



DUULO

THE LIFE &
TIMES OF

JOE



THE CHAMP

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

JOSEPH
MWADULO

9/12/2006 - 1/4/2024



FUNERAL SERVICE

6: 30 AM - GATHERING AT KU FUNERAL HOME

7: 30AM - DEPART FROM KU FUNERAL HOME TO KIMANGARU SECONDARY SCHOOL, EMBU

10: 00AM - SERVICE BEGINS

WELCOME PRAYER

PROCESSION

WORSHIP (3/4 SONGS)

EULOGY

TRIBUTES (MC)

1ST TRIBUTE

2ND TRIBUTE

3RD TRIBUTE

4TH TRIBUTE

HYMN (WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS)

OFFERTORY (PROCEEDS WILL GO TO THE FAMILY)

SCRIPTURE READING

SERMON

HYMN (TO GOD BE THE GLORY)

PRAYERS FOR THE FAMILY

BENEDICTION

RECESSION

1:30PM - DEPARTURE FOR BURIAL SIT

1:45PM - ARRIVAL

2:00PM - INTERNMENT

COMMITAL

FINAL COMMITAL

LAYING OF WREATHS

VOTE OF THANKS

PRAYER & BENEDICTION



A champ is born

The year is 2006. The place; Kikuyu Hospital, Thogoto. It's a few minutes after midnight, on the 9th of December. A champion is born.

Morrison Mwadulo and Mary Wangari Gioche welcome a little human being into this world. His name; Joseph Mwadulo Mwaghogho. Weighing 3.8kgs at birth, Joe was a typical bouncing baby boy. His beautiful eyes, chubby cheeks and naïve smile brought joy, purpose and happiness to his parent's life.

Joe was a sweet boy from birth. Staying true to his name; Mwadulo – which means 'Bee hive'. A great name that he shares with his grandfather; Joseph Mwadulo.

A champ grows

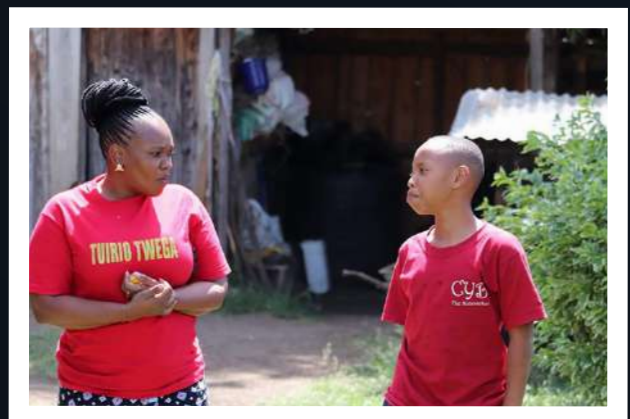


A flower to his parents, a gem to his grandparents & family and a son to the Kenyan film & Theatre industry, Joe was loved by everyone. He was a brave, charming and lovable boy.

Joe was caring and very accommodating. One of his Mum's fondest moments was when Joe, at three years, dragged her to their neighbour's house to check on a baby who was intensely crying. She remembers Joe rushing towards the little girl, comforting her. This was Joe, the selfless, caring boy.

Just like any other growing boy, Joe was adventurous, playful and curious. He had his moments – like when he was stuck on top of a tree while harvesting the neighbours' mangoes and had to fight a dog. Chelsea remembers when he would hide under water, at the swimming pool, then prank his friends by touching their feet. He was so full of life. So full of energy.

He was so glad when he got a baby brother, Jeremy. He became Jeremy's basketball coach, and protector. Jeremy might have lost a tooth in the process but hey, who's counting? Joe was a true big brother.



A champ goes to church

If 'Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it' was an example, it would be Joe. He loved God and was not afraid of declaring it. He was a leader and an achiever, even from a young age.

Abbie remembers their moments at the 'Word of Life' Camp – a Bible camp that he frequently attended during the school holidays. She remembers how active he was in memory verse competitions, his participation during bible hour, how loved he was by everyone and his great interest in basketball at the camp.

Mikal, his counsellor at the camp, remembers how passionate and dedicated Joe was. In the last camp of 2023, Joe was crowned the BEST CAMPER; a title he still holds. He was looking forward to the April 2024 camp as well as the form four leavers 'Word of Life' Diani camp at the end of the year. He also wanted to become a counsellor at the same camp after clearing school.



A champ conquers all fields



Joe's parents are both artists. Apart from playing a few small acting roles in Church, he paved a different path for himself. That of active sports. He was an all-rounded champion, who left a lasting mark in everything he touched.

