

Celebrating **THE LIFE OF**



Lucy Wanjiru Gitau

Sunrise Sunset
1945 2024





Funeral Service Program For The Late Lucy Wanjiru Gitau

Wednesday, 30th October 2024

7:00 am Arrival and Prayers- Umash Funeral Home Mbagathi way

8:00 am Departure for St. Veronica Catholic Church, Syokimau

9:00 am Arrival of guests- St. Veronica's Catholic Church Syokimau

Viewing of the body

10:00am St. Veronica's Catholic Church Syokimau

- Procession
- Eulogy
- Requiem Mass
- Tributes: Family, Friends and Church
- Vote of thanks
- Announcements
- Procession

12:30pm Depart for Lang'ata Cemetery

1:30pm Lang'ata Cemetery

- Arrival at Lang'ata Cemetery
- Burial Ceremony
- Laying of cross and flowers
- Vote of thanks
- Benediction





Eulogy

Birth

Lucy Wanjiru Gitau was born in 1945 in Kipkabus Uasin Gishu County. She was the 7th born child to the late Kinyanjui Wanjama and the late Milcah Njambi.

She was sister to the late Wanjama Kinyanjui, the late Hannah Njoki Mwangi, the late Njangiru, the late Rachael Wangui Kiuna, the late Hosea Mugo, Brown Kamau and Monica Wakonyo. She was a step-sister to Ruphus, Gichuki, Esther Muthoni Macharia. Julia Njoki, Lydia Wanjiku Kiboro, Wanarua Kinyanjui and Kariuki Kinyanjui (all deceased).

As a child, she grew up in Kipkabus Forest Iruri, Uasin Gishu County and later in Lessos. After the death of her father in 1963, she moved from Kapsabet to Kamukunji Eldoret with her mother and her siblings.

Education

Lucy went to school in Lessos, Uasin Gishu County from Standard 1 to 4 where she sat for and excelled in the common entrance exam. She then joined intermediate school in Mosoriot from Standard 5 to 8. Lucy then joined Rang'ala Girls High School in Siaya County and later transferred to Chepterit Girls High School, Nandi County where she sat for 'O' level exams.

She later joined Nursing School at Kenyatta National Hospital from September 1966 to March 1970 to study nursing and mid-wifery and graduated as a Kenya Registered Nurse (KRN).





Working Life

Lucy Wanjiru Gitau started working at the Kenyatta National Hospital in 1970. She was transferred to Gatundu (as the Late Mzee Jomo Kenyatta's nurse) and also worked in Nyeri, Nyahururu District Hospital and Kitale District Hospital where she then retired early in 1989 to join the family businesses in Kitale that is, Wanjoki Agro-Industrial Enterprises and Nyota Dairies Limited. She and her family then moved from Kitale to Syokimau Machakos County in 2009 where they have been living to date.



Family Life

Mama Njoki married the love of her life, Joshua Gitau Gacengeci (Baba Njoki) on 17th November 1973 at the Mother of Apostles Seminary, Eldoret. They were blessed with seven (7) children namely Gertrude Njoki, Catherine Njambi, Dr. Ruth Wangui, Margaret Wairimu, Elizabeth Mukuhi, Chistopher Njoroge and Paul Kinyanjui who she loved dearly. She was also a doting grandmother to Ivy, Renee, Terri, Collin, Pendo, Edward, Angelina, Lwanda, Hekima, Ryan, Manuel, Hera and Malachi.



Christian Life

Lucy was a staunch Catholic faithful and attended church in various parishes including St Austins, St Peters Claver's and Holy Family Basilica in the 1970s, Mary Immaculate, Christ the King - Mitume and St Kizito Matisi in Kitale, and St Joseph's in Mlolongo and St Veronicah in Syokimau.



She attended mass every Sunday without fail and as far as was possible also went for Holy Mass every day. She was a member of the Catholic Women

Association (CWA) and loved going for Jumuia on Sundays where she interacted with other faithful and built lasting relationships with them.

Social Work

Lucy visited the sick, needy and orphaned children and uplifted them both spiritually and materially. She has many friends from all walks of life and made every effort to keep in touch with each one of them. She was very concerned whenever she had not heard from her relatives and friends for a while and would ask after them or personally go and visit them.

