IN LOVING MEMORY

NOVEMBER 2026



BIOGRAPHY
TRIBUTES

JULIA ATSUFI KOTOKA



OFFICIATING MINISTERS

1. Rev. Tse Amarble
2. Rev. Moses Ocquaye-Nortey
3. Rev.Dan. Makafui Dartey
4. Rev, Raynold Degadzor
5. Rev. Emmanuel Kwei Afutu

OTHER MINISTERS

1. Rev. Dr. Francis Abotchie
2. Rev. Dadlem Woanyah
3. Rev. Richard Siabi
4. Rev. Oliver Crossby Deegbe
5. Rev. Kwame Fredua

ORGANISTS

1. Deacon Frederick Azu
2. Deacon Duke Adjetey
3. Joshua Ocquaye-Nortey

Order Of Service

PART 1: PRE-BURIAL SERVICE AT 7:00AM:

1. 6.50 AM: Body Arrives at Church
2. 6.55 AM: Prayer to receive the body
3. 7.00 AM: Filing past and viewing

PART 2: BURIAL AND MEMORIAL SERVICE: 8.00 AM

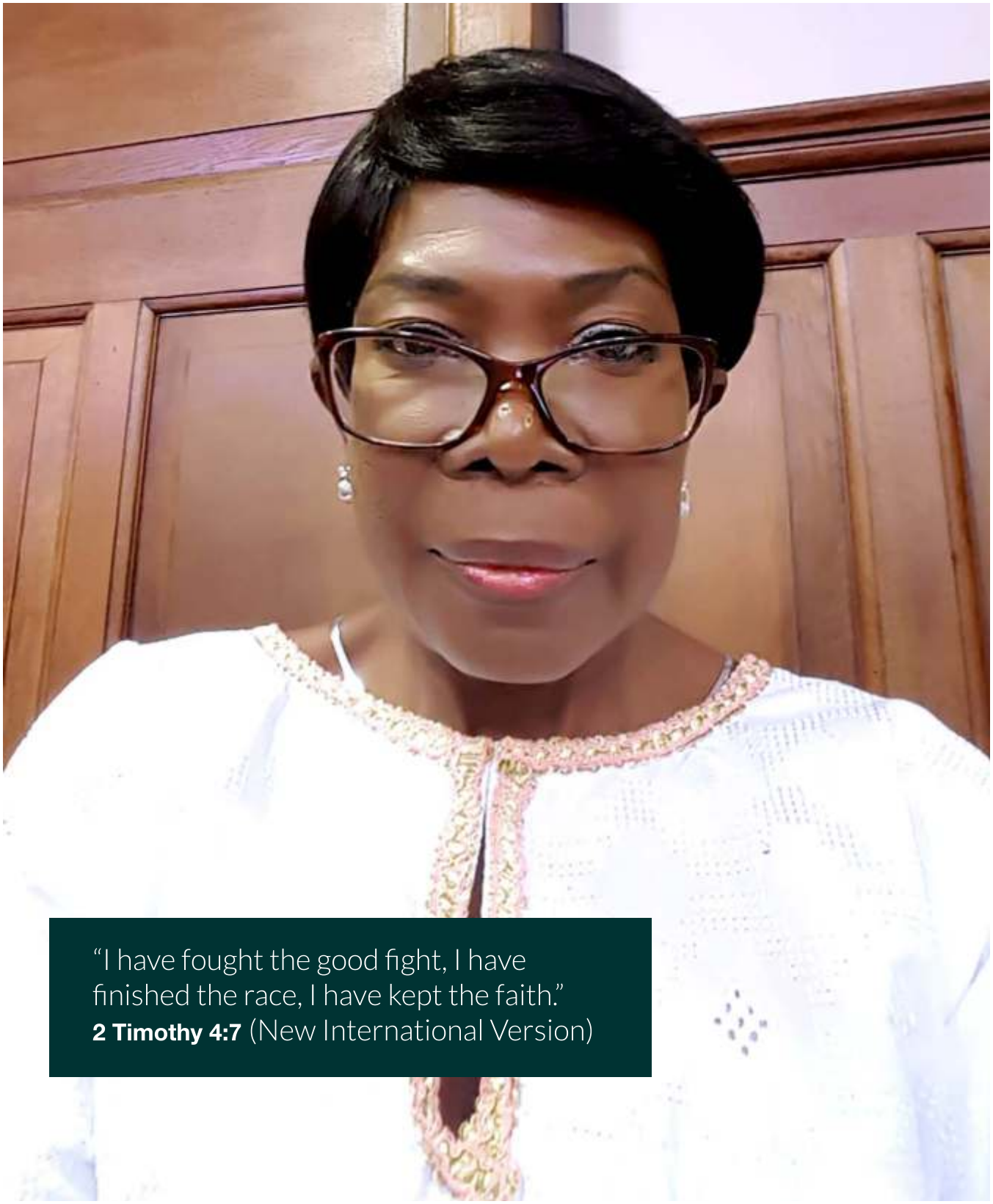
1. Opening Hymn – O God Our Help in Ages Past
2. Call to worship & Opening Prayer
3. Scriptural Sentences
4. Hymn 2 – How Sweet The Name of Jesus Sound
5. Reading of Biography
6. Reading of Tributes -

- Siblings
- Daughter
- Husband
- Family
- Ketascho Old Students
- UK Family

7. Hymn 3 – It Is Well, With My Soul.
8. First Offertory - (for the family) - Service Facilitators
9. Scripture Reading
10. Congregational Hymn 4 – What A Friend We Have In Jesus
11. Sermon/Prayer for the Family
12. Worship Offertory – Praise Team
13. Welcome/Remarks/Acknowledgements
14. Announcements and Vote of Thanks - Family Rep.
15. Closing Prayer and Benediction
16. Closing Hymn 5 – Hark Hark My Soul Angelic

PART 3: INTERMENT - (Private Burial)

1. Scripture Reading - 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18
2. Hymn – Because He Lives
3. Committal/Prayer
4. Laying of wreaths
5. Vote of Thanks



"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."
2 Timothy 4:7 (New International Version)
















JULIA
ATSUFI
KOTOKA

Biography



Childhood

Julia Atsufi Kotoka was born on 26th January 1957, alongside her twin brother, Eric Atsu Kotoka, to General Emmanuel Kwasi Kotoka and Mrs. Monica Awushie Kotoka (both of blessed memory).

From birth, Julia faced significant health challenges, having been diagnosed with sickle cell disease. From an early age, she suffered painful crises every few months, and doctors predicted that she would not live beyond the age of five. When she eventually reached five, the prediction changed, but the doctors were still doubtful that she would live beyond the age of eighteen.

During her childhood, the family moved around the country depending on where her father was stationed. Because of Julia's fragile health, her mother often had to travel by military aircraft to Accra with her to seek treatment at the 37 Military Hospital. Despite these challenges, Julia attended BJSTT Primary School alongside her siblings, first in Tamale, then in Accra and Kumasi.

