— IN LOVING MEMORY OF —



WINNIE ANNETTE ALESO MBARIA MAINA

(MAMA NJOKI)

SUNRISE: 15TH APRIL, 1954 - SUNSET: 25TH SEPTEMBER, 2026



EULOGY FOR OUR BELOVED MOTHER

IN LOVING MEMORY OF WINNIE ANNETTE ALESO MBARIA MAINA (MAMA NJOKI)

Dearly Beloved Friends and Family,



Today, we gather as family, relatives, friends, neighbours, colleagues and members of the community to celebrate the life of our beloved mother, Winnie Annette Aleso Mbaria Maina (Mama Njoki).

Although our hearts are filled with sorrow because of her passing, we are also grateful to God for the gift of her life and for the many years, memories and experiences we were blessed to share with her.

BIRTH AND FAMILY

The late Winnie Annette Aleso Mbaria was born on April 15, 1954. She was the second born daughter of the late Mr. Enos Shihemi (a teacher and an administrator) and the late Nivah Shihemi (also a teacher) of Bushiangala, Idakhho South, Kakamega County. She was the wife of Mr. Duncan Benedict Mbaria Maina, son of Haron Maina Joel and Esther Njoki Maina, a former Senior District Commissioner and Deputy Permanent Secretary, hailed from Mukangu, Karatina, Kirinyaga District. The couple were blessed with five children; Esther Njoki (former USAID), Niver Wangari Paula (IFC/World Bank), Rachel Wambui (IGAD), Patrick Maina (Coca Cola) and the late baby Enos Mbaria (1982 who lived to be 2 months old). Cucu to Olivia Aleso Maina and Mathew Mbaria Maina - the light of her life.

SIBLINGS AND IN-LAWS

She was sister and a sister-in-law to; the late Rosebella and Readon Sudi, the late Doris Manyasa, Everlyne Ayoti, John and Dorothy Shihemi, William and Maximilla Shihemi, Harriet Crume, Livingstone and Edith Shihemi, the late Job Shihemi, Violet and Elijah Moga, the late Darlene and Amos Yego.

She was a sister-in-law to; Joel and Cecilia Kariuki, the late Gideon and the late Consolata Muchina, the late Steven and Martha Munene, Paul and Nancy Gakuru, Jane Wairimu and Rachel Wambui.

She was an in-law to the Mugunda family.

LARGER FAMILY

Her larger family included the paternal and maternal uncles, aunts, cousins respectively from the Shihemi and Lutsili (Bunyore) family trees; Luke Shihemi family, the Itemeres, the Shimanyulas, the Ladan, Aggrey Lutsili and other families.

Family friends she related to closely and helped sustain the bonds to date included the Muyeka, the Kubasu, the Ichenihi, the Makotsi, the Muhandachi families, among others.



NEPHEWS AND NIECES

She was a caring aunt to many nephews and nieces, whom she loved.

EDUCATION AND CAREER

Winnie began her education at Bushangala Primary School and later joined Bunyore Girl's High School, where she continued to grow academically, socially, and spiritually. She was a disciplined and determined young lady who valued education and understood the importance of using her knowledge and abilities to make a difference in the lives of others.

After completing her secondary education, Winnie joined Kisii Teacher's Training College, where she graduated in 1974 and received her first teaching posting in 1974 to West Pokot. Teaching became more than a profession for Winnie; it was an opportunity to shape lives, nurture young people, and contribute to the communities in which she lived and worked. It was her passion.

Throughout her teaching career, Winnie taught various subjects. Her favourite subjects were Home Science and English. Her professional journey took her to different parts of Kenya, among them,



Kapenguria, Narok, Nakuru, Nyahururu, Muranga, Hola, Kisii, Embu and Nairobi. She embraced the communities she served and left lasting memories among her colleagues, students, families, and friends.

Winnie was a woman of many talents. In addition to teaching, she had a natural gift for counselling, hospitality, music, farming and relating to people. She had the ability to listen, encourage, guide, and make people feel welcome. Everywhere she lived her home and her presence often provided a place of warmth, conversation, encouragement, and fellowship.

Her career was therefore not only about the classroom. It was also about people. Through her work and interactions, Winnie touched many lives, and the lessons she taught extended far beyond academic knowledge. She taught through her example—through discipline, responsibility, kindness, faith, and the way she cared for others.