Health

Mama Njoki generally enjoyed good health. However, in the month of September 2024 she started feeling unwell after a fall. She was treated and was able to continue with her daily activities although with some discomfort. A few days later at the beginning of October 2024, she became unwell and was admitted at a local hospital for further diagnosis and treatment.

She was later discharged to recuperate at home with Doctors' home visits and was under 24-hour nursing care. On 21st October 2024, after her health condition noticeably worsened and she became unresponsive to attempts to resuscitate her at home, she was rushed to a nearby hospital where the examining Doctor declared her dead.

Our family matriarch passed on aged 79 years, and we thank Almighty God for the gift of her life. We pray to Almighty God to give her beautiful soul eternal rest in His heavenly abode.





Tributes

My dear loving wife – Lucy Wanjiru Gitau

As I write this tribute to you, I remember with love and joy all our married life together; over 50 years in all - since that wedding day on 17th November 1973. I thank Almighty God for giving me a loving, caring, extremely kind and generous life partner in you.

I will never forget the amazing way in which you cared and raised our 7 children and extending the same to our grandchildren. Your daily prayers for me, your children, grandchildren, brothers and sisters, neighbours, the sick and "all who need our prayers." will long be remembered and cherished.

As I now say good bye to you for the last time, I am comforted by the knowledge that you are now at peace in God's presence. I pray to Almighty God to give me the strength to continue leading the wonderful family you have left behind.

Rest in eternal peace my dear wife Lucy Gitau.
Amen



Mummy, as your first born child, words cannot express how sad I feel now that you are gone. You taught me how to read the bible, pray daily and go to church every Sunday. You encouraged us to attend Christian programmes during school holidays so we could know and serve God better. I learnt how to read different books at an early age because I watched you read.

Thank you for taking us to school early every morning, bringing hot lunch and eating with us when you could. Thank you for waiting for us in the evening as we attended choir. You never missed any visiting day when I was in high school and always sent me pocket money when I was in KU and UoN. You accepted all my reverse calls from Nairobi to Kitale so you could know how I was faring on.

When we were unwell, we had the best nurse ever! You made us feel so special. I watched how you respectfully treated your relatives, friends, colleagues, neighbours and workers and even ex-workers. I will always strive to emulate that.

You passed on your business skills to me from when I was very young and showed me where I could invest my money. You were very good at saving. Thank you for opening accounts for all us and for entrusting them us at the age of 18. Thank you mummy for helping me draft my first job application letter and for using your networks to ensure I was busy working somewhere after I finished

college. Whenever I came to home (Syokimau), I knew where to find you - in the kitchen preparing something. I will miss your honesty, stories, laughter, singing and great counsel. Easter, Christmas and New Year's will never be the same.

It was very difficult for me to see you unwell. I will really miss you mummy but I am glad that there is no more pain where you are. Your life was well lived.

May God grant your gentle and beautiful soul eternal rest.
Amen.

Gertrude Njoki, Daughter

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Mummy, I will always remember with fondness how you raised us with kindness, protectiveness. We had a wonderful upbringing because of you. I remember how much I missed you whenever you'd go away on work training and how empty the house felt. How I enjoyed playing with the hose pipe as you tended the most beautiful kitchen garden in Kitale. I recall during illness telling the doctors how I wanted you be the one to inject me once I realized your injections were painless. I always marveled at how you interacted with everyone including my friends who would come home to talk to you then leave. When we visited friends in Kitale, you would go to the shamba to pick veggies, get unga from the Posho mill, milk and yogurt from Nyota, then as if that was not enough, you would go

Tributes

to the wholesale shop and do shopping. When we arrived, it looked as though we were moving in! You are recalled with love by everyone we interact with. Truly, you were one of a kind.

Thank you for loving Terri and Collin and always being at hand to advise them. You always remembered their birthdays and would send me money to buy them yoghurt. On the day you went to be with the Lord, I asked you to prepare to sing a birthday song to me in the evening. You never got to do it, but I know one day you will. I will forever love you Mummy. Rest with the angels.