DULO, as his friends call him, could perfectly play the trumpet in the school's band, he could play the drums and the melody, he could swim effortlessly and was also an excellent gamer.

In FOOTBALL, Dulo was a winger, and a good one at that. His favourite team was the blues; Chelsea! He loathed Manchester United and was always bantering Norman and his other Man U friends. I'm sure the April 4th game between Chelsea and Manchester United would have been one of his best moments this year. His G.O.A.T in football was CR7, Cristiano Ronaldo.

BASKETBALL was his other great love. He was a shooting guard. To put it in perspective, a shooting guard's main objective is to score points for their team and steal the ball on defence. Michael Jordan, one of Joe's icons, was a shooting guard. Yaani Dulo ndio alikua tegemeo.

By the time of his demise, he was an Assistant Captain in his school's basketball team. That's how good Dulo was on the pitch.

Basketball brought so much joy to him. In return, Dulo used the same game to impact the lives of others. He was a trainer, a young coach and a great encourager of many. He once came across a 22-year boy who was drowning into drugs while trying to deal with grief, introduced him to basketball & trained him. The boy has since stopped indulging. That was Dulo, winning games, hearts & souls.



A champ Learns

By the time of his demise, he was an
From an early age, Joe was always a bright boy. Always top three in class rankings. His time at Kiuru Msingi Bora Nursery school and The Green Garden School were some of his parent's proudest moments.

One of his longest friends, Melvin, remembers how great a person he was in primary school. His favourite subjects were Geography, C.R.E and Kiswahili. He was a darling to the teachers & students, participated in almost all the activities, clubs and still maintained an excellent performance.

For his secondary education, Joe joined Chavakali High School, some 390kms away from home. The distance did not deter him from being the best in class, or leading in the field. His charm followed him all the way to Chavakali.

His liveliness and charisma will remain engraved in the lives of his friends. Their thoughtful Friday podcast meetings, their entertainment moments at the school, their time on the field, their remain time at school, will not be the same again.

Joe wanted to pursue aviation; to either become an Air Traffic Controller (ATC) or a Pilot. His spirit lives on. Fly, Joe, fly.



A champ Departs

17 years, 3 months and 29 days from the day Joe was born, he breathed his last. On the 1st of April 2024, through a road accident, a flower was plucked from us.

Some of Dulo's last moments on earth was him sharing samosas with Norman, telling Mwita to send him the exams timetable, bantering his other friends who were to leave the next day and securing his back left seat on the fateful Easy Coach Bus.

What if they didn't travel at night? What if the plans didn't change last minute? What if he boarded a different bus? What if he sat at a different spot? What if Kenyan roads were safe? What if...

These are just some of the 'what ifs' running through our minds. Some of the questions we might never have answers to.

All we're left with are beautiful moments, smiles, laughter, impact and fond memories that Dulo gifted us. Mum is crushed, Dad is devastated, Grandpa Mwadulo, Cucu Gladwell and Racheal are hurt beyond measure. Your siblings, your uncles, your aunties, your cousins, your whole family mourns. All your close friends; Green Gardens, Word of Life, Nairobi Chapel, Chavakali, Kikuyu Town, your team-mates, flatmates, hood-mates are shattered. Your parents' friends & families are grieving. The whole country mourns you, Joe. You were loved. We hope you knew that. Salimia Auntie Mukami.

Joseph 'Dulo' Mwadulo Mwaghogho, our champion! You'll forever remain in our hearts.

'Urokoma kwega kuuraga'
'Kwaheri'



When I realised I was pregnant, I felt like I wasn't ready and since those days there was no pressure of knowing the gender, I wasn't worried about you being a girl or a boy, I was worried about the human I was supposed to take care of.

I was young and uncertain, but because I love kids, I chose you! When I held you in my arms for the first time, and looked into your eyes, all the uncertainty went through the window and I knew I made the right decision.

You made motherhood beautiful and you gave me purpose, hope, and it was us against the world.

Joe, you are empathetic, handsome, charming, charismatic, funny, ambitious, sporty, encouraging and in the recent past you had a food appetite for for 3!

You had already envisioned your life after high school and I was ready for any challenges that would halt your vision because REMEMBER, it was us against the world.

You wanted to be a pilot and you had promised me that you'd fly me around the world, and our first destination would have been at the Kobe Bryant's memorial park since you loved Basketball so much.

In the recent past you loved bracelets and one of the days you came home adorning one with my Brand name Kareh B, it made me understand that you appreciated my sacrifices and sleepless nights to give you the best I could.

