





## SHE IS GONE

*You can shed tears that she is  
gone*

*Or you can smile because she  
has lived*

*You can close your eyes and  
pray that she will come back  
Or you can open your eyes and  
see all that she has left*

*Your heart can be empty  
because you can't see her*

*Or you can be full of the love  
that you shared*

*You can turn your back on  
tomorrow and live yesterday  
Or you can be happy for  
tomorrow because of yesterday*

*You can remember her and  
only that she is gone*

*Or you can cherish her memory  
and let it live on*

*You can cry and close your  
mind, be empty and turn your  
back*

*Or you can do what she would  
want: smile, open your eyes,  
love and go on.*

*(Anon)*

## *Wesley Methodist Cathedral, Adum, Kumasi*

# ORDER OF SERVICE

### *for the Burial of Dr. Mrs. Peggy Enid Appiah MBE*

18th March, 2006

#### PART I - CHURCH

1. Procession Hymn - The Cathedral Choir
2. Scriptural Sentences - The Minister
3. Opening Hymn - MHB 831/CAN 267
4. Prayers
5. Biography - By the Family
6. Solo - Miss Diana Addotey  
"My heart will go on"
7. Tributes - By
  - (a) Children
  - (b) His Excellency the President of the Republic of Ghana
  - (c) Otumfuo Osei Tutu II, Asantehene
  - (d) The Church
8. Anthem - By the Cathedral / St. George's Choir
9. Scripture Reading - Rev. 7:9-17
10. Hymn - MHB 896
11. Sermon
12. Offertory - Singing Band
13. Hymn - MHB 215 CAN 67
14. Commendation / The Lord's Prayer
15. Acknowledgement
16. Benediction
17. Dead March in Saul
18. Recessional Hymn -MHB 651

#### PART II AT THE GRAVE SIDE

1. Hymn - MHB 12
2. Committal
3. Prayer
4. Hymn - MHB 35

5. Vote of Thanks - By a Family Member
6. Benediction

#### OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rt. Rev. Nuh Ben Abubekr,  
(Bishop of Kumasi Diocese)  
Most Rt. Rev. Bishop Peter Akwasi Sarpong  
(Metropolitan Archbishop of Kumasi)  
Rt. Rev. Edmund Kodjoe Yeboah  
(Rtd. Bishop of Anglican Diocese, Kumasi)  
Very Rev. Samuel Fred Ansuh  
Rt. Rev. Dr. E.H. Brew Riverson,  
(Wesley Cathedral)  
Rev. Ebenezer Nkrumah Adutwum,  
(Chaplain, Osei Tutu Secondary School)  
Rev. John Kofi French,  
(2nd Minister - Wesley Cathedral)  
Rev. Samuel Osam Duodoo,  
(Minister in Charge, St. George's Church)

#### STEWARDS

Mrs. Doris Amoyaw  
Mr. Samuel Owusu Mensah

#### CHOIR MASTER

Mr. Ade Whaja

#### ORGANIST

Philip Osei Akoto

#### VISITING CHILDREN'S CHOIR

The Crown Prince School Musical Group,  
Buokrom Estates, Kumasi





*Dr. Mrs. Peggy Enid Appiah MBE*  
May 21 1921—February 11 2006

## THIS IS HER LIFE

*In the course of a long and productive life, beginning with these English roots, she traveled widely and worked in three continents, spending her final half century as a beloved and patriotic citizen of Kumasi, Ashanti and Ghana, but never losing her affection for the English countryside in which she grew up.*



*Afena - Recognition of gallantry*

Enid Margaret Cripps was born on May 21st 1921 in a small hospital in Lechlade in Gloucestershire, just across the county border from the home of her parents, Stafford and Isobel Cripps, in the village of Filkins in Oxfordshire. Filkins lies on the edge of the Cotswold Hills, a region in the West of England that grew rich on the wool trade in the Middle Ages. In the course of a long and productive life, beginning with these English roots, she traveled widely and worked in three continents, spending her final half century as a beloved and patriotic citizen of Kumasi, Ashanti and Ghana, but never losing her affection for the English countryside in which she grew up.

Enid Margaret was the youngest of four children. When she was born, her brother John was nine years old, her sisters Diana and Theresa were 7 and 2, and from her earliest days all of them,

and her parents, called her Peggy or Peg. Her parents had been married for ten years, and her father was a successful young barrister, specializing in patent law. Her mother, Isobel Swithinbank, was the grand-daughter of J.C. Eno, whose invention of the extremely profitable Eno's Fruit Salts meant that Isobel was heiress to a considerable fortune.

The family had only recently moved into Goodfellows, the home in Filkins where Peggy grew up; a Cotswold-style manor house, whose decoration and development owed much to the influence of Sir Lawrence Weaver, the architect, who was, with his wife, Kathleen, one of Stafford and Isobel's closest friends. Kathleen Weaver died in 1927 of pneumonia. When Sir Lawrence also died in 1930, their two sons, Purcell and Toby, were, in effect, adopted by the Crippses. In later life, Peggy always regarded them as her brothers.





Growing up in the country, in the care of her mother and her beloved nanny, Elsie Lawrence, and with the companionship of her sister Theresa, she spent much of her childhood exploring the English countryside, collecting the wildflowers and the fruits and mushrooms that grew in the hedgerows and meadows of the 500 acres of her father's farm and the surrounding woods and fields. As members of the British Wildflower Society, she and her sister learned how to identify plants and got to know the common and Latin names of many of them. She was to transfer this interest in later years to the flora of Ghana. This love of the countryside was something that united her family; indeed her brother Sir John Cripps, not only farmed at Filkins all his life, but edited *The Countryman* and was later the European Countryside Commissioner. One other interest that her family shared was a great love of poetry. Peggy began to write poetry as a girl and continued to do so throughout her life.

On her father's side, the family had long lived in Gloucestershire: they were a solidly upper middle-class family. Stafford's father, Lord Parmoor, was a lawyer who had been ennobled in 1914, when he became a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Stafford's great-great grandfather, Joseph Cripps, had been MP for Cirencester, not many miles away; and when Stafford's father was a Member of Parliament he represented Stroud, another Gloucestershire town.

The political connections of Peggy's family were extensive on her grandmother's side as well: two of her grandmother's sisters were married to the MPs Henry Hobhouse and Leonard Courtney; another, her great-aunt Beatrice, was married to Sidney Webb, who served with her grandfather Lord Parmoor in the first Labour Government, in 1924, and was Secretary of State for the Colonies in the second Labour government in 1929,

« TOP TO BOTTOM:  
 • Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford Cripps father of Peggy Appiah.  
 • Lady Isobel Cripps, Peggy's mother.  
 • The four siblings, Sir John Cripps, Peggy, Lady Theresa Ricketts, and Diana Cripps.  
 • Peggy and her parents.

where he served in cabinet with Lord Parmoor, as Lord President of the Council, and was joined later by Stafford, as Solicitor General. (It was at this time that her father was knighted.) Among her favorite visitors to the family home at Goodfellows was George Lansbury, who was leader of the Labour Party in opposition in the 1930's, before Clement Atlee; and, indeed, a photograph of Lansbury was one of the only adornments of Peggy's office in her last home in Kumasi.

Peggy's family were not only devout Anglicans, they were deeply involved in the life of the church: Parmoor was an ecclesiastical lawyer, a member—and in 1911 the Chairman—of the house of Laymen in the Province of Canterbury, Vicar General of various English provinces, and author of *Cripps on Church and Clergy*; Stafford, it is sometimes said, was the first layman to preach in St Paul's Cathedral. When she was preparing for her confirmation, she told her parents that she had doubts about some of the thirty-nine articles of faith of the Church of England, and her father arranged for her to discuss them with his friend, William Temple, Archbishop of York (later Archbishop of Canterbury). Peggy used to enjoy telling people that as they had gone through the 39 articles, each time she had expressed a doubt, the Archbishop had said, "Yes, I find that one very difficult, too!" She decided that if an Archbishop could lead the church with his doubts, she could join it with hers. And, indeed, her firm but undogmatic Christian convictions sustained her throughout her life.

Peggy had a conventional education for a young woman of her class and time. She was educated first at a day school at Queen's College, Harley Street, and later at Maltman's Green, a boarding school in Buckinghamshire, where she and a group of friends attended a Quaker Meeting House. Through her parents' connections, she also began to learn something of the world outside England. In 1938 she and her family spent several months in Jamaica, and in the same year Jawaharlal Nehru, with whom Stafford had begun an extensive correspondence as a result of his



△ Theresa and Peggy.  
 ▽ Dame Isobel Cripps.



interest in the development of democracy in the British colonies, visited Goodfellows with his daughter Indira.

When she finished school, Peggy applied to Edinburgh University—she wanted, she said in later years, to get away from the influence of home—and then went off to Italy to study the history of art in Florence and to sketch. But this was 1939 and the Second World War was looming. She had to return back hurriedly to England from Florence, and she declined her place at Edinburgh University, enrolling instead at the Whitehall Secretarial College, which had been evacuated to Dorset with the onset of bombing in London, so she could start work immediately.

Once she had completed her training, she was able to set off to join her father in Moscow, where he was then British Ambassador and she was able to be useful as a secretary in the embassy. Because the direct route to Moscow would have required traveling through German-occupied Europe, she and her mother and her sister Theresa, traveled to Russia by way of Canada, crossing the continent on the Canadian Pacific Railway and then passing through Japan and China and crossing the Soviet Union by rail.

In Moscow, Peggy did secretarial work for her father and became friends with the daughters of the Yugoslav and Chinese ambassadors, and the daughter of an Iranian diplomat, who was to remain a life-long friend. In 1941, at the age of 20, with her parents in London, and her sister in Iran, she was left in charge of the evacuation of the British Embassy, with the German invasion of Russia looming. Since she was officially a secretary in

the Foreign Service, she found herself working for a Mr. Cook in the consular department in Teheran. Later on, when the British Army took over the Iranian railway system, she worked as a secretary for the Brigadier who was in charge.

In 1942, she returned to England, accompanying her father, who was returning from a visit to India. They traveled through the Middle East on a seaplane, landing on Lake Galilee in Palestine and the Nile in Egypt, where she was able to see the pyramids. This was also her first visit to the African continent. For the rest of the war she worked in the Ministry of Information, first in the Indian Division and then in the Soviet Relations Division, where she was able to use her knowledge of Russian in her work. As her father committed himself full time to politics—and to the reduced income that came with the loss of his legal practice—the family gave up the large house at Goodfellows and moved into a smaller house at Frith Hill in Gloucestershire, though her brother John eventually took over the running of the farm at Filkins.

At the end of the war, Peggy was exhausted. She had given up her place at university to be useful during the war; now she found herself experienced but unqualified for the job she was already doing. She was sent to Switzerland to rest at the Bircher-Benner clinic in Zurich, spent a summer in Lugano studying painting, and returned to London to take up the study of art full time at the Anglo-French Art Centre in St. John's Wood, in London. Then she took up painting in a small studio in the apartment of the artist Feliks Topolski and attended life-classes





at Hammersmith Art School, under the tutelage of Carel Weight.

Throughout this period she was in close and regular touch with her parents, even though her father was increasingly busy with his political work. With the Labour victory in the 1945 election at the end of the War, Stafford had entered the cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, where he spent most of his time working on negotiations with the leaders of Indian independence, including Gandhi, Nehru and Jinnah. In November 1947, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer and most of the rest of his life he helped to manage the beginnings of the post-War recovery of Britain and the creation of the modern welfare state.

In 1942, her mother had agreed to lead a campaign to raise money for aid to the people of China, who were facing great suffering as a result of the Japanese invasion, floods, disease and famine. Six years later, the Chinese government invited Lady Cripps to visit their country so that they could see what was being done with the money and express their gratitude for the work of British United Aid to China. Peggy went along as one of her mother's traveling companions. Since the money was meant to be used to help all the Chinese, they both stayed with General Chaing Kai Shek and Madame Chaing and also visited the Communist "Liberated Areas" in Yen-an, where Peggy met Chou En Lai and Madame Mao. On their way back from China, she and her mother traveled through Burma and India.

As a result of her experiences in Jamaica, Russia, Iran, China, Burma and India, and her family's friendship with

people like the Nehrus, Peggy, who was now in her mid twenties, knew many people from many countries and also knew much more about life outside England, indeed outside Europe, than most of her contemporaries. This experience, along with her deep Christian commitments, led her to work for cooperation among peoples; and in the late 1940s she started to work for an organization called Racial Unity, which had been started by Miss Atlee, sister of the Prime Minister, as well as becoming active in the Youth Department of the World Council of Churches. It was through her work for Racial Unity, of which she was secretary in 1952, that she first met Joseph Emmanuel Appiah, who was President of the West African Students' Union. Their friendship grew fast and in January 1952, with her father's blessing he proposed and she accepted.

At the time, however, Peggy's father Stafford was extremely ill. In May of the previous year, he had been taken to the Bircher-Benner clinic in Zurich and was eventually thought well enough to return home to the family's home at Frith Hill. But in early January 1952 he was flown back to Zurich, where he died nearly four months later. As a result of this illness, Isobel decided that it would be best if the engagement should be kept secret to avoid the press furore. Then, once he died, custom required that the engagement not be announced for another year. In the meanwhile, Peggy's mother suggested that she should visit the Gold Coast on her own, traveling out by steamship to see the country of her intended husband.

