

IN MEMORIAM

COSMIAS

kathungu



EXTRA-ORDINARILY

GREAT

HUSBAND | FATHER | FRIEND | GREATEST TEACHER

BORN: 15.05.1950 ~ RESTED: 08.08.2023

Cosmas
KATHUNGU

Programme

Master of Ceremonies - Rev I. N. Wa Tabitha

5.30am: Arrival at Montezuma

6.00am: Departure from Montezuma

8.30am: Arrival at Kangaru School

9.00am: Departure from Kangaru School

9.30am: Arrival at London

9.45am: Viewing of the body

10.30am: Service Starts

- Opening prayer
- Welcome by family representative - Mary Kavinda

10.45am: Eulogy

- Eulogy: Judie Kaberia- English
- Anisia Warue Mugundi - Kiambu

11.05am: Tributes

- Family
- Grand Children- Danny Kathungu

11.30am: Speeches

- Administration
- Kathungu Family representative- Norman Nyagah
- Extended Family Representative - Jim Nyagah Njoka
- Friends - Zachary Nthiga (Jungwa Chairman)

12.30pm: CHURCH TAKES OVER

Order of the Mass

MAIN CELEBRANT- Father Paul Nyaga

Entrance Hymn - Nimevipiga Vita

Mass Readings:

1st reading - 2 Maccabees. 12:41-46 - Mutuma Muthomi

Responsorial Psalm - Psalm 23 - Choir

2nd reading - Romans 8:31-35,37-39 - Mr. Amos Kithaka

Gospel - Matthew.5:31-46

Homily

Prayers to the faithful

- Wambui Ngarachu
- Alexia Furet
- Muthoni Ngarachu
- Dalia Mambo
- Gichiche congregation

Offertory Hymns

Communion Hymns

Vote of Thanks

Vote of thanks from the County Government

Vote of thanks from the family - Moses Kathungu

Closing Announcements

- Movement to burial site
- Announcement on return to London
- Lunch
- Exit Hymn - Nyina wa Rwendo

2.30pm: Departure for the family farm

3.00pm: Arrival at family farm

3.30pm: Burial rites begin

4.30 pm: Completion of burial rights

4.45pm: Closing prayers

5.00pm: Return to London

FUNERAL SERVICE
Programme

Cosmas Kathungu EULOGY

Remembering The Life of A Legendary Man

Every beautiful flower withers, and every captivating story concludes, but for our dear father, death denotes not an end, but a new beginning- as the adage goes, 'Legends don't die'.

This is the life story of Mwalimu Namu Evans Kathungu, a man whose existence embodies resilience, purpose, and enduring influence.

Born on the 15th of May, 1950, in the embrace of Gichiche Village in Embu County, Mwalimu Kathungu emerged into the world as the beloved child of the late Evans Nyaga Kathungu, the late Beatrice Nthia, and the late Salome Wegoki.

As the fourth child in his maternal lineage, he stood as a cherished sibling to Gladys Njura, the late Edith Warue, Marion Njoka, Margaret Koru, Ndwiga Kathungu, Florence Njoki, the late Marigu Kathungu, Sammy Kathungu, Lucy Thaara, and Stephen Kathungu. Beyond his role as a brother, he wore the titles of cousin, uncle, and grandfather to many.

From his earliest days, Mwalimu Kathungu was nurtured in the embrace of a devout Christian family. This upbringing laid the foundation for his role as a beacon of guidance for his family, community, and society at large. His steadfast commitment to hard work and education served as an inspiration to all fortunate enough to cross his path. A profound sense of mirth and joy followed him wherever he went, a quality that characterized him from his youth.

Mwalimu Kathungu embodied the wisdom of Malcolm X, recognizing that "Education is the passport to the future, for tomorrow belongs to those who prepare for it today." This philosophy was evident from the outset as he embarked on his educational journey at Kigaa Primary School, excelling and transitioning to the esteemed Kangaru School – a hallmark of provincial education. His outstanding performance opened doors, enabling him to pursue his dream of becoming a teacher. His journey led him through Meru Teachers College, and he would later assume his initial post at Gichiche Primary School in Embu. Yet, even as he embarked on this first professional chapter, Mwalimu Kathungu understood that the sky was not his limit; rather, it was the canvas upon which he would paint the masterpiece of his calling.

During his tenure at Gichiche, fate intersected with ambition as he pursued the Advanced levels of the London General Certificate Education (GCE), emerging victorious with two principal passes. This achievement unlocked the doors of the University of Nairobi, where he would ultimately graduate with first-class honors in Literature and History, a discipline then known as English.

**he remained
our rock,
addressing
every
challenge
with wisdom
and grace**



.....
"Trust in the Lord,
oh my soul and lean
not on your own
understanding, in all
ways acknowledge
him and he shall
direct your path"
Proverbs 3:5-6

Post-university, his journey navigated him to Kangaru School, where he assumed the role of an English and History teacher. His relentless dedication and distinctive teaching approach propelled him into the role of Deputy Principal at Machakos Boys. Swiftly thereafter, he held the fort for the Principal, who pursued further studies. This pivotal experience sharpened his leadership acumen, laying the foundation for his appointment as Principal of St. Paul's School in Kevote. This was followed by appointments at Chuka High, Kangaru School, and Eastleigh High School in Nairobi, where he reigned as Principal.

Mwalimu Kathungu's legacy resonates powerfully in his unwavering

commitment to ensuring every child, irrespective of their economic circumstances, had access to education. Among his students' anecdotes, a tale emerges of suspended students secretly returning to class on Sundays, instructed by Mwalimu Kathungu himself. He exemplified inclusivity, permitting students to attend without school fees as long as they pledged to embrace their studies.

