders who spearheaded the planning and implementation of that CPP at Nkenkaasu. The CPP has now become the Rural Development and Education Project (RUDEP) in Ghana and is still being implemented by Pax Romana.

In the 1980s and beyond, Ghanaian Catholic graduates wanted to be part of the International Catholic Movement for Intellectual and Cultural Affairs (ICMICA) – Pax Romana. Catholic youth leaders in Kumasi met to form the nucleus of the Kumasi branch of ICMICA. This was named Catholic Graduates for Action in Ghana (GAGA – Ghana), stressing the need for action and not mere words. GAGA - Ghana later became simply CAGA. Philo played a key role in the work of ICMICA in those days. CAGA hosted the first two national ICMICA conferences at the YCS Centre, Oforikrom, Kumasi, and at St Louis Secondary School, Kumasi. Philo was one of the active participants in those conferences and played a crucial role in the planning and logistics arrangements for the conferences.



Leadership formation was an essential and integral part of Catholic youth apostolate in the 1980s and Philo Ku was often a facilitator in many of the leadership formation programmes, having earlier gone through a number of formation programmes herself. As a lecturer, Philo was among the Pax Parents at the Catholic Chaplaincy at KNUST. Through the Pax parenting programme, she worked with other Parishioners in supporting Catholic students in their faith journey. She also joined the Theresian Ministry of the Chaplaincy, and this enabled her to fellowship with other ladies in support of ladies worldwide.

For those who knew Philo Ku very well in her day-to-day life and in her professional life as a lecturer, she was a very principled woman and a dedicated lecturer who was very meticulous in the discharge of her duties. She paid attention to the minutest details. She was at one time the chairman of the board of the Photocopy Unit of the KNUST. In that position, she made sure that the operations of the Unit were carried out according to the mandate given to the board and the staff. Some members of the board and staff disagreed with her on her strict management of place but she maintained her position. She was very hardworking, affable and friendly but very firm too. She would not compromise in any way on her principles.

Philo Ku, you lived your Christian principles with passion and in the best way that you could, for which you will be remembered. You will be greatly missed for your uncompromising stance on many issues, especially when they bother on ethics and moral principles. The Cardinal Dery Fraternity bids you goodbye and farewell with a very heavy heart, full of sorrow. And as we do so, we reflect with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in a portion of his Psalm of life:

**"Lives of great men all remind us**

**We can make our lives sublime,**

**And, departing, leave behind us**

**Footprints on the sands of time;**

**Footprints, that perhaps another,**

**Sailing o'er life's solemn main,**

**A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,**

**Seeing, shall take heart again"**

*Sleep well, dear sister.*

**MAY THE GOOD AND GRACIOUS LORD LEAD YOU**

**HOME MAY HE BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET**

**AGAIN REST IN PERFECT PEACE**

**XEDE NYUIE,**

**AMEN**



## TRIBUTE BY THERESIANS INTERNATIONAL

LITTLE PETALS COMMUNITY, KNUST KUMASI TO OUR  
DEAR SISTER DR  
PHILOMENA KUMAPLEY

St Theresa little flower,  
hidden from the world and all  
Blooming in the Carmel's Garden.  
In our hearts let petals fall  
Hear our prayer St Theresa  
Lead us on your little way  
That we live alone for Jesus  
Teach us how to love and pray

This is our song as we gather, share the Word and pray. And we all have been led and continue to be led on the little way of St Therese as we live the gospel values daily.

We fondly remember our dear sister who we affectionately called Aunty Philo, a dedicated member of our Theresians International, Little Petals Community here in KNUST. Her commitment to serving alongside us was inspiring. Aunty Philo actively participated in our programs when she was well and in Kumasi, embodying Gospel values. Her kindness, warmth and humor brought joy to our gatherings. We will cherish the memories of times spent together, jokes, laughter and genuine love shared with our community.

Aunty Philo, it pleased the good Lord to call you back, we thank God for your life and for making it possible for you to be part of us, the Little Petals Community. May our Patron Saint, Therese continue to lead you as she strews your path with roses. And may you find peaceful rest in the bosom of the Lord.

***Aunty Philo, Dzudzor le nutifafa me.***

## **EPILOGUE**

### **I'M FREE**

\*Don't grieve for me, for I 'm now free.  
I'm following the path God has laid you  
see I took His hand when I heard Him  
call. I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day,  
To laugh, love, to work or play.  
Tasks left undone must stay that way.  
I found that peace at the close of the day.

If my parting has left a void,  
Then fill it with remembered joys.  
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,  
Oh yes these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow.  
I wish you the sunshine for tomorrow  
My life's been full, I savoured much.  
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief  
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.  
Lift up your hearts and peace to thee.  
God wanted me now;  
He set me free

### **Unknown**

## **Tribute By Faculty of Renewable & Natural Resources, Kwame Nkrumah University of Science & Technology**

We gather today to celebrate the life and legacy of Dr. Philomena Kumapley, whose sudden passing is deeply felt across the Faculty of Renewable Natural Resources. As the very first female lecturer appointed to the then Institute of Renewable Natural Resources, she blazed a trail for generations of women in silviculture and forest management.

Philomena began her academic career in 1984 as an Assistant Lecturer and earned a scholarship a few years later for a master's study at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, University of London. Upon her return, she resumed her teaching and research with renewed vigor, rising through the ranks to become a Lecturer. In 1997 she had another scholarship to study for a PhD at the University of Reading, UK which she completed in 2002. During her tenure as Head of Department, she transformed our administrative processes—implementing rigorous filing and **bookkeeping systems that set a new standard for efficiency and accountability.**

A consummate professional Philo, as colleagues affectionately called her, combined an unwavering attention to detail with a passionate commitment to student success. She served with distinction as Head of the University's Photocopy Unit—a role of singular importance for the integrity of examination processes—and sat on numerous faculty and university committees, including being a cognate member of the College of Engineering Board. As Africa Hall Tutor, she guided and counseled countless young women, earning their respect long after graduation.

