

Rose Ogendo Gawo

"Mummy"

25th December 1939 - 24th July 2026



2 Timothy 4:7

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race,
I have kept the faith.

Event Programme

14th August, 2026

Mourners gather at Kwe Funeral Home

Body leaves Funeral Home for St. Theresa's Kibuye Catholic Church

Requiem Mass at St. Theresa's Kibuye Catholic Church

Body leaves St. Theresa's Kibuye Catholic Church for Tieng're Homestead

15th August, 2026

Procession to the Arena - Choir

Celebrant's commences occasion

Master of Ceremonies leads guides tributes session

Reading Eulogy - Grand child

Nuclear family tributes

Administration

Mass

Vote of thanks

Procession to graveside (Close family members)

Mourners leave at their own pleasure



Eulogy of the Late

Mwalimu Rose Angeline Ogendo Gawo (Mummy)

Date and place of birth

Rose Angeline Ogendo was born on a special day, 25th December, 1939 as last-born child to Mama Marcella Owidi and Mzee Jacob Seda of Kadidi Sub-Clan, Kasule Clan in Kolwa Central location. Rose was the last born with Grace Osome as first born, Nicodemus Nyagol, then Joyce Odeyo among other siblings.

Childhood and Education

Through the influence of the Catholic Missionaries in Kisumu, her parents who were staunch believers in the Catholic faith enrolled her at the Kibuye Primary School after which she was transferred to Asumbi. She later joined Asumbi Teachers' Training College where she graduated as a primary school teacher.

Marriage and Family Life

Mwalimu Rose was married to Anthony Lawrence Gawo Orawo and they got ten children namely Mary Apondi Owele; the late Lusie Anyango; Lordvick Otieno; Molly Goretty Adhiambo; the Late Anne Pamela Juma (Sunday); the late Isdora Easter Achieng; Beatrice (Betty) Atieno Otieno; Joseph Gonzaga Ochieng; Marcella (Mercy) Iddah Akoth Ondiek and lastly, Gerald (Xavier) Odhiambo. She was also foster mother to Mercy Akinyi Ondu. Grandchildren include: Lorraine Awuor, Late Neville; Late Lilian; Victor; Iddah; Late Imelda; Fidel; Neville; Jeffery; William (Bill); Late Beryl; Valery; Late Marlene; Late Irene; Emmanuel (Junior); Bridget; Aryan Ogendo; Briella; Michelle Anne; Myles; Axel; Alma and Amal. Great grandchildren: Milan; Imora; Wyatt; and Julian. Sons-in-law: Benson; Rev. Sospeter; Michael Oginga Ayub and Michael Opondo. Daughters-in-law: Linet; Bibiana; Seline; Late Sarah; Ivy and Late Nice.

She was married to the last-born son in a large family. Her father-in-law was Late Orawo Otenda of Kisumu Karateng of the Kabongo, Kawadegu sub clan of Karateng. Her mother-in-law, Late Magdalena 'Achieng' was the last of the three wives. Her brothers-in-law were Late Aloyce Othuon, Late Leonard Ogada, Late Barnabas Mawega and Late Mathews Ajus. Her sisters-in-law, all deceased were Domtilla, Doris, Cathorina, Matilda among others. She had in-laws married to her children.

Besides Daddy being a strict disciplinarian and a no-nonsense person, Mummy did not tolerate mediocrity, and cleanliness was her trademark. She would personally dress her children before embarking on their journeys to lower primary school. We remember severally receiving awards for the cleanest and the most smartly dressed pupil during parents' and prize-giving days, courtesy of Mummy's efforts. Her singer sewing machine did the magic of tailoring specially designed and unique school uniforms for us. She used it to ensure repairs on our clothes were done. Mummy had gifted hands. Every stitch she made seemed to say, "My child deserves the best I can give." Her spirit of love and endurance showed strongly when Daddy lost his job and she took over house expenses, ensuring Daddy never missed his daily newspaper. Her cooking was top notch and had her doors open for relatives and friends, some of whom were part of us for years.