Winnie understood that education was a tool for transforming lives. Her own journey demonstrated perseverance and commitment, and she remained an example of a woman who worked hard, served others, and valued personal growth.

As Scripture reminds us:

"Commit to the LORD whatever you do, and he will establish your plans."

— Proverbs 16:3

HEALTH, CHARACTER AND INTERPERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS

Winnie was born a bouncing, healthy child and, throughout her early years and into adulthood, she generally enjoyed good health. She grew into a strong, determined, and dignified woman whose character was evident from a young age. From birth she was rarely unwell. She was extremely active taking any chance in working in her shambas where she would enjoy farming and had a speciality in preparing healthy meals, especially kienyeji.

From childhood, Winnie's demeanour revealed a deep love for her family and a strong desire to succeed. She was particularly protective of those she loved. She would fearlessly stand her ground and defend her siblings whenever circumstances demanded it. She was not afraid to speak up when she believed someone she loved needed to be protected.

At the same time, Winnie was not one to overlook wrongdoing. When a sibling or child was wrong, she would not hesitate to reprimand, correct, and guide them. Her correction came from a place of love and concern.

Winnie was also a woman who valued order, cleanliness, discipline, and excellence. From an early age, she performed her responsibilities and chores diligently and in her own distinctive way. She liked things to be organized and properly done. Her school materials were carefully arranged, she valued punctuality, and she took pride in presenting herself with dignity.

She also had a remarkable ability to build and maintain relationships. Winnie carefully cultivated friendships across different social circles, families, generations, and communities. She did not easily forget people - her one minute of hello would end up a cheerful conversation that would last forever. She valued relationships and made an effort to maintain the bonds that had been established by her parents and those she herself created throughout her life.

Her friendships were not limited by age, background, or distance. She was able to relate to both young and old, and many people found in her a friend, sister, counsellor, mentor, or source of encouragement.

Winnie understood that life is about people. She appreciated family, friendship, fellowship, and community.

The Bible says:
"Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud."
— 1 Corinthians 13:4

And again:
"Above all, love each other deeply, because love covers over a multitude of sins."
— 1 Peter 4:8

Life was not always easy. Like everyone, Winnie experienced seasons of hardship, challenges, disappointments, and difficult circumstances. Yet through the different seasons of her life, she continued to draw strength from her faith, her family, and the relationships she had built.

Her life reminds us that strength is not the absence of hardship. Sometimes strength is the courage to continue loving, serving, believing, and showing up even when circumstances are difficult.



RELIGIOUS LIFE AND FAITH

Winnie was a Christian, having been born into the Church of God. Her Christian faith was not merely a name or tradition; it was an important part of who she was and how she understood life.

From her early years, Winnie was passionate about developing her relationship with God. During her high school years, she was actively involved in the Christian Union, which was associated with the headquarters of her mother church. Through fellowship, Bible study, singing, prayer, and service, her Christian foundation continued to grow.

Her faith always followed her wherever she went.

In the different places where she was posted and worked, Winnie left a mark through her Christian service. She was particularly passionate about mentoring others, singing, Bible study, fellowship, and Sunday school.

She raised her children in a strong Christian foundation as members of PCEA. Later she joined CITAM Valley Road as an active member in the Choir, Sunday school and other activities. She enjoyed fellowship where even on her last days she continued in the service of as a Sunday School teacher.

Her faith was especially meaningful during times of hardship and uncertainty. Winnie knew that life could bring challenges that were beyond human control, but she continued to look to God for strength and hope.

As the Psalmist says:
"God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble." — *Psalm 46:1*
And:
"The LORD is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit."
— Psalm 34:18
Jesus taught:
"My command is this: Love each other as I have loved you." — *John 15:12*

Winnie sought to live out this command in her own way—through her family, her friendships, her work, her church, her hospitality, and her concern for others.

Her Christian journey was a testimony of a woman who sought to remain connected to God while serving the people around her. She leaves behind not only memories but also lessons of faith, courage, discipline, love, service, and perseverance.

As we celebrate Winnie's life, we are reminded of the words:
"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."
— 2 Timothy 4:7— John 15:12

Today, we give thanks to God for the gift of Winnie's life, for the years she shared with us, for the people she touched, for the love she gave, and for the many memories she leaves behind.