His passion for teaching was so remarkable that he once surprised his

wife, Lillian – who was his girlfriend at the time – by appearing as a teacher in her classroom during her Form Five and Six years.

The honorific “Mwalimu,” connoting teacher, became a tribute to his impactful role in education. In honor of his enduring impact, Kathungu is celebrated with this title, a tribute that echoes through time.

His impact reached far beyond the classroom, as attested by his close friend Mr. Amos Kithaka, who likened him to the Mugumo Tree of Embu County—an emblem of unity and strength. Mwalimu Kathungu's commitment to both his community and nation was unwavering. He played a pivotal role in the

establishment of Gichiche Secondary School and orchestrated the acquisition of a school bus for Kevote Secondary School, propelling it to the forefront among bus-owning institutions in Embu. His career trajectory was impressive; he ascended to the position of lecturer at KAGUMO Teachers Training College, served as Principal of Mathenge Technical Training College, played a key role as a Trainer at NACADA, and took on responsibilities as Co-ordinator of Kenyatta University Open Learning. Lastly, he held the esteemed position of Assistant Director of Research, Policy, Training & Advocacy at the Directorate of Alcoholic Drinks Control in Murang'a County.

During his tenure at Kangaru, Mwalimu Kathungu

achieved remarkable feats, leveraging his connections and persuasive prowess. He secured a farming license for Kangaru School, cultivating coffee across a vast 40 acres of land. His determination also resulted in the school obtaining a license to establish a coffee factory – an enterprise that significantly enriched the entire Embu region. His network was so robust that at one point, his transfer letter arrived directly from the President, leaving many in awe.

An exemplar of

versatility and innovation, Mwalimu Kathungu thrived as an entrepreneur. Together with his wife Lillian Kathungu they curated a diverse portfolio, including, Mwenendega Enterprises, Immaculate Preparatory School, Immaculate Teachers Training College and London Hotel among others. Through these endeavors, Kathungu catalyzed growth and generated employment opportunities, etching his name into the tapestry of development.

Despite his multifaceted roles, Mwalimu Kathungu's spiritual life was paramount. Firm in his faith, he remained unwavering in his devotion to the Catholic Church. Active within the Catholic Men Association at





Gichiche Catholic Church, he assumed various leadership roles, including that of chairman of the development committee.

His legacy of giving extended to presiding over numerous church fundraisers.

In 1975, Mwalimu's journey led him to Lillian Kathungu, the love of his life, and in April 1977, they exchanged vows at Our Lady of Assumption Catholic Church in Embu Town.

To safeguard his family's spiritual foundation, he ensured each of his children received the sacrament of baptism. His legacy endured through his cherished family, the Kathungus, bound together by love and memories. As a devoted father, he embraced the roles of protector, nurturer, and sage to Joyce Ngarachu Kathungu, Pauline Wawira Kathungu, Moses Mugendi Namu, Rose Karimi Kathungu, Betty Kathungu - Furet, Carol Kathungu - Mambo, Gladys Kathungu, Faith Kathungu Kabira, Sam Evans Nyaga Kathungu, and Jackie Kathungu.

In the lives of James Ngarachu Mugo, Wilfridah Wanjugu Mugendi, Sebastien Furet, John Paul Mambo Otieno, Kennedy Muga, and Jeremy Kabira, through marriage to his beloved children, he became a cherished father-in-law.

Dad embodied the essence of a wonderful father and husband. His vibrancy, charm, and unwavering love illuminated our lives. His unconditional care enveloped us, a steadfast presence through joy and sorrow alike. In adulthood, he remained our rock, addressing every challenge with wisdom and grace. His empathy, wisdom, and patient listening ear endeared him to us. Protective and filled with sagacity, he offered solutions to every problem, no matter how complex.

Sickness and Demise

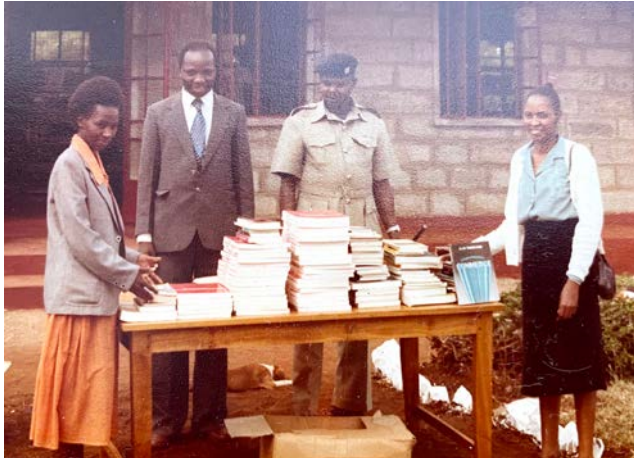
Though he battled fluctuating blood sugar and hypertension, these health challenges never hindered his full engagement in life. Merely three days before his passing, he voiced concerns of fatigue. On that fateful Monday afternoon, August 7th, he sought medical attention for escalated blood sugar. His intention was to visit a hospital in Embu Town the following morning. On their way to hospital on Tuesday, he was weak yet still conversing with his driver and chef making it impossible to even imagine it was his final journey. Taking calls from his daughter and son, he reassured them that his checkup was routine.

Tragically, upon reaching the hospital, his pulse remained unresponsive. A diagnosis of heart failure cast a shadow over his journey, and that's how our dad breathed his last. Words elude us as we grapple with the immense void his passing has left. Yet one conviction prevails: heaven has welcomed a treasured flower. Dad's presence in the garden of life was akin to a radiant bloom, gracing our world with beauty and warmth. Though he has been plucked from our midst, his essence endures, a testament to the love and care he selflessly shared. Just as a flower nurtures others, he nurtured all he touched, imparting compassion and wisdom. His memory, akin to a delicate petal, will forever grace the garden of our hearts.