Career

Japuonj Rose started her teaching career in Nakuru in 1957 joining her spouse, before transferring to Kisumu, where she taught at Kibuye Girls, Alendu, Migosi, Kirembe, Nanga, and Kudho Primary, where she served for many years. She completed her teaching career at Tieng're Primary School in

1998. Specializing in lower primary classes, she built strong educational foundations, emphasizing cleanliness, discipline, diligence, and excellent handwriting. A firm disciplinarian who rejected mediocrity, she inspired generations, including Hon. John Olago Aluoch. Her influence transformed many lives.

Week	Lesson	Topic to be covered	Reference	Apparatus
1	1-2	Part one: Oral work a) Revising the song of God morning b) Introducing nouns on page 181 c) Observation of the things on the play-ground and the shamba Continue with nos. 4-9.	The Progressive Peak English Course T.G. Book 3 Lesson 1 Pages 15-16	Things in the classroom with diagram of parts of the body
	3	Part Two: Reading: Children will read in groups according to their ability	New Friends, Read with Us and Hallow Children	Flash cards for new words
	4	Part Three: Writing: Creative writing by children themselves		
	5	Continuation of Part two (Reading)		

One of Mummy's Lesson Plans

Faith and Spiritual Journey

Mummy was a staunch Catholic, baptized at Kibuye Parish, where she worshipped and nurtured her children's faith. In 1974, Daddy embraced the Christian faith and subsequently joined the Catholic Charismatic Renewal. Mummy joined him a few years later. This marked a new chapter in the spiritual life of the Gawo family, characterized by a deeper commitment in the active service to God.

She faithfully served at Tieng're Catholic community until her passing, later attending Ojolla Parish due to challenging early mass times. Her Christian community continued visiting and praying with her. She remained steadfast in faith until her final breath.

Sickness

Throughout her life, Mummy was a very healthy person, save for the usual arthritis causing a bit of discomfort in the knee joints which she had learnt to manage. She also had dimencia, a common condition in old age.

On the fateful day, she woke up full of life and went about her usual routine. Come 8.55 p.m. she started sweating profusely and collapsed. On being rushed to hospital she was pronounced dead on arrival due to stroke caused by burst blood vessels in the brain due to high blood pressure.

Farewell Tribute

Mummy's journey reflects the dignity of a life fully lived and the values she held dear. Her life honored not only her as an individual but also her family, faith, service to humanity, and enduring legacy. We celebrate a life well lived—a life marked by love, service, resilience, and faith. Though we shall miss her dearly, we are comforted by the many cherished memories she leaves behind and the values she planted in each of us.

Rest in eternal peace, dear Mummy. Your love will continue to guide us, and your legacy will live on in generations to come. As Helen Keller so beautifully said, "What we have once enjoyed and deeply loved we can never lose."

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race,

I have kept the faith. - 2 Timothy 4:7

Tributes

When I was young, I used to question God why He gave me such a disciplinarian mum to be my mother. When I grew up and was wiser, I started thanking God for gifting me you as my mother. I realized you were everything one would wish for in a mother. You were a wonder and being around you was enjoyable. You named me after your college mate and best friend Mary Agatha Apondi who was also your best maid at your wedding. You often called me “Osiepna”. You loved God. You were intelligent, wise, honest, resourceful, hardworking, neat, resilient, hospitable, kind, reliable, humble, generous, loving but firm. You were a strong lady indeed. You led by example. I can never thank you enough for your selflessness and those countless sacrifices you made for the sake of your family.

I'll always cherish memories of your love and all that you stood for, Mummy. Farewell my mother, farewell, my best friend.

Rest in peace, Nyar K'Omol.

Daughter Mary

We never called you by name. You were simply Mummy. I was the cheekiest and the one who received more canes from you but little did I know that it had made me what I am today. Though Dad taught us to be stubbornly disciplined and stand by the truth no matter what but also to respect others too. You taught us smartness in dressing, and you used to dress us and ensured we left to school when looking neat.