In April 1967, at just ten years old, Julia suffered the devastating loss of her father. This traumatic event affected the family in many ways and brought about significant changes to the family life she had known.







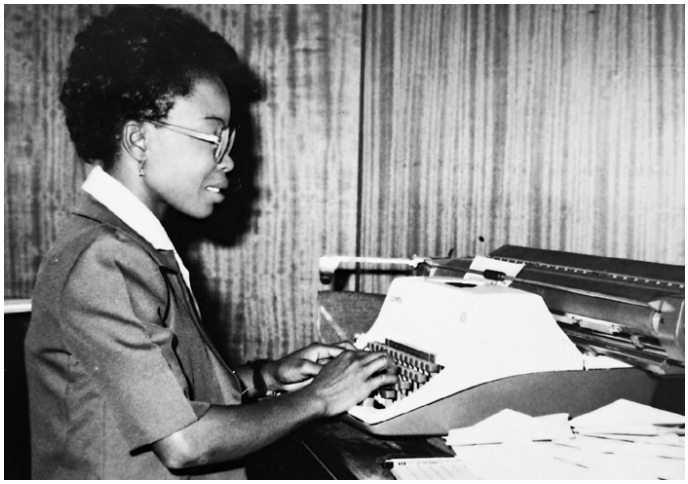















Early Life and Education

In 1969, Julia sat for the Common Entrance Examination and proceeded to Keta Secondary School in the Volta Region, where she studied from 1969 to 1975.

Although her health challenges continued, Julia thoroughly enjoyed boarding school life and participated in the usual teenage pranks and activities. On one occasion, she and some of her schoolmates were punished by being made to fetch buckets of sand from the beach, as the school was situated along the coast. Unfortunately, this left her seriously ill, and her mother had to be called to take her home to Accra for treatment.

After five weeks of recovery, Julia returned to school. Her teachers, staff and fellow students became particularly protective of her, showering her with extra care and attention until she completed her education at Keta Secondary School.



Beyond her academic life, Julia had a love for singing and performing and was a lead singer in the school band. She had a sweet and gentle nature that endeared her to everyone she encountered. She was loved, adored and admired by those who knew her. Her siblings would often say she was spoilt, but Mum always took her side! Nevertheless, her siblings loved her dearly and were always looking out for her.

After completing secondary school, Julia enrolled for a secretarial course at Accra Polytechnic. She subsequently undertook her National Service before working at the State Insurance Corporation for a number of years.

Married Life and Career

During a visit to the United Kingdom to see her sister Janet, Julia met a young Ghanaian man who worked with the international accounting firm Coopers and Lybrand. Following her return to Ghana, the young man delegated his family to formally approach Julia's family to request her hand in marriage.

Julia subsequently returned to England, where they got married. His firm later posted them as expatriates to its Zambian branch, where they lived for some years. During her time in Zambia, Julia worked with one of the United Nations agencies and formed several lifelong friendships.



These friendships were very special to her, and she maintained contact with many of them until her demise.
Unfortunately, the marriage broke down, and Julia returned to Ghana. On her subsequent return to the UK, she worked as a Secretary and Administrator with various organisations. During this period, she furthered her education and obtained a BA Honours Degree in Education. After a brief period in teaching, she decided to return to administration, joining the National Health Service (NHS), where she worked until her retirement four years ago.
Julia later met her second husband, Richard Hihetah, in England. Following their traditional marriage in Ghana, they celebrated their church wedding in July 2007. They shared their lives together until Julia transitioned to eternity on Friday, 18th September 2026, just four months before her 70th birthday.
Julia's life was truly a testimony of God's faithfulness. Medical doctors had made predictions about how long she would live, but God had other plans. He preserved her far beyond what medical science and human expectations had anticipated. Julia was a fighter who faced life's challenges with courage and determination, knowing that God was always in her corner.

Church Life and Service

Julia Atsufi Kotoka began attending Living Springs International Church in 1990, when the Church held its services at the community centre above Sumner Road Workshops in Peckham, SE15, UK. Her commitment to the Church remained unwavering as Living Springs moved from Peckham to the Shaftesbury Centre on Frankham Street in Deptford, SE8, and eventually to its present location in Forest Hill, UK.

























Over the years, Julia served faithfully in several capacities within the Church. She was a member of the Church Choir, served as Secretary to the Women's Fellowship, and was actively involved in the Hospitality Team, the Diamond Club for members over fifty, and the Announcement Team.

Her love for God and devotion to His work were evident in the enthusiasm and commitment with which she served in every group she belonged to. Even when faced with ongoing health challenges, her faith and dedication never wavered. She never allowed her health to define her outlook on life, nor did she make it a reason to complain. Instead, she remained optimistic, steadfast in her faith and committed to serving God.

Julia remained a loyal and devoted member of Living Springs International Church for over 36 years, faithfully worshipping and serving until her demise.

A Life Remembered

Julia Atsufi Kotoka lived a life that was a testament to resilience, courage, faith and the enduring grace of God. From the medical predictions that she would not live beyond childhood to the remarkable life she went on to live, her journey was one of triumph over adversity. She faced life's challenges with quiet strength, maintained a positive outlook and held firmly to her faith in God. She was a loving daughter, sister, wife and friend, whose gentle nature, sweet spirit and love for people touched the lives of many. Julia will be deeply missed by her family, friends, church family and all who had the privilege of knowing and loving her. Though she has departed this earthly life, the legacy of her courage, love and unwavering faith will live on. Rest peacefully, dear Julia. You fought a good fight, you kept the faith, and you will be dearly missed.



She was a loving daughter, sister, wife and friend, whose gentle nature, sweet spirit and love for people touched the lives of many.



To my darling little sister Julia

My mind and emotions are struggling to accept the reality of your not being here anymore. Since childhood, as the two girls amongst four brothers, our bond naturally grew till it became unbreakable. We shared confidences and held each other's secrets. Because of your health, Mum and I were very protective of you. When you came to live in England, my taking on that motherly role gave Mum the assurance that I would be there for you. I took that role seriously. The trust between us strengthened our unbreakable bond and we continued to share our thoughts. You shared your worries, pain, frustrations and struggles with me. Having me around to share with, gave you peace. Now, you're gone. My world changed in a heartbeat. I'm emotionally shattered and the void cannot be filled. There will be no more sharing of family birthdays, anniversaries, our yearly 4 and 5month holidays together in Ghana or life's unique and special events. It is however a great consolation to me, Julia, that you were undoubtedly in Christ, and your suffering and excruciating pain has ended, and you are now at peace and resting in the bosom of our loving God, in whom was your trust and confidence.

My sister Julia, was a gracious, sincere, beautiful, kind, pure and compassionate; a proper lady who lived a full, joyful life of celebration, and in all her health struggles, never complained. As she went through each trial, she always had faith, trust and confidence in God, saying God had brought her through previously and that ***"THIS TOO SHALL PASS"*** - unless it was God's time for her to come home.