Some nights you would stay up late waiting for me to come back home from work, and when I got home you would tell me "Mum go and rest I'll take care of Jeremy."

When I heard you were travelling back home from school at night for the first time, I stayed up the whole night waiting for you to come home. Indeed you Got home! - Home, to your father in Heaven.

Tears cannot wash away the pain, the sad reality will never go away, your beautiful memories are my healing journey and that's why I choose not to mourn you but to celebrate you. I love you beyond the moon.

Mama Joe



A letter from Dad

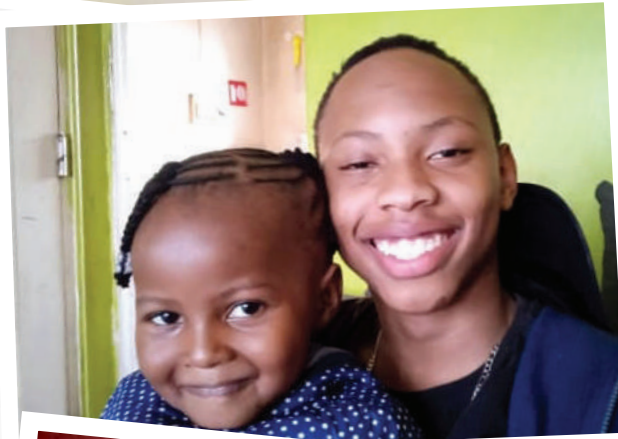
FAREWELL, MY SON

Joe has finished the race and kept the faith before me. I am very sure he hopes and wants everyone here (at the wake) and everyone that he met to be able to keep their faith and meet him one day in Heaven.

Joe, Daddy will miss you very very much. I have lost two-thirds of my family equation, but I will make sure that you stay inside our hearts with the legacy that you left behind and all the great memories you gave us.

Joe – farewell my Son, Dad will make sure to see you again. Soon. You loved us so much, you cared and humbled me in several ways. Your dear sister Taina Mwaghogho and Grace Mwemba will miss your puns, your warmth, smile, not to forget your continuance challenge of hard English words. You were great. Love you son.

Morrison Mwadulo





My dear grandson Joe. You were my very first grand son and I remmember holding you for the very first time and how happy I was. I have watched you grow into a young leader of strength and wisdom. On the day you became a young man I could see the change in your eyes and in your ways. I love your vision and dream to become a pilot and airport controler and we had great plans for your eighteenth birthday..which was not ment to be.you brought happyness and hope for the future...May the good Lord who allowed us to enjoy your company for 17 years and 4 months grant you eternal peace.

Cucu Rachael



Little Brother's Tribute

We loved Joe so much but he died.
We used to play together and have so
much fun. I will miss you so much.

Jeremy



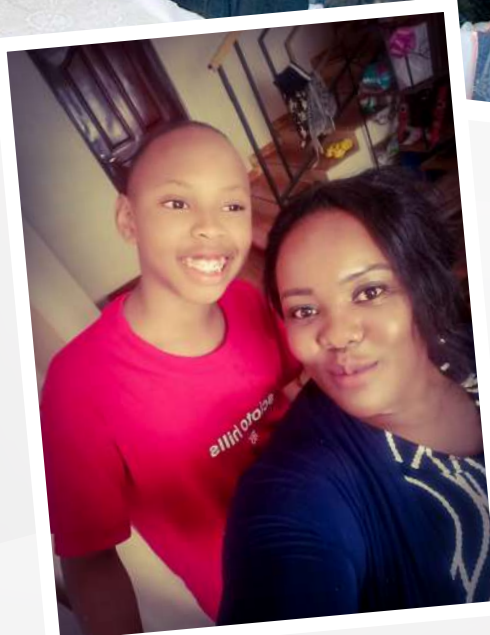
My dear nephew Joe. I will never forget Last Christmas 2023 where we spent time roasting the family goat together as the men of the house. You absorbed good knowledge and acted on it which showed great promise in leadership. How I will miss you young man. May God grant you peace forever in eternity.

Uncle Simon Kariuki



My dear Joe, I remember the day you were born very vividly. The day you bestowed on me the title "Aunt" instilled in me a tremendous sense of responsibility. I always looked forward to our fun dates - whether it was a splash in the pool, a blockbuster movie or a long drive - I always enjoyed your company. So witty, so forthright, confident and wise beyond your years. These and many more are the memories I will forever hold dear. Go well and watch over us. Rest in Perfect Peace, Joe.

