AN EVENING OF TRIBUTES & MUSIC

In Loving Memory of



MRS. MARGARET MONISOLA
OSINAIKE

(née Mofolasayo) Oshiemama
24 October 1935 - 9 August 2026

Monday, 19 October 2026 | 3:00 pm - 5:00 pm

An Evening of Tributes & Music

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MRS. MARGARET MONISOLA OSINAIKE

(née Mofolasayo) a.ka. Oshiemama

24 October 1935 - 9 August 2026

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3:00 pm - 5:00 pm

RCCG Victory Chapel (My Father's House),
Magodo Phase 2, Lagos

ORDER OF PROGRAMME

1. **Opening Prayer & Welcome**
2. **Hymn** — Ha! Egbe mi, e w' asia
3. **Opening Tribute & Introduction to Oshiemama** — Korede Erinoluwa
4. **Tribute** — Rachel Oduola
5. **Hymn** — Abide with Me
6. **Tribute** — Estate Neighbors
7. **Hymn** — Ore Ofe Sa
8. **Tribute** — Full Circle
9. **Praise & Worship —** Jide Sanyaolu
10. **Tribute —** IBOSA
11. **Special Ministration —** Gbenga Akinfenwa
12. **Special Presentation —** ChristianSing Foundation
13. **Hymn** — And Can It Be
14. **Èwì** — Yoruba Praise Poetry
15. **Tribute** — The Mofolasayos
16. **Special Ministration —** The Mofolasayos
17. **Close out Tribute** — Busola OpeOluwa
18. **Hymn** — In Christ Alone
19. **Vote of Thanks —** Titilope Quadry-Osinaike
20. **Closing Prayer**

TRIBUTES & MUSIC

1. **Opening Prayer & Welcome**

2. **Hymn:** Ha! Egbe mi, e w' asia

   1. Ha! Egbe mi, e w' asia
      Bi ti nfe lele!
      Ogun Jesu fere de na,
      A fere gun!
      Chorus: *D' odi mu, emi fere de,"*
      Beni Jesu nwi,
      Ran 'dahun pada s' orun , pe,
      Awa o dimu.

   2. Wo opo ogun ti mbo wa,
      Esu nko won bo;
      Awon alagbara nsubu,
      A fe damu tan!

   3. Wo asia Jesu ti nfe;
      Gbo ohun ipe;
      A o segun gbogbo ota
      Ni oruko Re.

   4. Ogun ngbona girigiri,
      Iranwo w ambo;
      Balogun wa mbo wa tete,
      Egbe, tujuka!

3. **Opening Tribute & Introduction to Oshiemama** - Korede Erinoluwa

4. **Tribute** - Rachel Adisa

5. **Hymn:** Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;

   1. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
      The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
      When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
      Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

   2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
      Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
      Change and decay in all around I see;
      O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

   3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
      What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
      Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
      Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
   Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
   Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
   I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
   Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
   Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
   In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

6. **Tribute** - Estate Neighbours

7. **Hymn:** Ore ofe ohun

1. Ore ofe ohun
   Adun ni l'eti wa
   Gbohun gbohun re y'o gba orun kan
   Aye y'o gbo pelu
   Chorus: *Ore ofe sa*
   N'igbekele mi
   Jesu ku fun araye
   O ku fun mi pelu

2. Ore ofe l'o ko
   Oruko mi l'orun
   L'o fi mi fun Od'agutan
   T'O gba iya mi je.

3. Ore ofe to mi
   S'ona alafia
   O ntoju mi l'ojojumo
   Ni irin ajo mi.

4. Ore ofe ko mi
   Bi a ti 'gbadura
   O pa mi mo titi d'oni
   Ko si je ki nsako.

5. Je k'ore ofe yi
   F'agbara f'okan mi
   Ki nle fi gbogbo ipa mi
   At'ojo mi fun O. Amin.

8. **Tribute** - Full Circle

9. **Praise & Worship** - Jide Sanyaolu

10. **Tribute** - IBOSA

11. **Special Ministration** - Gbenga Akinfenwa

12. **Special Ministration** - ChristianSing Foundation

And Can It Be

1. And can it be that I should gain an interest in the Saviour's blood?
   Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who Him to death pursued?
   Amazing love! How can it be that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2. 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies! Who can explore His strange design?
   In vain the firstborn seraph tries to sound the depths of love divine!
   'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore; let angel minds inquire no more.

