



IN LOVING
Memory



**MAMA DINAH
WANYONYI**

1945 - 2024

Order of Services

I. Vigil

Thursday, July 11, 2024

3:00 pm

Retrieval of the body from Kiminini Cottage Hospital Mortuary

4:00 pm

Arrival of the body at the family home in Kiungani

4:00 pm

Prayer - The Glory Ministry Church

4:10 pm

Scripture Readings

4:20 pm

Tributes

5:30 pm

Sermon

6:00 pm

Prayer

6:30 pm

Overnight vigil

II. Funeral

Friday, July 12, 2024

10:00 am

Family seated - Marlon Lugadiru

10:00 am

Opening hymn - Choir

10:05 am

Opening prayer - Pastor

10:10 am

Tributes

1. Neighbours

2. Friends

3. Colleagues

Hymnal break

4. Relatives

Balako Clan

Bakitang'a Clan - Brothers & Sisters

5. Dignitaries

6. Administration

County government

National government

7. Family Tributes

Daughters in law

Sons & Daughter

8. Eulogy

1:00 pm Service

Sentences/Readings

Sermon

Prayer for the family

Vote of thanks

Procession to final resting place

Graveside rituals

Laying of wreaths

Final prayers and benediction

Eulogy

Madam Dinah Naliaka Wanyonyi was a remarkable woman who left an indelible mark on all who knew her.

Early life

Born on July 25, 1945, in Chapata Village, Chepchoina, she was the beloved daughter of the late Mzee Erastus Bunyasi Musungu and the late Agnes Nanjala Bunyasi.



Career

Dinah's journey began in the humble surroundings of Cherubai and Endebess primary schools. Her passion for education led her to Mosoriot Teachers Training College, where she honed the skills that would define her career. She was not just a teacher; she was a beacon of knowledge, touching the lives of countless students across various schools, from Race Course, Eldoret, Primary School in Uasin Gishu to East Sare Primary (now Kapsara Primary) then Nasokol Primary in West Pokot County. Her dedication brought her to SSD Primary School on Ronald Ngala Street in Nairobi, and thereafter relocating from Nairobi to Trans Nzoia, she continued her teaching work in Kiptuimet, Kobos, Lunyu, Namanjalala, and finally, Grassland Primary, from where she retired in 1997.

Family

While teaching at Nasokol Primary, Dinah met the love of her life, Mr Ben Nyongesa Wanyonyi. Their union, blessed by the Rev Daniel Tumko on December 30, 1967, was a testament to their unwavering love and commitment. Though they faced the heartache of losing their first daughter in 1969, they were blessed with five more children: David Biketi, John Mechumo, Andrew Manafwa, Lois Nafula, and Peter Kusimba. Dinah was a devoted wife and mother, her heart ever brimming with love for her family.



After the death of her husband, Ben Nyongesa Wanyonyi in September 2003, she held the family together and was a source of succor and wisdom.



Community

Dinah's influence extended far beyond her family. In Lunyu, she was a respected farmer, known for her dedication and hard work. Her passion for peace and faith was evident in every aspect of her life.

Spirituality

A devout Christian, she played a pivotal role in building the first Anglican Church in Lunyu, St Peters Anglican Church, alongside Mama Alice, Mama Edah, and Mzee Zakayo Githua Mwangi. Her faith journey continued as she joined the Abundant Life Crusade Church, where she served as a treasurer and worked with American missionaries to establish a community library. Never one to rest on her laurels, Dinah pursued further education at Grace College in Karen, Nairobi, earning a diploma in Theology. She later joined Good Life Church, continuing her mission to serve God and her community.

Dinah Naliaka Wanyonyi was a woman of unparalleled strength, compassion, and faith. Her legacy is one of love, dedication, and unwavering commitment to bettering the lives of those around her. She was a peacemaker, a devoted Christian, a loving wife and mother, and a beacon of hope and inspiration.