Much to her surprise, Joe was already at home in Kumasi, when she arrived,



*“... She traveled to Kumasi on Christmas Eve 1952, where she was reunited with her fiancé, and met his family, for the first time, with him, on Christmas Day. On New Year’s Eve she attended the Watch Night Service at the Wesley Methodist Church in Kumasi, worshipping for the first time in the church which was to celebrate her funeral more than fifty years later.”*

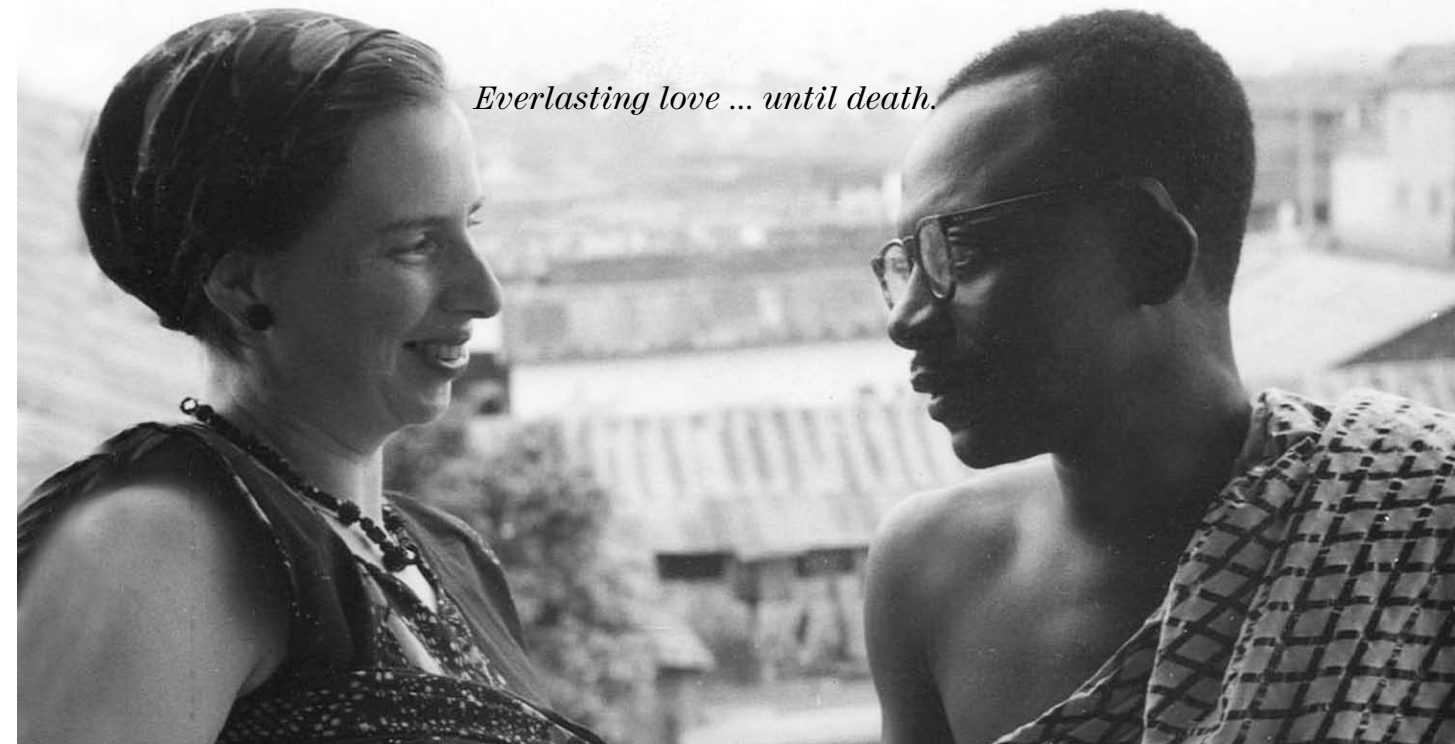
having flown back urgently on the death of his granduncle, Yao Antony, whom he was to succeed as head of his family. She traveled to Kumasi on Christmas Eve 1952, where she was reunited with her fiancé, and met his family, for the first time, with him, on Christmas Day. On New Year’s Eve she attended the Watch Night Service at the Wesley Methodist Church in Kumasi, worshipping for the first time in the church which was to celebrate her funeral more than fifty years later. She also visited the campus of what was to be Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology—then a one-year old teacher’s training college—for the first time; a campus where she was to send her children to primary school and where, at the age of 84, she received an honorary degree of doctor of letters, to her great delight.

Peggy always said that she knew at once that she would be happy in Ghana. The warmth of Ghanaians and their appreciation of her fuller figure made more sense to her than the somewhat formal style of the English. On her first trip, she traveled as far north as Navrongo, crossed the Volta and entered French Togoland, in the east, and traveled to Elmina in the west.

Of course, there was much speculation

as to what she was doing in Ghana, and because the engagement had not been announced, Peggy was not able to explain the real reason for her visit. She told the Daily Graphic that “as a member of a political family in Britain, I am very interested in the people of the Gold Coast and in their political advancement.” Along with her future husband’s family and supported by such ladies as Mrs. Jemima Poku and Mrs. Claud-Enin, she met many prominent Ghanaians: the Asantehene, Mrs. Aggrey, wife of the founder of Achimota School, Kofi Antuban, the artist, Nene Mate Koli, as well as such leaders of the independence movement as Kwame Nkrumah, Kojo Gbedemah, Kojo Botsio, and Krobo Edusei. She came home looking forward to making a life in her husband’s country.

The announcement of their engagement in 1953 produced a firestorm of comment in Britain and around the world; and when Peggy Cripps and Joe Appiah were married in June 1953, the occasion was front-page news in Britain, in Ghana, and many other countries and the event was one of the social events of the year. George Padmore, the West Indian Pan-Africanist was best man, deputising for Kwame Nkrumah, who was too busy as the new leader of Government Business to attend himself.



*Everlasting love ... until death.*

*“Nkunkyire na éma Buruwaa dware asukökyeaa” - Going to sleep with her husband makes Buruwaa bathe in icy water. (If you want something enough, you are prepared to suffer for it) - “BU ME BE” pp 656 No. 3748.*

Hugh Gaitskill, Stafford’s successor as Chancellor was there, as were Michael Foot, future leader of the Labour party, Lady Quist, the wife of the Speaker of the Gold Coast Assembly, and Krishna Menon, India’s ambassador to the United Nations. A Jamaican newspaper commented that there were “top-hatted and frock-coated British aristocrats... ex-Cabinet Ministers ... as well as several Tory and Socialist members of Parliament.” The real attraction, however, were the kente cloths worn not only by the bridegroom but by many of his friends. Coverage in newspapers around the world ranged from the hostile—in South Africa and Rhodesia—to the skeptical (What would become of the children?), to the admiring.

Peggy and Joe took their honeymoon in France and returned to England where

Joe was to finish his legal training at the Middle Temple. In May 1954 their first son, Kwame, was born (amid another flutter of newspaper publicity) and in November the young family arrived in the Gold Coast to begin their new life. During this period, while Joe was developing a legal career and beginning his life as a politician, Peggy focused most of her energy on her young family—Kwame, Ama, Adwoa and Abena — and on working as a secretary and legal assistant in his law office and for his constituents, supporting her husband as she had supported her father. She learned to wear cloth, started attending funerals, and got to know her husband’s family and his father’s family as well. They built themselves a home in Mbrom, where their neighbors were Victor Owusu, another senior NLM politician, John Brew,



# PEGGY AND JO

## Usher in a toga greets their wedding guests

WITH tribesmen, kings, sons of kings, our own Sir Richard Acland and Mr. Aneurin Bevan in a blue gaberdine suit, I went to the wedding in London yesterday of 32-year-old Peggy Cripps and Ashanti tribesman Jo Appiah.

An usher in a brown and white toga and carrying a couple of red and green wooden "shakes" and a crumpled paper bag greeted me on arrival, and between times handed me a pamphlet for a dance at Chelsea Town Hall on August Bank Holiday. "I'm the social secretary," he confessed in an aside.

This was the most colourful wedding London has seen in years. A woman in native Dutch costume rubbed shoulders with another in a white satin dress adorned with ostriches and palm trees. She had a pair of miniature gold umbrellas as earrings.

District Chief Nana Akompl wore a crown of wooden triangles.

Guests in togas, lounge suits, morning suits and sports suits jostled so closely round the church entrance that when Peggy Cripps stepped out of her car she took a worried look round and dived straight into the church without even turning round for photographers.

And before she stepped out again as Mrs. Appiah she had heard the congregation sing "Join hands then, Brothers of the Faith, whatever your race may be."

### HOW SHE FELT

As I watched the couple leave, I thought of the girl with whom I had talked less than 24 hours earlier on the stairs of a Regents Park mews flat.

Then Peggy Cripps had worn a flowered brocade housecoat. Her freshly dressed auburn hair was sleek with setting lotion.

"How do I feel on the eve of my wedding?" she said. "I feel like any other girl the day before she marries."

And there she struck the bug which dominated the bachelorette yesterday of this sprightly daughter of a celebrated father.

When I saw her on Friday she was in the full tide of the customary last-minute preparations. She had just returned from a session with her hairdresser.

She was smiling the quick easy smile which makes her pleasant face a very pretty one.

And to look at her you would never have thought she was a girl with a hundred problems on her mind.

### WHERE TO LIVE

The problems, for instance, of where she and her husband will live after the honeymoon, before they leave in the autumn for their Gold Coast home in Kumasi, with its refrigerator and its electric cookers.

And the problem of having to start from scratch to pick up the Ashanti language—her husband's native tongue.

To look at her, you would never have guessed that facing her was the biggest problem of



By PAUL JOHN

all—the peculiarly delicate considerations involved in the marriage of a daughter bearing a famous English name to a man of different race and colour.

It is a problem she has tackled with the family fearlessness. No furtive back-lane elopement for her. She has given the marriage a thorough airing along the broad highway of public opinion.

"Everyone wants to be at the wedding," she said during her engagement. "And as far as I am concerned, everyone will be there."

Life with her "Jo," as she calls her slight, earnest husband, might have its snags in England—there are certain hotels, for instance, which would admit her but turn her husband from the door.

But she anticipates no trouble on the Gold Coast.

"There are so many mixed marriages on the Coast," she said. "Portuguese, Dutch, English, everything. I don't expect any hostility."

She intends to have many children. But there again, no shadow of any problem that might arise from the mixed status they will inherit shows on her face.

Her husband has given his answer to that one. "There are thousands of children of mixed marriages in my country," he said. "We do not worry about a man's colour."

### NO ANXIETY

You sensed no anxiety about these worries as you spoke with Peggy Cripps on the eve of the ceremony that clinched the biggest adventure of her life.

You only knew, as you looked and listened, that she had not spoken idly when she said she was just like any other bride.

YOU KNEW THAT IN HER HEART THERE WAS A GREAT DEAL OF HAPPINESS.

## Honeymoon in Paris

Paris is calling them the Perfect Honeymooners—Joe Appiah, son of an Ashanti chieftain from the Gold Coast, and his bride the former Peggy Cripps, daughter of the late Sir Stafford Cripps.

The couple, married in London last week, have won the heart of Paris. And here, in a Champs Elysees nightclub, champagne on ice is the order of the night. Over the champagne glasses, they both beam happily. And Joe rests his head against his wife's shoulder.

From their hotel in the Faubourg St. Honore, they have been "doing" Paris in the traditional style—sightseeing by day, the bright spots by night.

And wherever they went, they were immediately recognised and given a real Paris welcome.

At a Montmartre restaurant, artists and would-be artists of every colour and race crowded round their table. And the talk over bottles of white wine, went on till midnight.

Now the couple are off to visit the Chateaux of the Loire country—to wind up a perfect honeymoon.



## Sir Stafford Cripps' Daughter Weds A Coloured Man



## 'A wedding like this would be the end'

From ARTHUR MAPLESON

JOHANNESBURG, Thursday.—A wedding photograph of Miss Peggy Cripps and Mr. Joseph Appiah, an Ashanti student, was held up in South Africa's Parliament today by the Minister of Justice, Mr. Charles Swart.

He called the photograph "disgusting" and described

the bridegroom as "a blanket native."

Then Mr. Swart added: "If such a thing were to happen in South Africa it would be the end."

Miss Cripps, 32-year-old daughter of the late Sir Stafford Cripps, a Ministry of Education, married Mr. Appiah, from the Ashanti territory of the Gold Coast, in London last month. He wore a traditional tribal

## The Edens fly out

Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary, who is convalescing after his operations, will fly with Mrs. Eden to the South of France tomorrow.

## Wedding of Miss Cripps attacked

From Daily Mail Reporter

CAPETOWN, Thursday.

THE recent marriage of Miss Peggy Cripps and Mr. Joseph Appiah, a Nigerian, was mentioned by the South African Minister of Justice, Mr. C. R. Swart, in the Assembly today.

He held up a newspaper cutting of the wedding photograph, describing it as a "disgusting photograph of a wedding that had taken place between the daughter of a former British Cabinet Minister and a Nigerian blanket native."

If such a thing were to happen in the Union, he said, it would be the end.



## Miss Cripps becomes Mrs. Appiah

GO TO ST. JOHN'S WOOD

Sunday Express Reporter

PEGGY, daughter of Britain's Iron Chancellor, the late Sir Stafford Cripps, yesterday married Joseph Emmanuel Appiah, a scholarly-looking law student from Ashanti, at the church of St. John, St. John's Wood.

Both are 32. It was the gayest, most colourful wedding London has seen for some time.

The bride wore a white dress with a black and green patterned sash. The groom wore a dark suit with a white shirt and a black tie.

The bride's hair was styled in a bun. The groom's hair was short and dark.

The bride's eyes were blue. The groom's eyes were brown.

The bride's nose was straight. The groom's nose was slightly crooked.

The bride's mouth was full. The groom's mouth was thin.

The bride's skin was fair. The groom's skin was dark.

The bride's hair was blonde. The groom's hair was black.

The bride's eyes were light. The groom's eyes were dark.

The bride's nose was small. The groom's nose was large.

The bride's mouth was sweet. The groom's mouth was stern.

The bride's hair was long. The groom's hair was short.

The bride's eyes were big. The groom's eyes were small.

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The bride's mouth was sweet. The groom's mouth was stern.

The bride's hair was long.



and, across the street, Joe's father, J.W.K. Appiah and his wife, Aunt Jane.

For more than thirty years, beginning in the late 1950s, Peggy's extensive library at Mbrom was made available to the children of the neighbourhood, who could come and read children's books, and, as they grew older, the novels and poetry she had collected. Among her most prized collections were many of the volumes of the Heinemann African Writer's Series. Other frequent visitors to the house included the traders who brought her the goldweights they had acquired on their collecting trips through the villages and towns of Ghana. She also took an interest in the education and welfare of a number of young people, who became part of her extended family, among them Isobel Kusi-Obodom, whose father died in Nkrumah's prisons, and Dr. Joe Appiah-Kusi of Seattle.

When Joe was elected to Parliament in the 1956 elections, prior to independence, she continued to provide a secure home to which he could return from his political struggles, forget about politics, and rest in the bosom of his family. Peggy chose to join the little church of St. George in the center of Kumasi; she worked tirelessly with Dr. Alex Kyerematen for the development of the Cultural Center in Kumasi; and she was active, in accordance with the tradition of her own family, in social work. She was on the Committee of the Children's Home, worked with the home for the Destitute in Bekwai, The Kumasi Girls Remand Home and in later years she became a patron of the Ghana National Association for the Blind.

When Joe was imprisoned at the orders of Kwame Nkrumah in October 1961,

she refused to leave the country and a deportation order was withdrawn when a front-page article appeared in the British press describing her situation. At this time her son, Kwame, was also very ill. And the next month, the British Queen made her first visit to Ghana. While inspecting the Komfo Anokye Hospital in Kumasi, she passed by Kwame's bed with her husband and President Nkrumah. Since he had a picture of his parents displayed on his bedside table, the Duke of Edinburgh, who had visited Kumasi previously and met her, turned back, as he was leaving, to send his regards to her. Nkrumah's anger at being embarrassed in this way—this was the husband of a foreign head of state sending a greeting to the wife of a man Nkrumah had in political detention—was one of the reasons that her son's doctor was deported.

The combination of her anxieties about her husband and her son put her under a great deal of strain, which was increased by the fact that she was pregnant at the time with her youngest child, Abena. Nevertheless, she continued to maintain a stable home for her children and to work quietly for her husband's release, with the assistance of her mother, Lady Cripps, who was able to visit her son-in-law in Ussher Fort in 1962.

Lady Cripps returned to England with her sick grandson; and just before Christmas, in 1962, Joe was released from prison and returned to legal practice, assisted, again, by Peggy. The anxieties of the final years of the Nkrumah regime were relieved in 1966, by the coup that ousted Nkrumah. In the years that followed, as her children were abroad at boarding



« LEFT TO RIGHT  
Announcement of engagement (picture taken by press)  
The couple and the brides mother Lady Isobel Cripps  
Mum and Dad at Mbrom, Kumasi.

» The family at Mbrom & Minchin hampton, England.



Mum's 80th birthday party in England (superstars).



