

TRIBUTE BY NOSAKHARE

Oh, my dear Dad! I still struggle to find the right words to express my grief on your sudden pass. But one thing is sure I and my siblings surely miss your absence, Dad.

You were so full of love. You lived for us, your children. You were present in every moment. How I wish I seized every opportunity of the moments we shared; noting every word of encouragement and reprimands birthed from the place of love and the rich heart of a real father, like you.

You never failed to teach us to remember where we are from, our culture, whose child we are and the values we represent. You taught us to stand for what is right and never allow ourselves to be oppressed neither should we oppress others. You taught us to be generous and to love unconditionally; love humanity, love our country and never forget culture.

As I turn into a young man, I smile up at you in heaven, cause of the privilege to have seen you exemplify, the real and responsible man who fears God and love humanity. Thank you for being such a gracious Father.

Sleep on my dear father! Adieu

Nosakhare (the one you call "My Son!")