Catherine Njambi, Daughter

There never lived a more compassionate, selfless and considerate soul. As I write this I can only recount the immense privilege of being nurtured by mum who's MO was to give her all and her best for her children and her numerous adopted children. This privilege has shaped me and anchored me over the years. She was both severely protective and doting on all of us, constantly proactive and meticulous about every detail that concerned our education, health and welfare. Even the boda boda guy knew how protective she was.

Mum, you have taught me what total devotion and unconditional love is. We have stood on your shoulders, you have prayed for us through all our ambitions, projects and battles. You must be shocked at how much treasure you stored up in heaven. Your light shines bright, your star shines brighter! I am comforted to know you are with the angels, looking at your amazing legacy and resting in the bosom of Jesus. Fare thee well, will see you again in the sweet by and by; the promised resurrection. *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of a saint.*

Farewell Cucu we cherish your love and memories. Lwanda and Hera Grandchildren .

Mum was cheerful, graceful and loving.... Maurice Son in law

Ruth Koi, Daughter and Family

It is not easy to put together a tribute in a few words for a mother who was so many things different things to us. Mum was God – fearing, hardworking, loving, committed and above all generous to a fault. She would give her last coin to someone else and rather be left with nothing.

She loved us dearly and showed it through her actions. We always had home cooked hot lunch delivered to us in school every day – even when she had done night shifts at the hospital.

She taught us memory verses and we would recite them in the car on the way to school. We were to repeat yesterday's verse and learn a new one for the day. The one I remember vividly learning was Proverbs 21:31 "You can get horses ready for the battle, but it is the Lord who gives victory."

As her children, we had a proper upbringing and a warm home full of laughter. Alongside our dad, she taught us the value of hard work in subtle ways. They also willingly took up the task of raising our children when we had to continue pursuing our education.

We never missed church and she taught us how to pray. She wanted us all to know each other especially as relatives.

Our mum's illness was difficult. But in all things we thank God for her rich life – she has so many friends and we are overwhelmed with love just knowing through testimonies, how many lives she touched.

Fare thee well Mum – till we meet again at Jesus' feet.

Cucu, you left a huge impact everywhere you went and your departure will be deeply felt. Ivy, Pendo and Manuel.

Maggie (Daughter) and Family

My Mum (Mummy) as we called her was one of a kind. It seemed that her love for us was unending, that was because she first loved God. Mummy had friends from all classes of life. The rich, poor, needy, young, old, the famous the unknown and many more. We visited the nyumba ya wazee because of mummy, we visited the wealthy because of mummy, we visited the sick, we consoled with the bereaved, we gave yearly Christmas gifts at their business. Mommy taught us how to live.

It's hard to describe someone who had so many good qualities. Mummy taught me many things. She taught me to forgive, she finished my spelling words when I was young and I thought she was made of magic. She took care of us when we were sick better than any hospital could. She made sure we did our school work, she disciplined us, we did njia ya msalaba with mummy, after school studies and many many more things.

We miss you and love you always



Mummy told us to work hard and do our best. We were busy children. But in that busyness, she made sure our lives were not just about us but about helping others too. She loved visitors and loved to visit.

It's only as an adult that I realized she wasn't just a mother to 7 children and a wife to one, she was a nurse, who sometimes did night duties, she had an endless stream of relatives and friends visiting, she visited the sick, she gave her possessions to the poor, she counselled young and old people and she had an active church life. She always called to check on adults and the grandchildren and gave them a small gift on each of our birthdays. As much as she could, she visited her large family in various places in Kenya. In 2017 when we went to Malindi with her and the family, she loved taking long walks. She mentioned that she found the Catholic church nearby. Mom loved to pray and I am grateful that her prayers live on. Mummy took great care of us all and of many others who visited and found her to be a mother to them as well.

I thank God for my Dad because he let her be, with her church and ministry work. Mummy was a true Dorcas, which was her first name. As an adult we held long conversations and she really really listened. She loved my family Francis, Renee, Angelina and Ryan. Mum and cucu we will miss you dearly but I am grateful for the times we shared. I know to be absent in the body is to be present with the Lord. I will miss her physical presence but in God's hands she finds eternal rest. I thank God for her life and her impact, which lives on forever in our hearts and in the lives of the ones she touched. Rev 2:7b To the one who is victorious I will give the right to eat from the tree of life, which is in the paradise of God. Amen.