You knew Daddy was that typically strict, time conscious, principled and no-nonsense father, a typical Maseno School individual, who later had differed with his superiors in Nairobi, resigned and walked out of his boss in Nairobi. Daddy then started a Printing Press in, Kisumu with his very close friend and cousin, Henry Atyang, but it did not work out. Mummy, you stood with Daddy by then when he was jobless. I remember before you left for school, every morning you would send us to buy breakfast with a packet of Sportsman and a copy of Nation and Standard for Daddy before you left in your trademark bicycle to school. Though jobless, it was smooth for him until he was blessed with another job. In fact, the whole family became cyclists courtesy of you, Mummy.

You made sure we went to the best schools because you valued education. We bore the brunt of your strictness and to any of us below position ten in class in exams was simply unacceptable to you, being a teacher, we would be punished.

I have lost count how many orphans we have stayed with and educated courtesy of you and Daddy.
Nind gi kwe Nya-Komolo.

Son Lordvick.

Tribute To My Beloved Mummy “Nyar Seda”

There are mothers who give life, mothers who give love, and then there are mothers who give everything—their strength, their wisdom, their discipline, their prayers, and the very best of themselves. Mummy was such a woman.

Mummy, you were very strict, but you were firm. At the time, some of your rules may have seemed difficult, but today I understand that behind every firm word was love, and behind every correction was a desire to see us become better people. Your discipline was not meant to break us; it was meant to shape us.

As Maya Angelou beautifully reminds us, “People will never forget how you made them feel.” You had a remarkable ability to take the little we had and transform it into a sumptuous meal. You taught me that abundance is not always measured by what is on the table, but by the love with which it is prepared.

And how I enjoyed your coin-shaped chapatis! I can still picture them—the beautiful layers revealing themselves one after another, each layer bearing testimony to dough that had been patiently and lovingly treated. Those chapatis were more than food. They were love, folded into layers. They were a sacrifice, rolled with care. They were childhood memories served warm.

You knew my academic weaknesses, and instead of allowing them to define me, you searched for solutions. You made sure that every academically weak area was matched with an appropriate educator. You did not simply tell me to work harder. You found a way to help me succeed.

Mummy you were my spiritual anchor and number-one mentor, nurturing both my education and my talents - crocheting, plaiting and others. You strengthened my faith through prayer, guidance, discipline, and example. You taught me courage, balance, persistence, and independence, even through simple experiences like bicycle riding. Your priceless advice became an inner voice that guided me through life's uncertainties, disappointments, and challenges. You built resilience within me, giving me wisdom without limiting my freedom, and roots while teaching me to spread my wings and face the world confidently.

And for this best, Mummy, I shall remain forever indebted to you.

Farewell, “Mamana”

Daughter Molly

My mummy, sweet mother; you did all that you could to make me what I am today. It was finally my turn to make you feel proud and cared for, but the cruel hand of death suddenly cut short that beautiful opportunity.

You came from a Christian background and valued education, very strict when it came to supervising our homework and revision at home, always with a cane on the table; a typical teacher you were. I remember the story of your education journey while at Asumbi Convent aspiring then to be a nun and at the same time training at Asumbi TTC as a teacher. You planted faith in me, days of going for “dini” at St. Joseph’s Milimani and St. Theresa’s Kibuye for confirmation classes; that we all must receive the Holy Communion with no short cuts, these were sacred journeys. Every child had an ancestral name, you named me after your uncle, “obala” the peacemaker, a name that remains a special gift from you.

Mummy, you were brilliant, loving and full of life. The day I swallowed the bitter pill of reality that you were no more, became the darkest day of my life, yet I find comfort knowing you are home. You loved singing and dancing for the Lord. As the scripture says, “Let everything that has breath praise the Lord.” (Psalms 150:6), may you sing and dance forever with the angels Mummy.

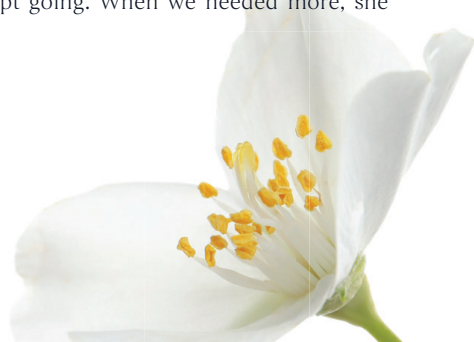
REST IN PEACE NYAKOMOLO

Daughter Betty

We are gathered here today to honor a woman whose heart was as vast as her strength was steady. To the world, she was a teacher, a worker, and a member of the community. But to us, she was everything. She was our foundation, our first teacher, our protector, and our greatest hero.