3. He left His Father's throne above, so free, so infinite His grace;
   Emptied Himself of all but love, and bled for Adam's helpless race.
   'Tis mercy all, immense and free; for, O my God, it found out me.

4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay fast bound in sin and nature's night;
   Thine eye diffused a quickening ray—I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
   My chains fell off, my heart was free; I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

5. No condemnation now I dread; Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
   Alive in Him, my living Head, and clothed in righteousness divine,
   Bold I approach the eternal throne, and claim the crown, through Christ my own.

13. **Èwì** — Yoruba Praise Poetry

14. **Tribute** - The Mofolasayos

15. **Special Ministration** - The Mofolasayos

16. **Close out Tribute** - Busola OpeOluwa

17. **Hymn:** In Christ alone, my hope is found
    1. In Christ alone, my hope is found
       He is my light, my strength, my song
       This Cornerstone, this solid ground
       Firm through the fiercest drought and storm
       What heights of love, what depths of peace
       When fears are stilled, when strivings cease
       My Comforter, my All in All
       Here in the love of Christ I stand.

2. In Christ alone, who took on flesh
   Fullness of God in helpless babe
   This gift of love and righteousness
   Scorned by the ones He came to save
   'Til on that cross as Jesus died
   The wrath of God was satisfied
   For every sin on Him was laid
   Here in the death of Christ I live

3. There in the ground His body lay
   Light of the world by darkness slain
   Then bursting forth in glorious day
   Up from the grave, He rose again
   And as He stands in victory
   Sin's curse has lost its grip on me
   For I am His and He is mine
   Bought with the precious blood of Christ

4. No guilt in life, no fear in death
   This is the power of Christ in me
   From life's first cry to final breath
   Jesus commands my destiny
   No power of hell, no scheme of man
   Can ever pluck me from His hand
   'Til He returns or calls me home
   Here in the power of Christ I'll stand

18. Vote of Thanks - Titilope Quadry-Osinaike

19. Closing Prayer

Service of Songs

In loving memory of

MARGARET MONISOLA OSINAIKE

(née Mofolasayo) a.k.a Oshiemama
24 October 1935 – 9 August 2026

Monday, 19 October 2026 | 5:00–7:00 PM

RCCG Victory Chapel (My Father's House),
Magodo Phase 2, Lagos



ORDER OF SERVICE

1. **Opening Prayer**
2. **Praise & Worship**
3. **Hymn: 1 -** Begone, Unbelief, My Saviour Is Near
4. **Hymn: 2 -** Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine
5. **Bible Reading 1 -** 1 Corinthians 15:50-58
6. **Hymn: 3 -** Sleep On, Beloved
7. **Hymn: 4 -** My Faith Looks Up to Thee
8. **Bible Reading 2 -** 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18
9. **Hymn: 5 -** We Speak of the Realms of the Blest
10. **Special Ministration -** Goodness of God
11. **Bible Reading 3 -** Revelation 20:11-15
12. **Tributes**
13. **Presentation -** Pillar of Wisdom Elders Fellowship, RCCG Victory Chapel Magodo
14. **Exhortation**
15. **Prayer for the Family**
16. **Announcements**
17. **Closing Hymn:** Shall We Gather at the River
18. **Hallelujah Chorus**
19. **Closing Prayer & Benediction**

HYMNS AND SCRIPTURE READINGS

1. **Opening Prayer**

2. **Praise & Worship**

3. **Hymn 1 -** Be Gone, Unbelief, My Saviour Is Near
   RCCG Hymnal 487

   1. Begone, unbelief; my Saviour is near,
   And for my relief will surely appear;
   By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
   With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

   2. Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
   Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;
   Though cisterns be broken and creatures all fail,
   The word He hath spoken shall surely prevail.