Aunt Ciku

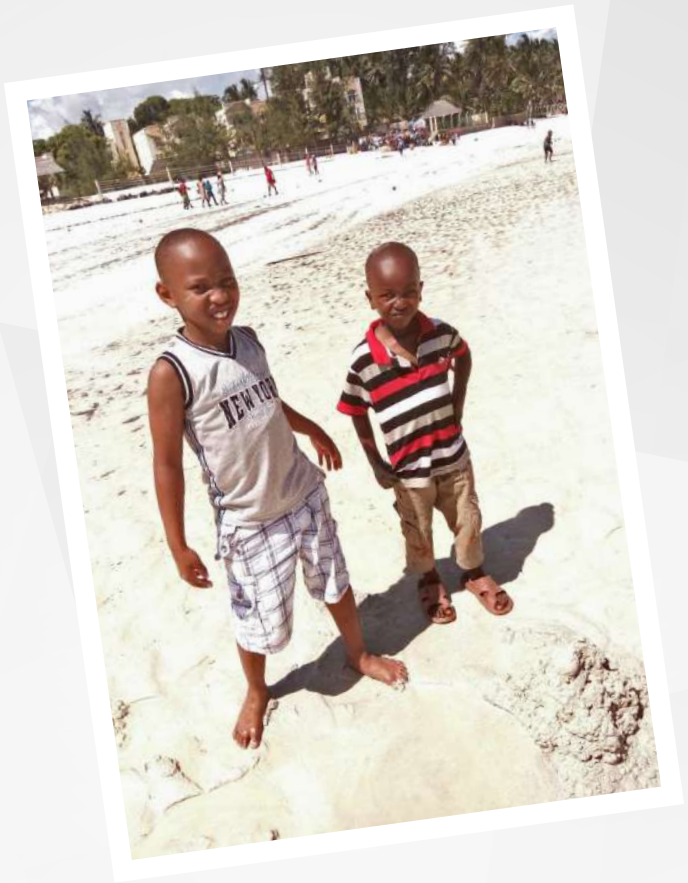


Memories of my cousin

I knew Joe since I was a child and him better as we grew. We used to play with him at the beach during holidays. We always played football together and I enjoyed playing and running with him. I would like to appreciate my cousin for being a good cousin to me and to all. I would like to say sorry to Jeremy for the loss of his brother. As friends and families we will miss you.

Rest in peace

Pralms Gioche Kariuki



My name is Destiny Njeri. Joe was my elder cousin. Joe was my best cousin. Sometimes I play with him sometimes not. The day that I heard he was in the hospital, I felt sad. I am sad that Joe left us. I miss to play with Joe. May God take his heart, may God take him home.

Destiny Njeri



"Good afternoon, everyone. For those who do not know me, I am Daniel Kariuki, Joe Mwadulo's uncle. As I stand here today, it feels surreal that I am tasked with the painful honor of commemorating my nephew's life. His departure has left an irreplaceable void in our hearts, but in the midst of our sorrow, we gather here to celebrate his life, cherishing the moments we spent with him.

Joe was not just my nephew, but an inspiration of how tirelessly we must work to achieve our dreams. He had a vitality that was contagious, a spirit that was indomitable. He embraced life with a zest and enthusiasm that was truly inspiring. I remember when he was just a little boy; he had an insatiable curiosity about the world. It was a joy to watch him grow and evolve, learning, exploring, making a difference in his unique ways. He had a passion for Planes and flying and he had a dream of buying a range rover. He loved so much to do calculus and equations which made me know this guy will go far without anybody saying it. His passion for Education was amazing and he was an Ideal child. He reminded me of his grandfather who went to the top most University in East Africa Makerere with Great men like Hon. Michuki and excelled may he Rest in internal peace But beyond his interests and achievements, what truly defined Joe Mwadulo was his character. He was a person of integrity, compassion, and warmth. He was Obedient to his mother and Elders at large. I had many chances to interact with him when he visited Home and many time in holidays when we met. He stood with his mother even in the face of adversity and this was very admirable.

Today, as we grapple with this profound loss, I take solace in the memories we have; of us dropping him to Chavakali as we woke at 3am and joined with his mom Kari, her sister Ciku and brother Simon .We arrived at Chavakali at 10.30am and we could not do anything but to make sure he was accepted .Through the rain we moved from tent to tent to finish all requirements when we were leaving at 3pm all joe could ask us to buy him was a torch to be able to attend class. The laughter we shared, and the countless moments of joy he brought into our lives are indeed precious. Our hearts ache with grief, but we must remember that Joe Mwadulo would want us to remember him with love and joy, not just sorrow. In the end, it's not the years in life that matter, but the life in the years. And Joe lived his years fully, touching our lives, leaving us with beautiful memories that we will cherish forever.