Liz Mukuhi, Daughter

No one chooses where they are born, and I was fortunate to be born to the best mum in the world. Many of you already know this. Everything she did was with deep passion, never holding back. Her unconditional love extended beyond our family to everyone she met, without exception. She never held a grudge or quarreled with anyone.

Mum was my biggest supporter, always encouraging my dreams.

I have always known mum to be all that everyone says she is, caring, loving and full of compassion. I feel that we could not even get to know all the good deeds she has done for everyone she met. It would be impossible to tell. We can only try to emulate her life which was well lived.

I also want to thank everyone who experienced life with her, her friends, neighbours, church mates, and family for adding flavor to her life and making it more meaningful.

Writing this tribute is painful because, somehow, I thought she would be with us forever. Letting go is hard, but as someone told me, God may have you in heaven, Mum, but we'll always have you in our hearts. You touched countless lives, and people often say you were the humblest person they knew. Stories of your kindness, fairness, and generosity were common, yet they never lost their warmth.

Rest in peace, Mum. We know you're watching over us in heaven, and I look forward to seeing you again someday.

Kriss Gitau (Son) and Family

First; I just want to thank God for giving Mum a full life, also all that time we got to spend with her we don't take it for granted. Her passion and dedication to prayer and even charity and her service to the community, and the many people she touched throughout her life.

Second; I just want to thank you all for your overwhelming support, prayers and words of comfort. We are Truly grateful, we want to thank Mum together with my partner Wangui and our children Hekima and Malakai for the love you have shown us. We are forever grateful.

Lastly; To Mum God's will was done I know you're in a better place. We will miss your kindness, prayers, the love you showed us throughout your lifetime, May the Lord rest your soul in eternal peace till we meet again.

Paul Kinganjui Gitau, Son

We grieve because we love, we celebrate because we have hope! Mum was one of a kind, Mum loved unconditionally. When I became her son, she made me feel so welcomed. Mum did not judge me but taught me that love covers a multitude of sins. Mum always called me on my birthday and gave me a gift! Mum did the same for my wife, Kuhl's birthday and for our children, Renee, Angelina & Ryan. Who does that? When we were getting married, we had two weddings in Nairobi & in Kitale. Mum arranged the 1st wedding! It was a great gift and it touched my heart and made me feel so loved.

There are many things Mum taught us, shared with us, modeled for us but two will remain with me, no three things will forever be in my heart; her unconditional love, great kindness and her Faith in God

Thank you Lord for giving us Mum for about 80 years. 80 years of unconditional love, 80 years of great kindness and 80 years of unwavering Faith in God.

Mum you are priceless! Lord thank you for the priceless gift of eternity!



Mum, God have you in heaven but Mum, we have you in our hearts! We loved you, we love you and we will always love you, till we meet again Mum!

Francis Njiraini, Son-In-Law

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Cucu was a lovely lady. She raised me till I was 5 and I remember she would always let Ivy and I play in the yard and just be kids. She taught me kindness and how to respect people regardless of race, class or age. She was so full of love and catered to people in the way she knew how to. I remember that she would give me milk and put me to sleep whenever there was a storm because I was so scared of thunder. She could've just told me to suck it up and endure but instead she came up with a solution just so that I would be at ease, that's the woman she was. She would take Ivy and I to church every Sunday and made sure that we know the Lord.

She would always call me every single birthday in the last 21 years. And every now and then, she would buy me some chocolate and sneakily give it to me cause I'm a sweet tooth. Every time we would visit her, she would cook chips and sausage and would always insist that she doesn't want us to help because we're visitors, yet her home was basically my second home. She had such a joyful spirit and every time we would visit, I would leave with my heart full and would have probably added a couple more years to my life because of all the laughter.

She taught us kindness, joy, strength in the midst of adversity, simplicity, faithfulness and how to love the Lord. Even though she is not physically with us, her spirit lives on and I will forever treasure the memories and lessons she taught me directly and indirectly. May she rest in peace.