Julia, you have indeed fought the good fight, and finished the race, kept the faith and now there is in store for you, your special crown of righteousness. (2 Timothy 4: 7-8)

Atsufi, Xe de nyuie. Dzu Dzor le nuti fafa me. Rest in perfect peace. My love to Dad, Mum, Charles, John and David.

Tribute to Julia by Hinetah

Goodbye, my beloved Julia.

Though words cannot bridge the distance between this world and the next, I write them because my heart still longs to speak to you. I will miss you always. You were truly an angel among us, a gentle soul whose kindness, strength, and love touched everyone fortunate enough to know you.
Your absence has left a void that can never be filled. I still find myself looking towards the place where you used to sit, wanting to share a story from work or tell you about something interesting that happened during the day. Even now, without thinking, I glance at the floor to avoid stepping on the dialysis cable that had become such a familiar part of our lives together.
Yet despite the pain of losing you, I find comfort in knowing that your suffering has ended. You are now at peace, free from pain, resting in the loving presence of the Lord. Prisca and I miss you deeply.
On the 11th of August we went to Maidenhead with your new car (which you drove only once and was expecting to drive it more) to celebrate our Grandson's 2nd birthday with his father STEPHEN and mum GEMMA. You were glowing in your flowing red skirt and white shirt looking beautiful. Your voice, your laughter, and the warmth you brought to our conversations during our conference calls.
I cannot understand how whenever I think of you our song comes on the Radio.





You were truly an angel among us, a gentle soul whose kindness, strength, and love touched everyone fortunate enough to know you. Your absence has left a void that can never be filled.



A SONG FOR WHOEVER BY THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH.
I LOVE YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY PENCIL CASE.HOW WE SING IT TOGETHER.I CRY IF I HAVE TO SING IT ALONE.ITS HARD TO THINK OF NOT HAVING YOU WITH ME

I have been recieving the letters from the cruise companies we planned to take on the Danube from the Czech Republic to Romania. Dont worry we shall take it together. I know you have plans to celebrate my birthday in Ghana,don't worry we will celebrate. To everyone who knew Julia, thank you for walking this journey with her, for your friendship and prayer. Me and the rest of the children and grandson ARI will always have you in our hearts.
Julia, may you rest in perfect peace, safe in the arms of the Lord, until we meet again.
Amen.

A tribute to my beloved Mummy

Mummy, today our hearts are heavy, but they are also full. Full of gratitude, full of memories, and full of a love that death cannot take away. You chose to love me, and you never stopped. You were my teacher, my fiercest protector, and my safest place.

Even with an ocean between us, your love reached me every single day. Your calls, your prayers, your messages, and your care made the distance feel small. When the world felt too big or too cruel, I knew I could always run to you. You listened whenever I came to you with my problems. You understood me and helped me through every step of the way. You corrected me whenever I was wrong, and your teachings have made a great impact on my life. I will always be grateful. You showed me what it means to give without counting the cost, and you never asked for credit, though you deserved all of it. Even when you were going through so much with your own health, I still came to you with my minor health problems, and you treated each one as a big deal.

You always made me rush to the hospital, even when it was something small. Your love, your kindness, and your care are more than I can put into words, Mummy. You were truly that mother.

Thank you for every prayer whispered over me. Thank you for every sacrifice made quietly, and for every act of love, even on the days you were tired. Thank you for the strength I didn't know I had until I saw it in you. You were more than a mother. You were the heartbeat of our family. Your laughter, your wisdom, and your love filled every space you were in, whether you were beside us or miles away.

Everything good in me, I learned from you. You lived by faith and loved with your whole heart. We thank God for the gift of you, for the years we shared, and for the example you set.

Though our hearts ache, we find peace knowing you are now at rest in the arms of the Lord. We are heartbroken, but we are also grateful for the beautiful life you lived and the legacy you leave in us.

We will carry your lessons and your love for the rest of our lives. You always told me to "soar higher," and I promise I will keep soaring and make you proud with flying colors. Every time I sent you my exam results, you encouraged me and told me you were proud and that I had done well.

You never let me feel less of myself, and you pushed me to be better every step of the way. Oh, my sweet mother! You may be gone from our sight, Mummy, but you will never leave our hearts. I love you so much, Mummy. Thank you for everything.

Rest well, our dear Mummy.

Until we meet again.



TRIBUTE BY
Eric Atsu Kotoka



My twin sister Julia Atsufi Kotoka – Hihetah was a very tough woman. Our parents siblings and family fondly called her "Wo Mama" meaning - their grandma – because of her delicate health due to sickle cell disease. Doctors said she would not live to see her 18th birthday. She proved them wrong. My twin sister was a fighter.

During our very early years, from around 2 years, we shared dreams. We slept in different bedrooms. I slept with My big brother Charles and Julia and Janet shared. In our dreams we would go to vegetable farms and fruit orchards and pick whatever we wanted. The farmer would spot us and chase us. I was stronger and faster and was usually ahead. Sometimes Atsufi would get caught beaten and told not to come back.

During the chase I would be calling out loudly to her to run faster and she would be answering, calling me to wait for her. We would be having these conversations answering each other from our different bedrooms, to the hearing of our siblings and parents. The mornings after these dreams, Mum would often find bruises and marks on Julia's arms and legs. In spite of this we always went back to the farms. These experiences stopped at about age 7.

"Wo Mama had a sharp tongue which she didn't hesitate to use when anyone challenge or upset her. She had the confidence that I would stand up for her and not allow anyone to touch her. Nobody dared bully her. She got away with a lot.

In 1969 we passed the Common Entrance Exams for secondary school. I went to Mawuli School and "Wo Mama" went to Keta Secondary School. Julia was renown at school for her singing, drama and story telling. After secondary school, she completed a secretarial course at Accra Polytechnic. She was among the pioneers of SSB (Social Security Bank). After a few years at the bank, she decided to join her elder sister in the UK. She continued to visit us in Ghana and in recent years for 4 to 6months each year. I enjoyed having my twin around during these times. I will miss my companion from the womb greatly. I feel like half of me has left me.

HEDE NYUIE,
"WO MAMA" JULIA,
NYE ATSUFI,
NA DZUDZOR LE NUTIFAFA ME.



A TRIBUTE TO OUR DEAR JULIA — OUR BELOVED SISTER AND BOSOM FRIEND

From Helen Shika and Margaret Klaye

Julia, where do we even begin? How do we find the words to say goodbye to someone who has been such a beautiful and treasured part of our lives for over three decades? Many years ago, we met you at Janet's place when your mother came from the USA to visit. Your spoken English was superb, and from that very day, a beautiful friendship was born. Little did we know that this encounter would blossom into a bond that would span over 30 years, touching not only our lives but also extending warmly to our families. What began as a simple meeting grew into a precious sisterhood that we will forever cherish.

