

*Celebration Of Life*



Mrs Mercy

**APEAKORANG**

(1930 - 2021)





BURIAL, THANKSGIVING &  
MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE



**Mrs Mercy**  
**APEAKORANG**

( 11th April 1930 - 18th May 2021 )



# Order of Service

## Officiating Clergy

Very Rev. ACP Frank D Twum-Baah

Rev. Dr. Clara Danquah

Rev. William Owusu Akuamoah

## Visiting Clergy

Archbishop Kwasi Ampofo



### Pre-Burial Service: 7:30am

1. Scripture Sentences
  2. Hymn: MHB 50
  3. Prayer
  4. Filing Past: *PH 555, 557*  
*MHB 647, 651, 830,*
  5. Tributes:
    - a. *Family*
    - b. *Women Fellowship – Police Church*
    - c. *Nursing Association*
    - d. *Ex-Army Wives Association*
    - e. *Dr. Ofori*
  6. Hymn: PH 791
  7. Closing of Casket
- At the Organ:  
Mr Emmanuel DK Esson

### Burial Service: 8:30am

1. Scripture Sentences
  2. Declaration of Purpose
  3. Hymn: MHB 608
  4. Prayer
  5. Biography: Richard Apeakorang
  6. Song: Saxophonist
    - a. *Children: Dr. Kate Honny*
    - b. *Grandchildren: Katherine Omane-Adjei & Karen Asiedu*
    - c. *The Ghana Police Church*
  8. Hymn: PH 787
  9. Bible Reading
  10. Exhortation
  11. Offering: Singing Band
  12. Offertory Prayer
  13. Announcements
  14. Hymn: MHB 948
  15. Dismissal
  16. Dead march in saul attendance
- The Ghana Police Church Choir & Singing Band

### Grave Side: 10:30am

1. Scripture Sentences
2. Hymn: MHB 615
3. Exhortation
4. Committal
5. Prayer
6. Vote of Thanks
7. Hymn: MHB 805
8. Benediction

# Biography

Mrs Mercy Apeakorang (nee Mercy Afua Okyerebea Adams) was born on 11th April 1930 at Anum Nanyor. She was the third of seven children of the late Opanyin Adamu Kwame of the Asona family of Anum Nanyor and the late Obaapanyin Rebecca Afuah Aboagyewaa of the Bretuo family of Anum Nanyor.

She attended primary school from 1939 to 1944 and went on to Anum Girls School from 1945 to 1948. After her secondary education, she attended the Nursing Training School at Korle-Bu for 2 years and was transferred to the Nsawam Government Hospital where she worked for 5 years. It was at that time that she met her husband, the late Colonel Kwasi Apeakorang (rtd) and they got married soon afterwards.

Mrs Apeakorang went on to have a long and successful career as a nurse, working in several hospitals including the Korle-Bu Teaching hospital, La Hospital, Kaneshie Polyclinic, Mallam Atta Polyclinic, Kotobabi Polyclinic among others.



Mercy was a staunch believer in the Lord Jesus Christ and was baptised into the Presbyterian church on 20th April 1941. She attended Police Church where she was a faithful and committed member of the Women's Fellowship. When she could no longer attend physically, she devoted herself to reading her Bible daily.

On Tuesday 18th May 2021, Menti as she was affectionately called, was peacefully called home by the Lord and at the ripe age of 91.

She is survived by six of her seven children, nine grandchildren and one great grandchild. Menti, we feel the vacuum created in our family by your passing. Many were the lives you touched and the legacy you have left will endure for many generations to come. You have fought a good fight and finished your course.

**Rest well, Afua Okyerebea!**



# GALLERY







# Tribute by Sisters and the Family

The big shade tree under whose canopy member of the Mantebea and the Amabea family enjoy nature's free breeze in fellowship and unity has fallen. This is a big blow and a heavy loss to all the members of the family, men, women, young and old. Only the Almighty can provide a substitute. Mrs Mercy Apeakorang is gone but will always be remembered.

We all say Afuah Okyerebea (Manti )  
**Dee Le ooo!!!**



# Tribute From Children

A mother is someone who can take the place of others, but whose place no one else can take.