Rest in eternal peace, our beloved dad, the enduring Mugumo Tree of Embu.

Your legacy lives on as a beacon of inspiration, a reminder that a life lived with purpose and passion transcends time.

Cosmas Kathungu
OLDIES





Cosmas Kathungu
TRIBUTES



What can I say about my departed dear husband Cosmas? He was a man of the people; he attracted both young and old like a magnet.

I was privileged to know Cosmas for many years. He was a towering figure with a big heart, full of joy and a heartwarming laughter. He was my very good friend and business partner. We took many risks together, some unsuccessful but most very very successful.

We built a home and he gave me the most amazing children. I remember how he would carry Betty on his shoulders when we walked to Gichiche from Runyenjes. These children miss their daddy so much; it's a big and devastating loss. However, I am encouraged because he taught them how to care for each other as he would.

We shared a blessed life filled with memories and different life experiences together with our group of friends and colleagues from his time as a principal.

My husband was a beacon of hope for people across all ages brackets. As many have said, he was indeed cross generational.

Cosmas, I have known you my entire adult life. You have taught me, guided me, shaped me and I will be forever thankful to you for the years we shared. You have left an indelible mark which even time cannot erase.

Rest Well, Baba Wanja.



Cosmas Kathungu TRIBUTES

Jackie Kathungu

My dearest Dad, as I try to pen down some sort of tribute for you, I can only think of beginning by telling you how much I miss you and love you. You have always been the most important part of my entire life, and you will remain in my heart for all of eternity. Now that you are no longer with us, I know that my life just isn't ever going to be the same without you. You were everything to me and did so much for me. There will never be a day that I will not think about you and pray for you. Upon hearing the news of your passing, my heart shattered into a million pieces. I am in pain. The sort of pain that has taken a grip of me and seems determined to suffocate me. This is by far the most devastatingly heart-ripping and life-altering incident I've ever experienced. And I am aware that the heartbreak of losing you may never leave me. As I sit here writing what will be the hardest article I have ever written, I want to tell you Dad, just how much your struggles and hard work have been appreciated by your "little girl." I would want the world to know how much of a good father you have been and I would want the strong bond between us to serve as an inspiration to all. I'm writing these words with the hope that it would be worthy of you. I pray God admits you to Paradise and may his grave be spacious and filled with light: Amen.

I love you with all my heart to the moon and back Dad. May your golden heart Rest in Eternal Peace

Sam Kathungu

I was at my boss' house for Thanksgiving and the fire in the fireplace was dying. She tried to keep it alive but it just wouldn't catch on right. Her mom tried as well but all we got was a smoke filled room. I let go of my modesty and took charge of the fire. Lighting and maintaining fires comes so naturally to me. Place the logs right and it just burns. They asked me how I was so good at it. In that moment I flashed back to all those nights when I was young, making fires with dad either for the sake of the fire or making nyama choma. I didn't realize it in the moment,



but he was printing a part of himself onto me. Sure, it may seem like such a simple skill, but the point is, that's what parents do. They put pieces of themselves in you. I could go on and on about how this is true for me.

I did not get a chance to say goodbye. I guess no one really does. I guess it really isn't goodbye. So much of him remains alive in me and in my sisters. We hang on to that. I also hang on to other aspects that dad printed onto me. Some not so positive. You might ask me not to do that, but these are my feelings, my memories, my opinions. I don't know if I am the man I am today because of my upbringing or in spite of it. I just am. We do our best, and I'd like to think he did his. I simply could have used more. I'm sitting halfway across the world, writing this, waiting to go even farther across the world. I don't know what that means.

Goodbye dad, you lived one hell of a life.

Faith Kathungu Kabira

"Dad?"

"Yes KaFlower?"

"Chairman?"

"Without a chair"

To imagine that we shall never exchange those pleasantries sends me into a hole of sadness that cannot be defined.

I've been telling my husband that I miss attending a

Kiambu Mass. This is not the mass I had in mind. I just missed singing the Catholic songs you so loved. I lack words. I never imagined that I would sit to write a tribute to my father. Never in a million years did I imagine my father can be defeated by anything. Not even death. My father was always the strongest man I knew. He was very tall and well built and had a serious voice projection. He towered and conquered everything. He was famous and prominent. He was loved beyond borders. So how could anything defeat this great man! So on Tuesday 8th, after the most devastating news ever, I called and

wailed and begged you to wake up but you didn't. I have never called and you don't answer. I have never asked you for anything and you deny me. So I couldn't understand how you lay there but couldn't answer me.

My father loved me. My father adored me and never shied away from showing it. My father protected me. I remember almost every moment I have shared with you dad. I remember because it was intentional. Many a friends were in awe of your relationship with your children.

My father was an exceptional man. My father was a generous man. My father was a fair man. I keep asking, "Dad where have you gone?" I thought I understood the phenomenon of going to heaven but I don't. My heart and whole body aches when I imagine that I will never hear your voice again.

I am comforted by the fact that God loved you as you loved everyone. So I am certain that God has put you in a very special place. A place where your mates right now have aching ribs from the laughter you have caused them. A place where there can only be brightness from your handsome smile. A place where you are dancing and 'melodramatizing' everything keeping them all entertained. A place full of love and wisdom just as you shared with us and taught us. A place where you "keep secrets" which when told "don't tell anyone" you tell them "I won't even tell myself"

Thank you Dad for everything you have ever done for me. Thank you for being my Dad. Thank you for being my friend. Thank you for being the most amazing grandpa my kids will ever have. Thank you for teaching me that life should be lived simply regardless of my haves and have nots. Dad, I have loved you always and I will love you forever.