Julia, you were a woman of remarkable grace, unwavering enthusiasm, and unparalleled zest for life. You were the epitome of elegance and sophistication—poised, polished, classy, and stylish, yet beautifully simple and approachable. You carried yourself with such regal dignity that your presence was always felt and admired. You were truly a conqueror, a woman who embraced life with courage, confidence, and an infectious spirit.

Oh, Julia, the memories we shared! Whenever we went to pick our dear sister Shika from the airport, the familiar roam-about would begin! Sometimes, Shika would spend days with you before eventually making her way to her own family. Those were such wonderful times. We went out to beautiful gardens, enjoyed lovely meals together, laughed, chatted, and created memories that we never imagined would one day become such precious treasures. With you, there was never a dull moment. Your company was a gift, your laughter was contagious, and your friendship was a blessing beyond measure.

You were more than a friend, Julia. You were a sister in every sense of the word—a remarkable, dependable, and loving soul whose presence enriched our lives in countless ways. We thank God that our paths crossed and that we were blessed with the privilege of knowing you, loving you, and sharing such a significant part of life's journey with you.

And then came that unexpected message before your transition. You told us you were going, and before we could fully comprehend the weight of your words, you had gone. It all happened so quickly, leaving us stunned, heartbroken, and struggling to accept that you were no longer here with us. But who are we to question the timing of our Creator? As painful as it is, we must accept that your earthly journey had reached its appointed end.

Our hearts ache when we think of all the plans we had made together. The cruise we looked forward to, your anticipated trip to Ghana, and the many more moments we imagined sharing have all been shattered by your departure. We had so much more to do, so many more places to visit, so many more stories to share, and so much more laughter to enjoy. We never thought we would have to say goodbye so soon.

Yet, even in our grief, we find comfort in the knowledge that your life was meaningful and your time with us was a gift. We are grateful for every moment, every conversation, every outing, and every memory. Though death has taken you from our sight, it can never erase the beautiful imprint you have left upon our hearts.

Julia, you fought a good fight. You lived your life with courage, grace, and an admirable spirit. You were a conqueror, and your legacy will endure through the many lives you touched. Your kindness, elegance, warmth, and zest for living will continue to inspire us long after today.

As we bid you farewell, we take solace in the thought that you have gone to take your rest in that heavenly home where angels glide, where pain and sorrow are no more, and where peace everlasting reigns.

Still, our eyes fill with tears, and our hearts whisper a painful goodbye. We can almost hear your laughter echoing, bright and clear, and we find ourselves wishing we could have just one more conversation, one more outing, one more opportunity to say how much you mean to us.



But you have not truly left us. You have only gone ahead. Your spirit will live on in our hearts, and your memory will remain forever etched in our minds. Whenever we gather and reminisce about the wonderful times we shared, your name will be spoken with love, your stories will bring smiles through our tears, and your beautiful spirit will once again fill the room.

Dear Julia, thank you for the friendship that stood the test of time. Thank you for the love, the laughter, the companionship, and the unforgettable memories. Thank you for being the extraordinary woman you were. We are better for having known you, and our lives are richer because you were part of them.

Though our hearts are broken, we release you into the loving arms of your Maker, trusting that He knows best and that His plans are beyond our understanding.

Rest well, our dear Julia. Sleep peacefully, our beloved sister and bosom friend, until that glorious day when we shall meet again, never to part. You will be missed beyond words, remembered beyond measure, and loved for all eternity.

Eeiiii, Atsufi! This goodbye is so painful, but our love for you will never die.

Farewell, our dear Julia. Until we meet again.

We love you immensely.



A tribute to a Beautiful Soul

by Dedo Mate-Kole

Julie, My Sister, My Friend

Julie was what I called Julia. She, on the other hand, called me Mate-Kole! I would call her whatever first name came to mind, depending on what we were up to and, of course, whether or not she was feeling well. Ours was a friendship filled with humour, encouragement, and countless cherished memories. We became friends in the summer of 1973, and our very first conversation was about books — Mills & Boon, to be precise!

Please do not judge us too harshly! Thanks to Julie, we soon graduated to reading Harold Robbins' The Carpetbaggers and a host of other supposedly inappropriate books. She had discovered her brother Charles's library, and we literally devoured those books. That was until my mother stumbled upon one, read a page or two, and promptly told me off for reading adult literature! Charles, on the other hand, did not seem to mind and simply turned a blind eye. Our daily walks must have been the beginning of the trend of counting steps! We walked to Labone GNTC and back home, continued on to 5th Circular Road, and then, in the evening, walked all the way to Labone Junction to buy a whole one cedi's worth of kelewele. Yes, in those days, one cedi could buy you a feast! Thanks to our brothers, Alfonse and the Graham lads, we also enjoyed many trips to La Pleasure Beach. We would stroll along the beach in our one-piece swimsuits, feeling like the cat's whiskers. Oh, those were the days! Those were the good days, especially when Julie was well. In between, there were difficult times when Julia battled sickle cell crises with everything she had. What a resilient woman she was!

One of the many things I learnt from Julia was not to hold a grudge for too long and always to find room in my heart to forgive. As a child, I was often frightened that one day she might not pull through a crisis. Perhaps that fear made me more forgiving and allowed her to get away with quite a lot!

We laughed about this some ten years ago, shortly before her 60th birthday. She readily admitted that she had milked it, leaving me running around after her. That was Julie!

I also remember teasing her about the way she seemed to take the mickey out of sickle cell, almost daring it to defeat her. She faced life with a defiance and indomitable spirit that I could only admire. There was something remarkable about the way she refused to let her struggles define her. Her courage, determination, and sheer will to live were an inspiration to those of us fortunate enough to walk beside her.

Over the years, our friendship grew into kinship. She became much more than a friend; she was a sister in every sense of the word. Ours was a bond that time could not weaken, distance could not diminish, and life's challenges could only deepen.

Julie was also determined to get me to give up Buddhism, and she was over the moon when, after five years, she heard that I had given my life to Christ. I can still imagine her delight! Knowing Julie, I can almost hear the excitement in her voice and picture the satisfaction on her face. She had clearly been waiting for that moment!

We shared so many experiences, so much laughter, and so many memories that I can only take my hat off to her. I salute my beautiful, smart, kind, and resilient sister and friend. She deeply loved the Lord, her husband, and her family. She was also a fiercely loyal friend who stood by those she loved through the changing scenes of life. When Julie loved you, she did so wholeheartedly.

Her wonderful sense of humour sustained both of us through the years. Even now, it is almost impossible for me to make a cup of Earl Grey tea without thinking of her. I once offered her a cup, only for her to spit it out and ask why I was giving her "Amatsi" — some herbal concoction! That was one of those unforgettable Julie moments, and it still makes me smile. How I wish I could share another cup of tea with her and hear her hilarious commentary one more time!

My late husband, my children, and I were truly blessed by the gift of Julia in our lives. We were privileged to have shared in her journey, her laughter, her courage, and her love. Looking back, I realise just how precious those years were and how much richer our lives became because she was part of them.