   3. His love in time past forbids me to think
   He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
   While each Ebenezer I have in review
   Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

   4. Why should I complain of want or distress,
   Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
   The heirs of salvation, I know from His Word,
   Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

   5. How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
   Which He drank quite up that sinners might live!
   His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
   Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?

   6. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
   The bitter is sweet, the medicine, food;
   Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long;
   And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!?

4. Hymn: 2 - Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine - Rccg Hymnal 340

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
   Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
   Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
   Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood Refrain:
   Refrain: This is my story, this is my song,
   Praising my Saviour all the day long;
   This is my story, this is my song,
   Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,
   Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
   Angels descending, bring from above
   Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
   Refrain: This is my story, this is my song,

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest,
   I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
   Watching and waiting, looking above,
   Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
   Refrain: This is my story, this is my song,

5. Bible Reading 1: 1 Corinthians 15:50-58

50. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.
51. Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,
52. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.
53. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.
54. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.
55. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
56. The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.
57. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.
58. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.?

6. Hymn 3 - Sleep On, Beloved - RCCG Hymnal 765

1. Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
   Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
   We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee best.
   Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

2. Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
   But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
   Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep-
   Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

3. Until the shadows from this earth are cast;
   Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;
   Until the twilight gloom is overpast-
   Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

4. Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
   Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
   And He shall come, but not in lowly guise.
   Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

5. Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
   Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
   And He shall bring that golden crown of thine-
   Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

6. Only "Good-night," beloved-not "farewell";
   A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
   In hallowed union, indivisible-
   Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

7. Until we meet again before His throne,
   Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
   Until we know even as we are known-
   Good-night! Good-night! Good-night.

7. Hymn 4 - My Faith Looks Up To Thee - RCCG Hymnal 486

1. My faith looks up to Thee,
   Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine!
   Now hear me while I pray, take all my guilt away;
   O let me from this day be wholly Thine!

2. May Thy rich grace impart strength to my fainting heart,
   My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee
   Pure, warm, and changeless be, a living fire!

3. While life's dark maze I tread, and griefs around me spread,
   Be Thou my guide;
   Bid darkness turn to day, wipe sorrow's tears away,
   Nor let me ever stray from Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream, when death's cold, sullen stream
   Shall o'er me roll; Blest Saviour, then, in love, fear and distrust remove;
   O bear me safe above, a ransomed soul

8. Bible Reading 2 - 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18

13. But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.
14. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.
15. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.
16. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:
17. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.
18. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.?

9. Hymn 5 - We Speak Of The Realms Of The Blest - RCCG Hymnal 745

1. We speak of the realms of the blest,
   Of that country so bright and so fair;
   And oft are its glories confessed;
   But what must it be to be there?

2. We speak of its pathways of gold,
   Of its walls decked with jewels most rare,
   Its wonders and pleasures untold;
   But what must it be to be there?

3. We speak of its freedom from sin,
   From all sorrow, temptation, and cares,
   From trials without and within;
   But what must it be to be there?

4. We speak of its anthems of praise,
   With which we can nothing compare,
   The sweetest on earth we can raise;
   But what must it be to be there?

5. We speak of its service of love,
   Of the robes which the glorified wear,
   The church of the First Born above;
   But what must it be to be there?

6. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
   Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
   And shortly we also shall know
   And feel what it is to be there.

10. Special Ministration - "Goodness of God"

11. Bible Reading 3 - Revelation 20:11–15

11. And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them.
12. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.
13. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.

14. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death.
15. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.

12. Tributes

13. Presentation - Pillar Of Wisdom Elders Fellowship, RCCG. Victory Chapel Magodo

14. Exhortation

15. Prayer For The Family

16. Announcements

17. Closing Hymn: Shall We Gather At The River - RCCG Hymnal 747

1. Shall we gather at the river, where bright angel feet have trod;
   With its crystal tide forever flowing by the throne of God?
   Refrain: Yes, we'll gather at the river,
   The beautiful, the beautiful river;
   Gather with the saints at the river
   That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river, guided by our Shepherd King,
   We will walk and worship ever, His dear footsteps following.
   Refrain: Yes, we'll gather at the river,