Thank you Dad for choosing the most beautiful girl Lillian as your wife who gave me beauty and raised me right

Thank you for Jojo who is a nurturing version of you; second mum to us all

Thank you for Polo who can give her life to save mine

Thank you for Moses who reminds me of you from looks to mannerisms to jokes ha ha
Thank you for Rose who has your big heart and beautiful smile

Thank you for Betti who can literally go to war to protect me

Thank you for Soni who is my sounding board and voice of reason

Thank you for Njush who prays for me and has your selfless heart

Thank you for Sam who has always been by my side, loves me and the one I adore like my own children

Thank you for Jackie who is the baby sister I never had before

Forever your little girl,

KaFlower

Gladys Kathungu

I AM MY FATHER'S DAUGHTER

When I was ten years old, I discovered my father was different. It was a chilly day in April in 1990 at St. Ursula boarding school. I had lost my plate and I was under severe punishment. When my father came to pick me up before the Assembly, everyone rallied around him and greeted him with such honor. I was released to go home, something that had never happened in the history of the school.

I knew he was different. That was the first time I experienced his protective power in my life. My father was my friend. He defended me. In the course of serving him, especially driving him around Nairobi, he exposed me to big offices in this country. To dignitaries. To the lowly. I took him to cabinet secretary offices, and I also sat down with him when he was tasked to solve village issues.

My friends became his friends, my enemies his enemies. I stood behind his back as we threw his weight on everyone, and everything that threatened my existence. He was my father, and I, his child. His girl.

I thank God for the 43 years he gave him to me. I really do wish I could have done another two years. While Covid-19 was such a threat to humanity, I found a silver lining. It gave me one and a half years to live with him. Everyday. What a joy that season was. How spoilt was I. Who could touch me?

I will miss you Dad. You have been great to me. You taught me so much, even to defend myself. Thank you for loving me, taking my husband as your son. Thank you for loving my children. Thank you for being dad. God bless you.



Carol Kathungu Mambo

Dad, there is nothing I can say today that I did not say to you in person when you were with us. The empty hole you have left in my life is absolutely enormous. In the last few days, I have started filling that hole with all the great times we had. I remember how you made everyone weep on my wedding day during the church service, then cracked us up like crazy during the dinner.

Dad, you taught me Love. You loved my husband and children just as you loved me. When JP came to ask you for permission to marry me, he told you he was scared of the wazee because he did not have anyone to come and negotiate on his behalf. You told him that day that "I am your father now. I will negotiate for you" The wazees ended up being very unhappy with you because you completely messed up the negotiations and they didn't like how lenient you were on him. From that day I have watched you really be his parent, you took care of us during our toughest time. You were there for everything literally for Mutuma and Dalia. From baptisms to 1st Holy Communion to school events to birthdays. Thank you Dad for being generous to a fault. Sometimes I was jealous of all the time you had for so many people, but you were absolutely meant to be shared. I Love you Dad....Love you

Betty Kathungu Furet

Baba, you were and will always remain my best friend and my greatest teacher. Nobody ever understood me or accommodated me like you did, warts and all. Losing you is the worst thing that has and will ever happen to me.

You gave me my love for stories which grew into a successful and illustrious career as a filmmaker and storyteller. You taught me the love for literature and history and books, that we will always have in common.

You taught me kindness, generosity and love for my fellow human beings. I will always remember the words you said to me, "Mami, everyone was born good, it is their circumstances that turn them otherwise. So it is not for them to show you their goodness, rather, it is your duty to always find the good in others, because it exists innately." I promise you to never forget these words and to always live by them.

In retrospect, knowingly or unknowingly, you have taught me



everything I need to know to go on with the rest of my life. Spending as much time as I did with you has prepared me to be strong, not to be overwhelmed with grief. You have given me the tools I need to live a full life. If I'm ever faced with a difficult situation, I will just ask myself "What would my Baba do? What would he tell me to do?" And I know you will guide me from wherever you are.

I want to make a promise to you. That I will never let you down. That I will do anything to make you proud. And that the work you begun and continued doing with the family and our beloved community in Embu, I will do my best to continue where I can. I will not shame you, and I will carry on your legacy and make sure your name will never be forgotten. This is my solemn promise to you.

"Close your eyes and sleep, Baba. You're okay now. You are safe now. And while you sleep, I will chase all the monsters away. Bad dreams bad dreams go away. Sweet dreams, sweet dreams, here to stay. Sleep, Baba, I, your mother, will chase all the monsters away. Sleep, Baba, sleep well, and I will carry on from here."

Thank you for honoring me by being my father, my best friend, my greatest teacher. I will not be sad. I will not be paralyzed by grief. Instead, I will remember everything about you and everything we spoke of and did together, and I will smile.

Rose Kathungu

I was at my boss' house for Thanksgiving and the fire in the fireplace was dying. She tried to keep it alive but it just wouldn't catch on right. Her mom tried as well but all we got was a smoke filled room. I let go of my modesty and took charge of the fire. Lighting and maintaining fires comes so naturally

to me. Place the logs right and it just burns. They asked me how I was so good at it. In that moment I flashed back to all those nights when I was young, making fires with dad either for the sake of the fire or making nyama choma. I didn't realize it in the moment, but he was printing a part of himself onto me. Sure, it may seem like such a simple skill, but the point is, that's what parents do. They put pieces of themselves in you. I could go on and on about how this is true for me.

