

*Burial, Memorial and
Thanksgiving Service*

for the late:

Mercy Ekua
AKYIANU



1962 - 2024



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Thanksgiving Service*

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AKYIANU**

On Tuesday 18th June, 2024
at The Transitions Place, Haatso.
Time: 10:30 am

In Attendance

Clergy

Rev. Emmanuel Quaye
Rev. Brandford Akrong
Rev. Mrs. Sally Acheampong
Venerable Dr. Joseph Otoo Ayeh
And Other Clergy

Choir

Methodist Evangel Choir

Music Director & Organist
Leslie Kpakpo Allotey

Liturgist

Kwesi Obuobisa Ayeh

Order of Service

Part 1 – Pre-Burial Service 10:30 am

1. Opening Hymn - MHB 878
2. Prayer
3. Hymns for File Past - MHB 511, 634, 550, 501, 948
4. Tributes
5. Covering of Casket
6. Hymn - MHB 679

Part 2 – Burial Service 11:45 am

1. Opening Prayer
2. Purpose of Gathering
3. Hymn - MHB 427
4. Biography - Family Member
5. Tributes
6. Hymn - MHB 110
7. 1st Bible Reading - Psalm 90
8. 2nd Bible Reading - 1 Thess. 4:13-18
9. Hymn - MHB 615
10. Sermon
11. Offering - Local songs by choir
12. Commendation
13. Prayer for the bereaved family
14. Vote of Thanks - Family Member
15. Announcements - Family Member
16. Benediction
17. Recession - MHB 651

Part 3 – At the Graveside

1. Scripture Reading - John 5:24-29
2. Hymn - MHB 10
3. Committal
4. The Lord's Prayer
5. Laying of Wreaths
6. Concluding Prayer

BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE MERCY EKUA AKYIANU

Mercy Ekua Akyianu was born on 21st February 1962 in Kumasi to Mr. Edward Yaw Sekyere Akyianu, a businessman from Adansi Fomena of blessed memory and Madam Lily Aba Akyiano, a retired teacher from Intsin, Cape Coast. Mercy was the first born of the couple. Her siblings are John, Zenobia, Naomi, Edward Kobina, Esther, Edward Yaw and Emmanuel.

She attended the St. John's Preparatory Primary School in Accra then later Top Ridge School in Takoradi. She sat for the Common Entrance Examination and gained admission into the Archbishop Porter Girls' Secondary School in Takoradi, and later the Takoradi Secondary School.

After her secondary education, she undertook several courses. Her flair for languages made her enroll at the Alliance Française in Takoradi. During this period, she interacted with a lot of foreign nationals. Her commingling with the international community led her to undertake courses in the hospitality industry after which she secured employment at Animens Hotel Takoradi and later Shangri-La Hotel in Accra.

Growing up, the quest to seek greener pastures made her relocate to Togo, France, and eventually, the United Kingdom where she sojourned for well over a decade and returned to Ghana in 1998. Mercy worked for an international company which said company she worked for since her return to Ghana till her demise. It is worth noting that she got this job opportunity through her trustworthiness and credibility.

Mercy Ekua Akyianu was extremely extroverted. Due to her international exposure, she did not countenance mediocrity and she would not hesitate to express her displeasure when things were not up to her standards. Sometimes, she went a bit overboard with her forthrightness and during such times, you would not want to be caught on her wrong side.

Mercy was a fun-loving person, a great hostess, and the life of the party at most family gatherings. She loved to cook on such occasions as she enjoyed serving us with her mouth-watering dishes. She was a generous person and many people can attest to her philanthropic nature.

Mercy endeared herself to the people in the community she lived in. She was a self-acclaimed counselor and acted as a mediator among the locals at "Bejiwahom", Achimota. She also groomed a couple of young teenagers who lived in the community.

It is said that "coming events cast their shadows before them." Sometime in June 2022, Mercy was critically ill but God graciously healed her and she recovered. This year, when we heard that she was ill and had been hospitalized, we were anxious yet hopeful that she would recover fully. Just when we thought she had turned the corner, she succumbed to death on the 7th of May, 2024.

Mercy Ekua Akyianu, you will be greatly missed.

Rest in peace and may God Almighty grant your soul eternal rest.