3. But before we gain the river, lay we every burden down;
   Jesus, here from sin deliver those whom there Thy grace will crown.
   Refrain: Yes, we'll gather at the river,

4. Soon we'll reach the crystal river, soon our pilgrimage will cease;
   Soon our golden harp strings quiver with the melody of peace.
   Refrain: Yes, we'll gather at the river,

18. Hallelujah Chorus

19. Closing Prayer & Benediction

A Tribute to my beloved Mother

On the 9th of August 2026, my beloved mother went home to be with the Lord. Her passing has left a deep emptiness in our hearts, but I thank God for the precious gift of her life, which spanned over 90 years, and for the love, joy, faith, and beautiful memories she gave to us.

Mum was a woman full of life, love, peace, and hope. She loved singing songs and hymns. Even now, I can almost hear the echo of her voice in different parts of the house. I can only imagine that she is still singing in Heaven now. Those familiar sounds are memories we will treasure forever.

Mum loved her family deeply, and she had a special love for children all over the world. She was not only a mother to her own children; she was also a mother to our friends. She had the wonderful ability to connect with people of every age. She could meet people at their level, make them feel comfortable, and engage with them genuinely. She had a special way of making everyone feel seen, welcomed, and loved.

Mum was a giver. Helping others came naturally to her, and she always tried to see the best in everyone. She was genuine, humble, and down-to-earth. She loved learning new things, regardless of her age, and remained curious and willing to grow.

She also valued cleanliness, order, and perfection, and she took great pride in keeping her home clean and tidy. I remember my unannounced visit to her home in June, when I found Mum taking all her clothes out of her wardrobe and her utensils out for a thorough cleaning and polishing, all by herself! Even at her age, she was determined to get everything in order. That was Mum: independent, meticulous, and always keeping herself busy.

Above all, Mum loved the Lord. Her faith was precious to her, and she would never compromise when it came to God. She lived with a sincere devotion that gave me great confidence about where she would spend eternity. I always said that if there was one thing I could be sure of, it was that my Mum would go to Heaven. Today, I truly believe she is there with the Lord.

Now that she is gone, I sometimes smile through my tears and imagine that she may already be giving God a little trouble in Heaven! I have rehearsed this little drama in my head many times: Mum waking up every morning, going straight to God, and asking Him to please help, protect, and answer the prayers of all her beloved people she left here on earth.

That was Mum: always thinking about others, always wanting to help, and always giving. Even in my imagination, I cannot picture her resting without first making a few requests on behalf of the people she loves!

Mummy was, without a doubt, an adventurous woman with a great passion for learning. She never grew tired of discovering something new. Whenever she visited London, she would always ensure that she returned to Nigeria with a new skill. She was never one to sit still or allow age to limit her curiosity.

Mummy had always wanted to study medicine, and that passion remained with her until the very end. One of the ways this desire showed itself was in the special respect she had for doctors. She actually showed me her entrance letter to medical school! Why she never went on to study medicine is another story entirely!

Her thirst for knowledge was remarkable. She took courses with the Seventh-day Adventist Church, visited the library to carry out research, attended conferences and Bible studies, and constantly sought opportunities to learn and grow. At some point, we even began to keep certain activities away from her because she was always ready to take on more! She simply could not resist an opportunity to learn, serve, or do something meaningful.

And then there was another delightful side to Mum that many people came to know and love.

Mum also became a social media icon, thanks to her wonderful dancing partnership with Sola Adebowale, popularly known as Alaga Jswag. Together, they brought so much joy to those who watched them. It was lovely to see Mum embracing this new experience, expressing herself through dance, and capturing the hearts of people beyond her immediate circle.

Even at her age, she continued to surprise us, proving that the joy of living, learning, and trying something new has no age limit.

She showed us that you are never too old to have fun, explore new experiences, and bring happiness to others. That was our Mum: full of life, adventurous, and always ready to give us another reason to smile!

Her passion for helping others was equally remarkable. Mum went a step further by assisting a doctor in Odogbolu who visited the community to carry out charitable work and help people in the neighbourhood. That was the kind of woman she was: dedicated, dependable, and always willing to make herself useful.