Kwame's 50th birthday party in New Jersey, USA.



schools and universities, and her husband was active once more in Ghanaian politics and as an ambassador for the nation, she stayed mostly in Kumasi, providing the base from which he could travel out into the world, secure in the knowledge that Peggy was taking care of things on the home front. She kept an eye on the properties he had inherited from his granduncle. Despite her family's extensive political involvements, Peggy herself was not particularly interested in party politics. She supported her husband, of course. But her own contributions were through the wide range of social work she engaged in.

Over the years, Peggy became increasingly interested in and knowledgeable about Akan art and folklore, as she acquired a major goldweight collection, began collecting and translating proverbs, and learned Ananse stories, many of them from her husband. For three decades, a visit to her house and her goldweight collection was one of the highlights of a visit to Ashanti for visitors interested in its art. Starting in the mid-1960s she began to publish a series of volumes of Ananse stories, retold for children, which became widely known in Africa, England and America and throughout the English-speaking world. Beginning with *Ananse the Spider: Tales from an Ashanti Village*, published by Pantheon in New York in 1966, and followed by *Tales of an Ashanti Father*, published by André Deutsch in London, she went on to publish *The Children of Ananse* in 1968, *The Pineapple Child* and *Other Tales from Asante* in 1969, *Why There are So Many Roads* in 1972, and *Why the Hyena Does Not Care for Fish* and

*Other Tales from the Ashanti Gold Weights* in 1977. She also published a series of readers to help Ghanaian children learn English: *The Lost Earring*, *Yao and the Python*, *Abena and the Python*, *Afua and the Mouse* and *Kofi and the Crow*, as well as a series of novels for children and adults, including *Gift of the Mmoatia* and *Ring of Gold*, and two volumes of poetry. Perhaps, her most important publication, however, which was the result of nearly five decades of work was *Bu Me Bé: Proverbs of the Akan*, a collection of over 7,000 Twi proverbs, which was launched in Accra in 2002.

In 1985, she and Joe traveled abroad together to visit their friend Kamuzu Banda, President of Malawi, whom they had known during his period of exile in Ghana, as the special guest of honour to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of Malawi's independence. They traveled widely around the country, before going on to stay with their daughter, Abena, who was then living in Zimbabwe, and Ama, who was working in Angola. Later on in the decade, they made a visit to Ama in Norway, where Joe was diagnosed with the cancer that was to kill him.

In 1990, when Joe died, Peggy played the proper part of an Asante widow in the proceedings. She never considered leaving Ghana, telling anyone who asked her when she was "going home," that she was home already. She moved into a smaller house, which she built in a compound with a house for her daughter Abena, continued to work for her church, and went on studying Akan folklore. She visited her son and her daughters in the United States, Namibia and Nigeria, and was visited



*Dr. Kwame Nkrumah with Peggy and Joe.*



*Peggy Appiah with Otumfuo Osei Tutu II, Asantehene.*



*At home, before leaving for the presentation of mummy's MBE. From the left, Abena, Remi, Mum, Mimi, Adwoa and Ama.*



*Presenting a copy of 'Bu Me Be' Peggy's last authored book to H.E. John Agyekum Kufuor President of the Republic of Ghana.*



*Nana Afua Kobi Serwaa Ampem II, Asantehemaa with her beloved "wife" Peggy.*



*Presentation of mummy's MBE by the British High Commissioner.*



# T H E F A M I L Y



Gye Nyame - Except God



Aunt  
Peggy's  
own  
United Nations



in turn by her children and sons-in-law, and her six grandsons, Kristian, Anthony and Kojo, children of Ama and Klaus Endresen; and Tomiwa, Lamide and Tobi, children of Adwoa and Ola Edun. In the house next to her, with her daughter Abena, and her grandchildren, Achaa, Mame Yaa and Mimi. In 1996 the British queen awarded her the MBE “for services to UK/Ghanaian relations and community welfare”. In 2001, she visited England for the last time to celebrate her eightieth birthday with the surviving members of her own generation in her family and her children and grandchildren, along with many nephews and nieces and great-nephews and nieces.

In the final years of her life, as she became increasingly limited in her movements, she continued to be the center of a wide network of family and friends, and a caring household including housekeeper, Mama Rose. Throughout her life she was sustained by her Christian faith, by her many friends in Kumasi—where she was universally known as Auntie Peggy—and around the world, and by the love of her family. As she wrote at the end of her autobiography, published in 1995: “I thank God for all he has given me and the happiness He has brought me.”

## FOR THOSE I LOVE

*When I am gone, release me - let me go,  
I have so many things to see and things  
to know.*

*You mustn't tie yourself to me with  
tears,  
but shed a few for the love of past years.  
I gave you so much love, you can only  
guess,  
how much you gave me in sheer  
happiness.*

*I thank you for the love you each have  
shown,  
but now it's time for me to travel on  
alone.  
So grieve awhile for me, if grieve you  
must,  
then let you grief be comforted by trust.  
It's only for some years that we must  
part,  
so keep and bless these memories within  
your heart.*

*I will not be far away for life goes on,  
so if you need me - call and I will come.  
Tho you can't see or touch me, I'll be  
near,  
and if you listen with your heart you'll  
hear  
all of my love around you soft and  
clear.  
And then when you must come this way  
alone,  
I'll greet you with a smile and “Welcome  
Home”.*

(Anon)





# TRIBUTE FROM HER CHILDREN

*As we stand here today, celebrating the life of our mother, the forest of love and respect that surrounds her, the forest of Kumasi, of Ashanti, of Ghana, and of her circle of friends and family in every continent, seems not small but immense.*



Öbaatan biara dö ne ba: our proverb says. Every good mother loves her child. And our mother was certainly a good mother to us. When we were children, she kept our home a place of love and security, when our father was in Parliament or working for Ghana overseas, and even when he was a political prisoner. She made us respect learning and helped us with our schoolwork. She encouraged us both when we failed and when we succeeded. She cared for us when we were sick. She told us that much was required of those to whom much had been given; and she didn't just tell us, she showed us how to live up to that demand. She gave each of us a moral compass. She taught us, finally, to love the things she loved: literature, poetry, service, family, and, above all, Jesus Christ.

It is surely right to begin a tribute to her with a Twi proverb, because she treasured Akan culture, celebrating it in her writing for people all around the world to share. Who would have suspected that

a woman born in England would have so wanted to ensure that her children knew and treasured the precious legacy of Akan culture alongside the treasury of English poetry?

Let us recall another proverb. Öbaatan nnim ba böne. A good mother does not know a bad child. Even when we were naughty, we knew she loved us. If we disappointed her, she loved us still. And when we triumphed—and if we did it was because she had prepared us for life—she took pride in our achievements. When we were at school we knew she was thinking of us every day because she wrote to us every week with news of home and questions about our lives.

As the four of us were talking about what we wanted to say today, we realised that many of our memories were slightly risqué; the sort of stories, in fact, that you might not want to tell in church. Because, though our mother was serious about her commitment to Christ and in her work as a writer and scholar, she was also humorous, and capable



*Anyone for tennis?*



*Cheers!*



*A night out at Alliance Francais, Kumasi.*



*'Lawale takes us out to dinner at Royal Park Hotel, Kumasi.*



*Holidaying in Accra with Bea and family.*



*Last B'day (84) at Lake Bosumtwi.*



*It's highlife time. Mum loved to dance.*



*Lets dance!*



*Mum and her darling Lt. Col. "Major" Abban.*



of having fun. Some of her jokes were not for polite company. Some of her conversation was about topics that might surprise anyone who saw her only as a respectable Christian lady. But here is one thing we remember about her that we can certainly share with all of you, because many of you will remember it too. She loved to dance: she regretted that our father wouldn't dance with her, but she was delighted by the fact that, here in Kumasi, a woman does not need her husband to dance.

Since our mother's death, we have been moved by the countless stories we have heard from people, both in Ghana and across the globe, about how our mother touched and changed their lives. Many people believe that one person cannot make a difference, so they do nothing. Our mother is a good example of someone who showed that, yes, one person can make a difference.

When our parents got married, there were very many doom-mongers who said that a marriage between an African and a white woman could never work and that they were being irresponsible and condemning their children to a life in the wilderness ... and yet, they brought us up to be independent people, confident about ourselves and our two heritages. Both she and our father encouraged us to go out into the world, taking the values that they had imbued in us: honesty, integrity, and a concern for our fellow human beings. They told us: "Wherever you may go, and wherever you may end up, remember that you have a duty to

make a difference, and to make the world a better place." Our mother and father proved the doom-mongers wrong.

We are our mother's abusua in Kumasi. But in her life, and since she has died, we have been sustained by our father's abusua, by our grandfather's abusua, by so many of the people who knew and loved her here in this her adopted home. The ancestors said: "Kwaeé a agye yén no, yémfré no kwaeéwa." *The forest that has adopted us, we do not call it a small forest.*

In fact, as we stand here today, celebrating the life of our mother, the forest of love and respect that surrounds her, the forest of Kumasi, of Ashanti, of Ghana, and of her circle of friends and family in every continent, seems not small but immense. And we are very grateful to you all here today and to the many who have sent us words of condolence and celebrations of her achievements from Kumasi and all around the world.

But we want you to know that, though we bid farewell to our mother's body today, we do not bid farewell to her spirit. We all continue to feel her presence. She lives on in us because she was a good mother: her strong heart beats on in the breasts of her children and her grandchildren. We cannot live up to her standards but we will try to live by her standards, so that the world will continue to be enriched by her life and her vision.

*Kwame Anthony*

## GONE FROM OUR SIGHT



I would like to share a few of the thoughts passed on to us by Mum in a letter some time ago about how to achieve happiness in our lives. "The greatest support through life is a deep religious faith. We must learn to accept that God's

will may be quite different from our own. In all time of tribulation it is your faith in the love of God which will strengthen you most"; and she concludes "I would above all wish my children to be loveable and loved, to give and not to count the cost, and to see throughout what they can give to the world and not what they can take from it. In this way they will find real happiness even in difficult times."

Her thoughts about death provide some comfort: "In this age many find it difficult to believe in the continuity of the spirit after death. To me there is no such difficulty. A dead body is like a vacated house – the inmate has travelled elsewhere. The family realistically consists of those who have passed, those who are present and those who are to come."

As I read the poem below, "Gone from my sight", I can just see Mum simply slipping out of our horizon, and being welcomed by a crowd of family and friends who have passed. Headed by her dear husband, they

have been waiting for her and as she sails into their horizon they shout joyfully, "Here she comes! Here she comes!"

### *GONE FROM MY SIGHT*

*I am standing upon the seashore.  
A ship at my side spreads her white  
sails to the morning breeze and starts  
for the blue ocean.*

*She is an object of beauty and strength.  
I stand and watch her until at length  
she hangs like a speck of white cloud  
just where the sea and sky come  
to mingle with each other.*

*Then, someone at my side says;  
"There, she is gone!"*

*"Gone where?"  
Gone from my sight. That is all.  
She is just as large in mast and hull  
and spar as she was when she left my side  
and she is just as able to bear her  
load of living freight to her destined port.  
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.*

*And just at the moment when someone  
at my side says, "There, she is gone!"  
There are other eyes watching her coming,  
and other voices ready to take up the glad  
shout;*

*"Here she comes!"  
And that is dying.*

*Henry Van Dyke*

*Ama Takyiawah*



# A POST SCRIPT



The wise tell us that memories are a strong source of comfort after bereavement. We grieve now as you are called home mummy, but we do comfort ourselves with memories. So many, tumbling around inside one's head: the leap of one's heart at coming home from school and seeing you standing at the front door to welcome us. The awful, dead feeling of the house, however full of people, if you were not there. (We feel it now again). You breathed the life, warmth and love into its every room.

Following you to Mr Babu to cajole some towels out of him for the children's home, or to Irani Bros for rice for the girl's remand home, or the foam factory for mattresses for the destitutes home. Then playing with the orphans while you attended the Home's committee meetings.

Waiting impatiently for you to finish your compulsory siesta so we could go swimming at UST in the afternoons.

Singing to you, and to the two Abenas in bed next door, the latest hymn that Sr Barbara Mary had taught Bea and I, as I gave you your nightly massage in those years when your rheumatism was so bad.

And I shall never forget the thrill of the season of the inter-schools drama competition that you and Uncle Alex



(Kyerematen) organized and promoted. Those wonderful plays. And the same excitement when the scripts started coming in for the schools story writing contest. I was allowed to read them all. Our schools were so good back then.

You encouraged me at my nervousness when I started teaching Sunday School.

And then leaving home for college and marriage in another land. Times together so much reduced by distance, but your love continued to flow in your letters and visits.

And now we are finding a new and unexpected source of comfort. As Anthony reaches over to take the leftovers off Gyamfi's dinner plate, and dumps the last of the kelewele on Ama's, he exhibits your constant urge to feed and nourish; as Ama sits down and carefully opens

and flattens an old envelope to make a list just as you made endless lists on recycled bits of paper, as I lean over to kiss Mimi goodnight and grasp her rather too firmly by the shoulders, just as you would firmly anchor anyone to receive your embrace, and try unsuccessfully to explain the purpose of dead-heading the roses to a bemused gardener; and as Mama Rose sits Abena down in your chair and begins to spoon feed her new charge while she, Abena, pushes the food round in her mouth in just that way of yours; mummy as we look at each other and notice these things we are suddenly, gloriously reassured – in the combination of us all you live! You have not died!

We can only hope and pray that in the larger things in life as well, we can, together, be at least a little like you. Suddenly becoming like mummy is a wonderful prospect!

For me two aspects in particular of you mummy have become increasingly a part of me. The love of poetry and

the love of God's beautiful creation in nature. My most prized possessions are two books that I begged off you – the first your copy of Untermeyer's New Treasury of Verse which goes everywhere with me. In times of grief, joy, fear, exhilaration I have always found a lifeline within its pages. The other is Bruggemans Tropical Plants. God bless you mummy for that priceless treasure.

So I pray mummy that God continues to make you grow in us. And know that if, at some future time and place, I find myself taking out my false teeth and dropping them in my water glass in a posh restaurant, I'll smile and know you're with me still: and I'll pray that the future generation – your great grandchildren and my grandchildren – will understand and smile too!!!

Maame, me do wo. Da yie.

*Adwoa Akyeaa*



*Anthuriums, mummy's favourite flowers*

# THE LAST DAYS



I was in Accra for the weekend for a wedding. Mummy kept calling me on my cell phone to say she had missed me and wanted to hug and kiss me. I came back on the Monday, to be told mummy had spent the afternoon outside the gate waiting for me, and had picked me a flower. I rushed into her room and was engulfed in hugs and kisses. I then proceeded to do a dance for her, telling her it was the newest dance in Accra! She joined in waving her hands, Mama Rose jokingly said, “Mum, how come today you can move your hands with no pain?” And we all had a good laugh.

On the Wednesday night as usual I went to check on her at about 2:30 a.m. and she was lying in bed still watching T.V. Mummy had refused to allow Achaa to turn off the T.V. I told her it was late, so she should try and get some sleep and put it off. I asked if she was feeling ill or uncomfortable. She said no to both. So I stroked her hair with my hands which she loved, sat by her bed and held her hand. After about an hour, I noticed she



was sleeping, so I kissed her and told her I loved her. Oh God had I known what was in store, Mummy I had so much more to say and to share.