Julie, my dear sister and friend, you fought a good fight, you finished the race, and you kept the faith. Now, you are resting in the presence of your God.

It is difficult to say goodbye to someone who has been woven so deeply into the fabric of one's life. Yet, even in grief, I am grateful. Grateful for the friendship that began in the summer of 1973, for the laughter that carried us through the years, for the lessons you taught me, and for the privilege of having called you my sister.

You will always be remembered with love, gratitude, and a smile. Thank you for the friendship, the laughter, the lessons, and the memories. You have left an indelible mark on my heart, and I will carry you with me always.

Rest well, my beautiful Julie. Your earthly struggles are over, your battle is won, and your rest is deserved. Until we meet again, may you dwell in the everlasting peace and love of the Lord you cherished so dearly.

Nɔvi Hede nyuie.
Dzudzɔ le nutifafa me.

TRIBUTE BY

Ketasco Alumni Europe (KAE)

"To everything there is a season,
A time for every purpose under heaven:
A time to be born,
And a time to die;
A time to weep,
And a time to laugh;
A time to mourn,
And a time to dance."
Ecclesiastes 3:1–2, 4

A Time to Remember and Say Farewell

There are moments in life when words seem inadequate to express the depth of our emotions. Our hearts are heavy, memories come flooding back, and the loss of someone dear leaves us searching for answers. Today is such a moment; a time to mourn and reflect, to celebrate a life that touched ours, and, ultimately, to bid farewell to our beloved Julia.

The news of your sudden departure in the early hours of Friday, 18 September 2026, came as a painful shock to us all. It was difficult to comprehend that someone who had been part of our shared journey and whose presence formed part of our alumni family could suddenly be taken from us. We were left with grief, unanswered questions, and the painful realisation that life, for all its promises and expectations, is indeed fragile and unpredictable.

Julia, your passing reminds us that none of us can determine the length of our days. We may make plans for tomorrow, cherish dreams for the future, and look forward to the many opportunities life offers, but ultimately, our times are in God's hands. Even so, knowing this does not make the pain of losing you any less real.

Today, we gather in spirit as your schoolmates of Ketasco and friends of Ketasco Alumni Europe (KAE) to honour your memory and pay tribute to the life you lived. These words come from the depths of our hearts, united by the bond we share as members of the Ketasco family and by the sadness we feel at your departure.

Julia, you will always hold a special place in the story of our school and in the hearts of those who had the privilege of knowing you.

As a committed member of the 1969/74 Year Group, you were part of a generation whose shared experiences, friendships, and memories created bonds that have endured far beyond the classroom and the school gates.

Our school years were more than a period of academic pursuits. They were formative years in which friendships were established, characters were shaped, dreams were nurtured, and lifelong connections were forged. The experiences we shared during those years became part of the foundation upon which we built our lives.

Though the years have passed and life has taken each of us along different paths, the bond of our school fellowship remains precious. It is this bond that brings us together in moments of joy and achievement, and it is this same bond that draws us together in sorrow when one of our own is called home.

Your departure has therefore left a painful void in our alumni family. It reminds us that every member is precious and that every life contributes something unique to the collective story we share. We are grateful that our paths crossed and that you were part of this remarkable journey. Though we must now learn to live with your absence, we shall continue to treasure the memories associated with your life and your place among us.

You Were a Woman of Warmth, Generosity and Quiet Strength

Julia, one of the things that made you special was the beautiful blend of qualities that defined your personality. You were warm and sociable yet reserved in your disposition. You could relate with people with kindness and warmth while maintaining a quiet dignity that was uniquely yours. You did not have to be the loudest person in the room to make your presence felt. Your character spoke in its own way, and those who knew you came to appreciate the person you were.

Above all, you were generous and particularly supportive of others.

You understood, perhaps more than words could express, that friendship is not merely about sharing happy moments but also about standing by people when they need encouragement, assistance, or a helping hand. You demonstrated a concern for the well-being of others and were willing to support people in different ways. This quality of thoughtfulness and generosity is one of the enduring lessons we take from your life. It reminds us that some of the most meaningful contributions we make are not always the ones that attract public attention, but those quiet acts of kindness that make another person's burden lighter.

Julia, your reserved nature did not diminish your warmth, nor did your quiet disposition lessen your capacity to connect with people. Rather, these qualities formed part of the unique personality through which you expressed your care and concern for others.

As we reflect on your life, we are reminded that true greatness is not always measured by public recognition or grand gestures. Sometimes, it is found in a generous heart, a willingness to help, a readiness to stand with others, and a genuine concern for the welfare of those around us.

These are qualities worth celebrating, and they are qualities we hope will continue to inspire those who had the privilege of knowing you.

Your Commitment to the Alumni

Julia, your contribution to the alumni went beyond simply being a member. You supported in various ways, demonstrating that belonging to a group carries with it a responsibility to contribute to its growth, oneness and well-being.

You understood the value of maintaining the bonds that connected us and the importance of supporting the collective interests. Your contributions, offered in different ways, formed part of the shared effort to keep the alumni connected and moving forward.

Your commitment also extended to the alumni activities, welfare initiatives, and programmes. You participated actively in these efforts, showing that you valued the purpose of our alumni and the opportunities it provided for all of us.

In an alumni community such as ours, participation is about much more than attending meetings or being present at social gatherings. It is about identifying with a common purpose, supporting worthy initiatives, encouraging others, and contributing what one can to ensure that the alumni continue to thrive. Through your involvement and support, you demonstrated the importance of being an active member of our alumni family.

Your commitment to welfare initiatives is particularly significant because welfare lies at the heart of what it means to be a family. When one member faces a challenge, the concern of the whole group becomes important. When we celebrate together, our joy is multiplied. And when we stand beside one another in difficult times, we demonstrate the true meaning of fellowship. Julia, you were part of this spirit of collective responsibility. Your willingness to contribute and support our programmes is a reminder that associations are strengthened not merely by their constitutions, structures, or plans, but by the people who give their time, energy, resources, and commitment to make them work.

Today, as we mourn your passing, we must also celebrate this aspect of your life. Your involvement reminds us that every contribution matters, however it may be expressed, and that the strength of our alumni family depends on members who are prepared to participate and support one another.

Your departure challenges us to continue the good work of building a stronger, more caring, and more united alumni. May we honour your memory by remaining committed to the ideals of service, generosity, friendship, and mutual support that make our alumni meaningful.

Your Memory Will Live On

The passing of a loved one often causes us to reflect more deeply on the meaning of life, the importance of relationships, and the legacy we leave behind. In the end, life is not measured solely by the number of years we spend on earth, but also by the relationships we nurture, the lives we touch, and the memories that remain in the hearts of those who knew us.

Julia, your life reminds us that a legacy is not always a monument or a public achievement. It may also be found in the people we have supported, the friendships we have nurtured, the causes we have contributed to, and the communities we have helped to strengthen.