Mum was so committed to her activities that she would plan her journeys around them. She had a purpose, and she pursued it with determination. She was a woman who knew how to keep herself occupied and make every opportunity count.

She worked at Shell in Marina, Lagos, for many years as an executive secretary before eventually retiring. I have fond memories of visiting her at work, where I would be treated to milk and cake or biscuits. Little did I know that those innocent visits were laying the foundation for my lifelong addiction to tea and biscuits!
Retirement, however, did not mean slowing down for Mummy. She had a farm in Odogbolu, where she and her late beloved husband grew various crops and produce. They would bring us organic palm oil, garri, and other farm produce. Even in her old age, Mum never allowed herself to become idle. She remained active, resourceful, and full of life. Bless her!

Even after I got married, Mum never stopped looking out for me in her own special way. She would always tell my husband to bring her all the biscuits he did not want me to eat! That was my Mum: always finding a way to get what she wanted, while making us laugh in the process. She had her own unique way of showing love, and even her little schemes have become precious memories.

Her earthly journey has ended, but her voice, her laughter, her faith, her generosity, and her love will continue to echo through our lives. The lessons she taught us and the way she loved us will remain part of who we are. We may no longer hear her singing around the house, see her busying herself with one project or another, or receive her familiar words of advice, but the imprint she has left on our hearts will never fade.
Mum, you were deeply loved, and you are greatly missed. Thank you for being our mother, our friend, our encourager, and such a beautiful example of faith, resilience, generosity, and love. Your memory will live on in our hearts and in the lives of everyone you touched.

And now, to my mother, who used to say that she was "five feet nothing," I have something to say to you today.

As we struggled with the number of invitees for your final reception, it began to dawn on us just how much of a woman you were and how many lives you had touched. Your life, your relationships, and the love people have for you speak volumes about the person you were.

Today, you are no longer five foot nothing, Mum. You are six feet to glory!

And we thank God that He has called you to a better place, where there is no more pain, no more struggle, and no more limitations. A place where your faith has become sight, and where you can rejoice in the presence of the Lord you loved so dearly.

Mummy, thank you for everything. Thank you for the prayers, the sacrifices, the laughter, the lessons, the songs, the dancing, the biscuits, and the countless ways you showed us love. Thank you for being you.

Rest peacefully in the bosom of your Lord until that glorious morning when we shall meet again.

Till we meet again, Mum. It is Abim, your girl.

Abimbola Oduola *(Daughter)*





Iya Iree | Iya Abimbola | Iya Ike | Iya Ibiyemi

I consider myself immensely blessed that God chose Margaret Monisola Osinaike to be my mother. A woman who grew up with a foster mother, yet became a mother who nurtured, loved, and cared for others with such depth and selflessness.

Mum taught me some of life's most enduring lessons: resilience, love, forgiveness, hard work, humility, selflessness, and service. Whenever I felt I was being maltreated, she would remind me, "You are not being maltreated; you are being taught life's lessons." Those words, though tough, taught me to look beyond my pain, embrace life's experiences, and keep moving forward.

Life presented Mum with many challenges, but she remained strong and true to herself. She was determined, courageous, and unwavering in her convictions. Mum was troublesome o! But she was also a fierce lover. She loved genuinely and wholeheartedly, and everything she did came from a place of love.

She stood for peace and loved God with every fiber of her being. Her faith was evident in the way she lived and in the values she passed on to her children and grandchildren.

One of the greatest lessons I learnt from Mum was never to transfer my feelings about how someone had treated me to another person. She never went around looking for allies or speaking ill of people. As we would always say, "O le gbaja, Mummy!" Don't bother fighting her battles for her; before you finish preparing to defend her, she has probably moved on!

Mum was also very blunt. She called a spade a spade and never minced words. I sometimes wish I had inherited more of that quality, as I often try to be politically correct. Mum, however, was unapologetically herself.

Mum had a personal relationship with each of us, her children, and she nurtured relationships with our friends, too. We knew she related with our friends, but we did not realise the extent of those relationships until she passed on to glory. The stories and expressions of love that have emerged since her passing have revealed just how many lives she touched. Her love extended far beyond her immediate family.