Health and final days

Around 2018, Mama Dinah was diagnosed with Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma, a rare cancer that develops in the lymphatic system and forms growths. In her case, the growths affected her breathing. She also battled high blood pressure and diabetes for over 15 years. She put up a good fight under the care of Prof Nicholas Abinya of Nairobi Hospital, a leading specialist in this form of cancer, and Dr Hussein of MP Shah Hospital. However, on the morning of Sunday 30th June 2024, she peacefully passed on at her home in Kiungani.

As we bid farewell to this extraordinary woman, let us carry forward her legacy of love, faith, and service. Dinah's life was a testament to the power of dedication and the impact one person can have on their community and beyond. Though she may no longer be with us in body, her spirit will continue to guide and inspire us. Rest in peace, Dinah Naliaka Wanyonyi.

Your light will forever shine in our hearts.





Tributes

To the Best Grandma:

Grandma, I know you can't read this, but I love you so much. I'm so grateful for all the things you taught me. Thank you for cheering me up, even when I was feeling really sad. I know you made other people smile and be happy, too. You helped so many people while you were here on Earth, and I think we should all appreciate that. We're going to miss you so much, Grandma. I'm going to miss you a lot. I'm so thankful for everything you did for me. My love for you is forever. I wish I had spent more time with you. I pray that you'll be with me all the time, making me happy. You will never be forgotten and will always be loved. Have fun and dance with the angels of God. I love you so much.

From your grandchild, Jaleel Bunyasi



I remember my Grandmother's prayers and they have followed me. They've clung to me all my life.

Nina

Love you grandma -you truly were a special, special woman. You may have passed on, but your memories would always live on within us. Thank you for your sacrifices, your care and concern, your love and everything that you have done for us. Wherever you are, I know you are in a better place. Keep shining bright in heaven.

Love, Liz and Zeta.

Today, we remember my wonderful grandmother whose love, kindness and wisdom touched us all. She taught my father valuable lessons which he now teaches me as I grow up. Although we are sad about her abrupt death, we should be glad that we got to know what a wonderful person she was. She had a way of making everyone feel special and would always put a smile on everyone's face.

Though she is no longer with us, her spirit remains, guiding and inspiring us every day. Grandma, you were a blessing. Your memory will be forever cherished. I wish I got to know you better and spent more time with you. May you rest in peace, Grandma, my friend. Fly high, Dina.

Your grandson, Shawn Wanyonyi

Kukhu, I vividly remember you, but my mum says that I am beautiful like you and that makes me feel great.

I have always known that I hold a special place in your heart, because of the way you treated me whenever we met. The one thing I will cherish is your warm and beautiful smile and how you unconditionally loved me.

I will miss your kind heart, your concern about my being autistic and your quest to make me get better.

Kukhu, may your warm and beautiful smile continue to radiate in heaven until the day that we will meet again.

Janice Nyongesa

Mama Dinah Naliaka Wanyonyi, or as I fondly called her, Khukhu Naliaka, was not just a grandmother to me, but my namesake, mentor, and guiding light. From an early age, Khukhu Naliaka instilled in me a love for reading. She believed that books were windows to the world, and through her encouragement, I discovered the magic of stories and the power of knowledge. But it wasn't just her passion for reading that she passed on to me.

Khukhu Naliaka lived her life with an unwavering set of values — honesty, kindness, perseverance, and respect for others. She taught me that the true measure of a person lies not in their words but in their actions. Her life was a testament to this ethos, and I strive every day to live up to the example she set. I vividly remember celebrating her 75th birthday not long ago. It was a joyous occasion, filled with laughter, stories, and love. She was the centre of our universe, a gem whose light illuminated our lives. Her wisdom, warmth, and grace touched everyone she met, and her legacy will continue to inspire us all.

Fare thee well, Khukhu Naliaka, my namesake.