Her story does not end with the sorrow of losing her. It continues in the lives of the family members, friends, students, colleagues, church members, and many others whom she influenced.

We mourn her absence, but we also celebrate the life she lived.

Her story does not end with the sorrow of losing her. It continues in the lives of the family members, friends, students, colleagues, church members, and many others whom she influenced.

We mourn her absence, but we also celebrate the life she lived.

May the love she gave continue to speak.

May the lessons she taught continue to guide us.

May the faith she cherished continue to inspire us.

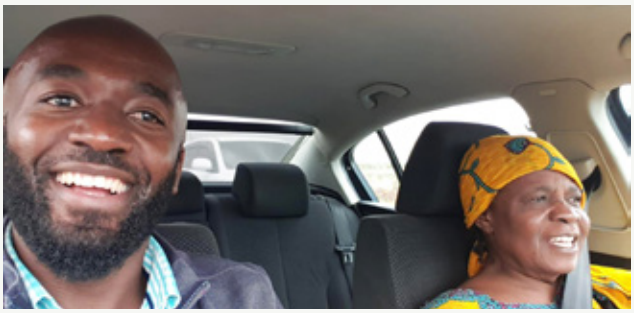
And may her memory remain a blessing to all who knew and loved her.



SPECIAL MEMORIES

There are many memories of our mother that we will carry in our hearts.

We will remember the way she taught us that a good meal ends with a desert, or as she used to call it “pudding” and she definitely enjoyed a good desert...



We will remember that she loved teaching ....



We will remember her laugh, smile, voice, advice, cooking and hospitality...

We will especially remember the way she had a hearty laugh.



She taught us to love, look out for each and enjoy each other’s companies.

These memories will remain precious to us and will continue to remind us of the wonderful woman she was.

Even though she is no longer physically with us, the values she planted in us will continue through her children, grandchildren and future generations.





































TRIBUTES

Dear Mum, words cannot fully express how much you meant to us.

We wish we had more time with you. We wish we could hear your voice, see your smile and receive your advice one more time.

But we thank God for giving us the privilege of having you as our mother.

Your journey on earth has come to an end, but your love and memory will remain with us.

Rest peacefully, Mum.

You will forever remain in our hearts.

We love you. We miss you. We will never forget you.

Until we meet again, may you rest in eternal peace.

From your children, grandchildren, family and all those whose lives you touched.

BABA NJOKI

Family, friends and loved ones.

Standing here without Winnie after 51 years of marriage feels like navigating without my compass but looking at our lifetime together, my heart is filled with overwhelming gratitude. We often focus on the grand milestones but the true magic of our half century together lived in the quiet, everyday moments.

We shared laughter and tears through life's inevitable storms. To love Winnie and to be lived by her for a lifetime is the greatest privilege I have ever known. We grew up changed and learned that love is a daily choice to show up for one another.

The grief I carry today is heavy only because the love was so vast and would not trade a single second of our time to ease this pain.

Winnie is woven into the very fabric of who I am.

Thank you for honouring her memory and supporting me as I carry our 51 years' love story forward.

ESTHER

Mommy, Mum, Mama,

Words cannot fully express what you meant to me. You were not only my mother, but also my friend, counsellor, comforter and prayer partner.

One of the greatest gifts I will always treasure is the way you stood by me during my cancer journey. When I was afraid, weak and uncertain about the future, you were there. You cared for me, encouraged me and prayed with me. You saw me at my strongest and at my weakest, yet you never stopped believing in me.

Mum, thank you for not giving up on me. Thank you for walking beside me through one of the most difficult seasons of my life. Your love and prayers gave me strength when I needed it most.

Prayer was a special part of our relationship. We prayed together about our health, family, challenges, finances and the future. Sometimes our prayers were long, and sometimes all we could say was, **"God, please help us."** But we trusted that He heard us.

The Bible says:

"Even though I walk through the darkest valley, I will fear no evil, for you are with me." — ***Psalm 23:4***

Mum, we walked through difficult valleys together. Now I must walk through this valley of grief without you physically beside me, but I will continue holding onto the God we prayed to together.

There are so many things I wish I could tell you. I wish I could hear your voice, receive your advice and say, **"Mum, let us pray,"** one more time. I wish we had more time.

But I thank God for every moment He gave us.