To me, Mum was simply Mum: lovingly strict, yet blessed with an enormous heart. I sometimes wish I had appreciated her more, but I am certain of one thing: she knew I loved her with my whole heart.

One of God's greatest gifts to me was the opportunity to see her again after I relocated. For about a week, we shared the same bed. Whenever I moved, Mum would jolt out of sleep, almost as though her baby needed to feed! I had to reassure her repeatedly that I was fine before she could settle into a peaceful night's sleep.

I will never forget the day I left for the airport. Mum came outside to the car to see me off, and my last words to her were, "Mum, please don't cry. Don't let me cry." I did not know then how precious that moment would become. Today, I treasure those memories and thank God for the opportunity to hold her close once again.

Relocating was a difficult decision, but I believed I had to follow God's will for my life. Although I left physically, God remained with Mum and took exceptional care of her. I am deeply grateful to everyone who stood by her and went above and beyond to ensure she was loved and cared for.

Anike left, but Omo Ose gbe so nu did over and beyond.

Mum, your physical presence may be gone, but your lessons remain. Your faith, resilience, honesty, determination, and love will continue to shape me. Your legacy lives on in your children, grandchildren, and the many lives you touched.

Eye-ke-ke will miss you dearly.

Anike will forever love you and cherish your memories.

Thank you, Mum, for being my mother. Thank you for the lessons, the love, the sacrifices, and the beautiful memories.

Rest well, my beloved Mum.

Till we meet again, Iya Iree.
Till we meet again, Iya Abimbola.
Till we meet again, Iya Ike.
Till we meet again, Iya Ibiyemi.

Forever loved. Forever cherished. Forever my mother.

IkeOluwapo ErinOluwa (Daughter)





Our Mummy of 51 years

A Life of Faith, a Heavenly Voice of Praise, and a Lifetime of Cherished Memories

I still remember the day in 1975 when Daddy brought Mummy to our home at 46 Razaq Balogun Street in Surulere. I was going on 14 at the time.

I watched as he introduced her to his mother, Mama Agba, and his auntie, Mama Kekere, telling them that he had met her and really liked her.

There stood a petite lady, beaming with a smile, yet a little shy. She spoke with a British accent and was so British in her ways, always mindful of her "please," "thank you" and "sorry."

Her courtesy and gentle manners made an impression on me. Soon afterwards, she moved into our home, beginning a family journey that would span 51 years.

When she first moved in, I would often hide in a corner and quietly watch her every move, her demeanor and the way she handled things. Her British ways and courteous approach were unusual in the Nigerian setting I knew at the time, and I watched her with curiosity.

She fondly called me "oni ti ju mi", her shy daughter, and I will always remember her voice calling me that special name.

Whenever she saw me, she would welcome me with dancing and smiles, calling out, "Omomi, Okomi, gbogbo e papo!" Those affectionate words were her way of telling me how much I meant to her. The joy on her face and the warmth of that welcome are memories I will treasure. I will surely miss them.

We lived together for many years, and I came to know her distinctive smile, her modest ways and the place she held in our family. She lived simply and modestly throughout her life, right up until her passing.

Mummy taught me how to lay a bed with neat envelope corners, to hotel standards. It may seem a small thing, but it is a memory of her that has stayed with me through the years.

One memory I hold especially dear is from 1992, when I had my third child. After caring for Bimbo's baby earlier that year in the UK, she moved over to my home in the November cold and stayed with me for a long time as well, helping to nurture and care for my baby while also looking after me. She did the cooking and washing and practically took over the running of the house, giving me the support and rest I needed. Her help meant so much to my husband and I then, and it still does today. I remain deeply grateful to her for the time, care and effort she gave so generously.

Of course, we had our moments, as families do, but today I remember mummy with affection and gratitude. She was a mother hen, watching over everybody, gathering her loved ones around her and taking an interest in their lives.
Above all, I will always appreciate the devoted care she gave my dear daddy until his death. She was so fond of him, always calling, "Okomi, Okomi", meaning "my husband, my husband." Those words remain a tender reminder of mummy's love for daddy.