Though you are no longer with us in body, your spirit and the lessons you imparted will live on in our hearts forever. Your strength was awe-inspiring, and you faced life's challenges with grace and resilience, never losing your faith.

Your legacy lives on in all of us and in the memories we hold dear. Thank you, Khukhu, for everything. Until we meet again, know that you will always be in my heart. I love you, and I miss you more than words can say.

With all my love, Lakeisha Naliaka



My grandmother was a beacon of strength and resilience. As a child, I visited her often, witnessing firsthand the value of hard work she embodied. Her hands, though aged and worn, were always busy, teaching me that diligence was the path to a meaningful life.

I admired her unwavering spirit, especially as she faced illness with a bravery that seemed almost otherworldly. She never gave up, always pushing forward with a grace that left me in awe.

Her words about the importance of family still resonate deeply with me. She believed in keeping family ties strong, a legacy I am committed to upholding. Her wisdom and love were the glue that held us together.

I miss her greatly. Her absence leaves a void, but her lessons and love remain. I will carry her memory in my heart forever, striving to live up to the incredible example she set.

Have a safe travel Kukhu, and may your soul rest in Peace.

Jason Munyasia

To My Mother- in-law: Thank you for always loving me and guiding me. Even though you're no longer here with me, I can still feel your love guiding me. You will always be in my heart.

Joyce



As the firstborn son, I am glad to pay tribute to my beloved mother. Mama was more than just a parent to me; she was my greatest teacher. From a young age, she instilled in me the principles of the Christian faith, teaching me to walk in the light of God's love and grace.

Mama, your teachings went beyond mere words. You embodied compassion, love, and fearlessness in everything you did. Your life was a living testament to the virtues you held dear, and you showed me what it means to truly care for others. You were the embodiment of the scripture that says, "And now these three remain: faith, hope, and love. But the greatest of these is love" (1 Corinthians 13:13). If love is sweet as a flower, then mum, you are that sweet flower of love. Your love was a source of

strength and comfort, nurturing me through life's challenges and joys.

You taught me to stand firm in my faith, to be compassionate towards others, and to face life's difficulties with courage and determination. David's tribute to you speaks volumes about the impact you had on our lives. You were a guiding light, a beacon of hope, and a pillar of strength. Your legacy of love and faith will continue to inspire us and guide us in the years to come.

Mama, you may have left this earthly realm, but your spirit lives on in our hearts. We will carry your teachings with us, and your love will continue to bloom in our lives, just as the sweetest flowers do.

Thank you, Mama, for being the incredible person you were. We love you, we miss you, and we will cherish your memory forever.

David Biketi Nyongesa

My grandmother mama Dinah was a very good woman.

She was never afraid to speak the truth.

A follower of God, she always brought joy and laughter with every smile.

We called her Kukhu. Kukhu means grandma. I personally think I was very close to her. We would sometimes pray together; we stayed there for a whole ten minutes but it was worth it. I spent time with her. I only regret not visiting her this year. Other than my sister Janice's grandma I have never lost anyone this close to me. So straight forward, I love Kukhu so much and will miss her. What I thought was unique about her was her love for people, she always treated everyone like her own children. You would be treated the way she treats all her children.

May you be dancing with the Angels in heaven.

Rest in peace Gogo, Kukhu, Grandma.

Azania Nyongesa Nabvangi.

Mai, Madam Dinah, it is hard to say Goodbye. But I have to. Deep inside I know it is a physical goodbye. But it's not the end. Because the relationship we have was never destined to end. We were common. We were not common. We are mother and son. We are teacher and student. I fought and rebelled against Madam Dinah. I laughed and talked with Mammy. We cried and we loved with Mai. These three levels define the grand, elegant, gentle, godly woman to whom, with pain, I have to say goodbye.

There is so much to say about these levels we journeyed through.