*Gaspard Cardinal Meymillod*

We remember “Menti” (as we called our mother) Mrs Mercy Okyerebea Apeakorang, as a devoted and protective mother, a strong Christian who ensured everyone who lived under her roof attended church regularly. When we were younger and still living at home, she would round us up every evening into her room for bible studies.

The studies would begin when she started to pray; prayers which could literally take up to two hours. By the time she would say the final “Amen,” different levels and tones of snores could be heard. Little did we know that these bible studies and prayer sessions would be the foundation which would help us later in life. They formed the bedrock of our very existence, and we are where we are because of this solid foundation in Jesus Christ.

Menti was an extremely accommodating and welcoming person, our house was always full of our friends and relatives, and she would ensure that they were all well fed. She was always ready with nuggets of advice including how to make a good salad for potential suitors.

She was very generous and every year she would personally go to the Osu Children’s Home to donate items to the children there. She did that till she was physically unable to do so, and even then, she would send the driver to make the donation on her behalf. Anytime a beggar inadvertently came to the house, she would insist they are not driven away but would give them money while “sermonizing” that the person could be an “angel” in disguise. One of her favourite sayings which she never completed was “half bread,” meaning “half a loaf is better than nothing.”

We never witnessed Menti quarrelling or arguing, but she never held back when she had to lecture us, especially when we “broke” any of her strong moral principles. Boy - she could talk! Another method she would use if we got

on her wrong side was the cold shoulder treatment. She would not utter a word and completely ignore you. An effective method indeed since it included holding back on allowances, and we not daring to ask to go out. Well, we did not turn out badly, so her methods worked.

Menti our lives go on without you, but nothing is the same.  
We must hide our heartache when someone speaks your name.  
Sad, are the hearts that loved you. Silent, are the tears that fall.  
Living without you is the saddest part of all. You did so many things for us. Your heart was so kind and true.  
And when we needed someone, we could always count on you.  
The special years will not return, when we were all together.  
But with the love in our hearts, you will walk with us forever.  
We take comfort in the fact that maybe Heaven needs a mom like you and one day we will meet again.  
Your seeds will however, forever remain.

Now you have earned a well-deserved rest in the arms of your Maker.

**Sleep on, sleep well Menti.**







# Tribute From Grandchildren

How do you eulogize someone larger than life? How can you possibly say “thank you”, to someone who gave you everything? How do you say goodbye to someone you thought would never leave? When I think of the ethos of grandma’s life, I think of unfailing support, strength of character, love, resilience, sacrifice & community.

To some, she was Menti, Mrs.Apeakorang, Mercy; to us, she was Granma : a healer, a friend, a supporter, a hip to lay on, a hand to hold on to, a voice to guide you through. Granma, words cannot describe the emptiness in our hearts since you left to be with God. Her love was evident in so many ways: it showed in her kind words, her probing eyes & dry sense of humor.

Granma the memories we have with you will forever remain a part of us. Growing up under her wings was a fun filled experience. She always went the extra mile to make sure we lived a comfortable life and showed up for us in tangible ways — parent teacher conferences, open - days, and speech and prize giving days. Granma, thank you for putting up with our growing pains and adolescent stages as you would call it. Annoying and talkative at times, her heart was always in the right place.

Grandma would call our neighbors next door to hold us down for chloroquine injections when we were sick. (It was a literal war zone), she would let us snuggle up to her and take naps on her green couch but there was a catch — we had to quickly get up when guests came, so they wouldn’t think she spoiled us - which she did. Because of her, our childhood was safe, happy and comfortable.

A life well spent, and well - lived, Grandma’s legacy calls us to embody altruism: she showed care, compassion & support for family, friends, community & humanity. She always had food for the hungry, a cup of water for the thirsty, solace for the distressed. Her life encourages us to practice self - love: she believed in a colorful outfit to uplift your

spirits, plants, and flowers to beautify your environment, music to soothe your soul, water & vegetables to strengthen your bones. To honor Granma, take care of yourself. What worries can you let go of? Grandmas life calls us to have faith: to forgive, to trust in God, and stay devoted and loyal to his ways. To honor Grandma, think: how can you feed your spirit?