Your love will remain in the lessons you taught me, the prayers you prayed, the sacrifices you made and the memories we shared. I will continue to carry your love and values with me.

Thank you for giving me life. Thank you for caring for me during cancer. Thank you for praying with me and for me. Thank you for being my mother, my friend and my prayer partner.

"And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love."
— *1 Corinthians 13:13*

Mum, your earthly journey is complete, but your love will remain with me forever.

I love you. I miss you. I will never forget you.
Until we meet again, Mum. Rest peacefully in the arms of the Lord.

Forever your daughter.

NIVER

Mamangu, Mwanagu, Kasupu.
I am grateful for the times we shared, for making sure I know life is not there to test my knowledge, figure out how to live by making sure I never stop attaining my doctorate in the Art of living. You taught me the secret to life, which is why I am here today celebrating your life. You and papa always made me ask myself two fundamental questions: what is the signal I am looking through life's smiles and noises? and what are the real exam questions I have to answer? By giving me the ingredients, recipes, being my pillar and telling me to always keep living life with grace, kindness and joy in my heart. Life has been and will be beautiful because you made sure I made it through every season. You and papa taught me how to learn and serve.

Mamangu your words of wisdom, taught me to remain focused, positive, content, trust in God, be neat , clean, endure all situations, never to judge myself by what people believe, keep dancing and to always smile.

Mamangu you are a unique woman, friend, and teacher to many. You showed your love and kindness very simply by smiling, letting people enjoy your cooking, talk and made sure anyone you meant got the gifts whether you wanted it or not. Mamangu, you are a Godlike quality. When someone we knew died you indirectly ask me this question, "When you die, what would you like someone to say about you?"

For the past couple of years Mwanangu you battled with your health journey with incredible strength. On Wednesday night I asked you to pray for my usually weekly doctor's appointment and to add me on the list of people who will be getting the bananas from your shamba. And you said, "Mwanangu you will always be on the list and we both laughed. " And I said Mamangu you are too kind ." Mwanangu Am I ? Kasupu define 'Kind'. Mwanangu it's removing a little of someone's burden. Mamangu, my grandparents give you the name Aleso which many people do not know about. Mamangu hiyo ndiyo ilivyo with kindness. "Niver make sure you plant before the rain starts tomorrow. I will pass by my shamba to see what needs to be worked on. For sure we will enjoy our harvest these season.

I write this tribute, to celebrate your life, anchored by the greatest gifts you have left behind - kindness, humility, Love, grace, joy and smiles.

Love you,
Mamangu, Mwanagu, Kasupu.

WAMBUI

Mum, Friday 25th September 2026 will always remain an unforgettable day. Though filled with sadness, I celebrate the joy, the care, the laughter, the comfort, the guidance you so lovingly gave me.

Mum, my confidant, my teacher, my friend - I will truly miss you.

Your smile remains a reminder of how you taught me to view life - with joy. Your walk, that slow graceful side-to-side walk - a symbol to live a gracious life. Your kind eyes - those loving eyes saw right through me to be my lens. Your voice - spoke words of encouragement especially when life showed me "dust" was always words beyond reason.

Mum, God truly blessed me with you.
I love you mum, your baby daughter.

MAINA

This is your son speaking to you.
I still cannot understand why you left, and why you had to leave in such a hurry. Why couldn't we have had one last conversation, whether in words or simply in silence. One final moment to talk about the weather, about how your grandchildren are getting on, about the food we should eat and the best way to cook it. To talk about how life can be hard, but how we must be harder. To hear you encourage me once more and remind me that God always has a plan.

And now I find myself wondering: who will I tease? Who will I refer to as Mluhya? Who will I laugh with, argue with, pray with?

Because you held my intensity. You held my sanity. You held our family. You held the love. You held the blessings.

Most importantly, Mum, you held me.

Even though we never had that final conversation, never held hands one last time, never spoke those last words or shared that final silence, I will keep reaching out to you. I will continue speaking to you in my thoughts, in my prayers, and in my heart.

Because even though you are no longer here with us, I will carry you with me every day. I will carry you through the hurt, through the memories, and through the love you left behind. I will keep your memory alive, and I will forever thank God for the gift of having you as my mother.

My Mum. My Winnie Lovely.