"Begone, unbelief,
 My Savior is near,
 And for my relief
 Will surely appear;
 By prayer let me wrestle,
 And He will perform;
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm."
 - MHB 511 verse 1

Ewuraekua, my daughter, I am inconsolable as I had hoped that you would get better. However, I take comfort in the words of the Methodist hymns – Begone, Unbelief (MHB 511), Will Your Anchor Hold in the Storms of Life (MHB 634), and O For a Heart to Praise My God (MHB 550).

I find it more fitting, as my parting words to you my dear, the lyrics of Jim Reeves' song – How's The World Treating You?
 I've had nothing but sorrow since you said we were through
 There's no hope for tomorrow how's the world treating you
 Every sweet thing that mattered has been broken in two
 All my dreams have been shattered how's the world treating you?
 Got no plans for next Sunday got no plans for today
 Every day is blue Monday every day you're away
 Though our pathways have parted to your memory I'm true
 Guess I'll stay broken hearted how's the world treating you?

Do you wonder about me like I'm hoping you do
 Are you lonesome without me have you found someone new
 Are you burning and yearning do you ever get blue
 Do you think of my returning how's the world treating you?

Rest well Ewuraekua my daughter. May God grant you eternal rest.

Aunt Mercy as we affectionately called her was the first among many siblings and which said position she relished. She played that role so well though we had our sibling squabbles. We always knew she had our backs and would intervene on our behalf.

Aunt Mercy is a fun-loving person and whenever she had the opportunity, she would organize a party at her residence at Achimota to have us all around. She would cook, joke, and draw our attention to a lot of happenings in the family. Being the eldest, she would be the first to be informed about events or occurrences in the family. Though she may let you have your say, she always had her way.

We always felt welcome to her home announced and unannounced, though, after a little scolding, she would work herself into a frenzy trying to fix something for us and make us feel comfortable. Aunt Mercy, you were truly a big sister and more.

Your brother John says he is eternally indebted to you for the role you played during his marriage. Your sister Zeno says she would miss the lengthy chats you used to have. Your "round" sister says you were the only person who addressed her with her married name, Mrs. Obuobisa-Ayeh. Your brother KB says he still does not know how to tell his boys that their favourite aunty who cooks the best jollof in the whole world is no more. Maame Esi says no more scolding but she is definitely going to miss your pieces of advice. Dada says he was thinking about bringing his girls around again as he enjoyed your hosting during his last trip. Nana your brother says he had barely settled down when the news of your passing reached him.

Aunt Mercy, you were truly a big sister and more. We are going to miss you. We pray God keeps you in His bosom till we meet again. Adieu!

It is hard to believe that Aunt Mercy is no more. She was a larger-than-life character and she seemed immortal to some extent. Seeing her sick at the hospital during her last days was quite traumatic and we are yet to fully recover from the distressing scenes. What is comforting is the hope we have that she is resting peacefully in the bosom of our Lord Jesus.

Aunt Mercy was like a mother to us whose generosity knew no bounds. She enjoyed doting on us and showered us with gifts anytime we visited. She organized the first Christmas party we ever attended and gave us stationery for school. We still have some of them and they remind us of those good times we had at her home during our childhood. Aunt Mercy had an impeccable sense of style that left a lasting impression on each of us.

For those of us who stayed with her or at least spent weekends at her home, we realized she had very high standards. You cannot do things anyhow lest you are scolded because Aunt Mercy never settled for anything less. That was her way of instilling in us the attitude of striving for excellence in all that we do. Whether it was our studies or personal lives, we were encouraged to work hard and be the best that we could be.

She had a flair for making everything beautiful, and her classy taste was something we all admired and some of us aspired to. She told us to dress well irrespective of the occasion and carry ourselves with grace, dignity, and class. Her impeccable sense of fashion was more than just about clothes; it was about expressing our best selves to the world.

Aunt Mercy's generosity was matchless. She would gift you something within the twinkle of an eye. Sometimes, this was right after she had fought with you. She made our birthdays memorable and encouraged us to celebrate milestones and achievements. She was our minister for enjoyment. She gave meaning to the saying "Life is meant to be lived not wasted."

As we bid her farewell, it is only fitting to honor her memory by living lives having good standards, full of kindness, grace, and generosity. Thank you for everything, Aunt Mercy. We will miss you dearly and we love you always.

