

*Acknowledgement*

The family is extremely grateful for all acts of kindness displayed during this difficult time. Whether you sent a card or flowers, spoke comforting words, lent a shoulder, whispered a prayer, or simply kept us in your thoughts. We acknowledge and appreciate all with gratitude and sincere thanks. God Bless You

*Pallbearers*

FRANKLIN SOWAH ~ NII ODI SOWAH ~ PRINCE SOWAH  
DANIEL ADJETEY ~ KEVIN MENSAH ~ JOEL CLOTTEY

*Honorary Pallbearers*

MICHAEL LARYEA ~ SOWAH GODWIN ~ LARYEA SOWAH  
MICHAEL SOWAH ~ HON. EMMANUEL ASHIE-MOORE  
FAHEEM CRAWFORD ~ APOSTLE ALEX ABROKWA-CLOTTEY

*Interment*

BLENDON CENTRAL CEMETERY  
6330 S. Hempstead Road  
Westerville, Ohio 43081

RECESSIONAL COMMUNITY CENTER  
(Exhibit Hall)  
1055 Colony Drive  
Westerville, Ohio

To offer condolences to The Cradle Family,  
visit [www.TheChapelofPeace.com](http://www.TheChapelofPeace.com)



IN *Loving*  
*Memory*  
OF

*Vida A. Cradle*

APRIL 16, 1946 ~ NOVEMBER 25, 2020

~Service~

Saturday, February 27, 2021 ~ 10:00 AM  
MARLAN J. GARY FUNERAL HOME  
Chapel of Peace – North  
2500 Cleveland Avenue  
Columbus, Ohio

# Obituary

Vida Adjeley Sowah was born on April 16, 1946, in La Accra Region Ghana to Albert Sowah of Koney Adu WE and Charlotte Otto of Nii Amoah WE all of whom preceded her to eternity. Vida is also known as Nii Nye was the fourth of 16 children. She was a fun, loving, and selfless child who grew up to be a God-fearing woman, who loved and served faithfully in the church. In 1952, Nii Nye was baptized at La Presbyterian Church. Vida attended La Girls School in 1952 where she successfully completed standard seven in 1962 where she obtained the skill to become successful in life. She furthered her education in catering. She had the greatest sense of humor and loved to help young ladies in the community. She was so jovial she had special names for her favorite people.

In 1964, Vida was employed by the Ministries of Census as a civil servant where she climbed up the ladder to become the Manageress to her department. She continued to work there till she was retired. While working at Census, she met her husband, Francis Sowah, with whom she had 5 children with. With her 5 children, Vida took in her nieces, nephews, and stepchildren. She was the disciplinarian in the family, and she treated all children equal to the point where you couldn't tell which child was her own biological or not, but she strongly disliked cheating and dishonesty. Later, she started trading from Accra, Lagos, Benin, Togo, and the Gambia until she migrated to London leaving her family behind. Shortly after she resettled in London, she and Francis separated. Vida set out to work hard and created a pathway for her family to one day join her in the UK. In London, Vida laid a foundation where she worked diligently at PAO, a factory that produces beans and onions, full time. She was faithful to her employer and never missed a day of work.

Vida was passionate about education and was devoted to ensuring that she provided the best education for her children. Vida was a woman who cared about her children. She frequently visited them in the U.S and Ghana. She was determined to provide every opportunity necessary for her children to be successful and therefore managed to bring her older son Nii Odoi to London and the rest of the children came to the U.S. Vida fell ill in London, during that time she met her late husband, William Cradle. They got married on April 25, 1996, and Bill remained a loving husband until death parted them. Sadly, Bill became ill in September, and on March 1st, 2015 Bill passed away peacefully in the arms of his beloved wife. After her husband passed, she spent most of her time in the U.S and Ghana. She fell sick in 2018 while she was in Ghana. Her loving daughter, Sheillah Sowah, had rushed to Ghana to bring her over to the States to continue her treatment.

For thirty years she battled various illnesses and her health continued to decline. On November 25th, 2020, Vida Adjeley Cradle was called from labor to rest. Vida was greatly loved by many. Vida lived to cherish her children, Franklin Nii Adjei Sowah, Nii-Odoi Sowah, Sharon Naa Dzamah Sowah, Prince Nii Sowah, Sheillah Naa Dzamah Sowah, Princess Naa Dzamah Sowah, Michael Nii Mensah Sowah, Evelyn Naa Ayokor Sowah, and seven siblings of Accra Ghana. Not forgetting the host of grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces, and nephews as well as other family members and friends.

Mum, we love you and we will forever cherish your memory in our hearts. May your soul rest in perfect peace. Till we meet again. Yawo Ojogbann.