I would like to conclude with a quote that I believe Joe mwadulo would have appreciated: ["Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood." – Ralph Waldo Emerson

As we say our final goodbyes, let us remember him for his indomitable spirit, his joyous laughter, and the love he had for each one of us." admirable.

Daniel Kariuki

From the first day we met, when you were just a few months old, it was love with a blast, an amazing sharp nephew! From being born on my wedding day, You grew into a marvel, very quick, calculating and trying your best to make everyone happy, even those against your views. Very reasonable young man you became and above all, loving God as scriptures as much as you loved your dances, oh Joe! I don't know how to truly put it, but you were such a son to us, you made your uncles proud, stood out among your cousins as the vibe of the team! From winning the games to defending your cousins, you stood out Joe! You shone academically and always had a Bible quiz anytime we met! I thought you would grow up to outreach us and be a legacy, but now we know that all this rush was to heaven! You somehow had a quick way, though we actually don't agree with the way you left! We were robbed of one of our best, and I pray to God that it won't be in vain!

Oh Joe, it breaks my heart to think of you in that bus, in the middle of the night, in a crazy hard coach without any guardian. Our struggles to look for you, or the right information about your whereabouts were torture enough, and I pray it will not be accorded any other parent. Your death can't be for nothing! May there be justice for you my dear nephew. These painful thoughts notwithstanding, you loved the Lord, who actually picked you out of the mess and took you up to your true home, where you're now dancing with the angels you used to draw for me when you were tiny, heaven of heavens, where there is no more pain of sorrow! Go well, dear Joe! We love you, but God loves you more, and we know you're home early, but home at last! We miss you, but we will truly see you when we eventually arrive home! I know you can't hear me, but you're busy with the angels, asking many questions and enjoying your real home!

Forever in our hearts, go easy boy! Farewell my nephew! Rest in peace great one!



Uncle pastor, Apostle Thuo.

I never thought that one day i would be asked to write something and i would struggle with words, this has to be one of the most difficult pieces that i have had to write, but your mum reminded me that we need not mourn but celebrate you.

'Young Man' as i fondly called you, you lived way beyond your years. Listening to tributes from different people, old and young on the impact you had in their lives, leaves me envious because i doubt i have impacted people as positively as you have. My memory of you as a young boy are very vivid, a little mischievous and ever laughing even when you knew you were in trouble and the witty way you would talk yourself out of trouble was preparing you to be the man that you have become. You knew your rights and were not afraid to speak up when you felt like you were being unfairly treated. And its a clear testimony that your last act was defending yourself and fellow comrades.

You were very passionate about anything that you set out to do. If it was sports you would give your all, we played football matches and you won some and lost some but you never forgot to remind your uncle Izzo and i that we were old and you would outrun us and thats what made our victories even sweeter, because while you reminded us of our age we also reminded you that sometimes speed was not the way to win but strategy worked and we would laugh at that afterwards. I recall the last activities that we did together, paintball that you young guys lost miserably and how angry it made you, anger that you very constructively put into the next challenge which was a go-karting race which we the experienced drivers couldnt beat you in.

You drove that car with so much ease and with a smile and i remember you lapping me and reminding me "Mzee nilikwambia huwezi nishinda tena", which was followed by a hearty laugh, something that left me quite amused and angry, because you had taught me a lesson in humility and picking myself up when down.

You chose to move on from the loss in paintball and the energy was transferred to winning your next challenge. You tapped out too early and i feel that there were many things that were left unsaid but i cherish the memories that we shared. I got a front row sit to a masterpiece that was your life and its something i hope your, brother, cousins and friends can emulate. I will definitely miss our football banter and the constant reminder of how badly my team has been performing but most of all i will miss your greeting 'vipi mzee'. You definitely are a memory that will not fade, one that will always linger and i genuinely appreciate having had you in our lives. Rest in power Joe!

Sammy Muraya



Joe was amazing. As a young kid he was always smiling and had a way of creating special moments out of seemingly normal situations. Other kids were drawn to him, he would take care of the smaller kids during play. He would light up a room!