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really isn't goodbye. So much of him remains alive in me and in my sisters. We hang on to that. I also hang on to other aspects that dad printed onto me. Some not so positive. You might ask me not to do that, but these are my feelings, my memories, my opinions. I don't know if I am the man I am today because of my upbringing or in spite of it. I just am. We do our best, and I'd like to think he did his. I simply could have used more. I'm sitting halfway across the world, writing this, waiting to go even farther across the world. I don't know what that means. Goodbye dad, you lived one hell of a life.

Moses Kathungu

Dad, it's such a blow to me that you are gone. It's painful to me and my siblings. Your deep love and special treatment was amazing. You would visit my family and we would sit round the fire discussing your favourite, politics, a great grandpa you were to my children. You taught me to be generous, to take care of the unfortunate without looking back. You were keen in my success in my area of investment and you would come for board meetings just to be sure I was doing well. You would push to know how my friends were coz you really cared. Can't believe I am doing a tribute having spent the last weekend of your life in our home. My wife and children are truly devastated but we are thankful, you came to bid us bye in your last weekend of your life. Go well papa.

Pauline Kathungu

Dearest dad. You were my friend, my mentor, my advisor. You taught me good morals. Although you are gone, you will always be in my heart.

You had beautiful children and grand children who loved you so much. They feel they have lost a grandfather who was loving and caring especially the nyama choma side. Dad, we all loved you but God has loved you the most. Rest in peace dad.

Joyce Ngarachu

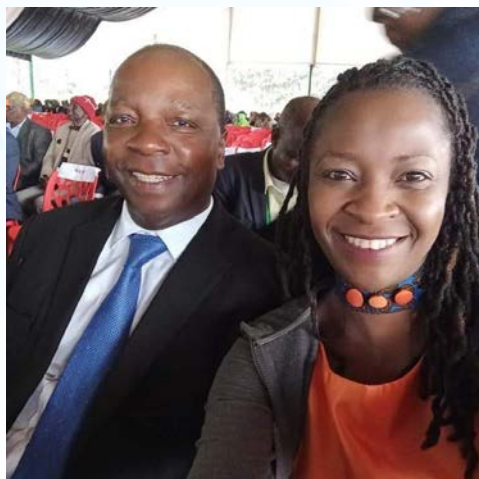
To my dearest Dad,

How I wish I had fully grasped the depth of significance that your name held – "Dad." A word so simple, yet one that encompassed a world of love, guidance, and strength. Today, I stand in awe of the privilege it was to call you that, to have you as my

father. You were not just a good father; you were exceptional, and I'm grateful that I conveyed this sentiment to you. My only regret is not expressing it more frequently.

Your love for me, as your firstborn, was palpable. Your pride in me was evident in every word you spoke, repeated over and over again. And it wasn't just me; your love extended to each of us. You embraced our spouses as friends, held your grandchildren in adoration, earning the title of the "coolest Uma" in their eyes. Your affection knew no bounds – even my friends remember your infectious smile, your big heart, and your knack for humor. Your willingness to share a laugh and accept a friendly rebuke showed the depth of your love. You were unwavering in your affection for us, the Kathungus, and you made no apologies for it. Yet, your love was not confined to our immediate circle. You radiated compassion and generosity, a true pillar of our larger family and community. Your selfless service left an indelible mark, although at times I wondered if you might have overexerted yourself. But that was quintessentially you – a trait I cherished even more. Your legacy of loving thy neighbor, irrespective of who they are, is one I am determined to carry forward. If I can embody even half the loving soul you were, I will consider it a great achievement.

Dad, you knew without a doubt that I loved you. The realization that you will no longer answer to that name, that you have found your rest, is difficult to fathom. When I saw you that fateful Tuesday, I couldn't accept that you were truly gone. Your peaceful countenance begged disbelief – how could you not hear us? You are and will always be Dad. The void you've left is profound, and grief's weight is undeniable. Yet, I cling to the tangible and sweet memories that flood my mind. The flights from Nairobi to be with you, the fireside breakfasts and dinners we shared, and your insistence that "my daughter is here" – a proclamation that sent everyone else away. Those nights of storytelling and your plea for sibling unity and love will forever echo in my heart. Your morning whistles as you approached my door, your boisterous calls of "Mami! Uria wa jiarire, come for breakfast before it gets cold," will be greatly missed. Your messages, addressed to your dearest children, and signed off with "your loving Dad," carried weight



and wisdom. I'll fondly recall how you'd separately request each of us to "talk to your sisters," only for us to discover you'd made the same request to all, leading us to share laughter over it.

And oh, your anthem! Every time we gathered, you'd lead us in singing, "the more we are together, the better we are." Those words resonate more deeply than ever before.

Above all, I'm grateful to God for the gift of you, Dad. Your embodiment of love has made it easier for me to embrace the divine love, especially in these trying times. Thoughts of you bring to mind my heavenly Father's embrace. While your physical absence is a challenge, the assurance of God's unwavering presence, His role as my strength and refuge, brings solace. Rest assured, Dad, I am more than okay, cradled in His eternal arms. We all are.

Saying goodbye is never easy. Yet, the picture of these cherished memories will forever grace my heart with a smile. Thank you, Dad, for your love, for being the best father anyone could hope for. Fare thee well. With eternal love,
Your Daughter,

James Mugo.

Dear Dad,

In 1997, a blossoming love between me and your first-born daughter set in motion what would become 27 years of profound friendship between me and you. Throughout all these years, you warmly referred to me as your son, and I wholeheartedly responded, "Yes, Dad."