## Tributes

### TRIBUTE FROM "THE FAMILY"

BEN ARYEE, MaaDor - DORIS NANA ACQUAH

OTOO, LONDON & MAMI HAWAH PLANGE BELGIUM

[Presby.](#) Ga Hymn

Ooo, Tsuinaa naanyo, ke mitsɔle  
Ke midze nɔnaa buɲ mikwɔ le  
No dani ŋkɔmɔyeli nyoɲ le  
Omiishe miishedze mimii  
ye biene ke suɔmɔ fale

AND MAMI BEATRICE AYELE

~~~~~

Osuɔmɔ le mɛɛ ŋɔmɔ ni  
Matse ke-aba Omlishi  
aho aya; shi Osuɔmo le  
Miŋwei le ye shikpoɲ nɔ tete  
ni mina ke-dze omli le

We love you but Jesus loves you more. Mami Doris Nana Acquah aka 'MaaDor', Mam Beatrice Ayele Otoo and I, Ben Aryee, met you in Harlesden, London in the late 1980s. We bonded into one family and Mami Hawa Plange joined in. We all shared our joys, happiness, and woes together. One of the best things we did together has been always looking after each other. No journey was too far for us to team up. We were the first to be with you when your health problems began, and we never left you.

The kingpin in the family has been MamDor whom you fondly called 'Anua' – meaning my sister and best friend, naming Ben Aryee as the father of the family. You kept us close together to strengthen our bond, always making us alive to extend a helping hand to each other. Thank you for the love and kindness you doted on us.

We never forgot your story about "Francis Akonorbi Nobi-tse" with great morale and lessons about behaviors and honesty. You would not tolerate dishonesty. You never gave a toss about bad behavior from any source – Not even from Timbuktu in the Sahara or the North Pole in the arctic. But your sense of humor complements all. Watching you being straight-forward with people showed your unparalleled strength and that raised the family to be strong in decision-making. We thank you for all these lessons.

It saddens us to know that you have gone so soon, and it hurts; but we have so many unforgettable memories about you to cherish. We believe that you have gone home to our heavenly father. We will miss you dearly, but we take the solace in the hope that we will meet again. We know that you are now at peace. Sleep well until we meet again. May Jesus lead you home to Himself.

MaaDor, Ben Aryee, MamB and Awaa wish you safe journey Home. Rest in eternal peace. Yaa wɔ Dzogbanɔ Maa Anua Adjeley Vida

# Order of Service

## PART I

|                                         |                                   |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| WELCOMING OF GUESTS.....                | Master of Ceremony                |
| OPENING PRAYER.....                     | Reverend Samuel Nana Yeboah       |
| PRAISE & WORSHIP.....                   | Nii Addo and Team                 |
| FILE PAST .....                         |                                   |
| SONGS/HYMN GROUP .....                  | Rock of Ages                      |
| SCRIPTURE READING.....                  | I Thessalonians 4:13-18           |
| SONGS .....                             | Nii Addo and Team (Tagee Sisters) |
| PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING .....            |                                   |
| BIOGRAPHY.....                          | Mr. Patrick Odotei Odoi           |
| TESTIMONY/TRIBUTES.....                 |                                   |
| MESSAGE.....                            | Reverend Samuel Nana Yeboah       |
| PRAYER FOR BEREAVED FAMILY .....        | Pastor Attah                      |
| VOTE OF THANKS BY A FAMILY MEMBER ..... |                                   |
| ANNOUNCEMENTS.....                      | Master of Ceremony                |
| CLOSING PRAYER.....                     |                                   |

## PART II

|                                   |
|-----------------------------------|
| PROCESSION TO THE CEMETERY        |
| SONG                              |
| PRAYER                            |
| LOWERING OF COFFIN                |
| COMMITTAL                         |
| VOTE OF THANKS BY A FAMILY MEMBER |
| PRAYER                            |
| BENEDICTION                       |

# Tributes

## Grandchildren

### Tribute to My Treasured Grandmother

Our parents gave us life, but our grandparents give us a sense of who we are and where we came from. We look up to our grandparents with a sense of awe as they represent so much history and so many memories. They are our living roots. On November 25, I watched my grandmother take her last breath with her hand in mine, although it was a painful thing to watch, I felt relieved knowing her suffering and pain was finally over. Of course, I always aware of the fact that she would pass, but I have always thought of my grandmother as immortal.

When she passed, it hit me how incredibly lucky my siblings and I have been to have my lovely grandmother with us for all these years and be able to spend a great amount of time with her. My brother, Kevin, was the luckiest of all of us. He got to spend 23 incredible years with her filled with amazing memories like walking to the bus stop to go to the mall to shop and eat, or when he was visiting her in London, she would take him to visit popular destinations such as big ben, Buckingham palace, or the London bridge. When living in the apartments with us we would all walk to Polaris or Costco together. Even my sister, Giovanna was able to experience good times with her in the last 3 years, like when Gigi was only just a few months filled with so much energy, whether Gigi was crying, sitting down, or moving all over grandma's favorite line was "put your head down and sleep", which I always found funny, but as for Gigi she was always content just being around her and knowing grandma is downstairs.