Fast forward to his teenage years and we became even more close. A gifted athlete who mastered several sports disciplines, a young man with social skills that were above par. He was effortlessly stylish. He was always grounded and disciplined. Competitive and full of life. The times we had playing sports and just talking about life will forever be special memories. Spending time with Joe was a breeze. Amazing Joe.
Love,

Isaac Kariuki

Joe,

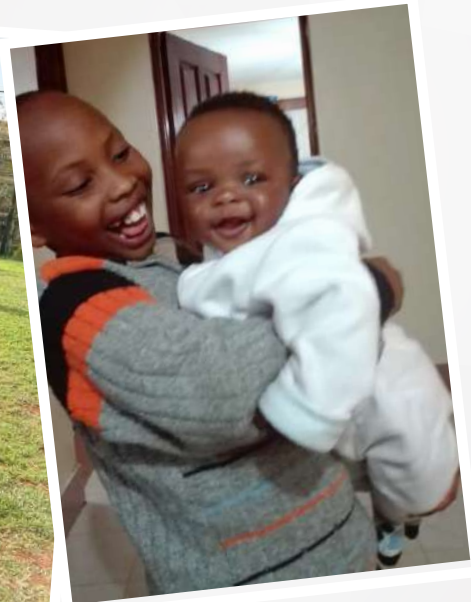
Though our paths didn't cross often, your sudden departure has left a profound void in my heart. Your vibrant spirit and youthful energy were a beacon of joy, even from afar. It's a cruel twist of fate that such a promising life was cut short by tragedy.

Your passing serves as a stark reminder of life's fragility and the preciousness of every moment. May your memory continue to inspire us to cherish the ones we hold dear.

Rest in peace, dear nephew. You will be forever missed and always remembered

Love,

Auntie Grace Njeri



It is a shame to hear that Joe has passed away and I still refuse to believe it as I can remember being with him just under 2 years ago. He was a very outgoing person with a lot of confidence which was a very good trait for him. I can remember during Christmas in 2021; we played FIFA at the time and were just vibing with all our other cousins. I remember the next year we met up again for Christmas and we were at Shaggz and we went down to the river Mathioya with Joe, me and Tiffany just having fun. We really had a good time as we went up the steep slope to Grandmas and played fifa on the ps5 with everyone having a lot of fun. Although I didn't meet up with Joe as much as some of my cousins I still believe he was one of my closest cousins and I am very upset about this, and have been questioning myself why did it have to be him and why did this have to happen in the first place. Life can be very unfair but we have to work with it. I wish I could have seen Joe this year as we were going to come to Kenya this December which would have been so much fun but it can no longer happen. I will miss Joe and continue to cherish all the memories I have with him. Rest in Peace Joe.

Michael Githinji



Ladies and gentlemen,

Today, we come together to remember my cousin, Joseph Mwadulo. Though his time with us was short, his impact was immense.

Joseph was a ray of light in our family, always spreading joy and kindness. His smile could brighten any day, and his love touched us all.

Though we're saddened by his passing, we're grateful for the memories we shared. Let's honor Joseph by cherishing our loved ones and living with kindness.

Joseph, you'll always be in our hearts. May your soul Rest in perfect peace, dear cousin.

Thank you.

Daniel Mwadulo





Dear Joseph I'm saddened with your departure from us.I will never forget the fun moments is shared with you.I remember when we first met we were forced to say hi to each other and mention our names.We weren't that close but with time we became best friends.I also remember when I forced you to give me your number because you didn't want you,you kept asking why I needed it and I always told you so we could talk and due to my persistence you gave me.I wish I had more time to know you,just as we were getting closer you left.I will never forget how we used to tease each other,you would tease my height and I would tease your age,best moments.I will miss your laughter and making jokes with you,also asking for your pictures on a daily basis.I will cherish all the memories I had with u and keep them in my heart

From your cousin:Tiffany

Tiffany Muraya

It was with great pain and sorrow that I came to know of your untimely demise. I can't help but shed tears every time I remember the wonderful moments we shared together. Your presence graced our lives with love, laughter and endless joy. Though you're no longer with us, your spirit lives in our hearts and your memories remain etched in our hearts forever. Till we meet again, dear cousin, may you find peace and happiness in the arms of the angels.

Crystal Muthoni

It broke our hearts to hear that you're gone forever. You were a very dear cousin and we all loved you dearly. You were always happy and anytime one joined your company or vice versa, you brought such warmth and kelele mingi. I loved watching you give stories, no one could ever ignore you, such a good story teller... Not forgetting your crazy love for basketball and arsenal team...during family Christmas parties, watching football will be quiet among teens as the main arsenal team supporter will no longer be there. It's unfortunate you have left so early, too soon...but we are praying for your sweet mum and bro that God will comfort them and embrace them with His love. Rest in peace big cuz.

Patience Thuo.

I remember the memorable times we had with my beloved cousin nicknamed dulo.it so unfortunate that he went to a better place where there is no sorrow and discomforts.