As we remember you today, we are reminded of the privilege of belonging to an alumni community that transcends time and distance. Our shared history as is a precious heritage, and the lives of those who form part of that history can never simply be erased by death.

Your passing challenges us to cherish one another more deeply, to reach out to old friends, to reconcile where there is estrangement, and to make the most of the time we have together. Too often, we postpone a telephone call, a visit, a word of encouragement, or an expression of appreciation, assuming there will always be another opportunity. Your departure reminds us that tomorrow is not promised to anyone.

May your memory inspire us to strengthen the bonds of friendship and fellowship that unite us. May we learn to value one another, not merely when we gather for celebrations, but also when a fellow member needs encouragement, support, or a comforting word.

A Life Entrusted to God

As we mourn your passing, Julia, we acknowledge that our understanding is limited. There are moments when grief raises questions to which we may never find satisfactory answers.

Yet, as Christians, we hold on to the assurance that our lives are in the hands of a loving and sovereign God.

The Scriptures remind us in Psalm 116:15:
"Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints."

These words offer comfort in our sorrow and remind us that every life is precious to God. Though death separates us physically from those we love, our faith encourages us to look beyond the grave and hold firmly to the hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ.

Our Lord Jesus Christ declared in John 11:25:
"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

We are comforted that you died in the Lord. This is the hope that sustains us in moments of bereavement. We grieve because we have lost you whose presence mattered to us, but we do not grieve without hope. We entrust you, Julia, to the mercy and loving care of God, who knows the beginning and the end of every life.

May the Lord comfort all who mourn your passing, especially your family, loved ones, friends, and fellow members of the 1969/74 Year Group and our entire alumni family. May He grant them the strength to face the difficult days ahead, the grace to bear the pain of separation, and the peace that surpasses all understanding.

Farewell, Julia

Julia, today we say farewell with heavy hearts. We wish we could have had more time with you, more opportunities to share, to cherish one another, and more moments to celebrate the bonds that unite us as members of the Ketasco family.

But life has taught us that we do not always have the luxury of choosing when to say goodbye. Sometimes, the farewell comes unexpectedly, leaving us with memories to cherish and a void that words cannot adequately fill. Nevertheless, we thank God for the gift of your life and for the place you occupied in our shared history.



We thank Him for the years you spent among us, for your warmth and generosity, for your concern for others, and for your commitment to our wider alumni family. We are grateful for the fellowship we shared and for the opportunity to have known you. We shall remember you as a woman who combined warmth with quiet dignity, generosity with thoughtfulness, and friendship with a genuine willingness to support others.

Though your earthly journey has ended, you will not be forgotten. Your name will remain part of the history we share, and your memory will continue to remind us of the preciousness of life and the enduring value of friendship and service.

As we bid you farewell, we pray that the Lord, in His infinite mercy, will receive you into His eternal care. May the light of His presence shine upon you, and may you find perfect rest in His everlasting peace.

To your family and loved ones, we extend our deepest condolences. May the God of all comfort uphold them during this painful time and surround them with His unfailing love. May the memories they hold of you become a source of strength as they continue to mourn your departure.

Julia, hede nuie!
Julia, fare thee well.
Julia, rest in perfect peace

A TRIBUTE TO

JULIA KOTOKA-HIHETAH BY THE 1974 YEAR GROUP OF THE PAST STUDENTS ASSOCIATION OF KETA SECONDARY SCHOOL

"So we are always of good courage.
We know that while we are at home in the body we are away from the Lord, for we walk by faith not by sight. Yes, we are of good courage, and we would rather be away from the body and at home with the Lord." **2 Corinthians 5: 6 – 8.**

On Friday, September 26, 1969, a group of little boys and girls walked through the gates of Keta Secondary School, beginning a journey that would shape our lives in ways we could hardly have imagined. We were young, innocent and full of dreams, embarking on an adventure that would eventually forge friendships and bonds lasting a lifetime.

Among those young girls was our dear Julia Kotoka, whose remains are before us here. Julia, unfortunately, lost the battle on Friday, September 18, 2026. The sad news was so devastating!

We remember Julia as a beautiful young lady, quiet, gentle and soft -spoken. She had a warm and friendly disposition that made her approachable and endeared her to those around her. She was never one to seek the limelight or make a lot of noise, but her quiet presence spoke volumes. There was a certain grace and calmness around her that we have imprinted in our memories over the years.

As the years rolled by, we graduated, went our separate ways and pursued the different paths of life that God has purposed for us. Yet, the bond formed within the walls of Keta Secondary School remained strong.

Julia remained a cherished and committed member of our KETASCO 1974 Year Group, both at home and in the Diaspora. She understood the importance of staying connected and keeping the spirit of our old school friendship alive. Whenever she was in town, she made the effort to attend our meetings, reunite and reconnect with her old schoolmates.

She was equally an active member of our Year Group in the Diaspora, attending all the gatherings and get -togethers. Those occasions provided wonderful op portunities for us to reconnect, reminisce about our school days, share experiences and, of course, have lots of fun together. Julia was part of those happy moments. Her presence always added to the warmth, laughter and camaraderie that made our gatherings so special. These are memories we will always treasure.

She was also dependable and committed to the affairs of the group. She consistently fulfilled her financial obligations, demonstrating a commendable sense of responsibility, loyalty and belonging. T hese may appear to be ordinary gestures, but they speak volumes about a person's character and commitment to a shared cause.

Julia understood that membership of our Year Group was more than just having attended the same school. It was about belonging, friendship, fellowship and looking out for one another. She played her part quietly but faithfully with passion.

Today, as we celebrate her life and reflect on the memories we shared, we are reminded that the true measure of a person is not always found in gra nd gestures or public recognition. Sometimes, it is found in quiet kindness, a gentle disposition, the consistency of friendship and the simple willingness to remain connected.

But Julia the hour of our separation has come. Julia, you were one of us. You s hared our childhood, our school experiences, our youthful dreams and the journey that brought us to where we are today. You were part of our history, you were part of our story, and we are grateful that our paths c rossed at Keta Secondary School, and nothi ng, not even distance separated us.

As you are called ahead of us to meet your God, do not forget how precious you were to us. The memories of those early days in September 1969 remain valuable to us. So, too, will the memories of the beautiful, quiet and friendly girl who became an enduring member of our KETASCO family.

Even though we have lost you physically, Julia you will always be on our mind as one of our own.

From all of us in the KETASCO 1974 Year Group, we celebrate you, honour your contribution and cherish the sweet memories.

Rest peacefully in the bosom of our Maker , dear Julia. You have run your race, and your place in our KETASCO family remains forever cherished.

With fond memories and heartfelt affection,

KETASCO 1974 Year Group

Julia, hede nyuie!

TRIBUTE BY

Kafui Sevor



Thessalonians 4:14 - for we believe that jesus died and rose again, and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him. Amen.