The deep and respectful bond we shared as a father-in-law and son-in-law, coupled with our natural affinity for one another, is what I find myself yearning for now, and it's a sentiment that will linger with me for the rest of my days.

Dad, your wisdom has left an indelible mark on me. Among the countless lessons you imparted, you taught me the importance of unconditional love within a family, the value of cultivating strong friendships, and the art of swiftly resolving conflicts to maintain harmony. Your guidance extended to teaching me how to remain positive and wear a smile even in the midst of chaos and adversity. I remember your soothing words, "Son, give it time..."

Your boundless generosity is something that words can hardly capture. Your kindness and open-heartedness have left an impression on countless

lives within our family and circle of friends. It's a virtue we all aspire to emulate.

During our earlier days, you introduced me to the world of politics, and under your guidance, I gained the confidence to address large gatherings. I still harbor the intention of fulfilling your shared dream for me to stand as a Member of Parliament, I am no longer sure dad! And time seems to be slipping through my fingers. But time will tell...

In the weeks leading up to your sudden departure, you gathered all your children and sons-in-law at the Embu Ūgweri farm. In that solemn assembly, your words were measured and candid, yet they held a profound clarity we prayed and you encouraged us to defend and nurture unity amongst us.

In the many years I knew you dad, you stood as a pillar of strength—resilient, formidable, agile, and a reliable leader. Your strength will echo in me for the longest .

Farewell, Dad. You will forever remain my life's hero, "A Man Of All Seasons."
With heartfelt love, James Mugo

Wilfridah Mugendi

Tribute to my dad in-law

This unavoidable circumstance is made more difficult in particular by seeing through the walls of memories now . it's was barely one day after leaving our house and I received the distressed call that you have rested my husband and I and our children will always cherish the moment that we shared together. May the perpetual light shine upon you forever



Sebastien Furet

You welcomed me as your son with open arms and instantly made me feel like family. You were an everlasting presence in our lives, and your sense of humor was second only to your dedication to making all of our lives easier. You've been a fantastic mentor to us and all of our children. Thank you, old man.

John Paul Mumbo

I will never forget How we would sit with you round the fire. With our plates full of roast meat Bringing us together was always your desire

You made sure you got the most heat

By rolling your trouser just above
your knee
And we would stay up late times till
three. Having deep conversations.
Those were family celebrations
that I will look back and reminisce
Cuz these are times I'll sure miss
You were an icon that brought joy
to many A force for good in this
world
So long dad.
I love you

Kennedy Muga

Cosmas Kathungu was many things
to many different People, he was Dad, Grandfather,
Friend, Mwalimu, Chairman, Colleague.
Yet he impacted, He was an Artist, who was Kenya's
best Actor and performed as Okonkwo, he became
one of the most successful High School Principles.
Full of life, big heart, laughter, heartbeat of the Party
and centre of conversation.
Generous and encouraged and supported people to
succeed. There is a local perception that "Waambu
people are jealous" Mr. Kathungu was exactly the
opposite of jealous. He used his own money and
resources to help young people succeed. He was a
great politician.
Great loss.

Jeremy Kabira

Dad, the man with larger than life personality is
gone. I would not have asked for a better father in
law. I have lost a special friend.

Anyone who knew him would remember one
important thing about him. Everyone loved dad, a
warm-hearted person, and a loving grand pa, who
loved nothing more than spending time with his
family and friends. Dad was a man of virtue, I am
also a living witness to the virtues for which my
father in law was generously praised. The world
will be less rich without him, but those who knew
him will continue to carry a great treasure with his
memory.

GO THEE WELL DAD. FOREVER CHERISHED IN
OUR HEARTS.

Loving Son Jeremy Kabira

Morris Munene

Words are hardly enough to describe the presence
you had on all our lives, and the emptiness we feel
now that you're no longer with us. London doesn't
feel the same without your booming laughter.
You were a grandfather, a father, a friend, and quite



selfishly of me, you were myself. It
was a pleasure to meet you, and I
can't wait to share a drink again.

Wambui Ngarachu

Vivid memories flood back, as fresh
as ever. After months apart, my
small feet would carry me to your
waiting arms. Your laughter, rich
and hearty, echoed as though I
had spun the world's greatest joke.
With uncontainable excitement, I
would point and say, "This is the
president, President Kibaki!" The
room erupted in joy, fueled by my
innocent belief that you resembled

him. Even though I later realized the difference, a
part of me still believed you carried the presence
and grace of a real leader.

Now, writing these words, I am struck by
your presidency in my life—a leader with an
unflinchingly kind heart. You offered help without
hesitation, providing solace and security with
the ease of a seasoned statesman. Your wisdom,
towering as your presence, shaped us all. Oma, you
are unparalleled—a treasure and our shared love for
stories and literature will forever course through my
veins. I vow to honor your legacy.

Your significance transcended, touching countless
lives. I imagine you now, in a realm beyond ours,
smiling upon us. Your spirit lives on in us, a beacon
of the goodness you embodied.

With eternal love,

Wambui

Muthoni Ngarachu

Uma gives the best hugs ever. One day, my Uncle
Mugendi's dog got sick in Ithanga and passed on.
And I cried so hard. We were in Embu at the time. I
told my mum and she suggested I tell Uma. So, I did.
Still crying, I gave him a hug and he asked me what's
wrong and I told him that there was a puppy that
died, and he hugged me and said he was sorry and
that it will all be okay. And it felt true. Uma's hugs
had that power. They comforted me, made me feel
safe, and at home. His hugs were the perfect gift for
any scenario. They are special and they made all the
bad things fade away that day and every day before
and since then that I've gotten a hug from my Uma.
I miss you, Uma, I miss your hugs. But I'll send a hug
to you right now because I know you're not far, and
that it will be okay, eventually.