Philomena's strength of character was matched only by her fearless voice. We recall her readiness to speak up when she saw room for improvement, always grounded in deep expertise and care for the institution. Her students remember her exacting standards, her strictness in mentorship, and the warmth with which she shared both her knowledge and her life experience. She retired from the University in 2016 after working for 32 years

Though her departure was sudden, her influence endures in the systems she put in place, in the committees she strengthened, and most of all in the hearts and minds of all who were privileged to learn from her. We extend our deepest condolences to her family, friends, and former students. ***May her soul rest in perfect peace.***













# HYMNS

## Hymn 339

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]

## Hymn 365

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.

## Hymn 163

1.  
Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways;  
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
In purer lives thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise,  
**in deeper reverence, praise.**

2.  
In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
rise up and follow thee,  
**rise up and follow thee.** *h you till we meet again.*

3.  
O sabbath rest by Galilee,  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
the silence of eternity,  
interpreted by love!  
**interpreted by love!**

4.  
Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
till all our strivings cease;  
take from our souls the strain and stress  
and let our ordered lives confess  
the beauty of thy peace,  
**the beauty of thy peace.**

5.  
Breathe through the heats of our desire  
thy coolness and thy balm;  
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
speak through the earthquake, wind, and  
fire,  
**O still, small voice of calm.**  
O still, small voice of calm

## Hymn 377

1.  
All to Jesus, I surrender;  
all to him I freely give;  
I will ever love and trust him,  
in his presence daily live.

Refrain:  
**I surrender all, I surrender all;**  
all to you, my blessed Savior,  
I surrender all.

2.  
All to Jesus, I surrender;  
make me, Savior, wholly yours;  
let me feel the Holy Spirit,  
**truly know that he endures.**  
[Refrain]

3.  
All to Jesus, I surrender;  
Lord, I give myself to you;  
fill me with your love and power,  
Pour on me your grace anew.  
[Refrain]

4.  
All to Jesus I surrender;  
now I feel the sacred flame.  
Oh, the joy of full salvation!  
Glory, glory, to his Name!  
[Refrain]

## Hymn 305

1.  
Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are  
swelling,  
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat  
shore:  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are  
**telling.**  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the  
night!

2.  
Onward we go, for still we hear them  
**singing,**  
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you  
come;  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly  
ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
**Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the**  
night!

3.  
Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;  
And laden souls, by thousands, meekly  
stealing,  
**Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to**  
you.  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the  
night!

4  
Rest comes at length, though life be long  
and dreary;  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be  
past;  
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
**And heaven, the heart's true home, will**  
come at last.  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the  
night!

5  
Angels, sing on! Your faithful watches  
**keeping;**  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with  
weeping  
Till life's long night shall break in endless  
love.  
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
**Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the**  
night!

## Hymn 245

1.  
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2.  
**It makes the wounded spirit whole,**  
And calms the troubled breast;  
It's manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

3.  
Dear Name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
**My never-failing treasury, filled**  
With boundless stores of grace!

4.  
Jesus! My Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5.  
Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as your are,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6.  
Till then I would thy love proclaim  
**With every fleeting breath;**  
And may the music of your Name  
Refresh my soul in death!

## Hymn 106

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.



## Hymn 308

1.  
O Christ, the glory of the angel choirs!  
Author and ruler of the human race!  
Grant us one day to climb the happy hills,  
And see your blissful face.

2.  
And oh, you Raphael, physician blest,  
Send down to us from your celestial height,  
To heal our soul's disease and direct,  
Our life-long course aright.

3.  
You too, O Mary, Mother of our God!  
And happy Queen of Angels, hither speed,  
**Drawing with you the army of the Saints,**  
To help us in our need.

4.  
This grace on us bestow, O Father blest,  
And you O Son by name eternal birth;  
With you, from both proceeding, Holy  
Ghost!  
**Whose glory fills the earth.**

## Hymn 252

1.  
All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
To Crown him Lord of all!

2.  
**Crown him, you martyrs of your God,**  
Who from his altar call;  
Praise him whose way of pain you trod  
And crown him Lord of all!

3.  
You prophets who our freedom won,  
You searchers, great and small,  
**By whom the work of truth is done,**  
And crown him, crown him, crown him  
Now Crown him Lord of all!

4.  
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all!

5.  
Bless him, each poor oppressed race,  
That Christ did upward call;  
His hand in each achievement trace,  
And crown him Lord of all!

6.  
**Let every tribe and every tongue**  
That bound creation's call,  
Lift high the universal song  
And crown him Lord of all!

## Hymn 190

1.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!  
The strife is o'er, the battle done,  
the victory of life is won;  
the song of triumph has begun.  
Alleluia!

2.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!  
On the third morn, he rose again,  
Glorious in majesty to reign,  
O let us swell the joyful strain,  
Alleluia

3.  
**Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!**  
O risen Lord, all praise to you,  
Who from our sin has set us free,  
That we may live eternally, Alleluia! is done,  
And crown him, crown him, crown him  
Now Crown him Lord of all!

## APPRECIATION

There are no words that seem adequate enough to say thank you to everyone who expressed their sympathy during the loss of our beloved

**DR. PHILOMENA DOVI KUMAPLEY**

Whatever you did to console our hearts, we say thank you so much and may God richly bless you.



SCAN ME