A beautiful soul has left us quietly, painfully, and far too soon. Though our hearts ache at your departure, Julia, there is comfort in knowing that you are no longer fighting the storm. Your battle is over, your pain is gone, and you can finally rest in beautiful, uninterrupted peace. To know Julia was to understand the true meaning of friendship. She was more than a friend; she was family by choice, a precious soul whose presence brought warmth, comfort, and joy. She was the kind of friend who made life more beautiful simply by being part of it.

Julia was a strong and fearless woman, filled with faith and hope. Yet, beneath her strength was a gentle spirit—calm, quiet, and deeply kind. She was fiercely loyal, cherished meaningful connections, and had a beautiful gift for bringing people together. She was happiest in the company of good people, sharing moments that have now become treasured memories. Julia, your departure has left an emptiness that words can scarcely express, but the memories you have given us will forever remain in our hearts. Your kindness, your strength, your quiet presence, and the love you shared will never be forgotten. Though I must now learn to live with your absence, I will carry your name, your memory, and the beautiful gift of your friendship with me always. Until the day we meet again, you will remain a cherished part of my heart.

Rest peacefully, dear Julia. May God's eternal peace surround you, may His loving arms hold you close, and may you find everlasting rest. You are gone from our sight, but never from our hearts.

TRIBUTE BY

Living Springs International Church, London

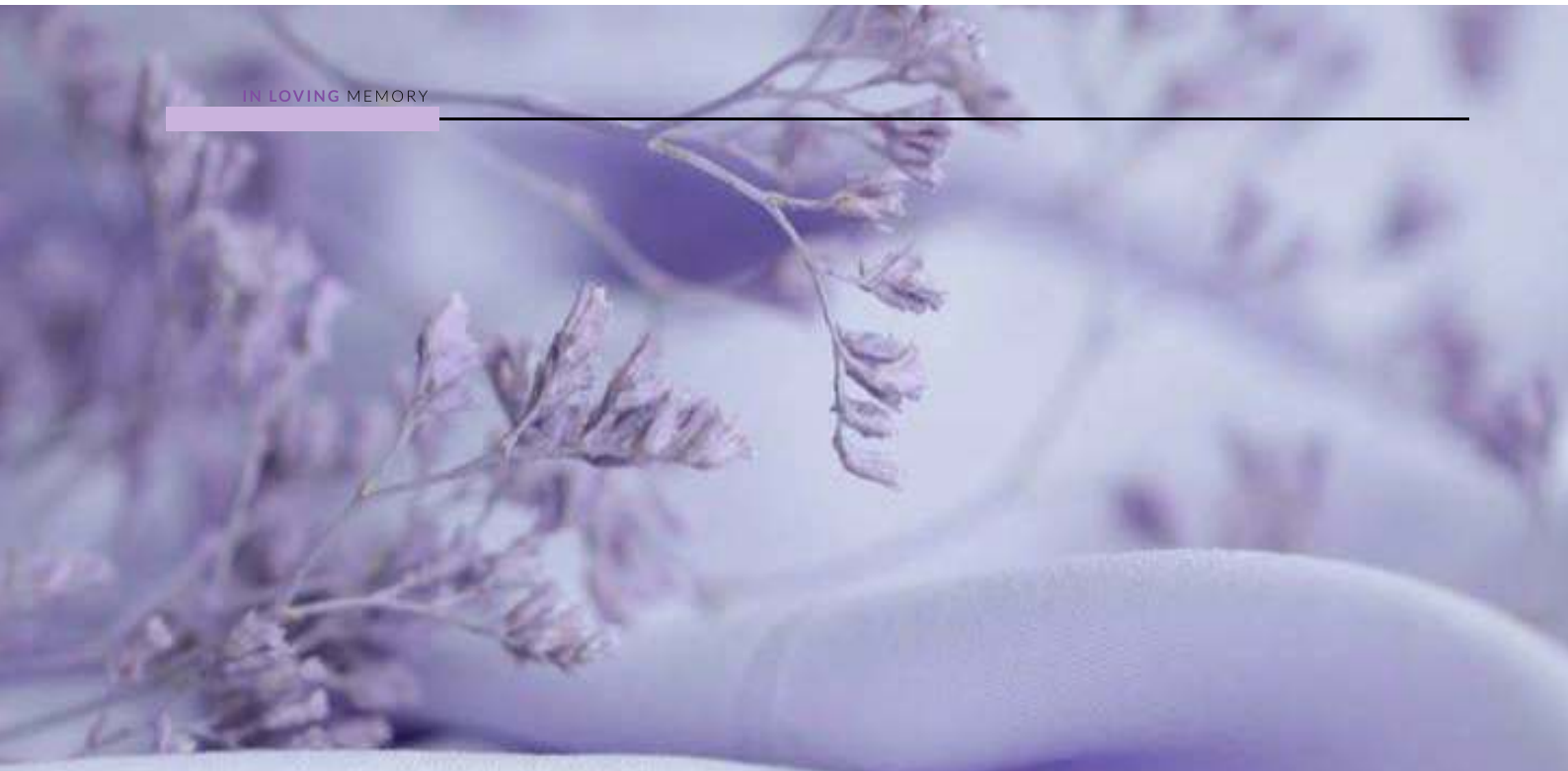
Julia Atsfi Kotoka-Hiherta joined Living Springs International Church London in the year 1990 when the church services were held at the North Pckham Community centre on Sumner Road, S.E.15 under the leadership of Re. Dr. Frank Ofosu-Appiah, the founder and General Overseer of Living Springs International Church.

Aunty Julia, as she was affectionately called continued to Fellowship at Living Springs when the church relocated first to the Shaftsbury Christian Centre in Deptford S.E.8, then to our present location in Forest Hill, S.E.23. She remained a loyal member of Living Springs church for over 36 years. During her years of worshipping with us, Aunty Julia served in several departments. She joined the church choir and at a time was the secretary of the Women's Fellowship. She was also a committed member of the church hospitality team and the Diamond Club for the over fifties in our church. She also served in the Announcement department in the church.

Aunty Julia's love and devotion to God made her serve diligently in all the departments she associated with. Due to ill health from 2022 until the 18th of September 2026 when she departed this life, her zeal for serving God never diminished inspire of her health challenges.

Aunty Julia was indeed a woman of faith and hardly ever complained about her situation. She was always optimistic and full of hope until the very end. We take comfort in the hope that she is resting in the bossom of her Lord and saviour

May her soul rest in



TRIBUTE BY

Rev. Mawu-Elikplim Seth Seglah & Mrs Gertrude Sophia Amenuvor-Seglah

Revelation 21:4

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

I first met Julia in the early 1970's when I was a student at Anlo secondary school. We went to Keta secondary school to watch a drama/ play. Then a young lady came to introduce the play. Her intonation was out of Ghana. How can a Ghanaian speak English the way Julia spoke.? We believed she had a privileged background and went to an exceptional preparatory and international school. Of course the daughter of the late Lieutenant General Emmanuel Kwasi Kotoka of blessed memory. The one who laid his life to deliver Ghana from the tyranny of Dr Kwame Nkrumah in the 1966 coup .