My grandmother was an incredible matriarch. She baked, cooked, cleaned, watched over us, and took us shopping. She never gave with the expectation of receiving. As a child, I didn't realize the power of this example in my life. But now, I know what an unusual gift that was, to give of your time so freely and often. She put her life in London on pause with no hesitation to come to America and watch me for two years when I was born. Anyone who knew me as a child knew I fought with everyone, but not her. I had grown attached to her in those two years, so much so, that the day she left I cried so hard in the airport they thought something was wrong with me.

I'm sure we were all aware of her talent to be able to praise you and insult you within the same breath, like when I would try something on in front of her, she would complement me telling me I looked nice but as soon as I walked away, she would start talking about my crooked legs. She would always remind me of how she liked arguing with me so I should not take it personally, and although we did our fair share of arguing and fighting, I cannot say I have one negative memory of her, she was far from wicked, in fact, she was one of the amazing and strongest women I have ever known. I come back to this notion that for almost 16 years, my grandmother has been an influential and important part of my life. She is so much a part of who I am that even though I knew she would one day leave us; I cannot quite believe she is gone.

As a child of God, she accepted Christ at an early age and let His Word guide her life. Her demeanor was constantly pleasant with a smile that could cause someone else to smile and feel happier just being in her presence. The best lesson that she has left us with is her example of strength and honesty. Even with some of her challenges, especially toward the end of her journey here on this Earth, she faced this world with faith and love. Even when she could not communicate in a way that we understand, her light still shone through. In Matthew 5:16, it reads: "Let your light shine before men in such a way that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

You may have passed on, but your memories would always live on within us and I know we will miss you every day of our lives. Thank you for your sacrifices, your care and concern, your love, and everything that you have done for me. Bigger than the sorrow we all feel like heaven, and each of us, gains another angel, is the light of her life's legacy. The light is represented by each person in this room who was touched by her and continues to be living, breathing proof that this world was made better because of her life. I will be forever grateful that you are my 'grandmother'. Love you so much.

~By Rasheeda

# Tributes

*Godfearing, a strong-willed warrior, jovial and stylish. These are words that represented the wonderful woman I call my grandmother. Mrs. Vida Adjeley Cradle was a force to be reckoned with and only the people closest to her knew it. The energy that she radiates made it near impossible to be angry with her, no matter how many times she insulted you. My grandmother was a woman of class from the way she dresses to the way she acted. She always would remind us that she was a proper British woman.*

*Some of my earliest memories of Vida included her correcting the way I eat, followed by an insult. Insulting the people closest to her was her way of showing us that she cared for us. Whether older or young if she loved you, she insulted you. My grandmother loved the beautiful things in life including, enjoying a beautiful day. Whenever the weather was nice, she would love to garden outside on the porch or go shopping. As a child, I remember taking the COTA Bus from our house all the way to northern lights shopping center, where we would spend the day shopping and then we would have dinner and head back home.*

*As I got older, the bond between my grandmother and I grew. She became a sibling to me as I did to her. My grandmother cared for me sometimes as if I was her only grandchild. As she grew sick, I made sure it was my responsibility to help take care of her the same way she had done for me in the past. No matter the circumstances, I was there to help her whether it be waking up at 4:30 am to help her get ready for dialysis, taking her to dialysis, or just the bare minimum of checking on her to make sure she is okay, I never hesitated. Although, her memories will forever live on in me. I will always miss the way she insulted me, the way she would call me her "bro", and the way she smiled when I would check on her. For that I would like to thank God for making this wonderful woman my grandmother and I ask God to protect your soul until we meet again.*

*~By Kevin*

# Tributes

## METHODIST CHURCH IN LONDON

Tribute to Aunty Vida CRADLE,

Many that we loved have left us, reaching first their journeys end in heaven. They wait to give us welcome.

Auntie Vida, You are greatly missed by your family and friends at Ealing Road Methodist Church (ERMC) .

You were motherly pillar of Ealing Road Methodist Church, a staunch Methodist a godly woman, a person of passionate prayer, very prophetic, kind hearted and very generous to the cause of Christ and friends. I praise God for the opportunities we had to worship our maker, fellowship and visit each other on social occasions and pray together.

You will always bring me and my wife a gift from your many travels to America. They were greatly appreciated. This was not just us, but to all your significant relationships in the U.K. May the harvest of your givings be showered upon your children and extended family in Jesus mighty name amen .