Waithera Ngarachu

Uma, there was no one like you. You exuded love
and happiness everywhere you went. I always loved

being around you because I could feel the love you had for me.

I remember every time we visited Uma in Embu, he would always want to take care of his grandchildren. He would always ask if everything is okay, if I needed anything, and just make sure that I am happy. He would say things like "go and get a soda, tell them it's me who sent you." It was so special. It made me feel like he was someone I could trust and depend on, someone who had my best interests at heart, someone who wanted to take care of me.

I always looked forward to Uma's hugs. They were warm and genuine, he would embrace me wholeheartedly, and I could literally feel his love. Uma, knowing you was loving you. You're one of a kind. I will miss your hugs, your voice, and your smile always. I love you Uma

Mutuma Muthoni

An endless ray of sunshine, is one of the thousands of ways I would describe you, it might sound cliché but your presence alone could light up a room even before you said a word and when you did everybody would listen to what you have to say. I remember going with you to the polling station during the elections, everyone was so joyous at the sight of you, walking up to us and shaking our hands after you introduced us as your children. The amount of respect and love that people had for you was tremendous and you gave it back with pure kindness, a kindness that came naturally to you, a kindness that would fill the air and fall around anyone around you. I thought I was a kind person but you showed me how to be kind and loving in a way I've never seen in anyone else. Since then I've always strived to be as kind as you, but your kindness still loves through us all.

Alexia Mukami

In the tapestry of my life, my grandfather was the thread that wove together the most cherished moments and memories. With a heavy heart, I bid farewell to a remarkable man who touched my life in ways words can hardly capture.

My dear grandfather, a pillar of strength and wisdom in our family, has left an indelible mark on my heart. From my earliest days, he was a constant presence, a beacon of love and guidance that illuminated my path.



His kindness was as boundless as the ocean, and his patience, a virtue I often found myself in awe of. His ability to listen, truly listen, made everyone around him feel valued and understood. His warm smile could light up even the cloudiest of days, and his laughter was infectious, filling our home with joy. From him, I learned the value of hard work and perseverance. He often spoke about the challenges he had overcome, reminding me that setbacks were merely stepping stones toward success. His advice was simple but profound, and I carry his words with me as guiding stars.

Grandfather was the glue that held our family together. His stories of days gone by brought generations closer, and his wisdom guided us through decisions big and small. Family gatherings were never complete without his reassuring presence and his knack for creating laughter-filled memories.

As I reflect on his life, I see the legacy he leaves behind. His unwavering dedication to family, his unselfish love, and his unwavering values have become the cornerstone of who we are. I find myself sharing his stories and teachings, passing on the gifts he gave me to the next generation.

My heart aches with his absence, but I find solace in the knowledge that his spirit lives on in the memories we hold dear. Farewell, dear grandfather. Your love will forever echo in the laughter of our family, the blooming of the flowers you tended to with such care, and the lessons you imprinted upon our souls. Thank you for being my guiding star, my rock, and my source of endless inspiration.

Rest in peace, knowing that your legacy of love and wisdom will endure through time.

With all my love and gratitude,
[Alexia Mukami]

Danny Kathungu

Words cannot encapsulate the man, the myth, and the legend we have lost so please accept a meek attempt at describing the indescribable. To some, he was a teacher known as Mwalimu Kathungu, to some he was a role model, to some he was a father or grandfather but to all, he was a hero.

The first time I realized the magnitude of the people my grandfather helped was when I was in a shop in Embu and a lady asked me for my name, I replied with Danny Kathungu and she was

stunned. "You are a Kathungu?" She asked, or how she really asked "We ni wa Kathungu?" I responded with yes not understanding what the big deal was. The big deal was that Cosmas Kathungu was loved and revered by our whole community. Not for nothing either, he educated many and helped change their lives.

As a grandfather, I think I speak for all my cousins when I say that we would not wish for anyone else, he was incredible. He loved each and every one of us abundantly and unconditionally in whatever circumstance. He would hug you with a sense of firmness that made you believe he would never let go.

He used to love a certain song; "The more we are together, together, together, The more we are together, the happier we'll be." When he would sing this song, it was unfathomable to imagine a day when we would not, in fact, be together. A day where memories would be our best connection to him rather than physical presence.

Grandpa was someone who pulled himself by the bootstraps and made something of himself from absolutely nothing. He was a man who loved Mercedes, specifically Benz, but to him, we were all worth so much more. He was a big man with an even bigger heart. He helped rather than kept, he gave rather than saved, and he showed kindness rather than showing blindness to our problems. He made the world a better place through his contributions and investments and people, he offered his services to humanity, and he took every day with a never-fading smile despite whatever problems the day may have challenged him with.

Anyone who got the privilege to meet my grandfather would understand how much of a legend he was. I take solace in knowing he is above watching over me and I will endeavor to make him proud, I am also honoured to share his last name. I strongly believe that if I, or any one of us, turn out to be half the man he was and help half the people he helped, we will have done the world a great service. You are forever loved Grandpa, your beloved grandchildren.



Dalia Mumbo

Oma

I still find it so amusing how I found out about the many things my grandfather has done and how many people he helped after his passing. It makes me think he was a very humble person.

Honestly, I don't like using past tense when talking about him. It's probably because I can feel him, his presence surrounding us. I can feel him still helping everyone he came across. All the way from the random person that waved at him

on the streets to his closest family. I know he never left us. He just had to rest. And we can willingly allow him to because of the life he lived, helping countless of people to be who they are today. Yes, the first few days, maybe weeks I grieved after finding out. But nowadays I feel rather proud, knowing that he didn't live as an unkind person. He lived to bring joy and courage to people that needed it.