Granma, this isn't a goodbye, but a well done and a thank you. Growing up, we were afraid of the dark — of what lurked in the shadows of the unknown. Grandma would stand at the bottom of the staircase & say “w3foaa”? Which literally translates into “are you there yet”? In a feeble voice, we would respond back daabi as we climbed up the dark staircase. The higher we got, the louder her voice got: comforting us, reassuring us, protecting us & guiding us until we got to the top of the stairs. At the top, she would ask one last time w3foaa? & we would respond in excitement; “ain-ee” which literally means Yes!

As you have departed the earth and made your way to heaven, we are wondering: w3foaaa?? we know the answer is, aineee: long live a true soldier, an excellent friend, a wonderful mother but most importantly the best grandmother we have ever known.



# Tribute From In-laws

*And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.  
Revelation 14:13 KJV*

As we bid farewell to our mother-in-law, we wish to thank God for her life and for giving us a wonderful woman who loved the Lord. Menti or Grandma, as we all called her was a pillar, a good listener and mother to all. She was always ready to lend a hand. Many were mentored, inspired and motivated by her. She was a woman with a generous heart and particularly concerned about the less privileged. With any monetary gifts she received, she would often send for items to donate to Osu Children's Home or any institution she felt needed extra help. A vacuum has been created and will be hard to fill. She has left a memory for us all to hold on to. We were blessed to have her as mother-in-law and she will be fondly remembered.

Rest in Peace.





# Tribute From Ghana Police Church Women's Fellowship

*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on. Yes says the spirit, they will rest from their labors, for their deeds will follow them. Revelation 13: 14.*

We deem it an honour and a duty as the Women's Fellowship of the Police Church to pay a tribute on this solemn occasion when we say a final goodbye to our great and illustrious senior sister Mercy Okyerebea Apeakorang.

A Presbyterian by denomination and a communicant, our senior sister joined the Ghana Police Church Women's Fellowship in 1984 and rendered dedicated service to the Fellowship and remained steadfast till her last moment on earth.

During her active days, she contributed immensely to the Fellowship without hiding her God-gifted talent. A nurse by profession, she not only counselled the members on general health issues such as environmental and personal hygiene, she also counselled those with chronic diseases on how to manage their ailments during Fellowship meetings. She also doubled as a resource person to give health talks occasionally.

Sister Mercy paid all her dues on time and even gave monies to run the activities of the Fellowship. She did not joke with her social responsibility. She was a good listener and put others' needs first. One thing we could be sure of was that on her birthdays, she willingly donated food items, toiletries, and cash to the clients of Pantang Psychiatric Hospital, Ward 11 to put smiles on their faces.

Sister Mercy was humble, caring, and compassionate. At the close of our weekly meetings, she, in her soft-spoken voice, would ask the members who reside around Labone to join her car. She would ensure they were dropped at their

various homes before she proceeded home. This is a character trait worthy of emulating by all.

Even when her health was failing due to advanced age, Sister Mercy followed with keen interest everything happening in the Fellowship. When we paid her a visit, she would request that we sing the Fellowship anthem “Ebenezer” for her.

Today we give thanks to God that another dedicated sister has departed the earthly stage peacefully. We expect that, the unique role she played would be duplicated by others in serving our Creator.

In our grief we bid her farewell and pray that the almighty God will grant her soul eternal rest and grant the children and the family the fortitude to bear this great loss. May the Lord keep her soul and grant her eternal peaceful rest.

“Nyame adwuma na hw3,”

“Yehowa nni mo akyi.”



# Tribute From Dr Ofori

I knew Mrs. Mercy Apeakorang for almost a decade before she passed on. I got to know her very well since I closely managed her as her personal and private doctor and thus had the chance of seeing and interacting with her both in and out of visitation.

Mrs. Mercy Apeakorang (commonly addressed as Grandma or Granny), was a strong woman who aged with grace: from walking without support till later when she would gently take her steps from upstairs to downstairs, supported by the bannister. She was gentle, smart, and sharp, both mentally and physically and cooperated during visitation. She was extremely time conscious and meticulous and so was very punctual and religious when it came to her medical care.

Granny had an affable and a welcoming disposition which was infectious and was well composed. She comported herself with a keen sense of dignity. She was easy to get along with and so was liked and respected. She loved the things of God and so was seen each morning in her room having her quiet time.