- "The greatness of a man is not in his ability to do extraordinary things, but in his ability to do ordinary things with extraordinary love." - Mother Teresa

That is what Auntie Mercy as we affectionately called her did for us as a niece, a cousin, an aunt and a granddaughter. She was exceptionally good with the kindest heart one could imagine. Very loving, caring and ready to give good advice to everyone she met. Even when she was being harsh, she would still show her smiling white teeth and insist on her stance. For some of us, Shangri-la was the place to go to enjoy delicious meals and meat pie when she worked there.

Mercy always had a way of surprising us with lovely gifts. Relatives from Accra, Takoradi, Tema, Cape Coast, Kumasi and UK have benefitted from your good deeds. To think that we would not see you again brings tears to our eyes. You may have left us but your memories never will.

"Wo ma yen ye kor" (Let us stay united) was an advise you gave to us a few months ago and we promise not to disappoint you on this. We would have loved to enjoy you for a bit more but God needs angels like you more in heaven.

A wise man once said: "Good people are like candles, they burn themselves to give light to others" and that is why we pay you tribute in sorrow today.

Fare thee well niece,
Fare thee well cousin,
Fare thee well Auntie Mercy until we meet again.
Nyame mfa wo nsie

Mama, as I affectionately called her, was a mother to me. She meant so much to me. So it is both a privilege and an emotional task to share a few words about her.

One of the qualities that defined Mama was her unwavering kindness. She was probably the kindest soul I have ever met. Her presence in our lives brought immense joy, love, and laughter; and for that, we are forever grateful.

Mama taught me what love truly means. She bought me many things. She cooked very delicious meals making each day seem like a celebration. She showered me with gifts on my birthday. She became a constant and a reassuring presence that I could always count on.

Now that Mama is no more, she has left an emptiness that I cannot find words to describe. She showed that family is not only about blood relations; it is also about the bonds we create with our hearts. Today, as I have always promised, I will do my best to make Mama proud wherever she is.

I will miss you dearly but I will always carry you in my heart. Thank you for being there for me.

Rest well and farewell, Mama.



*"He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain anymore, for the former things have passed away."
(Revelations 21:4)*

This scripture gives me so much comfort in so many ways. God looked around heaven and saw an empty place. He then looked around the earth and saw your tired face. He knew you were suffering, he knew you were in pain. He saw the road getting tough and whispered "Peace be still". It broke my heart to lose you but you didn't go alone. A part of me went with you.

Mena as I fondly called her was more than just a friend to me. She was my sister in every sense of the word. My confidant. She was the embodiment of generosity and kindness. She was always there with open arms, ready to help me without hesitation whenever I needed her. She took my children in and treated them like her own to the extent that they would always ask me to take them to her at every given opportunity. I remember when my oldest girl was bullied in school and came to report to her, Mena with her infectious laughter and teasing nature turned her tears to smiles and taught her to laugh off negativity and to stand tall with confidence no matter what people said.

I will always remember and cherish her sense of humour and playful nature. She used to joke that my daughter would marry a taxi driver and we would laugh about it together. As it turned out my daughter did not marry a taxi driver and we were so happy. She told everyone she met about the upcoming wedding filled with joy and pride. It breaks my heart that she isn't here to witness it but I know she's watching over us with a smile.

Mercy's passing came as a shock to us all. She called me to take her to the hospital, and we thought it was just a routine visit. Little did I know that it would be the last time I would see her. Her passing away on my birthday has left an indelible mark on that day forever that I can never forget. Though her departure is painful, I am grateful for the time we shared and the love she gave.

Mena, I will always cherish the moments we spent together and the memories we shared, and the love you showed me and my family. I'm eternally grateful to you for welcoming me into your family. You have been a great blessing and I am comforted in the fact that you're in the presence of our Lord, free from pain and sorrow, basking in the glory of his love.

Rest in peace, Mena Akua Mercy. You will always be in my heart, and your love will continue to guide us until we meet again.

Amen!

With all my love, Rita.