The next day, that fateful Thursday morning she had a heart attack. The doctors did all they could but it was time. On Saturday 11th February, 2006, at

1:20 a.m., God called her and she obeyed as she always said, “to hear is to obey.” Mummy, I remember you told me to make sure I prayed hard so as when I die, I come to the same place as you and that you would be waiting. Mummy, my mother, best friend, confidant, companion, my love and anchor. I am praying, praying hard, I love you, miss you. Without you I am lost, but I know it is not goodbye.

I will be with you one day. Like we used to say, “see you later alligator,” “in a while crocodile.”

*Mummy, Rest in Perfect Peace*  
*Abena Adoma*

# TRIBUTE TO AUNTY PEGGY FROM HER FAMILY IN ENGLAND



Hundreds of people were devoted to Aunt Peggy and the 14 nephews and nieces who are the children of her brothers and sisters were especially so. We simply adored her, and always looked forward to her regular visits to England. Here she would enthrall us with news of her of life in Kumasi – a life which seemed far removed from her roots in the Cotswolds, and a life she truly loved.

Aunt Peggy used to tell us about the charitable organizations which were so dear to her heart. So all her English family were firmly instructed to collect cotton garments and lead pencils, and send them out to Ghana on a regular basis. She also told us about her devotion to St George’s church, which, like her Christian faith, meant so much to her throughout her life. Those of us who visited her in Kumasi, used to love going to church with her – and felt that the services added another dimension to our experience of worship.

During her later years, Aunt Peggy found coming to England somewhat difficult, as she told us that the English did not have the same respect for old age

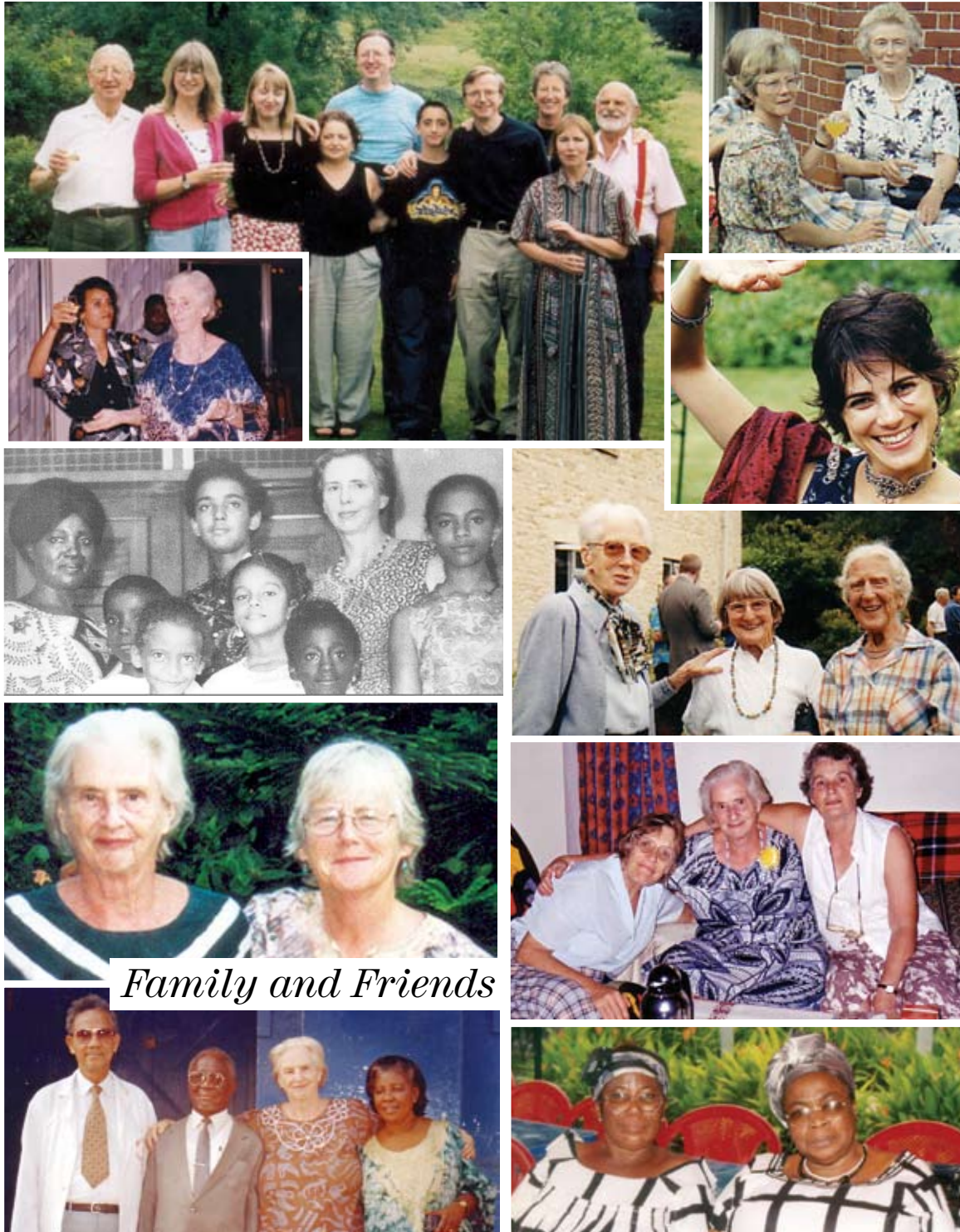
as the people of Ghana. But her nephews and nieces did respect her, not least for her ability to make friends with all people from so many different cultures around the world. She treasured all these friendships, but none more so than that of her many, many friends in Kumasi.

Our cousins, Kwame, Ama, Adwoa and Abena and their children are Aunt Peggy and Uncle Joe’s legacy. Their parents were very proud of them all. We will continue to share our lives with them, and encourage the links between the different parts of the world in which we live to grow and prosper.

God bless you, Aunt Peggy. You were a truly remarkable and gifted woman. We will all miss you greatly and will continue to enjoy life, inspired by our memories of you and the way in which you lived.

Christopher Cripps and Roo and Barney Rosedale (for the descendants of Sir John Cripps); Sara Mason (for the descendants of Theresa, Lady Ricketts; Caroline Baker (for the descendants of Sir Toby Weaver).





*Family and Friends*

# TRIBUTE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF GHANA

H.E. JOHN AGYEKUM KUFUOR

Peggy Appiah deserves the respect of the Republic of Ghana. Coming from a highly respected background in England, she met an African man of politics, also from a respected family in Kumasi, in the days of deep colonialism and racial misunderstanding. Yet, they understood each other and got married.

Since 1954, when she settled in Ghana, Peggy Appiah always had a very cultured attitude and an open mind, which accounted for her easy immersion into the culture and politics of her adopted home. I was 14 years old when she came and I saw the reception accorded her and in return her genuine love for the people of Kumasi. I can therefore say with authority that she has left a great void in the social evolution of Ghana.

Mrs. Appiah stood faithfully by her husband, especially when vicissitude came in the 1960s and Joe Appiah was thrown into jail, a norm unfortunately associated with Third World politics. She never went back to the civilisation and politics of the United Kingdom which she knew. Rather, she stayed and raised her children—almost single-handedly at one point—and kept herself busy recording the folklore and culture of Ghana.

Amazingly, nothing, it seemed would move her from Ghana after Joe Appiah died in 1990. That she intended to die and be buried in



Kumasi was the final message of her true adoption.

Peggy Appiah's Christian faith was never compromised, as reflected in the upbringing of her children who have also combined excellently their Anglo-Ghanaian backgrounds. The last time I met her was when she presented to me, at the Castle, her most definitive collection of Akan proverbs - Bu Me Bé - which she had collected over the years and later edited and published with her son Kwame Anthony Appiah and Ivor Agyeman-Duah.

Apart from being a cultural preservationist, a lasting memorial itself, we should rejoice in the quality of children she and Joe Appiah left behind for us. Kwame Anthony Appiah is an acclaimed world authority on ethics and philosophy, and has taught at our own University of Ghana, Cambridge, Duke, Yale, Harvard and now Princeton promoting in the course of his work, Ghana and his Ghanaian roots; economist Ama Appiah Endresen working with her husband in Namibia; Adwoa Appiah Edun in Nigeria and Abena Appiah in Ghana, have like their parents, done a lot of public good for their countries.

On behalf of my political tradition of which Joe Appiah was a stalwart and on behalf of the Government of Ghana, we wish Peggy Appiah an eternal rest.

*Rest in Peace Great Humanist!!*



# TRIBUTE FROM ASANTEHENE

OTUMFUO OSEI TUTU II

Most of us knew her as Auntie Peggy; and we will always remember her with deep respect and affection.

Mrs. Peggy Appiah became a Ghanaian; an Asante, by marriage; and she lived as a proud daughter and citizen of this country in Kumasi, for more than half a century until her untimely demise a few weeks ago.

Today we join her family here in Ghana, and the United Kingdom and her four children Kwame, Amma, Adwoa and Abena in mourning her death. Auntie Peggy was a most respected link between two illustrious families: that of Sir Stafford Cripps of revered memory, one time Minister for Munitions during the Second World War, and, later, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the post war British Government; and that of her husband, the late Mr. Joe Appiah, renowned orator, lawyer, statesman and freedom fighter who became head of a prosperous dynasty, as the direct successor of its founder, Nana Anthony, whose name he gave to Kwame their first child, and only son at his baptism. Auntie Peggy became by marriage a member of a large and important family which included Maame Mmra, wife of the late Otumfuo Sir Osei Agyeman Prempeh II, the late Lady Victoria Poku, wife of the late Asantehene,



Otumfuo Opoku Ware II, and their son, Oheneba Adusei Poku, Akyempimhene and his siblings.

Auntie Peggy was welcomed to Kumasi and Manhyia with open arms by Otumfuo Sir Osei Agyeman Prempeh II: The late Otumfuo Opoku Ware II, who as Nana Mathew Poku had met her in London and lent his support at her wedding in 1953 as a cousin-in-law of the bridegroom.

Auntie Peggy was therefore no stranger at Manhyia Palace and needed no invitation to attend the many ceremonies and functions held there during her life in Kumasi. Auntie Peggy exemplified in her life the virtues of simplicity, tolerance and uprightness. She made many friends and was much admired for her forthrightness. She so cherished her Asante and Ghanaian citizenship that she could not be prevailed upon or cajoled to leave her home in this country to seek asylum or live in exile in the United Kingdom when the long arm of the Preventive Detention Act imprisoned her beloved husband without trial, some five or six years after she had settled in this country.

She was an avid student of the customs and mores of her new home. She possessed a most extensive and impressive collection of Asante Gold weights as well as the Adinkra symbols, on which she spent much of her time

resource and energy to study. She was much sought out by researchers who gratefully acknowledged her in their publications.

Auntie Peggy was the author of many Children's Books and Ananse Stories which are enjoyed by children not only in Ghana but else where in Africa and the Diaspora. She was so completely adjusted that she became a model for the many expatriate wives who have made happy homes with their husbands in this country.

Auntie Peggy is gone. But she will never be forgotten by Nana Afua Kobi Serwaa Ampem, Asantehemaa, Nananom and Asanteman. Auntie Peggy Damrifa Due.

Otumfuo Osei Tutu II  
Asantehene  
Manhyia, Kumasi March 8, 2006



# TRIBUTE FROM THE SECRETARY- GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS

H.E. KOFI ANNAN



Nane and I were deeply saddened to learn of the passing of your mother Peggy, and wanted to extend to you and your family our sincere sympathy upon your bereavement. Her extraordinary life and many achievements will long be remembered, as will her energy and her ability to reach across nationalities and generations through her writings.

Please accept our heartfelt condolences. Our thoughts are with you at this time of sorrow.

Yours sincerely,

Kofi Annan



# TRIBUTE BY ST GEORGES CHURCH

*Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life, he  
Who believes in me, even though he dies, yet shall he live". Amen*



Mrs. Peggy Appiah, affectionately called Aunty Peggy by members of St. Georges' church was a dedicated member of St Georges' Church (an - Independent Interdenominational Evangelical English speaking Church), Kumasi-Ghana. She came to Ghana in 1954 and became a member of St Georges' Church in 1955, a church she described as her powerhouse.

St Georges' was her life and her life was the church. Due to her love for God and fellow man, she earned the title "the mother of the poor, needy, orphans, destitute and the rejected". She was a member of the Pastoral Team (Leadership Body) of St. Georges' Church and the Chairperson of the Welfare Committee, as well as the Church Secretary from 1960-1987. As the Church Secretary she used to liaise with the British High Commission in Ghana to inform all British expatriates who wanted an english speaking church in Kumasi, to come and worship at St Georges' Church, even though her beloved husband, the Late Joe Appiah was a Methodist.

Although she was an Anglican by birth,

denomination was not a hindrance towards her duties to her fellow men. Her residence at Mbrom, Kumasi was the most vibrant and consistent Bible study house group in the Church, in which the Late Joe Appiah occasionally joined. Mrs. Peggy Appiah was not just an ordinary member but the oldest, in terms of age and membership.

She was the mentor of most of the Sunday school children and the youth of the Church. It is not surprising that some members of the church named their daughters after her. Her home and for that matter her swimming pool side was the venue of yearly funfair parties for the youth, at which she swam and had fun with them. Those who were very close to her knew her as a very humble God fearing, humane, loving person and with a great sense of humor. She will be greatly missed by all her loved ones and admirers who saw her as a mother, grandmother, aunty, sister, and a good friend.

As a staunch believer, she kept her faith with her creator. Her punctuality to church service was second to none. She contributed immensely towards the



*Peggy with Oheneba Adusei Poku, Akyempemhene of Kumasi, and Rt. Rev. N.B. Abubekr, Metropolitan Archbishop of the Methodist Church, Kumasi, at the opening of the Children's hall of the St. Georges Church which was named after her.*

spiritual and physical needs of the church to make St Georges' church a giving church. She taught us that scripture says the best religion is the one that cares for the poor, needy, orphans and widows, and we hope to continue the legacy she left us for generations to come.

Aunty Peggy loved nature so much that she planted a lot of beautiful flowers round the old church and beautified the interior of the church and its surroundings with flowers from her home. She was always the first or among the first to come to church every morning and clean the environment

picking litter around the church. Teaching us that, cleanliness is next to godliness.

She loved children so much that every Sunday she had in her hand packets of toffee ready to dish out to every Sunday school child who came to church on that day. Mrs. Peggy Appiah was an exceptional human being. She wouldn't trade her going to church and her communion for anything. Even when she travelled abroad, she would want to return quickly in order not to miss her communion and the Lord's Prayer. She constantly reminded every service leader not to forget to let the



congregation say the Lord's Prayer after service. She also loved to shout, "praise the Lord" and "da nyame ase!" which means thank God.

Even in her old age she continued to be part of the church life. The last time she visited St Georges' Church was 31st December 2005 watch night service at which she was given a standing ovation by members of the church. Every body was happy to see Auntie Peggy in a wheel chair to seek the last blessings of the year 2005 and that of 2006. On the last Sunday before she gave up her breath, she was administered her last communion at her residence at Nhiayeso, by Rev. Samuel Osam Duodu.

It was no wonder that on 30th May, 2004, she was honored by the church she loved so much, St Georges' Church, at a service officiated by Rt. Reverend Nuh Ben Abubekr (Bishop, Methodist Church of Ghana - Kumasi diocese) and assisted by Rev. Samuel Osam Duodu, (Resident Minister of St Georges' Church).

The children's hall was named after her in recognition of her exemplary devotion to the physical and spiritual development of the church.