He always told his mom that when he grows up he will build a music studio for his mom and he always continued to build himself up to archive his dream job

We all know that Joe was always kind, joyful and he taught us to never give up on our dreams.

REST IN ETERNAL PEACE

IN LOVING MEMORY OF: Joseph
mwadulo

Michael Thuo.

Not only words can describe how my heart aches and is full of sorrow and pain .I am truly grateful to have had you as a part of my life,your bond with me and my other cousins was unexplainable . You were a cousin but also a big brother to me and the others . You were the outspoken one whose voice made a difference in times of need and petty quarrels. I miss already how we would quarrel about the best football team and disturb shosho late in the night playing fifa with Tiffany, Liam and the others . You have gone but it is hard to accept . Your memories and handsome smile will forever be missed and will stay close to our hearts.We love you but God loves you more . We have unanswered questions but God will help us . We know that you are in a better place that is heaven . May your soul continue resting in eternal peace

Sharon Thuo.



A TRIBUTE TO MY COUSIN

Joe, or as I called you, Dulo. No words can be enough to describe how sad I am to have lost someone like you. Your sense of humor always lit up the place when there was dullness. You were someone who was loving, caring and someone who would interact with people in a way I can not describe. You were a pillar in all of our lives. Without you, our hearts have a missing piece. The world has lost someone great, greater than one could ever imagine. Even though you have gone too soon, I know that you are happy, dancing and singing with the angels in high. I love you and I will always love you. Fare thee well Dulo.

Joy Mukami



Joseph Mwadulo. He would go by so many names given to him under different circumstances but one of our favorites was Dulo. Dulo was a friend to many and a brother to way way more. Throughout the three years we have known him, he connected deeply with so many, he literally influenced the masses. Be it through basketball, his academics, aviation... Dulo loved what he did and he did it to the best of his ability. He was full of joy and by virtue of this, everyone lightened up to him. He put a smile on every single face he crossed. Dulo genuinely cared for us. He would struggle to make sure we enjoyed the little things life has to offer. Dulo was crowned king of the court, a guru in his academic endeavors and was bestowed upon the title ATC to be.

Even though his death caught us by surprise, we will forever cherish the memories we shared... the seasons we had under the Sun. Thank you for sharing your life with us Dulo.

Chavakali Classmates





In loving memory of Joseph Mwadulo

Words are not enough to express the sorrow I feel. The news of Joseph's demise left me in so much shock and up until now I find it difficult to accept that he won't be around anymore. Joseph was so generous and hardworking. He dedicated his time and effort to doing what he loves and that was what made him one of the best basketballers our school will ever have. He was vibrant, kind and jovial and he always found a way to make people happy. His jovial mood was so contagious and one would always be happy around him. Joe's presence was always felt everywhere he went and he would fill any room with so much joy. I recall how we would happily sing songs and endlessly talk about our lives, our dreams and aspirations. I'm going to miss those moments a lot. Joseph always inspired us to embrace each day with gratitude and joy even in the face of adversity. Joe has taught me so much moral-wise and he has helped me in building my character as a person. He was such a good person and he was a friend and a brother to many. I can go on and on because Joe's impact on my life has been massive.

You are gone too soon Joe but you have left us with so many memories that we'll cherish every day of our lives. We will always honor your memory and carry on your legacy by embodying the same kindness, generosity and joy you exemplified. You have a very special place in our hearts and we are going to miss you so much. Rest in peace my brother, Till we meet again.

Isaiah 26:19.... Those powerless in death will come to life.

Austin



Normally I'd hit you on the hand and then you'd smack me on the forehead as a hey but in this case I'll start with a simple" hey"

Hey joe, saying this is weird, I'm not used to the normal greetings without an insult that followed after....

It's hard thinking about you knowing I'm never going to see you again....

We had a lot planned but never was flying to the angels one of them.....

I remember I'd always try to call or text you the day before going to school because i knew, how hard it was waking up early and going to a place where it felt a bit different..... But then you'd say how you'd meet pretty girls in nakuru on your way to school. You'd always post a bald head emoji on your status then I'd reply laughing so hard and as usual you'd always get pissed.....

I remember the many times you'd call me dumb because i couldn't keep up with fifa....

I'd force you to teach me then once i miss out on something you had said 10 minutes ago you'd be "enda ulale, shhhtupid"

You were tired of teaching me poker but you'd always repeat the same concepts again for me to understand.. I will miss you brother

You'd always force me to play basketball in the house just to mock my height and the fact that i knew nothing about it, but then again my big sister antennas would rise up because your excitement would go a notch higher, your bedroom door knob and your side bulb would definitely back me up on this

You'd always feed my delulu about "big man" and wanted to know everything about him....