As Madam Dinah, you set the standards my friends, my workmates and my clients would come to see. As my primary school teacher, you believed in the biblical "Whoever spares the rod hates their children, but the one who

loves their children is careful to discipline them." As a child, I believed having a Madam Dinah in school and home was God's ultimate punishment for a mischievous young John. I had to speak proper English, stand upright and call everyone Sir and Madam. I had to assist in marking your class 1-3 school assignments. I had to be neat. I had to cook. I had to clean. I had to be classy. I had to be fair and honest in distributing Maziwa ya Nyayo in the school. I had to reflect your integrity.

When rebellion time came, I played it to the hilt. Because beyond being Madam Dinah, you were also Mama Dinah. My mum. We fought. We made up. We disagreed. You are conservative. I was liberal. But we aligned. And as I grew older, I saw the wisdom of your ways: Be fair. Be honest. Have integrity. Give. As Mammy I would witness an amazing act of pure kindness, generosity, and humanity. You were my mum. But I had to make space for so many others. Mum, this has served me well. I have been faithful to your ways. I may have strayed from church but not from your godly way. I have learnt to become a man of integrity. I have become a proud dad. Those who work with me know I have refused to reap from the bowels of corruption that have stained our country. You taught me to speak truth to power. You said, "Just be honest my son. They are powerful. They are not God. Speak the truth. You will be fine". I have learnt to give. I have learnt to walk in the shoes of others. I am not perfect, mum. I have made many, many mistakes. But I have a base and a beacon. I share your truth to my brothers and sister, and to my children and relatives. Mammy, go well. I will be fine. Your children will be fine. My children will be fine. Those who work with me will be fine. Because you raised me well.

As Mai, the affectionate way I referred to you when I needed my mum's love, I was simply your overgrown baby. In your flaws I saw perfection. In your gentleness I saw godliness. And I will miss you, mum.

I was preparing for your 80th birthday. Dad died at 59. Diabetes won. In your fight with cancer, my brothers and sister and I bonded; we fought together with you. You won. In those eight years, I saw courage, pain. But I saw a warrior. You were just a year short of being 80. And all I wanted was to celebrate all these things you are and help you understand you had nothing to regret about your life. I had put together a plan. I called it "Mai@80". I have to accept that the work of your gentle hands here on earth is done. I still think it's too soon. But I must tearfully let you go. Thank you for raising me up well.

I will miss you, my Madam Dinah. Go Well Mai.

John Mechumo Nyongesa



Mum,

It is difficult for me to pen this as it dawns on me that you are really gone. You were not only a mother but a dear friend, a selfless person who wanted the best for your children and more so your commitment to ministry. I know Heaven has kept the best. You silently slipped away as I kept watch. I never knew those were our last moments together. We had cherished priceless moments together I would never forget.

Fare thee well till we meet at the feet of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Valerie Kisaka.

Mum, you taught me to be just and righteous, guiding me with unwavering principles that have shaped my character. From your keen farming business, I learned the value of hard work and entrepreneurship. Whenever I miss you, I am reminded of how fortunate I was to have you in my life. Those precious moments with you are irreplaceable. You were a great disciplinarian, instilling in me the discipline and values that have carried me through life. Your legacy lives on in everything I do. Fare the well, mum ... Dance with the angels. You fought a good fight; you kept the faith. Your son,

Andrew Manafwa Nyongesa.

The world changes from year to year, our lives from day to day. But the love and memories of you shall never pass away.

Loice-Grace Nafula.

Dear Mum,

Mum was a remarkable woman who touched all our lives with her kindness and love. You welcomed me into your family with open arms.

Mum was a giver and had a way of making one feel special. You gifted me a handmade undergarment and told me it was made with love. You gifted me a navy blue blazer, saying it was your best from your teaching days.

Mum, I still have the special light-blue necklace you gifted me, and today I wore it in remembrance of you. These were your special ways of expressing a mother's love.

Mum, I admired your love for reading and how you diligently made notes from your books. I pray we can all emulate this passion for learning. On my wedding day, you gifted me a book on how to spice up my marriage and continually referred me to books on marriage — a testament to your love and desire for your children's happiness.