Mummy's love for God was evident in her prayers and her singing. She could pray and pray, remembering everybody by name and bringing each one of us before the Lord.

Mummy was a great singer, with a voice that was truly heavenly. She would sing and sing, dance and dance, then sing and dance again, over and over, with such joy. Her praise seemed endless, and watching her, it was clear how much she loved God. Her beautiful solo voice, her dancing and the happiness she brought to those moments will be forever missed.

When I came to Nigeria this past June, mummy told me that when I returned, I must come and spend the night with her. She assured me that her bed was big enough for both of us. It was such a simple, affectionate invitation, and one that is now especially precious to me.

On the day I finally planned to spend time with her, I was due to return to the UK the following day. I had quietly decided that I would stay until she fell asleep, then slip out around 10.30 or 11 p.m. But while I was on my way to her home, I received the message that she had gone to be with the Lord.

Instead of spending the day in her company, I arrived to find her lifeless body. That moment grieved me deeply. I had been on my way to be with her, and it hurts to know that we never had that time together.

But I thank God that I was able to give her one final hug before she was taken to the morgue. I held her close and gave her a big cuddle. I rested my head on her tummy. She still felt so soft in my arms. That last embrace is a precious memory I will always carry with me, a chance to hold her close and say goodbye.

I will always treasure her invitation and the love behind her wish to have me close to her as if to say goodbye.

At 90, she had known the blessing of being a mother, grandmother and great grandmother. That is a precious legacy, and one we honour with gratitude to God.

We will sorely miss her smile, her voice, her prayers and her presence in the family. I am grateful for the care she gave and the memories she left with us all

If they still sing in heaven, Lord, please allow her to sing Your praises forever.

May mummy's soul rest in the bosom of the Lord, and may her dear soul rest in perfect peace.

Itunu Omotayo *(Daughter)*





A Tribute to Grandma Yes Love

Some people leave behind memories that bring a smile even through the sadness of their passing. Mama was one of such people.

She loved to sing, and oh, how she loved to dance! Music brought out a special joy in her, and she embraced it with an enthusiasm that was truly her own. Blessed with an excellent command of the Queen's English, she spoke with an eloquence that was as remarkable as it was delightful.

Mama had a beautiful way of making people feel special. She would eulogise them with their oríkì, delivered with such warmth and that uniquely charming smile of hers. She was generous with her expressions of affection, radiating joy and goodwill to those around her.

And then there was her famous "Yes, Love!"

Whenever the children called out, "Grandma!", her response would come, almost like a song, "Yeees, Love!" So joyful, so unmistakably hers, that it eventually earned her the affectionate name "Grandma Yes Love." What a beautiful name to be remembered by!

Her affection extended beyond the children to their own children, whose lives and special occasions she embraced with genuine delight. She attended their events joyfully, sharing in their celebrations and milestones. With the arrival of every new baby, she made it a point to acknowledge and appreciate the in-laws, recognising the bonds that brought the families together.

Mama appreciated even the smallest gestures of love and care. Nothing was too insignificant to earn her gratitude. She valued thoughtfulness and never wished to become a burden to anyone.

How graciously God granted her that desire! She remained in good health until her passing, spared the pain and prolonged illness that so often accompany life's final chapter.

And perhaps, being the lover of music that she was, Mama had one last appointment to keep!

It seems she was determined to join the saints triumphant in singing the glorious Hallelujah Chorus in paradise. And what better day to take her place in that heavenly choir than Sunday, the 9th of August!

One can almost imagine her arriving with that familiar warm smile, ready to lift her voice in joyful praise.



Mama, the music of your life has ended here on earth, but we trust that a far more glorious song has begun in heaven.

Thank you for the smiles, the songs, the dancing, the affectionate oríkì, and the joyful "Yes, Love!" that will forever echo in the hearts of the children who knew and loved you.

Grandma Yes Love, rest well with your Maker.

Until the resurrection morning, when we shall meet to part no more.