Little did we know that day that she would be leaving us so soon. I had seen her early in the morning in the hospital. She had her usual gracious smile and I interacted with her. She appeared to be in a stable condition, but God knows best and called her to glory when the time was due. All I can say is that she is missed here but at the same time I know she is with her Maker in glory. I thank God for giving us such a loveable and gracious granny who impacted our lives positively.

- Grandma may the good Lord with His abundant Grace and Mercy, grant you perfect and peaceful eternal rest in His Kingdom.
- Grandma da yie,
- Grandma Nyame nka wo ho na nanteew yie. Amen.



# Tribute from Retired Nurses and Midwives Club (Renamic)

*So teach us to number our days that we may gain a heart of wisdom. Ps 90:12*

The late Mrs Mercy Apeakorang joined the RENAMIC on 18th December 2008. Her registration number was 153. She participated in the Club's activities till ill health prevented her from doing so. As membership of the Club grew, it became necessary to form smaller groups so that members should get to know and bond with each other better. Secondly, it was for members to care for the sick and invalid members among them. The smaller groupings are called zones.

The late auntie Mercy fell within the La Zone enclave.

When the zone was created auntie Mercy was just absorbed and a member of the zone Mrs Mary Ofori Mensah was assigned to monitor and report on her progress to the members during zonal meetings. Mrs Mary Ofori Mensah played this role very well until her demise.

Auntie Mercy was a beneficiary of the annual visits paid by the Regional Executive members as well as members of the zone. Such visits to the aged and invalids are meant to uplift their spirits.

On June 1, 2019 when Auntie Mercy celebrated her 89th birthday RENAMIC members were there to celebrate with her.

Our visits were curtailed in the year 2020 due to the abnormal times we are in so we were taken aback when we heard

about her demise because there was no report about any untoward ill health.

Auntie Mercy you have enjoyed a ripe old age with your radiating beauty and we thank God for that.

We also thank all those who cared for her over the years and we know the good Lord will reward them abundantly.

Till we meet again Auntie Mercy rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord.



# Tribute From Jesse

## To Grandma

*Luke Chapter 1 Verse 45* says, “Blessed is she who has believed that the Lord would fulfill his promises to her.” To this I say, you were most definitely a blessed woman. My memories of you are few but one vivid memory I do have of you is of a loving and caring grandma who looked after me when I fell ill with malaria. Thank you for what you have done for me and the rest of your grandchildren and even though you are not here physically, I am comforted by the fact you are now with grandpa and Uncle Peter. Rest well, and please watch over us, for you will always remain close to all our hearts.



# Tribute From Retired Armed Forces Officers Wives Association (RAFOWA)

It is always heart breaking to lose a member of a group particularly, a long-standing one as Mrs. Apeakorang.

Our senior sister was among the pioneer members who assisted to make Rafowa a firmly grounded association. Naturally a quiet person, she preferred working behind the scenes to ensure activities progressed without setbacks. She patronized meetings and had healthy interactions with other members until her health started to deteriorate some few years back.

We are saddened by her demise, but are consoled that the aches and pains have ended. It is our prayer that she finds a peaceful rest with her Maker.

Fare thee well, sister!  
Rafowa ... Get involved!





# HYMNS

## MHB 50

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 soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.
4. My table Thou hast furnishèd In presence of  
my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil annoint,  
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.

## MHB 647

1. Awake, ye saints, awake!  
And hail this sacred day;  
In loftiest songs of praise  
Your joyful homage pay:  
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,  
The type of heaven's eternal rest.
2. On this all-glorious morn  
The Lord of life arose;  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquished all our foes:  
And now He pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruit of all His love.
3. All hail, triumphant Lord!  
Heaven with hosannas rings,  
And earth in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings:  
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign!

## MHB 651

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 tell-  
ing  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
2. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
3. 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.
4. 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 Thee.
5. Angels, sing 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.  
[Refrain]

## MHB 830

1. Hark! the sound of holy voices,  
chanting at the crystal sea:  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
alleluia, Lord, to thee:  
multitude, which none can number,  
like the stars in glory stands,  
clothed in white apparel, holding  
palms of vict'ry in their hands.
2. Patriarch and holy prophet,  
who prepared the way of Christ,  
king, apostle, saint, confessor,  
martyr and evangelist,  
saintly maiden, godly matron,  
widows who have watched in prayer,  
joined in holy concert, singing  
to the Lord of all, are there.
3. They have come from tribulation,  
and have washed their robes in blood,  
washed them in the blood of Jesus;  
tried they were, and firm they stood;  
gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;  
gladly, Lord, with thee they died,  
and by death to life immortal  
they were born and glorified.