"Oh death where is your victory" Auntie Peggy we will weep no more and cry no more because we know you are resting in the arms of your Maker in heaven. What a great loss to St Georges' Church, society and Ghana as a whole. May the good Lord be with you till we meet again. May your soul rest in perfect peace.

Auntie Peggy,  
Damirefa due, Due ne amanehunuu!  
Maame nante yie!! Amen

*"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."*

*-- John 11: 25-26*

## PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

I see myself now at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me.

I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him in whose company I delight myself.

I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot to.

His name to me has been as a civet-box; yea, sweeter than all perfume. His voice to me has been most sweet; and his countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His word I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. 'He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities; yea, my steps hath he strengthened in his way.'

Glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the Pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

*-- John Bunyan (1628-88)*

## TRIBUTE BY SON-IN-LAW

### *A most remarkable woman of our times*



Upon being introduced to my future mother-in-law, in the spring of 1979, I felt compelled to immediately try and make some kind of impression to establish my credentials as a serious "contender" to become one of her sons-in-law. So I summoned up courage and sought to get her attention with a tentative and quite feeble: "Err ... Mrs. Appiah ..." only to be swiftly cut off with the retort: "O do call me Auntie Peggy." This response had me totally confused as to whether it meant that: a) I should call her "auntie" since she had already made up her mind that there was no chance I was going to qualify to call her "mum"; or b) somehow, word of my sterling qualities had reached her in advance, and I was already admitted to the inner circle that was allowed to call her "Auntie Peggy". The rest, as they say, is history, but along the way one thing I did learn very quickly was that, in Ghana, everybody- from the highest to the lowest in the society - called her "Auntie Peggy."

Since Saturday, February 11 the tributes have flowed thick and fast - and deservedly so. Many and varied are the adjectives that we have all used to reminisce about her.

Kind, warm-hearted, generous to a fault, loyal, bold, courageous are some of the fine attributes that made her so special to so many; not forgetting that she could be painfully honest and embarrassingly frank, at times.

On the door of her study in the splendid old family house at Mbrom, was a sticker that read: "If life gives you lemons, make lemonade!" This, for me summed up and typified her mental strength and practical approach. I heard first hand, from Auntie Peggy, of the trying and stressful times she coped with during the turbulent politics of the 1960's, when my father-in-law was in the vanguard of opposition politics.

I witnessed the tough and courageous side of her for myself in the politically volatile and economically depressed early 1980's, when the general environment in Ghana was pervaded by scarcity and considerable gloom. Through it all, she remained optimistic and good-humoured. She felt that if the youthful new leaders of the day truly meant well for the people, then they should be given a chance. This was so, even when they had her husband in detention. I was always amazed at how



busy she kept herself with her writing, her charities and her church work. There was never any thought of her and her husband leaving Kumasi, let alone Ghana – even on holiday – during those difficult times and I am sure that this endeared them to so many ordinary people.

A very loving mother and doting grandmother, she unfailingly found the time to regularly communicate family news to all the family, spread around the globe.

I would like to end this contribution to the memory of Auntie Peggy by recalling a piece of advice she gave me over 25 years ago which rings as true now as it did, then. Upon learning that with University over, I was headed straight back home to Nigeria, this is what she had to say: “since half of Nigeria is Muslim, it is very important that you read the Koran so that you can better understand all parts of the society”. She was so clear-sighted and practical in her approach to daily life, much preferring to take action on a matter rather than merely talking about it. She was also one for results, always with the caveat of another favourite saying: “the road to hell is paved with good intentions.”

*Adieu, ‘Auntie Peggy’ E sun re O!*

*‘Lawale*

## TRIBUTE TO A NOBLE MOTHER

LT COL HERBERT ABBAN

**W**e have a God who has infinite power and his perfection contains no impossibilities. Our lives on this earth are merely a symbolic representation of our relationship with the Almighty, for his presence does not come upon us while we are living in the world; it comes only as we journey toward the Promise Land.

Mrs Peggy Joe Appiah affectionately called Auntie Peggy symbolizes the fulfilment of this arduous journey to the land of promise; a journey of hope and eternal rest with the Lord.

Our Dear and Noble Mother - Auntie Peggy can be aptly described in truth and indeed as a mother of immense love, affection, resilience and above all of generosity and submissiveness. Knowing her has not only been a privilege, but an experience with a true living Saint.

Auntie Peggy is in the Promised Land, Please spare your tears as she rests in the graceful arms of the Living God.

Auntie Peggy you have fought a good fight and the battle has been won.

Auntie Peggy, Our Mum, rest in perfect eternal peace. Auntie Peggy may the Good Lord keep you in his bosom. Da yie.

*“Major”*

## A SHORT TRIBUTE TO A REMARKABLE WOMAN

OF WHOM WE WERE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE  
NUMBERED AMONG HER FRIENDS



**S**hortly after my husband Ted and I moved to Kumasi as a young married couple we met Joe and Peggy Appiah, and there began a friendship, despite the difference in our ages, which has lasted and grown. Peggy could be fairly described as the doyenne of Kumasi society. One of the two truly Christian people I know. Never a bad or unkind word about anyone, she could always see the better side of even the worst situations. She was one of the few people I knew who lived through all the upheavals of life in Ghana with equanimity. Although she could have escaped to a more tranquil existence she chose to stay in Ghana. She truly loved her adopted country and was an inspiration and an example to those of us who knew her closely, especially in this regard.

Peggy had the supreme self confidence which comes naturally to people of good breeding, but she was a humble and unpretentious person, accessible to all around her. I could say quite truthfully that I have never heard her raise her voice in anger. She was deeply Christian, yet respected other faiths and I learnt

quite a lot from her in discussions about religion. She lived her faith. Generous to a fault, always sharing with others. Ted and I well remember, and so do our sons, an invitation to supper one Friday evening decades ago, and to watch a film on a new machine sent by Anthony from abroad. It was a brand new VHS and we all sat enthralled watching a movie (The Yellow Convertible) on this marvellous new invention, lost in time until the curfew siren went. Peggy at once started to organize sleeping arrangements for all six of us. We decided to make a try for it, feeling pretty confident that although it was past the curfew hour we would get home safely. And so we did.

The love which Peggy exuded around her will forever be remembered by those of us fortunate enough to be recipients. We extend our deepest sympathy to her children Ama, Kwame, Adwoa and Abena, as well as her very many adopted children and her large extended family.

*May her soul rest in perfect peace.  
Yolande Agble (for the Agble Family,  
Ted and Yolande Agble and sons)*



# TRIBUTES FROM GRANDCHILDREN



I will always miss my dear old gran,  
Of whom I have happy memories since my life began,  
however, one reason not to be sad,  
is that she will be happy again, beside my grandad,  
and of them both I will always remain the biggest fan.

Kojo



My earliest memories are fond ones of playing in the garden in Mbrom. It is only really in hindsight that I became aware not only of its beauty but also the great care taken over it. I remember too the regular sound of her voice crying “Aaah! Aden na wo ye saa?” A sure sign that someone had pulled the nose out of one of her precious anthuriums. As children we were seduced most by the garden's size and the wonderful opportunities it offered for games like hide and seek and cowboys and indians. It was a sign of the care she had for most things. I remember us finding a bird with a broken wing and having no idea what to do. We were comforted by the sure and reassuring knowledge that Granny would know. Give her a practical problem, and she always had a kind solution. She will be sorely missed.

Olamide



Granny was a very special person to me. She was my closest granny and I loved her so much. Just knowing that she was always there for me, made me feel special. She was a wonderful granny, very helpful when I needed anything. I always looked forward to seeing her, because she made me happy whenever I saw her.

Granny was completely selfless, always wanting to put other people first. Whatever her own problems were, she always remained cheerful, never wanting to burden me with her own situation or sorrow. I will always miss you granny.

I love you very much!! Rest in perfect peace till we meet in heaven again.

Achiaa



Grannie, Grannie, Grannie! Why is there no answer? I know it is because you are in heaven smiling and thinking about us. We remember how you used to love everybody whether poor, rich or deformed.

We remember the stories you wrote that educated a lot of Ghanaian children. We know you don't have any pain and we know you are happy. Thank you for making our lives brighter. We love you very much.

MiMi



We will always remember the love you shared with me. I always remember when you would shout and call us when we were out of the sitting room.

You always made us feel good and better when we were sad and unhappy. You showed us how to love the poor and rich and how to be loved. You always made us laugh. I remember when you used to say “Maame Yaa and Mimi would you like a sweet or a biscuit?”

I will always love and cherish the good times you shared with us. You will always be remembered ...

Maame Yaa



Dear Granny, its your birthday. I hope you enjoy it where you are because every one you know is coming. We are going to miss as you leave us.

Love Martin



Ice-cream? I scream, you scream, we all scream! A storyteller, granny was always full of pithy phrases, wordplays, funny sayings and proverbs. And mealtime graces said in more languages than the rest of the family could muster between us! “What's the time?” you would ask and invariably she answered “Half past kissing time, time to kiss again!” Then squeals as the chase ensued, a big juicy kiss on each cheek the inevitable outcome.

In her later years, one Ashanti morality tale persistently resurfaced. When one hears the solitary croak of a frog in the dusk, followed by silence, he is asking “Who will bury me?” When his croak is answered by a chorus of replies, he is asking “Who will inherit me?” Well, when granny passed on and we started arranging to bury her, the frogs in her garden chorused nightly their willingness to do so; I think she'd be smugly satisfied with their refrain. And she would have been so touched by the love and support from the highest to the lowest in the land, and from around the world, that has surrounded our family ever since she passed on. So don't worry, granny, there is a multitude to bury you! E sun re!

Adetomiwa



Granny. She always made sure I had seconds of lunch. She always made sure I had enough books. She always accompanied me when I was swimming. She always sent me letters at school. Wherever I was, Granny was always with me. Now she shall always remain in my heart.

Oluwatobi



Granny is in heaven.  
If God drops her,  
I will catch her!

Abdul



I always think of fruit when I think about Granny. Granny always ate fruit between meals, and it was usually her desert. I'll always remember how amazed I was as a child to see her choose her fruits so very carefully, giving them a gentle squeeze to judge if they were ripe or not, always knowing what was a good fruit. My earliest memory of Granny is a fond one, of going to the market, where she would perform her fruit selection process with remarkable care. She could do it quickly, but it was never any more careless or less gentle than if she had had all the time in the world. I think this is the way she did all things, gently and carefully, taking care in everything. It may seem weird to remember this through fruit, but Granny's considerate nature came out in everything she did. Everyone will remember Granny for being kind and gentle, generosity being her trait that never failed to show itself. I know that where Granny is now, she will be rewarded for all she has done. The place Granny is has all the fruit in the world, and I picture her there, being as gentle and careful as ever, selecting fruit with the utmost care. As I associate Granny with fruit as well as literature, I thought she would like it if I wrote her a poem.

*Granny, I will always think of fruit  
when I think of you,  
The care with which you treated them, as  
with humans too.  
You were always so gentle and kind,  
Never will the days of buying fruit, leave  
my mind  
Every time I buy fruit I'll think of you,*

*Smile to myself, and think of all you knew,  
Now you're up in heaven,  
I know you're looking over us,  
Looking over everyone, making sure every  
day is a blessing and a plus.  
I'm glad you're happy where you are,  
When I think of fruit,  
it's really not that far.*

*Yaw Anthony*



For my beloved, and sadly,  
departed Gran,  
  
From your eldest grandson and  
admiring fan

I fondly remember you  
telling story after story, Of beasts and  
men, good and evil, disgrace and glory.  
  
To grandsons sitting listening patiently,  
enthralled. While writing these words,  
I got stuck and stalled - Then, recalling  
another wondrous story time  
Came flowing memories and these words  
of mine.  
  
You always had the greatest smile,  
Laughing loudly with aplomb and style At  
every happy moment - and there were many.  
(I wish I had for each a penny)

You were so brave and fearless,  
benevolent and kind,  
So generous that many questioned  
your state of mind  
A saint amongst sinners,  
a candle in the night,  
That warmed us all and gave us guiding light.

Since death's cruel lips you kissed,  
Know this - you are sorely missed.

*Kwesi Gyamfi*

## TRIBUTE IN MEMORY OF DR. MRS. PEGGY E. APPIAH, MBE

BY JOE APPIAH-KUSI, M.D.

*Weep then, O daughters, sons, friends and  
global family  
A distinguished and extraordinary lady  
has gone to eternity  
A main branch of a tree has fallen.  
Mighty the branch and fruitful,  
Yet it has fallen.  
Mother is like a tree that bear fruits  
She feeds her children and those of others.  
Weep then, but listen.  
Hear the wind whispering  
In young trees springing  
From seed she has sown.  
Their roots grown deep,  
Deep in the land of the ancestors,  
Windy voices of Gloucestershire and  
Oxfordshire,  
Plains of Namibia, Botswana and the Gold  
Coast  
Fjorded coasts and mountainous Norway,  
Listen and hear.*

*Surely the bells are ringing  
The beat of feet dancing;  
One woman in death uniting  
Ancestral spirits in the other world,  
And the young chanting and anguishing  
on earth.*

*For surely her memory shall live after her:  
So does a star in the wide sky shining  
Reflect in the waters,  
In still pool, snowy mountains and  
stream;  
Spreading its light to far horizons,  
Myriad sparklets gleaming.  
So does the worth of one lady  
And her devotion, love and kindness  
Guide as a light,  
Lead to further glory,  
One lady her God serving  
Stand for us all.*

*Rejoice then, and weep not,  
Still her light following;  
She who gives all, loses not.*

*Rest in Peace Auntie and flights of angels  
sing thee to thy rest*

*We love you and will miss you*

*Joe*



# A TRIBUTE TO A LOVING AUNT

KOJO OWUSU-NYANTEKYI



The truly wonderful personality she was, Auntie Peggy unmistakably represented the spirit and appeal of Africa Bungalows of the fifties and sixties. An oasis amidst the undying bustle and toil of Kumasi; imbued with an impressive air and contemporary style, both of its residents and design. It was a hallowed place then – leafy and tranquil reflecting prosperity and new-found confidence in the political and business elite as well as the professional aristocracy of the day. It held pride of place as a bastion of opposition to Kwame Nkrumah's despotic proclivities - not far within its hugging distance nestled Ashanti New Town. The spawning pool of agitation and insurgency - a gateway without parallel in the history of political conflicts and as folklore would have, that was where most Ashanti politicians cut their wisdom teeth amid feudal authority.

Languishing in the enclaves were sumptuous homes with generous accommodation – a precious few like the Appiahs had freshly manicured gardens all year round. Anecdotal evidence made us believe Auntie Peggy the hearty white matriarch on our street had reputed mythical green fingers and took great joy nourishing plants as much as talents. Uncle Joe her husband of enormous

oratorical fame, was an erstwhile political ally of Nkrumah and later of my father in opposition to him. By the late-fifties, he had become the deputy leader of the NLM-UP axis; from that pinnacle, with a resourcefully talented Auntie Peggy by his side, he thus fought an epic battle of wits with the increasingly repressive CPP regime and would have no truck with Nkrumah. As children we revelled in his fame by association too, watching his every political move or utterance in giddy anticipation. There was always invigoration and ebullience around the dynamic duo.