A member of the National Liberation Council .

After many decades we met in London and I later got to know her closeness to my wife who hailed from the Amenuvor family but her maternal grandmother was from Alakple whom we called ***"ETEY HOSHIE "*** Basically meaning Auntie who trades from Ho.

They saw themselves as cousins. In 1990, Julia and her elder sister Janet joined us to regularly attend Living Springs International Church which started in Peckham. In 1991 , I travelled to Ghana, Living Springs International Church had moved from Peckham to Deptford, to a building owned by the Shaftesbury Society. In the 6 months I was away, Julia dedicated herself to transporting my wife and daughter to church every Sunday unfailingly. I have a daughter who was very vibrant and always jumping at the back seat every Sunday when she was been transported to and from church and Julia meticulous with her car was always instructing Elikem to sit down or get a smack. This did not register with Elikem at all .

The bond between Julia and my wife was such that she would always take a break from work to come to our house and my wife, we later got to know about her health challenges, though very sympathetic to her, we could only pray for her.

She never ever failed to impress us anytime she had a new car. She would drive to our house, but on her way to the house, she would impromptly call my wife and if she doesn't get any response would call me to enquire the whereabouts of her cousin, my wife Sophie. Her visits were always impromptu and then she would invite us to view her new car. She took pleasure in that and it was her joy. What else had she got to live for inspite of her health challenges.

She had a major surgery, had a near death experience and her encounter with eternity and earth. Since then, she took her faith and walk with God very very serious. On my graduation from Bible School, I realised she had joined the choir of Living Springs International Church.

Even though my wife and I left living Springs, we always maintained our close and family relationship.

The ALAKPLE CONNECTION.

Birthdays, barbecues weddings were opportunities for us to always connect. My sister Julia, never ever complained about her health challenges. She accepted and never denied that she had sickle cell anemia. She knew a time would come when either she would miraculously be healed or succumbed to a call from eternity and we are here today to thank God for that in celebrating her life.

Two weeks before she succumbed to the pain of death, we spoke and she alerted us to her new challenge of daily dialysis. She spoke with hope and joy. My wife never ceased to mention her name on a daily basis so I promised i'd take her to visit her cousin Julia, sadly i was unable to fulfill my promise. I was distraught when the call came that she was in the critical unit of Guys and St Thomas hospital. I was monitoring the situation, decided to take my wife to visit Atsufi in the morning on our way to my wife's hospital appointment.

At 8 am a call came as we were getting ready for the visit . We were devasted, my wife inconsolable, angry and disappointed in herself .

This is where we are. Bye bye norvinye. Have a good rest from all these pains, hurts, challenges. You are in a better place as you had twice seen that revelation. How can we forget you? Never.

Peace be with you .

God grant your soul repose.

We love you dearly Julia.

Tribute by Kukuwa Kyereboah

In loving memory of Julia Atsufi Kotoka-Hihetah

My darling Atsufi, my primary school bestie, so much of my childhood has you in it. From primary school to our lives in Labone, we had each other's backs. We roamed Burma Camp as if our fathers owned it! Even when our families moved to North Labone, you were just one street away.

You were family to me. Davi took me in as her own, and Auntie Maggie did the same for you. Even my love for Akple and Fetridikye began with the meals your mother cooked. Life took us to different countries, but we never lost touch. Seeing you and your sibs again last year, in Ghana and abroad, is something I will cherish.

You've suffered greatly with sickle cell throughout your journey here on earth and all of our daily prayers have seen you through my dear Atsufi, but now God has removed your pain and you are at rest with Him in perfect peace.

I will miss you, my bestie and dearest friend for life. I know you are home with our Lord Jesus Christ until we meet again. I will always cherish our lives together on earth.

I love you always, Atsufi!

Rest peacefully, my bestie, until we meet again.

We roamed Burma Camp as if our fathers owned it! Even when our families moved to North Labone, you were just one street away.

Tribute by Granny Ang

To *Julia.*



My dear Julia,
I got to know Julia over the last few years through her big sister Janet (who is a very dear and close friend of mine). When I became a grandmother for the first time, we were talking about the title I would like to be called by my grandchild. I said "Grandma" makes me feel old, and I'd like to be called "Nanny"
Julia thought it would be funny to give me a nickname, and came up with "Granny Ang". I in turn retaliated by giving her the nickname "Skinny Minnie", and we've called each other those names since then. I was very fond of my Skinny Minnie, and will miss her greatly, together with so many others whose heart she touched.
Julia, Go in God's love and grace.
Angela

Julia thought it would be funny to give me a nickname, and came up with "Granny Ang". I in turn retaliated by giving her the nickname "Skinny Minnie", and we've called each other those names since then.



Dear Julia Atsufi,

As I walk through this season of sadness, my heart remains thankful because I had the privilege of knowing the incredible person you were.

From visiting you in Ketasco, to sitting together at Accra Polytechnic, our frequent visits to the 37 Military Hospital in Accra, my visits to London, and our reunions during holidays in Accra, even after life took us to different countries, we always found a way to stay connected.

Tribute By

Maureen Mathilda Delima Akaba

I will miss your love, our chit-chats, and the special bond we shared. Julia, there is a part of me that only you knew. Through our difficult times, we were there for each other, offering comfort, understanding and support. You were truly a friend, and I will forever treasure that friendship.

I thank God for bringing our paths together and allowing us to share a friendship that spanned over 60 years. What a blessing it was to have you in my life!
You fought for so long, with so much grace and courage. While I am devastated by your loss, I find comfort in knowing that you are finally free from pain.

Rest easy, my dearest friend, Atsu fi Julia. You will forever hold a special place in my heart.

Rest in perfect peace.

Maureen Mathilda Delima Akaba



Picture: Water baptism in the Red Sea in Isreal

Julia was renown at school for her singing, drama and story telling. After secondary school, she completed a secretarial course at Accra Polytechnic. She was among the pioneers of SSB (Social Security Bank).









































Hymns

O GOD OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever – rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUND

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

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

Dear name- the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Jesus, my shepherd, brother, friend,
My prophet, priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Hymns

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in Prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in Prayer;
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to Lord in Prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care!
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in Prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in Prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL

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.

Chorus

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night

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.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Hymns

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, singing on: your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

BECAUSE HE LIVES

God sent His Son, they called Him Jesus;
He came to love, heal and forgive;
He lived and died to buy my pardon,
An empty grave is there to prove my
Saviour lives

Chorus

Because He lives, I can face tomorrow,
Because He lives all fear is gone
Because I know He holds the future,
And life is worth a living just because He lives

How sweet to hold a new born baby,
And feel the pride and joy He gives;
But greater still the calm assurance,
This child can face uncertain days because He lives

Hymns

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me; fast falls the even tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

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



Thank You

The entire Family
Would Like To Express
Their Gratitude For Your
Support And Sympathy
God Richly Bless You