You were an author, Mum, and you entrusted me with your manuscript on prayer and fasting, hoping it would be published. Even in your absence, I will see to it that your wish comes true.

You were a doctor, mama, so many medicinal hacks I learnt from you. Ooh and how can I forget you recruiting me to Dynapharm a multilevel marketing so I could buy vitamins and supplements for family at a fair price.

I could say so much about the good times we shared, but let me end by saying this: Your legacy of love and compassion will forever live in our hearts. We are grateful for the moments we shared and the memories we will cherish. Rest in peace, knowing you were deeply loved and will be profoundly missed.

Love, Grace Mukiri-Kusimba

We gather today with heavy hearts to honour the life of Mama Dinah Naliaka Bunyasi, who left us too soon. Mama Dinah was more than a mother; she was our guide, our teacher, and our beacon of faith and virtue. She taught us the Christian faith, not just through words but through her actions. Her unwavering belief in God and her moral strength shaped our lives profoundly. As a teacher both at home and in school, she nurtured our minds and spirits, instilling in us wisdom and kindness. Mama Dinah was the heart of our family, upholding strong family values and showing boundless love, especially to her grandchildren. Her compassion extended beyond our family as she selflessly helped those in need, teaching us the true meaning of generosity and care. Though her sudden departure leaves a void, her legacy of love, faith, and kindness lives on in each of us. We will carry forward her teachings and honour her memory in all that we do. Mama Dinah, your light continues to shine in our hearts. Rest in peace, knowing you are forever loved and missed.

With all my love, Peter Kusimba Nyongesa

Your kindness and love were so special, and your heart so pure and true. You made the world a better place just by being you. Words cannot describe the loss I feel having to say this last goodbye. No matter how time will pass I'll miss you so much. Keep shining bright in heaven so you can light my way. In my heart you'll always be until we meet again.

Love Leila

1. Cha kutumaini sina

Cha kutumaini sina, ila damu yake Bwana
Sina wema wa kutosha, dhambi zangu kuziosha

Kwake Yesu nasimama, ndiye Mwamba ni salama
Ndiye Mwamba ni salama, ndiye Mwamba ni salama

Damu yake na sadaka, nategemea daima
Yote chini yakiisha, Mwokozi atanitosha.

Njia yangu iwe ndefu, Yeye hunipa wokovu
Mawimbi yakinipiga, nguvu zake ndiyo nanga
Nikiitwa hukumuni, rohani nina amani
Nikivikwa haki yake, sina hofu mbele yake

2. Bwana U Sehemu Yangu

Bwana u sehemu yangu,
Rafiki yangu wewe;
Katika safri yangu
Tatembea na wewe
Pamoja na wewe
Pamoja na wewe
Katika safri yangu
Tatembea na wewe

Mali hapa sikutaka
Ili niheshimiwe
Na yanikute Mashaka
Sawa sawa na wewe.
Niongoze safarini
Mbele unichukue
Mlangoni kwa Mbinguni
Niingie na wewe.
Pamoja na wewe
Pamoja na wewe
Mlangoni kwa Mbinguni
Niingie na wewe.

3. Rock of Ages

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All could never sin erase,
Thou must save, and save by grace.

- 3 Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

4. It is well with my soul

When peace, like a river,
Attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot,
Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, with my soul.
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet,
Though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded
My helpless estate,

And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.
My sin, oh, the bliss
Of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross,