Living in Kumasi in those vibrant days with its rich seam of timeless traditions, implacable customs and unique splendour was edifying, and unbridled fun. Amid the heady politics of the time rose the upwardly enigmatic figure of Auntie Peggy whose sad demise we lament now. In this renowned haven she lived directly opposite our elegant pioneering home, with her litter of fair-skinned bumptious children. Not surprisingly, their paths and ours have interminably crossed down the ages in some of the more exotic and troubled parts of the world. Suitably besotted with Africa she sneered at privilege her birth had endowed and flew the nest of the English Establishment. Cut from

the same rebellious cloth as her valiant husband, she settled comfortably in our cradle of Ashanti civilisation – where by all accounts she enjoyed unquestioned marital bliss - winning love esteem and acclaim. We loved her easy manner and out-going charm that allowed us to claim her home as our own where as children we frolicked blithely. Stern she could be if some were beyond the pale - but never as I recall fervidly, did she ever exude a fearsome aura.

Her over-powering presence was made possible by a towering height where she vaulted inches over a diminutive Papa Joe, a man loquacious of speech, enticing of anecdotes and barbed of wit- many an occasion, she tickled us tremendously in much infantile fascination. In an old worldly way they seemed the perfect odd couple in the light of contrasting physical attributes and mere colour. I fondly recollect some of her enduring allure as she thundered in and out of our home – ever darting smiles, in a solicitous mode as she lustily bounded from house to house offering solace to a welter of households. She was pleasing –when she mollified many the afflicted, and endlessly used her ineluctable gift of energy to their benefits. When Nkrumah's hard-line diktats and markedly repellent Preventive Act wrought pervasive havoc – with the Patriarchs of Africa Bungalow including our own father Odomse, Papa Joe and Victor Owusu and Baafour Akoto ferreted off to be incarcerated in the sweltering sulkiness of infamous Nsawam – our neighbourhood cut a forlorn sight. But under this pall of despair and emasculation, Auntie Peggy was one rock - bringing a ray of light, lifting the gloom effortlessly. Her resolve to mentor and

tutor us the needy political orphans was unceasing and selfless. What a fetching safe pair of hands we observed; with a self-assurance that was her hallmark, she poignantly brought succour to the grass widows and empathised in their hour of need. She was a picture of emollition.

During the festive seasons our sagged hopes were instantaneously enhanced when Auntie Peggy and her brood came bearing troves of presents, each meticulously gift-wrapped and tastefully inscribed – what anticipated joy it always was to be in hoc to this animating and illuminating white lady. She was dependably kind, irreproachable and thought-provoking in her inimitable repartee. She reigned over a happy home which was at the epicentre of the social and political whirl – despite the eclectic rabble that endlessly trooped into her home she was genuine, effervescent and welcoming.

In the political mayhem of the sixties she was unswerving and restless - the meteor of a campaigner of justice and human rights that she was – she argued her brief with appreciable competence, profound acuity and strong convictions. Having lived and tasted communism at first light in Moscow she watched in disdain and bewilderment as Nkrumah conceived of intrigues and dramas commensurate with a self-agglomerated power – whittling down the potency of all opposition but led Ghana fecklessly spiralling down the Communist path. An act that she thought amounted to an outrageous lack of moral rectitude justifying her husband's prescience and disgruntlement. With a startling constitution she soundly railed against a prepotent but wanton Leader, Osagyefo

– that alone was a heresy then; but her formidable forthrightness, political astuteness and enthralling self-belief defied the odds. She was defiant and typified courage and composure in the teeth of opposition when agitating for the immediate release of the Opposition Leaders. Unbowed, shrugging off threats of deportation following the launch of a supposed tirade against the CPP regime; the doughty woman in her sedulously fired off petition after petition in her praiseworthy struggles against repression that Nkrumah represented. With extraordinary show of discipline, she bombarded the Flagstaff House and her familiar domain; the Palace of Westminster – aided by a web of family connections and keen sympathizers - she brought and elicited greater awareness to the plight of the UP and other opposition parties scalding under a choleric government..

When the bell tolled many years later; I also found my fragrant spouse, a niece of Papa Joe's in the same household as she had decades earlier. So another firm lock was inextricably established. Whenever she visited London with her charming husband her unstinting generosity never ceased to thrill as she always thoughtfully indulged us with bounteous gifts, especially treasureable books which were quite dear to her large heart. My wife and I always deemed it immense pleasure to be able to host their stopovers no matter how short or long their holidays were. Tellingly they brought a sense of conviviality and inestimable wisdom to our home - against a backdrop of rich colonial history and reflections on contemporary issues. We were far richer by those visits – made even more

refreshing when we also had the regal presence of my ever lovingly-mourned mother-in-law Lady Victoria. The dutiful wife Auntie Peggy was, she would sit in rapt attention whenever her piercing eyes set on Papa Joe, a fabled raconteur as he regaled us time and time again on a diet of political dramas and mischief – he was as often the gaze and show, but Auntie was correspondingly feisty.

Even in dotage over the Christmas season when last I saw her, she was high-spirited, inquisitive and solicitous to the end – I continued to admire and simultaneously marvelled at her alertness and profound memory as she battled vehemently with her debility and spectre of senility. She fondly remembered all our children. As a coda we shall never see her bouncy kind again – while with vast grief; we bid her farewell, we also remember the love she shone our way. Forever we remain in her debt of gratitude for the myriads of affectionate deeds.

May eternal peace and rest be well earned in the embrace of the Almighty!

KUMASI, MARCH 2006.



## TRIBUTE FROM ATTA KWAMI

SENIOR LECTURER, COLLEGE OF ART AND SOCIAL SCIENCES,  
KWAME NKRUMAH UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE TECHNOLOGY, KUMASI

This poem was sent to me on the occasion of my brother's death, two years ago by a dear friend. It gave me great solace and now re-reading it today makes me think of Peggy, as it captures something of her purpose and her soul.

At the inauguration of the KNUST Museum on January 7, 2005 when Peggy was invited to introduce her collection of goldweights, which she magnanimously loaned, she spoke with eloquence and integrity about their beautiful work and design, all the while apologising for her old age and lack of mobility. She also introduced her book of several thousand Akan proverbs (over seven thousand appear in 'BU ME BE') co-authored with her son, Professor Kwame Anthony Appiah. The gathering included dignitaries of the University: Vice-Chancellor Professor Kwesi Andam and



Peggy with part of her huge collection of gold-weights, gold-dust boxes and kudoku. She is the custodian of one of the largest collection of Ashanti gold-weights in the world.

(Photograph by Prof. Edward S. Ayensu).

Provosts, and Koo Nimo, another illustrious folklorist. The opening ceremony was well attended because of Peggy's presence.

*Praise the World to the angel, not what can't be talked about.  
You can't impress him with your grand emotions. In the cosmos  
where he so intensely feels, you're just a novice. So show  
him some simple thing shaped for generation after generation  
until it lives in our hands and in our eyes, and it's ours.  
Tell him about things. He'll stand amazed, just as you did  
beside the ropemaker in Rome or potter on the Nile.  
Show him how happy a thing can be, how innocent and ours;  
how even grief's lament purely determines its own shape,  
serves as a thing, or dies in a thing - and escapes  
in ecstasy beyond the violin. And these things, whose lives  
are lived in leaving - they understand when you praise them.  
Perishing, they turn to us, the most perishable, for help.  
They want us to change them completely in our invisible hearts,  
oh - forever - into us! Whoever we finally may be.*

Excerpt from R.M. Rilke's 9th Duino Elegy.



# TRIBUTE BY MRS. CECILIA KUSI OBODUM



*Auntie, This is Cecilia from far away Chicago in the U.S. crying my heart out with most bitter tears! What a loss!*

*Kwame, Ama, Adwoa, Abena, Damirifa Due!*

*Psalm 68:5 - A father to the fatherless, a defender of widows is God in his holy dwelling.*

Auntie Peggy, my sister, my best friend, I'm going to miss you so much. Being away, I couldn't wait to get back to Ghana so that I could come and spend some weekends with you, keeping each other company. Little did I know that I would not have the privilege and that you would be gone!

When my husband, Kweku Kusi Obodum was alive, you and Joe were there for me, when I became widowed and broken, you were there for me, and you remained loyal to the very end!

THANK YOU for the wonderful role you played in my life and in the life of my baby girl, Isobel, named after your dear mother, Lady Isobel Cripps. Thank you for being such a sweet and wonderful Godmother to this child. When Kusi died she was only seven weeks old and you completely took her over. You had her christened in your family christening gown, saw her through UST Nursery and Primary schools, St. Louis Secondary

School and Legon. She knew you first as her mother because you never treated her differently from Abena Adoma. As a little child she loved you so much, she would proudly tell everyone that she had 2 mums – one white and one black and ask how come they only had one.

Ah, Auntie Peggy, I have so much to say about your love and kindness to me, your God daughter, Isobel and the rest of my family but there is one thing that I want you to know. Had you not done all that you did for us, I would still have loved you with all my heart, because you are one of the most genuine, unselfish, kind, caring and loving people I ever met – what a blessing for me to have known you!

I will miss you dearly, even though I know that you are in a much better place – safe in the arms of Jesus. May the Lord continue to richly bless you and keep you in his bosom until we meet again!

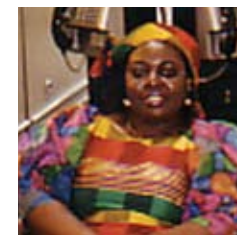
# TO MY DEAREST AUNT PEGGY

You fought a good fight. For the years you have been by my side. Enriching my life with your presence. You followed my every move with concern. Listening to my conversation with intense interest and often you had your words to add. You were with me through some of the tough times in life but always made me smile.

Thank you for the years filled with love and affection. You will always live in my heart. When I cross to the other world I will look for you amongst the angels; because heaven would never be complete without you.

May the angels carry you over the rainbow Bridge, walk on the fields of green grass for you are no longer in pain. I love you Aunt Peggy.

*Malakeh Isbir (Mimi)*



I have lost a great mother. Mum was a mother to me .

To her there was no difference between her natural children and her adopted children. She also made any family member who visited me become her family. When ever I was sitting quietly she would say “A penny for your thoughts! Give me a hug and a kiss”

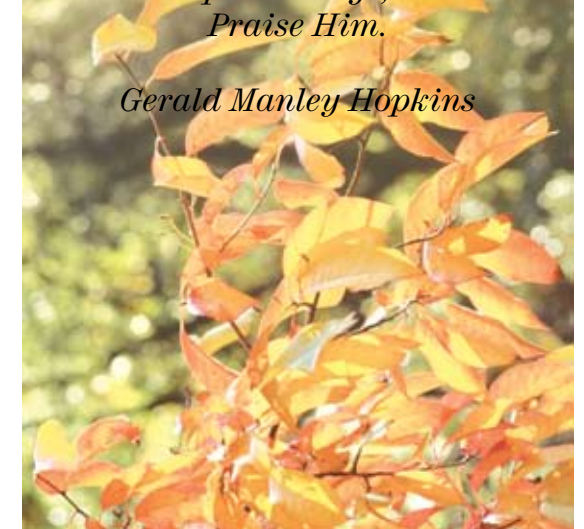
Our home was filled with love. Mummy Demirefa Due. May your soul rest in Peace.

# PIED BEAUTY

Mum's favourite poem

*Glory be to God for dappled things -  
For skies as couple-coloured as a  
brindled cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon  
trout that swim;  
Fresh firecoal chestnut falls;  
finches' wings;  
Landscapes plotted and pieced  
- fold, fallow and plow;  
And all trades, their gear and  
tackle and trim;  
All things counter, original, spare,  
strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who  
knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour;  
adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is  
past change;  
Praise Him.*

*Gerald Manley Hopkins*



## TRIBUTE FROM ISAG



The International Spouses Association of Ghana, (ISAG) is made up of women and men from other countries, married to Ghanaians, who have made Ghana their home. Peggy was a loyal member. Many present, older members have known Peggy since their arrival in Kumasi in the 60s and 70s and share fond memories of her kind support. For more recent arrivals who came to know Peggy in her later years, we found in her a charming and courageous elderly lady who had retained the inward discipline of originality through her receptivity and continued learning.

Peggy remained an active writer and philanthropist publishing a book of her poems *Thought Birds* (2001), through ISAG, to celebrate her 80th birthday. Though her mobility became restricted, she continued to tend her beautiful garden and to delight in reading. Towards the end of her life, her memory began to fail her and in this, as in many things, she saw the positive side: I can read books I must have read before, even my own, and they are quite new to me. Even if Peggy could not remember names exactly, she remembered faces and never failed to welcome visitors with affection, and a cup of tea. Lipton's teabags and a flask of hot water lay beside her armchair on a small table beneath portrait photographs of her parents.

A thoughtful communicator, Peggy's conversation was ever fresh and free from platitudes. She didn't gossip, she didn't advise and she didn't impose her beliefs. When asked for her opinion she gave it, and it often surprised. I once asked her if she felt things had improved for white people in mixed

marriages in Kumasi, Peggy answered; "Yes, white people generally seem more at ease than they used to be with black people in Kumasi and I think that is an improvement for everybody."

When Peggy first came to Kumasi in the early 50s she was, I am told, largely shunned by white expatriate society. At an ISAG meeting she was asked how her family in England had reacted to her marriage. Peggy said that some of them had refused to have any more to do with her and laughingly added: Fewer Christmas cards to send.' Peggy's attitude was that she was thankful to Ghanaians for allowing her to live in Ghana. She made living in Ghana a privilege and a success.

One cherished memory of Peggy is when ISAG visited the School for Children with Special Needs who put on a musical concert to welcome Auntie Peggy, their benefactor, and her friends. After an excellent performance by the children Peggy took the stage; we expected a long speech, instead Peggy, wearing a voluminous pale blue kaftan, bent at the knee and gave the children the thumbs-up. They all responded, with great merriment, in kind. One of Peggy's greatest gifts was to children for whom she wrote and in whom she saw clearly our universal needs and natures. As she once wrote: *"The wind in the willows is the same one that breathes through the palm fronds"* And she was kind, always.

*Pamela Clarkson Kwami on behalf of  
my friends in ISAG*

## TRIBUTE FROM NOCTURNAL FRATERNITY, LUV 99.5FM KUMASI, GHANA.



*"Cowards die many times before their death,  
The villain never tastes of death but once  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me so strange that men should fear  
Knowing that death is a necessary end  
and it will come when it may come, ..."*

On the 19th of September 2005, we received a call from Noct Abena Appiah during one of our 'Nocturnal meetings' on the instructions of Dr. Mrs. Peggy Appiah to contribute to a socio-political talk that was going air. That marked the beginning of a motherly relationship which gradually turned 'Granny' as we affectionately called her into our Patron.

Granny even in her old age and her state, found time to listen and contribute to our numerous projects we discussed at dawn on the Nocturnal platform. She always encouraged us to develop ourselves and aim at being great intellectuals with positive effects.

"Nana, your critique and outspokenness always reminds me of Joe. "Keep it up! and somebody will hear you someday." were her parting words she always gave to us. Granny unfortunately did not live to see us rehabilitate the only Children's Library in Kumasi we had discussed with her to undertake.

Granny, thanks for fighting a good fight and leaving behind such solid footprints in the sand. To us as Nocturnals, your loyalty, commitment, assiduity and respect for all shades of social classes, with your arms opened at all times, will spur us on. We are firmly convinced that even though you are no more, our hearts will go on loving you and revering your remarkable achievements.