Renee Njiraini, Granddaughter

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Cucu always made us feel seen and loved. She never missed a birthday or the opportunity to congratulate us when we succeeded. If we fell short, she would always encourage us. That speaks a lot on who she was as a person. Even now in her rest, she's still the most loving person I know. The void that's been left by her passing will not be easy to fill but I know that she would want us to remember her in happiness and not sorrow. You are among angels now; like the angel you were here. Rest well Cucu. I love you.

Terri Wanjiru Jebet, Granddaughter

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Thank you for being a wonderful grandma and for creating wonderful memories that will live on forever. I will never forget the stories you used to tell me and all the advice you gave me about life and until we meet again, I'll keep your memories close to my heart.

Collin Kipkemoi, Grandson

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Cucu was an amazing woman. She was extremely kind and caring. When I would go to their house I would feel welcomed. It was like my home away from home. On all my birthdays she would call me and tell me happy birthday. May she rest in peace.

Angelina Njiraini, Granddaughter

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I will miss grandma because she always gave us gifts and was there all the time. It was so sad to see her go but she is in a better place.

Ryan Njiraini, Grandson

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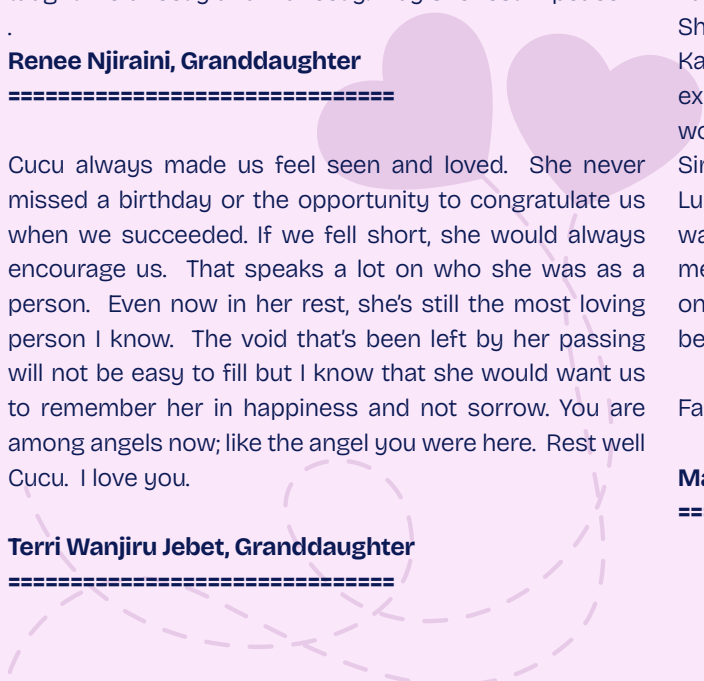
I met Lucy in 1966 as a student nurse at the School of Nursing KNH. We became close and would attend Mass together. Lucy was one of my maids at my wedding and she continued visiting us. Our friendship turned into a family friendship as I became Njokis godmother, and she hosted our young family in Kitale. When Lucy and her husband started Nyota creameries, she would send cheese to me in Nairobi.

When my husband Dr. PM Kariuki passed on in 1995, Lucy attended the funeral and rode with us in the hearse. She then hosted my daughter Wanjiku and later my son Kariuki to help with the loss of their dad, and they both experienced her hospitality. When my daughter Wangari worked in Kitale in 2001, she welcomed her as a daughter. Since they relocated to Nairobi, we have kept in touch with Lucy by phone and attending each others occasions. She was my prayer partner, including saying Novenas with me. Lucy never gossiped or complained about people and only saw the good in people. I spoke to Lucy a few hours before she passed.

Fare thee well, my friend, may the angels welcome you.

Margaret Kariuki, Friend

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Nothing can ever take away a love the heart holds dear.





Hymns

NiKuri Bururi Mweka Ma (Iguru kwa Jesu)

[1]

Nĩkũrĩ bũrũri mweka ma, na tũngĩtikia twawona,
Amu Ngai nĩatũire o kuo, atũthondekagĩra mũciĩ.
Igũrũ kwa Jesũ, nĩtũgacemania o kuo,
Igũrũ kwa Baba, nĩtũgacemania o kuo.