You are forever in my heart and on my mind, oma. I love you.

Lucy Thaara

In loving memory of my dear brother, who always pushed me to move near him, from Embu town to our new home at Kawanjara, right opposite his own, so we could share more memories together, as we did growing up. Sadly, that day never came as we moved only a month ago and had not settled in before our Lord called you to go be with Him. This leaves a void in my heart. You believed in the power of family, and my heart holds that memory dear.

Though you left us so soon,
your love for me was unrelenting,
a constant beacon in my life.
Your spirit will continue to thrive.

In remembrance of your unwavering plea, I strive to live out your dream,
to be there for those I hold dear,
in honor of the bond we deemed. I will miss you dearly.

So rest in eternal peace, my beloved brother, your insistence will never wane, for your memory lives on within me. Until we reunite again.

Your loving sister.

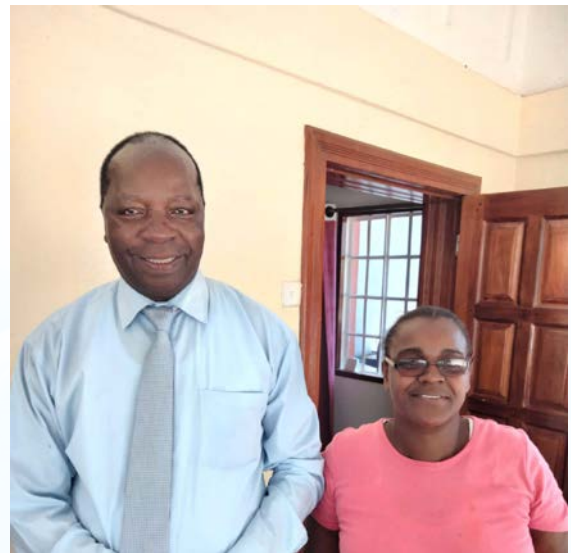
Cosmas Kathungu
MEMOIRS



Cosmas Kathungu
MEMOIRS



Cosmas Kathungu
MEMOIRS



Cosmas Kathungu
HYMNS

ENTRANCE HYMN

Nimevipiga Vita Vizuri
Nimevipiga vita vizuri,
Mwendo wangu nimeumaliza
Nayo imani nimeilinda
Natarajia kupewa taji na Bwana

Nikitazama nyuma sijuti hata
Nimejifunza kusahau yaliyopita
Sasa najisukuma kwa yaliyo mbele
Nikimfuata Yesu mwokozi wangu

Japo imani yangu imetikiswa
Mimi nimeshikiliwa na Yesu wangu
Hata wakiniacha rafiki zangu
Siri mimi niko na Imanueli

Nifuatani, nifuatatavyo Yesu
Yeye ni mwanzo na mwisho wa imani yetu
Msishawishike na ulimwengu upitao
Tuvipige vita vizuri

Offertory Hymn

In Thanksgiving and Love
O Yes in the presence of the Lord, I will bring my gifts
In thanksgiving and love
There is joy in my heart. It is flowing like a river
I will praise the Lord,
In thanksgiving and love

God our Father, Everlasting King
Please accept this gift we offer
In thanksgiving and love
Take our bread upon Your Altar
And our wine in the chalice
In thanksgiving and love

O Yes in the presence of the Lord, I will bring my gifts
In thanksgiving and love
There is joy in my heart. It is flowing like a river
I will praise the Lord
In thanksgiving and love

With thankful hearts and joyful songs
We approach Your Holy Altar
In thanksgiving and love
Bearing gifts of Your Creation
We return what you have given
In thanksgiving and love

O Yes in the presence of the Lord, I will bring my gifts
In thanksgiving and love
There is joy in my heart. It is flowing like a river
I will praise the Lord
In thanksgiving and love

Communion Hymn

BWANA U SEHEMU YANGU Swahili Lyrics

Bwana u sehemu yangu,
Rafiki yangu, wewe,
Katika safari yangu,
Tatembea na wewe.

Pamoja na wewe,
Pamoja na wewe,
Katika safari yangu,
Tatembea na wewe.
Mali hapa sikutaka,
Ili niheshimiwe,
Na yanikute mashaka,
Sawasawa na wewe.

Pamoja na wewe,
Pamoja na wewe,
Heri nikute mashaka,
Sawasawa na wewe.

Niongoze safarini,
Mbele unichukue,
Mlangoni mwa mbinguni,
Niingie na wewe.

Pamoja na wewe,
Pamoja na wewe,
Mlangoni mwa mbinguni,
Niingie na wewe.

Exit Hymn

NYINA WA RUENDO

Nyina Wa Ruendo Immakolata
Ruiriro Riega Ria
Ciana Cia Ewa Ithui Turi,
Ni Tagawenda Twi Guku Thi. (Keri)

Tugukuririra Tugukwihoka,
Uigue Ihoya Na Ikaya Riitu,
Nyina Wa Tha Na Nyina Wiitu,
Uthahonokie, Utuiguire Tha.

Thu Iitu Njihu Ranga O Karanga
Na Uhoti Waku Munene Ta Ki,
Tatikahootwo O Ri O Ri
Mwihoko Wiitu Maria Uri (Keri)

Turi Ehia Ithuothe, No Wee Hotithia,
Ciana Ici Ciaku Ikinye Hari We,
Ukinye Ikenero Ktiria Uri,
Nyina Wa Ruendo, Nyina Watha (Keri)

Cosmas Kathungu
GRANDPA