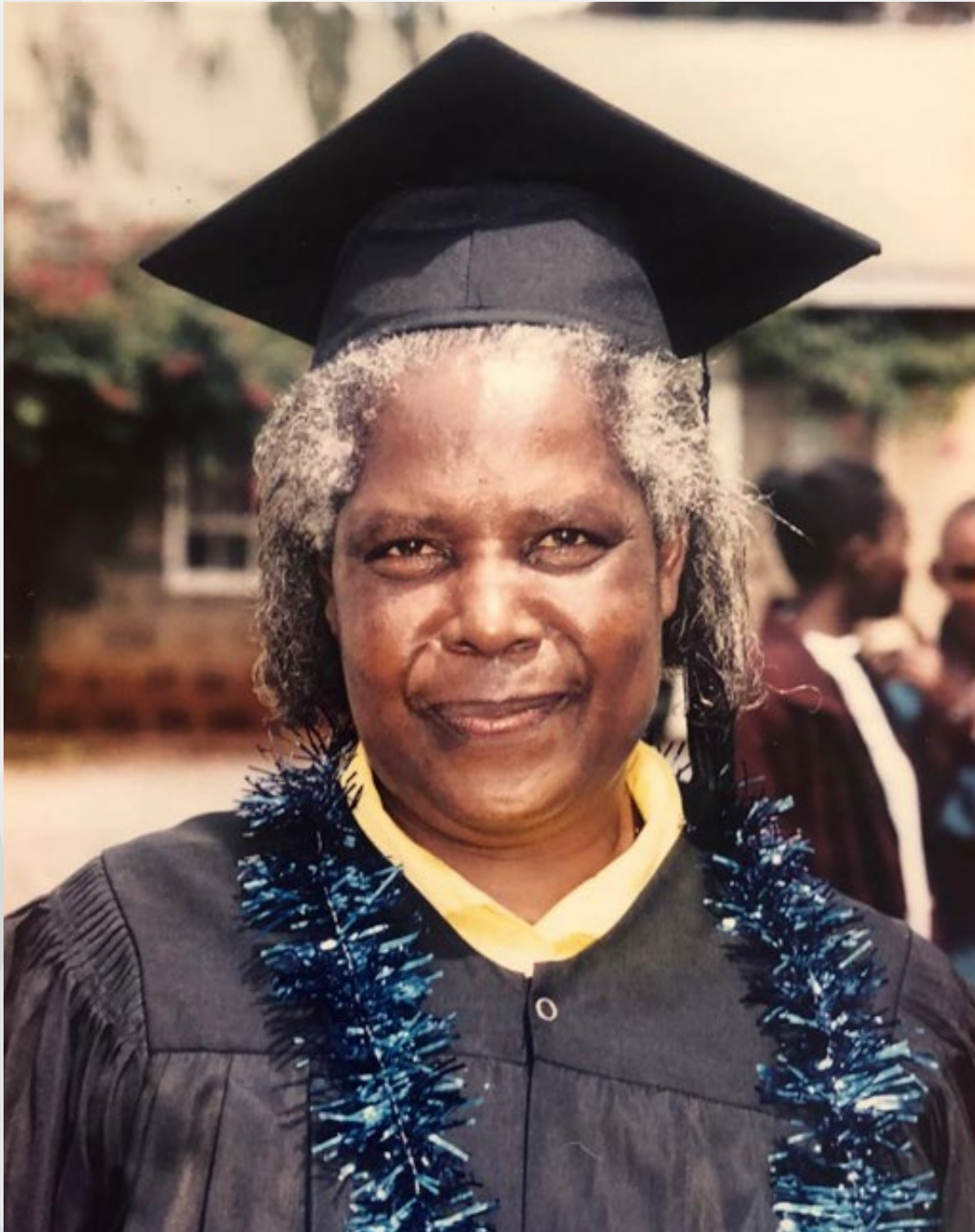
And I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.
And Lord, haste the day
When my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound,

And the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul,

It is well, it is well, with my soul.



Scan for Mama Dinah Memorial



Thank You

We the family of Mama Dinah Naliaka Wanyonyi, would like to express our sincere gratitude to each and everyone for your overwhelming sacrifices and tremendous support to our family. We deeply appreciate your involvement in giving our beloved a befitting send-off.