## MHB 608

4. Now they reign in heav'nly glory,  
now they walk in golden light,  
now they drink, as from a river,  
holy bliss and infinite;  
love and peace they taste for ever,  
and all truth and knowledge see  
in the beatific vision  
of the blessèd Trinity.

5. God of God, the one-begotten,  
Light of Light, Emmanuel,  
in whose body joined together  
all the saints forever dwell;  
pour upon us of thy fullness,  
that we may for evermore  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit  
truly worship and adore.

1. CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide  
Of all who seek the land above,  
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
The cloud of Thy protecting love;  
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule,  
Thy word;  
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2. By Thine unerring spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray;  
We shall not full direction need,  
Nor miss our providential way;  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While love, almighty love, is near.



## MHB 948

1. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;  
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
2. 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.
3. I need thy presence every passing hour.  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,  
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;  
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

## MHB 615

1. Guide me, O my great Redeemer,  
pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but you are mighty;  
hold me with your powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore,  
feed me now and evermore.
2. Open now the crystal fountain,  
where the healing waters flow.  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
lead me all my journey through.  
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,  
ever be my strength and shield,  
ever be my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
bid my anxious fears subside.  
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,  
land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises, songs of praises  
I will ever sing to you,  
I will ever sing to you.

## MHB 805

1. Christ for the world we sing;  
the world to Christ we bring  
with loving zeal:  
the poor and them that mourn,  
the faint and overborne,  
sin-sick and sorrow worn,  
whom Christ doth heal.

2. Christ for the world we sing;  
the world to Christ we bring  
with fervent pray'r:  
the wayward and the lost,  
by restless passions tossed,  
redeemed at countless cost  
from dark despair

3. Christ for the world we sing;  
the world to Christ we bring  
with one accord:  
with us the work to share,  
with us reproach to dare,  
with us the cross to bear,  
for Christ our Lord



4. Christ for the world we sing;  
the world to Christ we bring  
with joyful song:  
the newborn souls whose days,  
reclaimed from error's ways,  
inspired with hope and praise,  
to Christ belong.

## PH 791

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as the fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger.
- 2 For now we stand on Jordan's strand;  
Our friends are passing over;  
And just before the shining shore  
We may almost discover.
- 3 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our heav'nly home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let ev'ry lamp be burning.
- 4 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 5 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever,  
Our King says "Come!" and there's our home,  
Forever, and forever, [Refrain]

## PH 787

1. Far from these scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of joy and pure delight  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
2. Fair land! could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more!
3. No cloud those regions know,  
Realms ever bright and fair!  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
4. O may the prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,  
Beat every thought above.

## PH557

1. Sinners, turn; why will you die?  
God, your maker, asks you why;  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.

2. Sinners, turn; why will you die?  
God, your saviour, ask you why,  
God who did your your soul retrieve,  
Died himself that you might live.

3. Will you let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, you ransomed sinner, why  
Will you slight his grace, and die?

4. Sinners, turn; why will you die ?  
God, the spirit, asks you why;  
He who all your lives has strove,  
Wooed you to embrace his love.

5. Will you not the grace receive?  
Will you still refuse to live?  
Oh, you long-sought sinner, why  
Will you grieve your God to die?

### PH555

1. Ho! yo needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

2. Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you; Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4. View him prostrate in the garden,  
Lo! your maker prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him;  
Hear him cry, before he dies:  
"It is finished!"  
Sinner, will not this suffice?

5. Lo! the incarnate God ascended  
Pleads the merits of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

6. Saints and angels joined in concert  
Sing the praises of the lamb,  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly eho with his name;  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may sing the same.

# *Thank You*

We appreciate your support and your kind donations during these difficult times.  
**The family and children of Mrs Mercy Apeakorang.**