ALESO AND MBARIA

MBARIA:

Cucu was a great person and always supported me. She was always nice and kind to me and Aleso. She was always important to me and always made me feel better. She was a really nice person and was very good at cooking and I loved her food. I hope everyone can feel better and be nice to each other and everyone to have a good day.

I love you Cucu, Mbaria

ALESO:

Cucu and I used to spend a lot of time together. She was amazing and always tried to understand everyone and what they needed. She was powerful because of the way she cared for others. A couple of years ago, Cucu and I volunteered at a home for teen moms. It was a meaningful time, as we got to help others and understand their circumstances. At the end of each day, she would give them advice and guidance, always praying for the best for them. She inspires me to be more like her, especially since we share a name, and I will always remember her.

Love you always Cucu, Aleso.

BROTHER AND SISTER INLAWS

Our beloved sister, your sudden passing has left a deep and painful emptiness in our hearts. Although you endured a long illness, we still find it difficult to believe that you are no longer with us. You were a warm and welcoming presence in our family, always ready to receive us with a smile, open arms and a generous heart.

Your home was a place of love, laughter and comfort, and the delicious meals you lovingly prepared brought us together and created memories that we will treasure forever. Your kindness made everyone feel at home, and your presence brought warmth and happiness wherever you were. You were much more than a sister to us; you were a loving mother to all our children. You guided, mentored and encouraged them, patiently sharing wisdom and helping them find their way in life. You entertained us with your beautiful songs, turning ordinary moments into memories filled with joy. Whenever we were troubled, you were there to listen, comfort and strengthen us. Your emotional support carried many of us through difficult moments, while your Christian advice reminded us to trust in God, remain prayerful and hold firmly to our faith. The love you gave so freely touched generations, and the lessons you taught our children will continue to live through them.

Today, our hearts are heavy with grief, but they are also filled with gratitude for the precious gift of having had you in our lives. Your illness may have weakened your body, but it could never take away the love, courage and faith that defined you. We will miss your welcoming smile, your delicious food, your songs, your wise counsel, your comforting words and, above all, the beautiful love you showed to each one of us. You may have left this earthly life, but your memory will remain alive in our hearts and in the lives of the children you loved and guided. Rest peacefully, our dear sister. Until we meet again, may your soul rest in eternal peace in the loving arms of our Lord.

Amen.

COUSINS

It is difficult for me to stand here and speak about Aunty because, honestly, I am still trying to understand that she is no longer with us. When I heard that she had passed away so suddenly, I went into shock. One of the hardest things for me to accept is knowing that I will not see her again, and I will not hear her voice again.

To many people, she was known in different ways. She was a mother, a sister, a friend, a neighbour, a teacher, and a woman of faith. To me, she was my aunty, my teacher, and my friend. I will always remember my aunt as a warm-hearted woman who had a special way of making you feel at home.

Aunty was a strong, disciplined, patient, caring, and outspoken woman. She was not afraid to tell you what she believed was right. Sometimes we disagreed, and sometimes what she said was difficult for me to hear. She spoke her mind, and that honesty was simply part of who she was. Looking back, I appreciate that she spoke her truth. She corrected me because she cared about me, and she stood by what she believed.

She was also a teacher—not only of the Word of God, but of life. She loved children and served as a Sunday school teacher. She was prayerful, and whenever I was going through a difficult time, she would remind me that God loves us and that we should trust Him. She would sometimes make me laugh even when I was struggling. She reminded me, in her own way, of the

importance of leaning on the Lord. When I visited just before I travelled, she would pray for me. And one thing she would often remind us was, "Who do we believe in, if not God?" She also had an incredible eye for interior décor. Everything around her had to be beautiful, organised and, of course, very neat.

When I think about her, I don't only remember the serious lessons. I remember the small things—the things that made her, her.

I remember her calling me, **"Tony, Tony, Tony."** I remember her saying **"wah"** whenever she was about to give me some hot tea, the kind that goes, "Let me tell you Maina," and she was quite generous with such stories or some little piece of news, especially immediately they came in.

And I remember the ice cream. I always suspected she had ice cream hidden somewhere in the house. She knew I knew, and I knew she knew that I knew—but I would pretend I didn't know. I respected that she would give it to me when she felt the time was right. And it was always right; whenever she was happy and there was ice cream in that house, I knew I would eventually get some.