*Eno, Damirifa Due!*



## TRIBUTE

FROM THE YOUTH AND STUDENTS WING OF GHANA  
ASSOCIATION OF THE BLIND ON THE OCCASION OF  
THE DEATH OF MRS. PEGGY APPIAH

The entire membership of the youth and students wing of GAB learn with deep sorrow the demise of Mrs. Peggy Appiah a patroness of the wing.

Mrs. Appiah in her personal contributions and guidance helped the wing, she had our interest at heart. When the wing was formed in 1993, she was the first woman patron who together with her family contributed both cash in kind to the running of the wing during its turbulent days. Sometimes she offered her house to us for our meetings.

She was open, accommodating and caring to people especially those with visual impairment, to the extent that we were allowed twenty-four hours visit to her house a development, which most well endowed entities will not do. As if that was not enough during her lifetime. She was able to prevail on her children to

continuously support the wing financially and morally.

The above support that Mrs. Appiah offered us, we the members of the wing strongly know that her replacement will be a very difficult one for us and her departure will be greatly missed.

"Mama you have left us at the cross roads when you are to live to see how the wing has developed and is still developing something you nurtured in 1993."

However, as the saying goes; "there is more blessing in giving than receiving", we the blind and partially sighted youth of the above wing of GAB wish to solemnly say that may your soul Rest in Perfect Peace and may you be accepted into the bosom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Peggy Appiah, Damirifa due, due, due ne amanehunu. Odofo pa nea otia bia a nemfefuo entumi entia.

*Okokodurofou a ne do, ne nyansa ne n'ahunumobro kyere n'akwan.  
Nea ode ne ho a osane n'akondwa so nya ahumobro ma won a wonni bi.  
Okokoduro fuo da yie Nyame ati wo anim ama yen anifrafuo ahunu wo.  
Nyame tumfuo mfa wo nsie*

## TRIBUTE

BY ALIZON CLEAL COURTESY OF REV. DR. FRANK  
ADAMS OF THE ALL BAPTIST AFRICAN CONFERENCE  
AND BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH, KUMASI

I have been very much saddened by the death of Mrs. Margaret Appiah MBE, whom I called, with everyone else who knew her personally at her home in Kumasi, 'Aunty Peggy'.

I extend my sympathy to yourself and all other members of her bereaved families and friends.

I made myself known to her on my arrival in Kumasi in 1999, because her father, Sir Stafford Cripps the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the first Labour Government in Britain, was greatly respected by my father, Rev. Clifford Cleal and they had much in common: among other things a liking for Studdart Kennedy/Woodbine Willie's religious poems. They were both in the Labour Party elected to power in England for the first time in 1945, after the Second World War and united in the common goal of bringing about social, political and economic change in Britain. After this first approach we became friends; I always felt welcome to have an afternoon

swim and chat with her after classes at the former Christian Service College.

From her last point publication, I shared a liking for this proverb with my Professor at the Akrofi Christaller Centre in Akropong:

Abusua te se kwaee; wowo akyiri a, eye kusuu; wo pini ho a wo hu se dua koro biara wo ne sibere.

Even though as woman and mother Aunty Peggy and her children could never be members of their father's abusua, the unity and diversity within it that the proverb speaks of was her daily experience, and the unconditional devotion she gave her husband and his people from her heart will unite us all in saying Ayekoo. More important we pray the Lord will say to her as she comes into his presence:

*'Well done good and faithful servant ...'*

*With deepest sympathy*

# TRIBUTE

## GHANA SOCIETY OF THE PHYSICALLY DISABLED

*Sure, the sun will chase the night away And dawn will herald the new bright day. When the Good Lord asks, "Death where's thy sting?" Our hearts will spill with the Joy He brings.*

WEEP NO MORE: A. A. Y. Poku, Jnr Lexington, Kentucky, USA. November 10, 1995

On behalf of the National Executive Committee and the entire membership of the Ghana Society of the Physically Disabled and the Management, Staff and Students of the Jachie Training Centre for the Disabled and on my own behalf, we are humbled and highly honoured to have had the privilege of being brushed by the exemplary life of our mentor, benefactor and mother, Auntie Peggy.

When 26 years ago 2 disabled gentlemen and myself decided to found the Ghana Society of the Physically Disabled, Auntie Peggy was there to "strengthen the weak hands ... and knees that are wobbling firm." She was never tired of us.

We remember with pride how she led the Brownies (Girl Scouts) of the Ridge Church, Kumasi to present the Society's first donation of office furniture. Time and space would not allow us to enumerate the numerous acts, donations, support and services Auntie Peggy made available to the Society. An analogy is akin to what the apostle John said about Jesus. "There are...many other things also which Jesus did, which if ever they were written in detail,...the-world itself could not contain the books written" (John 21-25) epitomises her life.

This notwithstanding, we shall be ingrates should we fail to mention some notable events which would not have happened but for the involvement of our beloved mother.

Paramount among these is the role she played in the establishment of the Jachie Training Centre for the Disabled. In 1980 when we mooted

the idea of establishment of a sheltered workshop to employ skilled persons with disability, she provided the essential life line. Preliminary contacts with her daughter, Ama nee Mrs. Isobel Appiah Endresen, who was then sojourning in Oslo, Norway with her husband. Ama took our project to the Norges Handicap Forbund (Norwegian Association of the Disabled-NAD). That started our collaboration with NAD which gave birth to the Jachie Training Centre. Since its inception in 1985, over 300 disabled young men and women had passed through vocational skills training and are making a living.

There are many disabled persons who had enjoyed scholarships and sponsorships from Auntie Peggy. Messrs Leo Amoaning of Customs, Excise and Preventive Services and Elvis Adusei, an Asokore-Mampong shoe maker who was transformed from a crawler to a crutches and calliper user had his orthopaedic surgery and training paid for by Auntie Peggy.

The Ashanti Regional Branch of the Society is now undergoing revamping and this is the appropriate period we need you most. Death strikes without consultation. It robs us of reliable help when we need it most. At this juncture, we would adapt and use your poem, "Dr. Alex Kyerematen. In Memoriam'," for surely your work shall live after you: Weep then, O people of Asanteman and Ghana

ATTAKORA-ASAMOA YAW POKU, JNR

### *Weep not my children*

Weep not my children  
The death of your *mothers*  
For the grass is growing  
Where their bones lie deep.  
Their spirits are living,  
Free like the wind that passes  
And bends the grasses  
Gently in passing.  
Weep rather for the living,  
For their sighs and sorrowing;  
Their bones and hands outstretching,  
Bodies wearied by suffering,  
Minds blunted, bodies starving,  
All the world offering  
Stones for bread.  
(Peggy Appiah)

### *In Memoriam*

Weep then, O people of Ghana,  
A branch from the tree has fallen,  
Mighty the branch and fruitful,  
Yet it has fallen.  
Weep then, but listen!  
Hear the wind whispering  
In young trees springing  
From seed he has sown.  
Their roots grown deep,  
Deep in the land of their fathers.  
Listen and hear.  
Surely the drums are playing,  
The long horn and the short,  
The flute her praises telling,  
The gong-gong,  
The beat of feet dancing;  
One woman in death uniting  
Ancestral spirits  
And the young, chanting  
Praise to this daughter of Ghana,  
For surely her works shall live after her.  
So does a star in the wide sky shining,  
Reflect in the waters,  
In still pool and stream;  
Spreading its light to far horizons,  
Myriad sparklets gleaming.

So does the worth of one woman  
And her devotion  
Guide as a light,  
Lead to future glory,  
One woman her God serving  
Stand for us all.  
Rejoice then, and weep not,  
Still her light following;  
She who gives all, loses not,  
Is at one with her Master.  
(Peggy Appiah)

### *Since I had a mother*

Whose many interests  
Kept her excited and occupied  
Since I had a mother  
Who interacted with so many people  
That she had a real feeling for the world  
Since I had a mother  
Who always was strong  
Through any period of suffering  
Since I had a mother  
Who was a complete person  
I always had a model  
To look up to  
And that made it easier  
For me to develop into  
An independent woman.  
(Author unknown)

### *If I should die*

If I should die and leave you  
Be not like others, quick undone  
Who keep long vigil by the silent  
dust and weep.  
For my sake turn to life and smile  
Nerving thy heart and trembling  
hand to comfort weaker souls than thee.  
Complete these unfinished tasks of mine  
And I perchance may therein comfort thee.  
Thomas Gray



# HER LITERARY WORKS



Mum hugging some of her published books.



Autographing a copy of Dad's Autobiography after it was launched



Receiving a Doctorate Award in Literature by the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology



Launching her book of Poems organised by the International Spouses Association of Ghana.



Chief Launcher Prof. Atokwei Okine, hands over the first copy of "Bu Me Be" to the first bidder and winner Nana Bonsu son of Otumfuo Osei Tutu II.



## SOME OF PEGGY APPIAH'S PUBLISHED BOOKS

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Ananse the spider: Tales from an Ashanti village. New York: Pantheon, 1966.</li><li>• Kyekyekulee, Grandmother's tales: Accra: Quick Service Books, 1993.</li><li>• Yao and the python: London: Evans, 1971.</li><li>• The children of Ananse: London: Evans, 1968.</li><li>• Why there are so many roads: Lagos: African University Press, 1972.</li><li>• The Lost Earring: London, Evans, 1971.</li><li>• The pineapple child and other tales from Ashanti: London, Evans, 1969.</li><li>• Tales of an Ashanti father: Boston, Beacon Press, 1989.</li></ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Ring and Gold. London: Deutsch, 1976.</li><li>• Kofi and the crow. Accra: Quick Service Books, 1991.</li><li>• Afua and the mouse. Accra: Quick Service Books, 1991.</li><li>• Why the Hyena does not care for Fish and other tales from the Ashanti gold weights: London, Deutsch, 1971.</li><li>• Abena and the python. Accra: Quick Service Books, 1991.</li><li>• The twins. Accra: Quick Service Books, 1991.</li><li>• Busy body: Accra, Asempa, 1995.</li></ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Thought Birds: Accra, ISAG 2001</li><li>• The Rubbish heap: Accra: Asempa, 1995.</li><li>• Bu Me Be, Accra, Centre for Intellectual Renewal, 2000</li><li>• The Smell of Onions, Longmans Drumbeat, 1971</li><li>• Rattletat, New Namibia Books, 1995</li><li>• A Dreadful Mistake, Unimax Publishers, 1999</li><li>• Kofi and the crow, Quickservice Books Limited, 191</li></ul> |
|---|--|--|



## End of an era

Peggy Appiah, the well-known British-Ghanaian writer of books for children and wife of the late Ghanaian statesman Joe Appiah, passed away in Kumasi on 11 February at the age of 84. Her literary friend and collaborator, **Ivor Agyeman-Duah**, pays her this tribute.

**P**eggy Appiah spent over 50 years in Kumasi since she left England after her marriage to the Ghanaian lawyer, statesman and presidential advisor, the late Joe Appiah. For all these years, she chronicled both as a profession and hobby, traditional folklore of the Asante people – village lives as well as natural history – especially the behaviour of birds, in over 30 books.

Some of the books were reflected as text in the prescribed reading of primary and secondary schools in Ghana and of the West Africa Examination Council. At one time, and it is still the case, she had the best collection of Asante gold-weights in the world which featured in exhibitions from Australia to the US.

Peggy was highly respected in the traditional and national ruling classes – especially in the palace of the king of Asante where she had since 1954 been welcomed by the Asante kings Osei Kyeretwie, Prempeh II, Otumfuo Opoku Ware II, whose wife was related to Joe Appiah, and the current king, Osei Tutu II.

More importantly, Peggy was also beloved by the working class of her adopted society who admired her simplicity, considering she was the daughter of the British chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Isobel Swithenbank.

Cripps, who was chancellor from 1947-50, was credited with the British economic reforms after World War II and was one of the avant-garde politicians who we could label today as cosmopolitan or globalist (a promoter of racial integration and harmony in London of the 1940s), an agenda which Kwame Anthony Appiah, his grandson, has taken to the world intellectual stage as a godfather.

Peggy Cripps, (Mrs Appiah's maiden name) was definitely aware of her political family in the English aristocracy and was

therefore used to media exaggeration and negative publicity. Her marriage to Joe Appiah was one of the most sensational romantic expressions between a black and a white, a subject of the Queen in the evening of empire and leading daughter of a leftist Labour grandmaster, and was a puzzle in the British media at the time.

To champions of decolonisation, the class of student agitators (which included

Africanist. Ever since, Peggy Appiah lived more like a Ghanaian than a Briton and contributed to the socio-economic development of the country in ways little known because of her humility.

Late last year, the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology in Kumasi awarded her an honorary degree; some few years before, Queen Elizabeth awarded her the MBE for her contribution to Anglo-Ghanaian relations and the Ashanti Region branch of the Ghana Journalists Association gave her its top prize.

Her works, apart from paintings of scenes of Kumasi, included bestsellers in the 1970s such as *A Smell of Onions*, *Tales of an Asante Father*, *The Ring and Gold*, *The Pineapple Child* and other *Tales from Ashanti*.

Her last major work was an epic dictionary of Akan proverbs (over 7,000 of them and the most updated), titled *Bu Me Be* which she edited with Kwame Anthony Appiah (her son and a leading world philosopher currently at Princeton University) and my good self.

Peggy's philanthropy was very much felt at the Jackie School for the Blind which she and her other children (Ama Appiah who works in Namibia, Adwoa Appiah who lives in Nigeria with her husband, and Abena Appiah, a businesswoman) helped to establish.

This is apart from the many secondary and university students who owed their education to her generosity. Again not to talk of the St Georges Church in Kumasi where she made financial contribution towards the building of the chapel.

Peggy played an advisory role in the establishment of the Centre for Intellectual Renewal in Kumasi which I founded. According to her wishes, she would be buried at the Tafo Cemetery in Kumasi next to the tomb of her beloved Joe Appiah. May her soul rest in perfect peace. ■■



Farewell, Peggy Appiah

Joe Appiah) in the 1950s, however, it was a silver-lining or a rainbow coalition of God's children. At the time of the marriage, Ghana was on the cutting phase to independence and Kwame Nkrumah had assumed leadership of government business.

Nkrumah was supposed to be the best man at the wedding, but eventually passed the responsibility to George Padmore, his Afro-Caribbean advisor and eminent pan-

## PEGGY APPIAH, 84, AUTHOR WHO BRIDGED TWO CULTURES

By NADINE BROZAN

Published: February 16, 2006, THE NEW YORK TIMES

**P**eggy Appiah, who as a daughter of a British chancellor of the exchequer defied the conventions of her time by marrying an Ashanti political leader and who went on to become an author and a revered figure in her adopted homeland, Ghana, died Saturday in Kumasi, Ghana. She was 84.

The cause was a heart attack at Akomfo Anokye Hospital, according to her son, the philosopher Kwame Anthony Appiah.

Reared in upper-crust Britain, the youngest of four children of Sir Stafford Cripps, a Labor party leader and cabinet officer in the Clement Attlee government (1945-51), Peggy Cripps caused an international sensation when she announced plans to marry in July 1953. Her fiancé was Joseph Emmanuel Appiah, who was in London as a law student and representative of Kwame Nkrumah, prime minister of the Gold Coast, the British colony that became Ghana in 1957.

Nkrumah was Ghana's first president, and Mr. Appiah was a close associate and his choice for vice president, until political differences led Nkrumah to imprison him several times.