My mother was a woman of beautiful contradictions. She possessed a heart that was endlessly loving and caring, a warmth that we felt every single day. Yet, she also understood that love meant guidance. She was our disciplinarian, the one who taught us the value of character, responsibility, and doing things the right way. She didn't just tell us how to be good people; she showed us by the way she lived.

I think back to the image of her on her bicycle, riding those ten kilometers to school and back, day after day, rain or shine. She didn't ride that bike for herself. She rode for us. Every mile she pedaled was a sacrifice made so that we could have a better life than she did. When we were tired, she kept going. When we needed more, she found a way to provide.



Tributes

Even in the simple things, she found ways to bring joy into our home. I still remember her coming home with those toys she gathered—gifts made by her students. She didn't have much, but she had a gift for turning nothing into something precious. She taught us that happiness isn't about what you own, but about the love you share and the effort you make for others.

And when life got hard, when we were sick or hurting, she was the steady hand on our forehead and the sleepless spirit at our bedside. She didn't just care for us; she fought for us. She gave us her time, her sweat, her prayers, and her entire life.

Mom, you have left us with a legacy that no bicycle ride or school day could ever measure. You taught us to be strong, to be kind, and to never stop working for the things that matter. Though we miss you more than words can say, we are the people we are today because you were our mother.

We love you; we honor you, and we will carry you in our hearts forever.

Son Joe

A Last Daughter's Tribute to Her Cherished Mummy Growing up, I heard my siblings call you Mummy— I thought it was your name. Little did I know, it was a name that would become my sweetest memory. Mummy, you loved me like a precious egg. For years, I believed I was your last born, until I realized that there was the real last born — yet in your heart, I remained your cherished princess.

Whenever I cried, you would call, “Ang'o matimo mamana?” — (“What is happening to my mother?”) I was named after her mother Marcella. Oh, how I miss being that little princess ever cajoled. You brought us sweet bananas whenever you came from school, covered our books with care, and guarded learning materials like holy treasures. Your discipline was firm, your standards high, but your love was always deeper than the cane.

In your later years, your smile still welcomed me home. Together, we searched YouTube for your favorite songs and sang as though time had stood still. A mother's love is eternal; “A mother's love is the heart's first home.” And I will forever be your daughter, your Mercy.

Mummy, you were strong until your final breath. I will miss you beyond words, but I celebrate the beautiful life you gave us.

“Her children arise and call her blessed.” — Proverbs 31:28
Rest peacefully, my cherished Mummy.

Your Mercy will love you forever.

Daughter Mercy

I'm still to come to terms with the fact that I will not be making routine calls to you to receive your usual blessings and guidance of what to be careful of wherever I am. You treated all of us equally none felt more favored than the other.

You had a nickname for all of us and rarely referred to us with our real name. Your strictness was justifiable and I received a heavy dose from your punishments due to my cheekiness. I am grateful for the disciple it has shaped me to be the person I am today. I am still yet to come to terms and still lost for words.

Son Gerald

Mummy had the ability to render ordinary moments sacred. She loved the word of God and loved to sing and dance for the Lord, whom she professed as her Savior. Our visits with her were full of song, folklore, laughter and plenty of delicious food washed down with fragrant lemongrass tea.

Mummy carried herself with immense grace that needed no announcement. She possessed an extraordinary strength of character that never had to raise its voice. In her smile there was warmth; in her counsel there was wisdom; and in her presence there was peace. She gave of herself freely — time, care, encouragement — without keeping score, and in doing so she taught those around her what love looks like when it is lived rather than merely spoken.

She walked through this world with dignity and quiet courage. Whether in the small daily acts of care for family and friends, or in the larger ways in which she stood for what was right and good. Mummy left people better than she found them as she had a gift for seeing the best in others and calling it forth. Many of us here today are living proof of that gift.