You leaving hit me hard, it took a toll on me, it made me realise that even though i did appreciate you i just didn't appreciate you enough..... .

I feel like i didn't spend enough time with you or texted you often.

It will take a while healing from this but then again I'm glad aunty winnie is there with you.....

Having you around was like having that one family member who understood you, you were my favourite human, but most of all you were my big little brother

I love you

I loved you when we was kids, i love you now and I'll love you forever.....

But i don't think I'll love you as much as you loved food

Fly with the angels Mwadulo

Forever in my heart

-: Your short sister

Chelsea



Joe was like the brother I never had. I talked to him about anything and everything without feeling awkward or judged. Dulo was a good listener and gave advice where needed. Joe introduced me to Word of Life and during the camp, he took care of me like his younger sister; from booking seats for us to encouraging me to play sports and accompanying me to wash the dishes while making fun of me. He made sure my experience was one of a kind. He was so patient with people it was fascinating. Joseph's way of socialising with people was worth being jealous over because it was like second nature to him. Mwadulo was also infuriatingly good at everything he did, even on his first attempts. Joe had been my role model since childhood. I have tons of memories from when we were children of when he would do cartwheels and I would attempt to copy him forgetting I was much younger and I wound up hurting myself more often than not. If perfection walked the Earth in human form, it would have been Mwadulo. But if I were to talk about all of his qualities, I'd need the rest of the day. He was truly the standard.

Lots of love,

Lovely



Dear joe,

You have been a great part of my life since I was aware of my own existence and I still can't believe that you aren't around anymore. This still seems like a nightmare that I can't wait to awaken from. They say that there is a reason for everything and that time heals all wounds but neither time nor reason will change the way I feel.

Our mothers made us feel like a family by making sure that we had holidays planned together. We had big plans of celebrating our MEGA 18th birthday together. How will I celebrate in your absence? Will it even make sense?

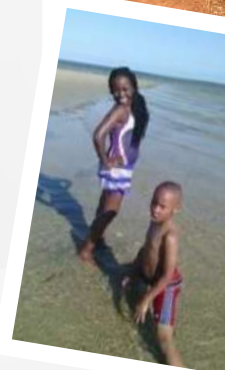
We had planned to come and pick you up from school once you cleared as we celebrated your great achievement, only to have your lifeless body picked from a wreckage of a bus ferrying you from school. We had so many future plans and you had so many goals that I couldn't wait for you to achieve. I was one of your biggest cheerleaders.

You introduced me to the wonderful community of word of life and I'll forever be grateful. Every single time I went astray you were there, never tired to pull me back. You made my life so much better and I never told you this but I looked up to you. You made me a better person. You taught me that I shouldn't be afraid to declare my faith and stand by it. You weren't scared of declaring your belief and you nevertheless cared about how others perceived you. You were such a pure soul and I'm more than glad that I got to spend time with you even though it wasn't enough.

You were the kindest person that I ever came across and I didn't understand how you forgave so easily. You are one of the all time greatest. If I could write a story it would be one of the greatest ever told, of a kind and loving soul who had a heart of gold. I love you Joe. I love you endlessly.

Love,

Abbie



Uka Mwathani

Uka Mwathani utonye thiinil
Ndukarugame muromo-ini
Riu nindaigua mugambo waku
Mwathani Jesu utonye thiinil

Riua ni rithuu, na kuri nduma
O na kuri mogwati maingi
Ti itheru ihinda ni riagiru
Ningwenda muno utonya thiini

Nguconoka tondu kuri thina
Indo ciakwa ciothe ni njuru
Ningi o nacio ihunjitwo
Kai ngikugwata ugeni atia?

Ninemetwo ni gwithondekera
No-ri ndikwenda urugame nja
Mathina macio ni manyonagia
Ati nimbataragio niwe

Tondu ucio ndakuya uuke
Gutiri mugeni ungi tawe
Watonya mugeni niuguthondekera
Wagirie mucii wa ngoro yakwa.

Nothing but the blood of Jesus

What can wash away my sins?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus

Oh! Precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
No other fount I know

Nothing but the blood of Jesus
For my cleansing this I see
Nothing but the blood of Jesus

For my pardon this my plea
Nothing but the blood of Jesus
Oh! Precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
No other fount I know
Nothing but the blood of Jesus

Nothing can my sin erase
Nothing but the blood of Jesus
Tis not of works, tis all of grace
Nothing but the blood of Jesus
Oh! Precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
No other fount I know
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.