[2]

Nĩtũkaina nyĩmbo njega, iria cia andũ atheru,
O na mo maroho maitũ, matikaigua ruo rĩngĩ

[3]

Nĩtũgathage lthe witũ, tũmũcokagĩrie mũhera,
Tondũ nĩ wendo wake mwene, ũtũmaga tũkenagio.

Unyite Na Guoko, Njkarage Nawe

Ūnyite na guoko, njkarage nawe,
Ndĩkuuĩire mũtĩ wakwa wa kwambĩrwo;
Njkarage nawe mathĩnainĩ mothe,
Nĩgetha ũndeithie kũhotana

Mwathani nĩnjũĩ, ndũkandiga,
Na nĩngwenda kuona riri wa Igũrũ;
Ūhithe o harĩa thũ itangĩnyona:
Mehia makwa mothe ũmeherie.

Naniĩ nĩnjũĩ ndirĩ hinya Mwathani
Wa gwĩtirĩrĩria nditi cia Caitani
Na thuti cia mwĩrĩ, na wendo wa arata,
Na mĩago ya thĩ itarĩ a bata.

Mwathani nĩ ugĩte kũrĩ hĩndĩ ũgoka,
Ūgatware andũ aku Igũrũ makahurũke;
Ūndeithie gũtiga mĩhang'o ya thĩ ĩno;
Nĩguo hote gwĩthagathaga.

Ndarĩkia gũkina mũciĩ ũcio wa Igũrũ,
Caitani ndagacoka gũũthĩnia rĩngĩ;
Baba nĩakahĩmbĩria na moko merĩ,
Na ahurũkie wendoĩnĩ wake.

Munduiriri

Tiga warĩ mwena wakwa ũkindũirira
Thũ cia ngoro yakwa
nĩcingĩahotire
Tiga wanjaragiria ukanjiraga atiri
mothe mekikaga nĩguo nyone wega

Igũru ria maũndu mothe wee wĩ Ngai
wikaga magegania maihũrite hinya
Na nikio ngoro yakwa ĩiyũire gikeno
nikumenya atĩ mah wee wĩ mũndũiriri
Igũru ria maũndu mothe wee wĩ Ngai
wikaga magegania maihũrite hinya
Na nikio ngoro yakwa ĩiyũire gikeno
nikumenya atĩ mah mah we wĩ mũndũiriri

Wahũnirie ngoro yakwa na hũni njega
gũtiri kindũ kiega ingĩhoya njega
Tondũ wĩ mũheani wa indo ciothe njega
na nikio ngoro yakwa ĩiyũrite hinya

Igũru ria maũndu mothe wee wĩ Ngai
wikaga magegania maihũrite hinya
Na nikio ngoro yakwa ĩiyũire gikeno
nikumenya atĩ mah wee wĩ mũndũiriri
Igũru ria maũndu mothe wee wĩ Ngai
wikaga magegania maihũrite hinya
Na nikio ngoro yakwa ĩiyũire gikeno
nikumenya atĩ mah mah we wĩ mũndũiriri

Rĩu ngũthengereire nĩgetha ngũmenye
nimenyete ũria wikaga arata aku
ũmahithũragiria hitho makũmenye
njjarwa ciao ciothe nacio nĩndathime

Igũru ria maũndu mothe wee wĩ Ngai
wikaga magegania wĩihũrite hinya
Na nikio ngoro yakwa ĩiyũire gikeno
nikumenya atĩ mah wee wĩ mũndũiriri
Igũru ria maũndu mothe wee wĩ Ngai
wikaga magegania wĩihũrite hinya
Na nikio ngoro yakwa ĩiyũire gikeno
nikumenya atĩ mah mah we wĩ mũndũiriri



Those who touch our lives...



stay in our hearts forever.





Forever in our hearts.





Greatly loved, deeply missed







Poem by. James Weldon Johnson

And Jesus took his own hand and wiped away her tears,
And he smoothed the furrows from her face,
And the angels sang a little song,
And Jesus rocked her in his arms,
And kept a-saying: Take your rest,
Take your rest.

Weep not--weep not,
She is not dead;
She's resting in the bosom of Jesus