The Appiahs are said to have been the inspiration, along with another

African-British couple, Seretse Khama and Ruth Williams, for the 1967 film "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner," which dealt with a California couple's reaction to their daughter's engagement to a black doctor.

That view was lent support by Henry Louis Gates Jr., chairman of the department of African and African-American studies at Harvard, and a friend of Mr. Appiah's since their student days, who noted that it was a marriage of equals at the highest levels of their societies.

"She was to the manner born and he was an aristocrat related to the king of the Ashanti," Mr. Gates said in a telephone interview on Tuesday. "He was the John Adams of his country; its founding father with Kwame Nkrumah."

The couple met at a gathering of the West African Students Union, of which Mr. Appiah was president. From the start, Miss Cripps made it clear that she would not be intimidated by the firestorm of criticism the couple endured.

"If we experience any difficulties in mixing with Europeans, I shall throw in my lot with the colored people," she told The Sunday Express of London.

The marriage came to symbolize far more than the union of two individuals. Richard Weight, a British historian



who is making a documentary about interracial marriage, said: "For a lot of people, it drew the line between those who thought Britain had an integrated postcolonial future and those who didn't. And it became an international story with particular resonance because it involved the daughter of a former chancellor."

Born in 1921, Enid Margaret Cripps, who used the name Peggy, was the youngest of four children of Sir Stafford and Lady Isobel Swithenbank Cripps. On her father's side she could trace her lineage back to William the Conqueror. She was reared at a rambling country house, Goodfellows, and spent much of World War II in Moscow, where her father served as ambassador. After the war, she went to Iran, where she worked for the British Army, which ran the railways.

She is survived by her son, the Laurance Rockefeller professor of philosophy at Princeton, who lives in Manhattan and Princeton, N.J., and three daughters, Isobel Endresen, an economist, of Windhoek, Namibia, Adwoa Edun, a landscape designer, of Lagos, Nigeria, and Abena Appiah, businessperson in Kumasi; and nine grandchildren. Settling in Kumasi, the capital of the Ashanti people, shortly after her wedding, she shunned the traditional British — and Ghanaian — role of homemaker, even as she reared her children, served as helpmate to her husband, kept the family going when he was in prison and established several philanthropies.

"At one time there was an effort to deport her," said Henry Finder, editorial

director of The New Yorker, who is Professor Appiah's companion. "She said the airport was a long way away and she would kick and scream every inch of the way. Fearful of the publicity that would engender, they backed down."

Known to many in Ghana as Auntie Peggy, Mrs. Appiah was a prolific writer of children's books, many of them based on the Ghanaian folk tales her husband told their children, as well as of novels, poetry and most recently a collection of 7,000 Ashanti proverbs, on which she collaborated with her son.

The book, published in English and Ashanti, had its origins in her collection of gold weights.

"She collected weights used for weighing gold but made of brass," Professor Appiah said. "Many of them had figurative art that came from proverbs. When a dealer came to the house, she would ask, 'What is the proverb?' and if he didn't know, she would eventually travel to the village to find out."

Though she had a house in Brighton, England, Mrs. Appiah considered Ghana her home.

"When my father died 15 years ago, people asked her, 'When are you going home?'" her son said. "She kept saying, 'I am home.' Finally she bought herself a plot of ground to be buried in, so when people said, 'When are you going home?,' she could answer: 'I am not going home. I have my burial plot here.'"

## FROM THE BOOK OF CONDOLENCE

Rest in Peace  
Love A. T. G.

Agyemantsegye  
Somewhere  
Thanks for your love  
& Services to Ghana.

Peggy, May God bless  
your soul.  
C. Appiah (John)  
(Mrs. Appiah) 18/2/06

You were more than a mother  
to us. God be with you.  
Doris M. M. 18/2/06

Auntie Peggy you were  
really wonderful to me & my siblings.  
I always cherish those memories. 18/2/06

Auntie Peggy, you were more  
than a mother. May God  
bless you.  
Ephraim K. M. 18/2/06

Garud - Mensah  
Rest in perfect place  
18/2/06

On love, our life our joy  
of friends  
Remembered and missed  
Rest in Perfect Peace  
Dr. George 18/2/06

Rest in Perfect Peace  
KMA 18/2/06

Auntie Peggy

You were the grandmother  
of our branch. It was  
a joy seeing and serving you  
even when you could not make  
it you still wanted to see us  
Well miss you always  
(Staff of Barclays Nhyira  
Prestige Centre)

Vale Peggy,

I shall miss your originality,  
courage and charm.  
Pamela Clarkson Kwame

For Asa  
Love Him well  
J. G.

From Cecylina Kusi  
Helen Georgia 1st  
Kumasi & Accra  
Auntie Peggy Rest in perfect place  
Love J. G.

We shall forever remember you for  
your value especially in education.  
You have been a source of inspiration  
for all of us who came into  
close contact with you. The  
vulnerable say a big thank  
you for your support in  
every respect. GOD BLESS YOU  
May Your Soul Rest in Perfect Peace  
KMA 18/2/06

Auntie Peggy

We will love you always and miss you  
terribly. There are no thanks among  
friends Asie ne Kagu ni Aseda!  
Damiya Due KAE Peggy!  
Aunt Kwame, Kwame Muean.

Sweet Grandma Rest in the  
blossom of our Lord Jesus  
Christ where there is  
peace  
We all miss you but God  
loves you more.  
St. Albert & Deji Ogunyemi  
for the Ogunyemi  
Family 18/2/06

Auntie Peggy  
Rest in peace - Until we see you again  
There are shared memories of our love of  
books. I still have the memories of your  
me.

Mama and Sister - My Sister -  
Condolences - Always remember, your mother  
led a good life - you are so, celebrate  
her life with joy.

Simon Nwa  
First of All. @

From Mammi Lina Jachway  
A philosopher, a woman and a woman of faith  
the end of her life was a blessing to all.

From  
Mrs. M. K. B. B. B.  
The Pioneer Press  
Auntie Peggy we love you  
but your heart loves you  
more than we can.

From Sandra C. Cripps  
When I was in school I read books  
written by you and it was your love  
I met you whilst living in Ghana.  
May your soul rest in perfect  
peace.

# HYMNS

## MBH 831 / CAN 267 GIVE ME THE WINGS OF FAITH TO RISE

- 1 Give me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears:  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came:  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

## MBH 896 NOW PRAISE WE GREAT AND FAMOUS MEN

- 1 Now praise we great and famous men,  
The fathers, named in story;  
And praise the Lord who now as then  
Reveals in man His glory.

- 2 Praise we the wise and brave and strong,  
Who graced their generation;  
Who helped the right, and fought the  
wrong,  
And made our folk a nation.
- 3 Praise we the great of heart and mind,  
The singers sweetly gifted,  
Whose music like a mighty wind  
The souls of men uplifted.
- 4 Praise we the peaceful men of skill  
Who builded homes of beauty,  
And, rich in art, made richer still  
The brotherhood of duty.
- 5 Praise we the glorious names we know:  
And they – whose names have  
perished,  
Lost in the haze of long ago –  
In silent love be cherished.
- 6 In peace their sacred ashes rest,  
Fulfilled their days endeavour;  
They blest the earth, and they are blest  
Of God and man, for ever.
- 7 So praise we great and famous men,  
The fathers, named in story;  
And praise the Lord who now as then  
Reveals in man His glory.

William George Tarrant, 1853-1928.

## MBH 215 / CAN 67 THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE

- 1 The strife is o'er, the battle done;  
Now is the Victor's triumph won;  
Now be the song of praise begun :  
Alleluia !

- 2 The powers of death have done their worst,  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;  
Lest shouts of holy joy outburst:  
Alleluia !
- 3 The three sad days have quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead;  
All glory to our risen Head:  
Alleluia !
- 4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants free  
That we may live and sing to Thee:  
Alleluia !

Anonymous, c. 12th cent. :  
tr. from *Symphonia Sirenum*, Colonge, 1695,  
by Francis Pott, 1832-1900

## MHB 651 HARK ! HARK, MY SOUL ! ANGELIC SONGS ARE SWELLING

- 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 telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no  
more !

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

- 2 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.

- 3 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.
- 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long  
and dreary,  
The day must dawn and darksome night  
be past;  
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the  
weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will  
come at last.
- 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.

Frederick William Faber, 18-63.

## MHB 12 PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,  
To his feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee His praises sing ?  
Praise him ! Praise him !  
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour



To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him, still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide and swift to bless:  
Praise him ! Praise him !  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

- 3 Father-like, he tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame he knows;  
In his hand He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes:  
Praise him ! Praise him !  
Widely as his mercy flows.
- 4 Angels in the height adore Him;  
Ye behold him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Praise him ! Praise him !  
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen  
*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

**MHB 35:**  
**FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH**

- 1 For the beauty of the earth,  
For the beauty of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,  
*Gracious God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifices of praise.*
- 2 For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon and stars of light:
- 3 For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic Harmony  
Linking sense to sound and sight:

- 4 For the joy of human love  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
- 5 For each perfect gift of Thine,  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and divine,  
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:  
*Folliot Sandford Pierpoint, 1835-1917*

**MHB 948**  
**ABIDE WITH ME**

- 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, Oh 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 stay 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, the  
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!  
*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*





## PEGGY'S FINAL WISH

*I would like the memory of me  
to be a happy one.*

*I would like to leave an after glow  
of smiles when life is done.*

*I would like to leave an echo  
whispering softly down the ways,  
of happy times and laughing  
times and bright and sunny days.*

*I would like the tears of those  
who grieve to dry before the sun  
of happy memories that I leave  
when life is done.*

*... And so we bid Aunty Peggy  
farewell with her three nightly  
prayers:*

*The Lords Prayer  
For the Beauty of the Earth  
Jesus Tender Shepherd*



*"I have fought  
the good fight,  
I have finished  
my course,  
I have kept the faith:  
Henceforth  
there is laid up for me  
a crown of  
righteousness,  
which the Lord,  
the righteous judge,  
shall give to me  
at that day ..."*

*2 Timothy 4:7-8*



# HOME CALL

Lord Parmoor, Family of Late Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps, Mrs. Ursula Chick, Lady Ann Cripps (All of United Kingdom); Abusua Panyin Oheneba (Dr.) George Akwasi Prempeh (Appiah Family), Oheneba Adusei Poku (Akyempemhene of Kumasi), AbusuapanIn Nana Osei Assibey (Yaw Anthony family), Nana Braku Yaa, (Asokorehemaa, Asante Asokore), Abusuapanin Nana P. K. Boateng (, Asante Asokore) Oheneba Nana Akwasi Agyeman, Nana Serwaa (Kuntanaasehemaa), Rt. Rev. N.B. Abubekr, Methodist Bishop of Kumasi, Leadership of St Georges' Church, International Spouses Association of Ghana (ISAG), Mrs. Grace Safi and family (Kumasi), Nana Kwabena Poku Appiah (Canada), Mr. & Mrs. Tsiboe, (Pioneer, Kumasi), Mrs. Mary Asafu-Adjei, Mrs. Cecilia Kusi Obodom, Mrs. Owusu Addo, Mrs. Yolande Agble, Mrs. Victoria Kyeremanteng, Mrs. Lucy Effah, Dr. Kyei Faried, Dr. Mrs. Hayfron Benjamin, Mad. Georgina Kusi, Mrs. Pat Morris, Mrs. Ann Bunch, Ms. Septima Woolley, Professor Kwame Anthony Akroma-Ampem Appiah (Princeton University, U.S.A.), regret to announce with sorrow the sudden death of;



## Dr. Mrs. Peggy Enid Appiah

(Nee Cripps) M.B.E., D.Litt. KNUST

Age 84 years

(Wife of the Late Joe Appiah of Blessed Memory) which sad event occurred at KATH, Kumasi, on Saturday, February 11th 2006.

**Funeral Arrangements:** No Wake. No Adesiedie. No wreaths. Attire – Black & White for all functions.

**Laying-in-State:** Saturday 18th March, 2006 at 5 a.m. – 8 a.m.

at House No. 16B Peters Avenue, Georgia Hotel/VRA road, and 8 a.m. – 9 a.m. at Church.

**Burial Service:** Saturday, 18th March, 2006.

at Wesley Methodist Cathedral (Adum, Kumasi); Service starts at 9 a.m.

**Interment:** At Tafo Cemetery, Kumasi.

**Final Funeral Rites:** At Jackson Park, Kumasi on Saturday, 18th March, 2006 from 1.30pm – 6 p.m.

**Thanksgiving Service:** Sunday, March 19th 2006 at Wesley Methodist Church, Adum, Kumasi at 9 a.m. and thence to the Army Officers Mess, Kumasi, for family gathering.

**Children:** Prof. Kwame Anthony Akrom-Ampem Appiah (Professor at Princeton University), Mrs. Isobel Takyiwah Appiah-Endresen (Namibia), Mrs. Adwoa Akyeaa Edun (Nigeria), Ms. Abena Adoma Appiah, Ms. Olive Appiah, Akua Adoma Appiah, Dr. Joe Appiah-Kusi MD (USA), Mrs. Beatrice Ama Boateng, Mrs. Isobel Afriyie Asare (USA), Mr. Eddie Osei Owusu (Japan), Prof. H.L. Gates, Jr. (Harvard University), Lt. Col. Abban, (MD), Mr. Henry Finder, Awal Baba-Alargi.

**Nephews and Nieces:** Sir Tristram Ricketts, Mrs. Sara Mason (Brothers & Sisters), Dr. Christopher Cripps (Brothers & Sisters), Mrs. Kathleen Abbot (Brothers & Sisters), Mr. Frank Kwaku Appiah (UK), Mrs. Sylvia Asamoah Ntim, Mrs. Afua Sarpong Pabi, Oheneba Nana Ama Serwaa Nyarko Poku; Oheneba Nana Akua Akyaa Poku, Faustina Otchere (USA), Christiana Otchere (UK) Mimi Isbir (Accra), Dr. Kojo Owusu-Nyantakyi (Brothers & Sisters).

**Grandchildren:** Kristian Gyamfi Appiah-Endresen, Yaw Anthony Appiah-Endresen, Per Kojo Appiah-Endresen, Adetomiwa Akroma-Ampem Edun; Olamide Adedeji Boateng Edun; Adedamola Oluwatobi Joseph Edun, Theresa Yaa Appiah, Mimi Peggy Appiah, Elizabeth Akyeaa Appiah, James Yaw Appiah, Martin Luther Mark, Abdul Jamal Baba-Alargi, Papa Adofo Boateng, Mame Nyarkoa Boateng, Nana Afua Addo Boateng, Theodora Clarke, Mame Nyaniba Asare, Yaw Asare, Emmanuella Peggy Appiah.

**In-Laws:** Dr. Klaus Appiah-Endresen, (Namibia), Mr. A. Olawale Edun, (Lagos), Mr. Frank Boateng, Mr. Kofi Asare (Canada), Mrs. Osei Owusu.

ALL SYMPATHISERS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED



## APPRECIATION

A CARING EAR  
A SHOULDER TO LEAN ON  
A LOVING VOICE  
A HELPING HAND, ...

Aunty Peggy’s extended family wishes to thank you for the love and support you have shown us during these difficult days. May God bless you abundantly and return you safely to your various homes. Amen

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THE LAST SALUTE... "TO HEAR IS TO OBEY!"