I also remember her cooking, especially her chicken. She didn't cook to impress anyone. She cooked with love. I remember one day when I visited her and Winnie was also there. She was happy because she was almost starting her rabbit-rearing project, and I had gone there to help build a rabbit house. That day, my aunty cooked chicken and even taught me how to cook.

I tried it later—but somehow, it never tasted like hers. Maybe it wasn't only the recipe. Maybe what made her cooking special was the love she put into it.

She also loved teasing me. She would tell me, **"Uniletee mzungu"**—"Bring me a white lady." I would laugh and say, "Nitajaribu." Then she would laugh and remind me that other people had married white ladies, so why couldn't I? I would laugh and quickly change the subject. Those are the memories I will carry.

I will also remember how she listened. If you had a problem, she created time for you. She could correct you, but she could also listen to you. She could disagree with you, but she could still love and care about you. Even after we disagreed, she had her own way of reaching out. Sometimes she would call and say, "I thought I wronged you, and that's why you went silent." Somehow, I knew that was her way of saying she was sorry and that she wanted us to be okay again.

That was my Aunty. A woman who loved deeply, gave generously, prayed faithfully, spoke openly, kept things clean and orderly, helped people, and believed that family should remain together in love and unity.

I believe her life reminds us of *2 Timothy 4:7:* "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."

I cannot pretend that I understand why God allowed her to leave us so suddenly. I am still processing it. But I am grateful to God for the years we had with her, for the lessons she taught us, for the laughter she gave us, and for the love she showed us.

Aunty, I know I will not hear you call me **"Tony, Tony, Tony"** anymore. I will not hear you say **"wah,"** or listen to your stories, eat your chicken, or hear you tease me about bringing you a mzungu.

But above everything else, I want to say **thank you.**
Thank you for teaching me.
Thank you for correcting me.
Thank you for praying for me.
Thank you for listening to me.
Thank you for making me laugh.
Thank you for believing in family.

And thank you for showing me, in your own way, what it means to live with faith, courage, love, and conviction You were my aunty, but you were also my friend and my teacher.

Auntie, you will be deeply missed. Thank you for the love, the meals, the laughter, the beautiful sense of style and the memories.

I will miss you.
May you rest in peace, Aunty.
Farewell, Aunty.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

JOHN SHIHEMI

Being the second in line to Winnie and the first boy in the family, I enjoyed her presence in my entire life all through to our last conversation a few hours before she passed on.

MARY AYOTI

My Dear Loving Sister

Your sudden departure has left me deeply shocked and heartbroken. Yet, difficult as it is, I accept that

God allowed it, for He alone has power over life and all creation.

I will miss your unconditional kindness, especially towards people who were hurting or disadvantaged. You did not merely sympathise with them; you showed genuine concern, offered practical guidance and helped them make changes that enabled them to become more independent. Your compassion was always expressed through action.

Your dedication to the children in Sunday School was inspiring. You gave your time, care and guidance generously. The many people you welcomed into your home, accommodated and supported came from different walks of life, and your kindness to them was a true blessing.

Your Care for the Environment

I will miss your meticulous care for the environment. Wherever you were, you noticed what needed attention and took responsibility for keeping the surroundings clean, orderly and well cared for. Through your example, you taught us that caring for our environment begins with the small, consistent actions we take every day.

Your Love for Agriculture

Your interest in agriculture motivated me greatly. I especially admired the practical and cost-effective way you kept chickens while ensuring that they remained healthy. You approached farming with wisdom, discipline and a willingness to learn, and you inspired me to do the same.

Cleanliness and Order

Your all-round neatness, order and cleanliness were exemplary. I am reminded of our youth. When we were growing up and it was your turn to clean, you would shut us out of the house until you had finished completely. It did not matter how long we remained outside, as long as you achieved your purpose—a sparkling house. That memory still makes me smile and captures your determination to do everything thoroughly and well.

My dear sister, I will miss your generous heart, your practical wisdom and the many ways you served others. I thank God for the years we shared, the lessons you taught me and the example you leave behind. Your love and influence will remain with me and with all those whose lives you touched.

Farewell, my beloved sister. May you rest in eternal peace until we meet again.

VIOLET MOGA

To my beloved sister.
Your radiant spirit, gentle laughter and boundless love has left and indelible mark on my heart that time can never fade. Though you are no longer here with us physically, your memory lives on in every quiet moment of reflection and every cherished family story we share. You taught me the true meaning of grace, resilience and unconditional love always showing up with a kind word and an open heart.

