

Romans 6:9 - KJV

Death hath no more dominion over him.

Adonais

Peace, peace!

She is not dead, she doth not sleep.

She hath awakened from the dream of life.

'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep with
phantoms an unprofitable strife.

We decay like corpses in a chanel; fear and grief
convulse us and consume us day by day.

She has outsoared the shadow of our night.

Envy and calumny and hate and pain, and that
unrest which men miscall delight, can touch her
not and torture not again.

From the contagion of the world's slow stain, she
is secure, and now can never mourn.

She lives, she wakes – 'tis Death is dead, not she

A Celebration of Life

Saturday 17th June 2017 – Coventry, UK



Mrs Frida Ebika Egbé Arrey

02/12/1960 – 26/05/2017

The Word of God. The Way to God

Mbi mandem nkehme tchi nkongoh x3
vorh mah vorh tah

Mbi mandem nkehme tchi nkongoh, woh kah
Eh hey hey hey x3, vorh mah vorh tah
Mbi mandem nkehme tchi nkongoh, woh kah

Eyongorh mandem nkehme tchi nkongoh x3
vorh mah vorh tah

Eyongorh mandem nkehme tchi nkongoh woh kah
Eh hey hey hey x3, vorh mah vorh tah
Eyongorh mandem nkehme tchi nkongoh woh kah

It Is Well with My Soul

When peace like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul

Chorus

It is well (It is well), With my soul (With my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should
come, Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, o my soul

Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Chorus

Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee,
Whom in Heav'n but Thee.

God's Love and Faithfulness

Ah kong meh tetep x2 Ah kong meh
Etah mandem-ah kong meh tetep
Ah kong . . .

Nkaisi mandem arrey achah,
Arrey achah;
Nkaisi mandem arrey achah,
Arrey achah;

Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now am found
Was blind but now I see

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come
'Tis Grace has brought me safe thus far
And Grace will lead me home





Biography



Mrs Frida Ebika Egbe Arrey, aged 56, passed away on the 26th of May 2017 in Douala, Cameroon. She died of a cardiac arrest after being attacked by armed robbers at her residence in Kotto - Bonamoussadi.

She was born on the 2nd of December 1960 at Ekona – Cameroon. She went to secondary school at Saker Baptist College Limbe (1972-1977) and attended high school at Cameroon Protestant College Bali (1977-1979). From there she obtained an academic based scholarship to study Pharmacy at Aston University - Birmingham UK. She completed her course with flying colours, obtaining a BSc. Hons. In Pharmacy. After completing her studies in the UK, she returned to Cameroon to become a practicing pharmacist. She started by working as the pharmacist in charge of Buea General Hospital Pharmacy and Laboratory as well as their Provincial Chief of Service for Pharmacy. After which she obtained her license to go into private practice in 1990 and opened her own practice "Pharmacie Olympique" in 1991. She was an adventurous and fun-loving person who loved singing, dancing, travelling and seeing the world. She had been to all the continents except for Asia and Antarctica. She was hardworking, selfless and God-fearing.

She is survived by her husband, Mr Augustine Arrey, five children, Beyang Arrey, Tanya Arrey, Manyi Arrey, Austin Arrey, Bhakor Arrey, an older brother, Bill Egbe and a younger sister, Mary Egbe.

I Surrender All

All to Jesus I surrender, All to Him I freely give
I will ever love and trust Him
In His presence daily live

Chorus

I surrender all, I surrender all
All to Thee my blessed Saviour
I surrender all

All to Jesus I surrender, Humbly at His feet I bow
Worldly pleasures all forsaken
Take me Jesus take me now

All to Jesus I surrender,
Make me Saviour wholly Thine
Let me feel the Holy Spirit
Truly know that Thou art mine

All to Jesus I surrender, Lord I give myself to Thee
Fill me with Thy love and power
Let Thy blessings fall on me

All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame
Oh the joy of full salvation
Glory, glory to His name



My Anchor Holds

Though the angry surges roll
On my tempest-driven soul,
I am peaceful, for I know,
Wildly though the winds may blow,
I've an anchor safe and sure,
That can evermore endure.

Chorus

And it holds, my anchor holds:
Blow your wildest, then, O gale,
On my bark so small and frail;
By His grace I shall not fail,

For my anchor holds, my anchor holds.

Mighty tides about me sweep,
Perils lurk within the deep,
Angry clouds o'ershade the sky,
And the tempest rises high;
Still I stand the tempest's shock,
For my anchor grips the rock.

I can feel the anchor fast
As I meet each sudden blast,
And the cable, though unseen,
Bears the heavy strain between;
Through the storm I safely ride,
Till the turning of the tide.

Troubles almost 'whelm the soul;
Griefs like billows o'er me roll;
Tempters seek to lure astray;
Storms obscure the light of day:
But in Christ I can be bold,
I've an anchor that shall hold.



Count Your Blessings

When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done.

Chorus

Count your blessings, name them one by one,
Count your blessings, see what God has done!
Count your blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done.

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,
And you will keep singing as the days go by.

When you look at others with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold;

Count your many blessings, money cannot buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.

So, amid the conflict whether great or small,
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.



To God Be the Glory

To God be the glory, great things He hath done,
So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the life gate that all may go in.

Chorus

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the people rejoice!
Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He hath done.

Oh, perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

Great things He hath taught us,
Great things He hath done,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.



Aunty Ebiks' was smart, kind, generous, gracious, fun-loving disciplined and a dedicated woman. She was a loving wife, mother, aunt, sister, and friend. She trusted Jesus as her Lord and Savior and served God faithfully.

"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." 1 Thessalonians 4:14.

Ebika I miss you well well oh!!! You have left a big hole in our hearts and lives. May you rest in God's hands. Farewell till we meet again. Your legacy lives on.

- Aunty Stella

My Friend, my sister Ebika!

Your exit from this world has left us dumbfounded!

The cold hands of death snatched you from us when we least expected!

But who are we to question God's appointed time? For He certainly had prepared a place for you and just simply called you home!

Nevertheless, although your departure has left a void physically, and also in our hearts, we shall always remember the quiet and generous God-fearing person you were!

- Aunty Irene