Scripture Readings



1st Bible Reading Psalm 90 (NIV)

- 1 Lord, you have been our dwelling place throughout all generations.
- 2 Before the mountains were born or you brought forth the whole world, from everlasting to everlasting you are God.
- 3 You turn people back to dust, saying, "Return to dust, you mortals."
- 4 A thousand years in your sight are like a day that has just gone by, or like a watch in the night.
- 5 Yet you sweep people away in the sleep of death—
they are like the new grass of the morning:
- 6 In the morning it springs up new, but by evening it is dry and withered.
- 7 We are consumed by your anger and terrified by your indignation.
- 8 You have set our iniquities before you, our secret sins in the light of your presence.
- 9 All our days pass away under your wrath; we finish our years with a moan;
- 10 Our days may come to seventy years, or eighty, if our strength endures; yet the best of them are but trouble and sorrow,
for they quickly pass, and we fly away.
- 11 If only we knew the power of your anger! Your wrath is as great as the fear that is your due.
- 12 Teach us to number our days,
that we may gain a heart of wisdom.
- 13 Relent, LORD! How long will it be?
Have compassion on your servants.
- 14 Satisfy us in the morning with your unfailing love,
that we may sing for joy and be glad all our days.
- 15 Make us glad for as many days as you have afflicted us,
for as many years as we have seen trouble.
- 16 May your deeds be shown to your servants,
your splendor to their children.
- 17 May the favor of the Lord our God rest on us;
establish the work of our hands for us—
yes, establish the work of our hands.

2nd Bible Reading 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18 (NIV)

- 13 Brothers and sisters, we do not want you to be uninformed about those who sleep in death, so that you do not grieve like the rest of mankind, who have no hope.
- 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.
- 15 According to the Lord's word, we tell you that we who are still alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, will certainly not precede those who have fallen asleep.
- 16 For the Lord himself will come down from heaven, with a loud command, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet call of God, and the dead in Christ will rise first.
- 17 After that, we who are still alive and are left will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And so, we will be with the Lord forever.
- 18 Therefore encourage one another with these words.

At the Graveside - Bible Reading: John 5:24-29 (NIV)

- 24 "Very truly I tell you, whoever hears my word and believes him who sent me has eternal life and will not be judged but has crossed over from death to life.
- 25 Very truly I tell you, a time is coming and has now come when the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God and those who hear will live.
- 26 For as the Father has life in himself, so he has granted the Son also to have life in himself.
- 27 And he has given him authority to judge because he is the Son of Man.
- 28 "Do not be amazed at this, for a time is coming when all who are in their graves will hear his voice
- 29 and come out—those who have done what is good will rise to live, and those who have done what is evil will rise to be condemned.

Hymns

MHB 878

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.

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.

MHB 511

Begone, unbelief, my Savior is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,

The word He hath spoken shall surely prevail.
His love in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
While each Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite

through.

Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their
Lord.

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine, food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
long;
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's
song!

MHB 634

WILL your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables
strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

Refrain:

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!

Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear?
When the breakers roar and the reef is near;
While the surges rave, and the wild winds
blow,
Shall the angry waves then your bark o'erflow?
Refrain

Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the veil.

Refrain

Will your eyes behold through the morning
light
The city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
When life's storms are past for evermore?

Refrain

MHB 550

O for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free,
 A heart that always feels Thy blood
 So freely spilt for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone:

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean:
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Christ that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect and right and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above,
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love.

MHB 501

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
 pressed?

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
 round?

On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
 away?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they,
 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and
 ours?

Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers,
 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
 And Jesus calls us to Heaven's perfect peace.

MHB 948

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.

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, O abide with
 me.

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.

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 679

Pleasant are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 O my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy Face,
 For Thy fullness, GOD of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thy altars, O Most High!
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast!
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! Their praises flow
 In this vale of sin and woe;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies.

On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy Throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

MHB 427

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

MHB 110

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Piety grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

MHB 615

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my help and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

MHB 651

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!

Refrain:

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:
 Refrain

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.
 Refrain

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.
 Refrain

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 10

Now thank we all our God,
 With heart, and hands, and voices;
 Who wondrous things has done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
 who from our mothers' arms,
 Has blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,

And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us,
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world in the next.

All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With Them in highest heaven:
 The one, eternal God,
 Whom heaven and earth adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

Appreciation

The entire family of the late

Mercy Ekua
AKYIANU

is sincerely grateful for your presence, prayers,
and contributions during this period of mourning.
God richly bless you!