Missing you is a silent grief that stays with me every single day but I take profound comfor in knowing you are resting in eternal peace.

Until we meet again, your light remains a guiding presence in my life.

Fare thee well my sister, my mother's daughter.
Violet Moga

COUSINS

SHARLEEN SHIHEMI

Receive condolences from Ian and my mom.
My late aunty was not only my Senje, she was my bestie, my best friend ,my gist mate, and my aunty best. We have lost a prayer warrior and a matriach in our family. I remember the first time my brother Ian and I met her was around Christmas of 2002. She were very intentional about getting to know us and cultivating a personal relationship with us. Just before my KCSE she came for my prayer day in mukumu girls. Before I went to nursing school her and I grew even closer because we spent alot of time together in that period. That's how our relationship grew over the years.

During my nursing school graduation at KMTC my mom was not in the country, in her I found a mother, my Senje was the only person who attended my graduation which was chaos because too many of us were graduating on that day, we drew humor off of it for many years both her and i looked a mess after that graduation. I lived with her for 9 months. In those 9 months I was nurtured: she sharpened my cooking skills and I was also her kibeti in that period meaning that when she had errands eg. Gikomba and Toi market, I accompanied her. During that time I also became close to my cousins Njoki, Nivah, Wambui and Maina: thank you for sharing Aunty with us.

Aunty cherished her friends, her nieces, nephews and her siblings. I learnt resilience from her, she taught me

so much sometimes without saying a word. She loved Jesus and was a woman of prayer. She was the warrior of truth.

Over the years, we would meet up and hang out then guess what her she would say when she had to leave, that it was getting late and that she had to go so she could get home in time to have dinner ready for Baba Njoki. That's a line I heard many times. She was a virtuous woman, a principled woman and a giver.

She loved teaching Sunday school and loved all the kids in her class, she knew how to pour into the young generation. May God water the seeds that she sowed in the hearts of the many lives she impacted, may God watch over those seeds to see His word come to pass in those lives in Jesus name! She had a big heart, she always had room in her heart especially for people who were not seen or heard, the people who were considered the least those were the people she was close to because she knew how to make them feel seen and heard. She loved well.

The last time after her trip in August to bushiangala she called me and we spoke at length many times after that but one thing she said that I remember vividly is that she had seen dad's house that that now she could rest. I never thought anything about that statement at that time, I never knew that that was her goodbye, rest in my peace Senje.

Fare thee well my bestie and my best friend.

OTHER COUSINS

Auntie Winnie was so much more than an aunt to us; she was like a loving mother, a trusted source of wisdom, and a warm, beautiful presence in our lives.

She welcomed us with open arms and was always ready with kind words, thoughtful counsel, and a patient listening ear whenever we needed her.

She was a truly kind and caring person whose love touched everyone fortunate enough to know her. Her warmth, generosity, and gentle guidance brought comfort and joy to our lives, and the lessons she shared will continue to guide and shape us.

We are deeply grateful for the love, care, and precious memories she gave us. Though she is no longer with us, her spirit will live on in our hearts and in all the lives she touched. Auntie Winnie will forever hold a cherished place in our family.

Rest peacefully, Auntie Winnie. You will be deeply missed, lovingly remembered, and forever cherished by your nephews and nieces.

KENTICE TIKOLO

Mama Njoki was more than an aunt to me. She held a very special place in my life, and I knew that I held a special place in her heart.

She was humble and gentle - a gentle giant whose quiet strength, wisdom and depth touched everyone around her. She had a big heart: loving, generous and caring. Her love was never distant or expressed merely in words; it was deeply personal and revealed through her constant presence in my life.

Mama Njoki was my confidant - someone I could trust with my thoughts, my fears, my dreams and my joys. She understood me deeply, listened without judgement and loved me wholeheartedly.

She was always there for me - at each step and every milestone. In moments of celebration, she rejoiced with me. In times of uncertainty, she reassured me. Whenever I needed encouragement, comfort or guidance, I knew I could count on her.

Her special love for me was one of the greatest gifts of my life. It gave me strength, confidence and a profound sense of belonging. I will forever treasure our conversations, the moments we shared and the many ways she demonstrated that I mattered to her.