Your giving heart and a listening ear meant that your home was often filled with friends who sought your advice and enjoyed your company. What a blessing you were.

Your zeal for the Lord Jesus Christ was apparent to see. You never missed church, save the days you were not well. The bond between you and your late husband Mr Cradle was beautiful to watch. You served each other tirelessly to the end. When I took his funeral, I was nicely surprised to see so many 'GA'S' & Ghanaians pack the church at his send off. A sea of black faces mourning a precious white gentleman. It was a great testimony of your incredible social network.

You blessed Ealing Road Methodist with your presence, prophetic messages which you shared with me, offerings and prayers. I believe your services in Christ vineyard has ascended to God's throne as a fragrant offering. May the Lord reward you greatly for all your sacrifices to him.

Now Aunty Vida your earthly tasks are over. Upon the heavenly shore you have landed at last. Father into your merciful hands leave we now your daughter sleeping. Rest in perfect peace Auntie Vida till we meet again  
Good night and God bless

by Rev Dr Kofi Tekyi Ansah  
Ealing Road Methodist Church  
Wembley  
London

# Tributes

## Children

### Tribute to my beloved mom

Having God, faith and family were my mother's most treasured possessions. So, it is only suitable that we join here today to give her the farewell she deserves. I can talk for hours and give many examples demonstrating her remarkable independence and determination. She was a strong woman who believed that there was no obstacle that could not be overcome. She was full of courage and willingness to tackle any challenge. She always believed I should do the same. My mother has always been my support, strength, and comfort when times have been tough. When everyone doubted me and I had no one to turn to, my mother believed in me, and she encouraged me to be the best I could be.

She was the only one able to put a smile on my face when I was down. Her generosity with her time, energy, advice, and in so many other ways provided invaluable support to me and a great number of people. Her uncompromising integrity and exceptional honesty have proven to be among the most important guide for myself in both my professional and personal life. Her honesty is the kind that is very difficult to find these days. She did not care about sparing feelings or sugarcoating a thing, she called a spade, a spade.

I observed my mother rise and tackle challenges one after the other throughout my life with courage and this I found to be so inspiring. She thrived, in her own way, always keeping busy, never feeling sorry for herself, even after she got sick, she still found little things to do. During her final weeks, she was still willing to do things for me just to help.

My mother had an admirable character that represented sensitivity and consideration towards all people, near and far, with an unparalleled level of fairness, especially in the family. She treated all her children equally whether you are blood or not. My mother had an incredible ability to make me feel stronger and more confident, giving me my own sense of independence and tough mentality, which has been such a great asset in so many ways in my life.

I was lucky to have her with me through my life, and I am forever grateful for them. Mom, thank you for everything you have given me and the precious bond we had during your time on earth. I do not know how I will cope without you. Your passing has left a massive hole in my heart. But I will draw strength from the things you taught me. Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 reads "To everything there is a season, a time for every matter under heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted; a time to weep, and a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to keep, and a time to cast away."

Although, my mother might not be walking on this earth anymore, I know she is behind me in every step I take. Anytime I call her Adjeley she puts a smile on her face and all ears. She will live in my memories and my heart forever. I will always be extremely proud to call myself the daughter of Vida Adjeley Cradle. I love you so much and will miss you more than words can say. God bless you and keep you safe until we meet again. Yaa wɔ Dzogbaɔ

# Tributes

## TRIBUTE FROM SIBLINGS

How frail is humanity, how short is life, and how is it of troubles and sicknesses? We come and go like flowers; we beautifully blossom, and like a shadow of passing clouds, we quickly disappear. Indeed, death is inevitable and dreadful reality. When death strikes, it makes us unaware. It is shocking and fills us with grief and despair, just like the death of Mrs. Vida Adjeley Sowah Cradle.

We have been engulfed with a feeling of helplessness, making us shed uncontrollable tears. You were the source of motivation, inspiration, and above all, our mentor, who advocated love and unity among us brothers and sisters, and nieces and nephews.

You were highly principled, whenever you were in our mix, we were filled of excitement because we know that the little that you have will be shared among us. We will forever appreciate your generosity. You always tried to discipline or correct any mistake that occurred during any interaction with you.

We shall forever miss your impact at family gatherings. Your love for humanity shall always be fresh on our minds. It is because the task is over. Although we weep over your lifeless body today, we are assured by the holy bible that you will rise again at the resurrection. May your soul rest in perfect peace. Yaa wɔ Dzogbaɔ