To her family, she was the steady center — a source of comfort, of love and of unwavering support. To her friends, she was loyalty wrapped in gentleness. To her community, she was a light that did not seek the stage, yet illuminated everything around it. We are all the poorer for her absence and infinitely richer for having known her.

Though she has left these earthly shores, Mummy has not left us empty. She leaves behind the fragrance of a life well lived: memories that will rise like morning light, lessons that will guide our steps, and a love that death cannot diminish. In the quiet of our hearts, we will still hear her voice. In the choices we make we will still feel her influence. In the love we give one another we will keep her spirit alive.

So today we do not say goodbye in finality. We say thank you. Thank you, Mummy, Japuonj Rose Ogendo Gawo, for the beauty you brought into this world. Thank you for the gentleness, the strength, the laughter and the love. May you rest in the peace you so richly deserve, surrounded by the light you always carried within you.

And may we who remain, honour you by living a little more kindly, a little more courageously, and a little more fully — just as you showed us how.

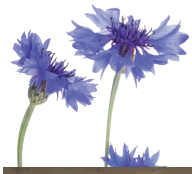
The great love you showed while you were with us, we reserve in our hearts for you always.

Dhi gi Kwe Mummy

Grand Kids and Great Grand Kids



Life & Times in Photos



Hymns

ANAWER WENDE MAMIT

Anawer wende mamit ni Ruodha gi Nyasacha,
en e ngimana gi tekona.
Mako buchene duto mondo obedi gombona,
dhoga mondo olandi humbe.

*Jawarna - anadendi Yesu nyarombo
Winj ywakna - anagoni erokamano, x2
Nyasacha, yie ipara ndalo giko piny.*

Analuongo nying jawar, Yesu nyingi miya mor,
nying mamit kaluongo e dhoga.
Yie irita kamarach mond' ibedo riekona,
pinywani opong' gi masiche.

Anadendi ndalo tee, mwanduni opong'o piny,
aa Nyasacha go wang'i kuoma.
Dwaroni otimre e polo gi piny duto,
to nimar nyalo duto mari.

Mi abedi ng'amodhil, ting'a malo Yesuna,
ok awinjora dhi e polo.
Ngima pinyni to rumo, kata mor ma ji neno,
mago biro kalo ka tipo.

NIONGOZE BANDARINI

Bwana una neema nyingi,
waondoa kila dhambi. x2

*Niwe chem (chem) ya uzima,
niyateke kwako Bwana
Niongoze bandarini,
niwe wako milele x2*

Nikiwa patakatifu,
namsifu Mungu juu x2

Bwana Yesu 'tubariki,
tuishi katika mema x2

Bwana Mungu 'niongoze,
nidumu katika neema x2

BI RUODHA

Bi Ruodha, sudi machiegni koda,
agangora gi maricho mapek.
Reti puodha, Yesu kik ijwang'a, asayi,
luoka gi rembi maler.

*Bi idonjie chunya Nyasaye,
bi mond' iloke dak chikruok.
Bi, igerie mise mar hera, bi idagie kendi. x2*

Onge ng'ato kendo ma dikonya,
kasik' akuyo, chunya onge mor
Asingo ni chunya aketie komi,
miya gi lwenje ma akedonigo.

Aluongi ni Ruodha, Yesu jawar,
atimo richo ka tem oloya.
Bi irita, geng'na jasigu kuoma,
abedi ka atiyoni gi hera.

Jesus para kaka dhano nono,
koro dabedi nade gi nyalo.
Kata kinda ma dalemgo pile,
ka ok ikecha kendo ikonya.





A Poem for Mother

*Mother, you were just a girl,
So many years ago.
You had your loves and had your dreams,
You watched us come and go.
You watched us make the same mistakes,
That you had made before,
But that just made you hold us tight,
And love us all the more.*

*We haven't always thought about
The things that you have seen.
To us you've just been 'Mother',
No thought of who you've been.
But we remember now in love,
Your life from start to end,
And we're just glad we knew you,
As Mother, Sister, Untie, Grandma and a Friend.*