Although her absence leaves a deep emptiness, I remain grateful for the privilege of having been loved so generously and so completely by her.

Rest in peace, Mama Njoki. Your gentle spirit, your enormous heart and your beautiful love will remain with me always. I will carry you in my heart through every step and every milestone still to come.

Rest in peace, my very special Senje.

CATHERINE MUYEKA MUMMA

Mama Njoki loved without condition. She was genuinely present through the different milestones of my life - celebrating my joys, supporting me through challenges and always reminding me that I was loved. She also adopted my family in this friendship and had a special relationship them.

I will forever treasure her warmth, her wisdom and the beautiful friendship we shared. I am deeply grateful that she saw me, believed in me and walked alongside me.

Rest in peace, my dear Senje. Your love will remain in my heart, and the lessons you taught me will continue to guide me always.

KUKA - JAYDEN

My dear Kukhu Winnie, My heart is heavy knowing you are no longer with us. Thank you for your kindness, your love, and the words of wisdom you shared with me. Your encouragement will stay with me as I grow. I will strive to become the young man you encouraged me to be—someone you would be proud of. I will treasure your gift and hold it close to my heart, always remembering the love behind it. You will be deeply missed, Kukhu.

Rest peacefully, knowing you made a lasting difference in my life. With love, Your Kuka

CITAM VALLEY ROAD - SUNDAY SCHOOL

Praise God, church.
My name is Janet Kioko, and for 13 years, I have been privileged to serve alongside Tr Winnie in PP1 First Service, where she faithfully served for over 15 years.

Today, I stand before you with a very heavy heart. I never imagined that one day I would have to stand here and say goodbye to our beloved Mum Winnie.

Mum Winnie was not just a teacher; she was a mother to all of us. She was firm, honest and straightforward. She corrected us with love, but she never compromised when it came to serving God. To her, God's work had to be done—and done well.

I will always remember her asking me: "Janet, why should teachers get a day off? If you work from Monday to Friday, surely one day for God is not too much!"

That was Mum Winnie—passionate about God's work to the very end. Her teaching skills were on another level. She loved using teaching aids. She would print countless pictures and beautifully display them around the classroom so that the children could see, remember and understand the lessons. She believed in making learning practical, meaningful and memorable.

She also had such a beautiful and generous heart. She gave us flowers on our birthdays, lovely perfumes, and celebrated our milestones as though they were her own. She constantly checked on us and shared words of wisdom whenever we needed them.

To the children, she was simply Teacher Shushu. Oh, the hugs, the songs, the stories and the joy whenever she entered the classroom! She loved the children deeply and constantly reminded us: "Invest in your children. They are gifts from God."

She always reminded us to give the children healthy snacks, especially nduma—particularly during our Christmas parties, when we wanted to be a little cheeky and bring the children cake instead!

That was Shushu—always thinking about the wellbeing of the children and teaching us to care for them holistically.

Mum Winnie was a Dorcas of our generation. With her hands, she created beautiful things, including mats, which she freely shared with others. She also mentored young boys and girls from Kibera. She would share their needs with us, ask us to pray for them, and encourage us to support them wherever possible.

Mum Winnie, where do we even begin to say goodbye? Our hearts are broken, but our hope is in Christ, our Solid Rock.

Today, we do not only mourn you—we celebrate you. We celebrate a life of faith, service, love and generosity; a life that touched teachers, children and many others.

Your voice may be silent, but your lessons will continue to speak. Your hands may no longer hold the children, but the love you poured into them will remain.

Your work on earth is finished, but your legacy lives on through all of us. As the teachers of Age 4, we promise to continue the work. We will keep loving these children, serving God and showing up, even when it is difficult. We will not grow weary, just as you always encouraged us.

Mum Winnie, you have fought the good fight.
You have finished the race.
You have kept the faith.

Go well, faithful servant. Rest in the arms of your Saviour. You served Him well, loved deeply and gave generously.

You taught us with your hands, loved us with your heart, and left footprints that will remain long after your footsteps are gone.

Mum Winnie, you will never be forgotten.
Until we meet again on that beautiful shore.
Rest well, our beloved Shushu Mum.
Rest well, faithful servant of God.

We love you, and we will miss you dearly.



Design & Printing: www.farijicomfort.co.ke