Adieu Mum!
Busola Opeoluwa *(Daughter)*

Tribute to my Mother Oshi Mama

With a heart full of gratitude and deep sorrow, I write this tribute to my mother, my mother-in-law, who went to be with the Lord last month, just short of her 91st birthday.

We thank God that last year, we had the grace to celebrate her 90th birthday in a well-deserved way. All the family was together and we are so thankful we did. Little did we know it would be our last birthday with her, but what a beautiful celebration it was.

From the very first day I met Mama, it was pure love at first sight. My first impression of her was unforgettable - a Christian, full of faith, a strong believer in Jesus Christ who practiced 100% of what she preached. She lived Jesus, she spoke Jesus, she breathed Jesus.

Mummy was more than a mother-in-law to me. She was my mother. A mother I bonded with as my own.

She was my prayer partner. My mentor. My mother. My friend. My advocate. My confidant. She believed in me - even to the very end, when many might not have. For that belief, I will forever be grateful.

I am grateful and happy that through her daughter, my dear wife Abimbola, our paths crossed. God used her to give me one of the greatest gifts of my life.

Mummy taught me how to be a better husband. By her example, by her counsel, by her prayers, she shaped me. She had ultimate respect for me, and that respect was deeply reciprocal. It was mutual love, mutual honor, mutual admiration.

Mummy left a huge impact on everyone around her. She carried herself with dignity, grace, and love. She touched lives without trying. Her presence was peace. Her words were wisdom. Her prayers were powerful.

She fought a good fight, she kept the faith, she finished her course.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant... enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Matthew 25:23*

Ho mummy will be greatly missed, but we do not mourn as those without hope. For we know where she is resting, in the bosom of her Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, whom she served faithfully to the end.

Rest well, Mama Oshi
Rest well, my mother, my friend.
Your legacy lives on in us.

You will forever be in our hearts.

Your son **Adeshina Oduola** *(Son-in-love)*





A Tribute to Mummy Moni Osinaike

Mum, or grandma as I so often called you, I struggle to find the right words to say goodbye to you.

You were my mother-in-law by title, but you never treated me like an in-law. You treated and loved me as your son, and made me feel like I truly belonged. For that, I will always be grateful.

You loved my children (your grandchildren) just as unconditionally as you loved me. You were their grandmother, their cheerleader, their prayer warrior, and, when necessary, their strict disciplinarian - always wanting the best for them.

You were a woman of prayer, who always had a song to sing. Your faith in God through Christ was evident in the way you lived, loved and cared for everyone around you.

You were always active, always ready to help, and always willing to go the extra mile to make anyone and everyone around you comfortable and cared for. You had a way of making people feel looked after without making a big deal about it.

I will especially miss the way you always checked in on how I was doing - asking about my work, taking time to listen, and even following up much later. You remembered the little details of things I shared with you, showing that you were truly listening and cared.

I will miss you dearly. I will miss your prayers, your songs, your care, your counsel, your laughter, and simply knowing that you were there.

Rest peacefully, Mum. Your love and the memories you have left with us will live on in our hearts.

Until we meet again
Olufemi ErinOluwa *(Son-in-love)*



Anike, Asake, and a string of other oríkì names were how she would always greet me. Oshiemama was the epitome of grace. She was kind, warm, open, and had an unlimited capacity for love.

Over the last few weeks, I have tried to remember the exact moment I first met you. While I struggle to remember the details, I know it was when you came to Aberdeen in 2007 for Ibiyemi's graduation. I was, of course, nervous because it was my first time meeting my then boyfriend's, now husband's, parents. I was a young girl who had only heard stories of how difficult mothers-in-law could be, so it was a mixture of anxiety and excitement.

While I don't remember the exact moment, I know I would have been met with the warmest hug, a beautiful smile, a face that assured me I had nothing to worry about, and a string of prayers and blessings (and maybe even a song). That was who you were! You made sure I knew that you loved me just as unconditionally as you loved your children, and that I was, in fact, one of them. And I returned that love in full measure.

You impacted every room you entered and every person you interacted with. I always marveled at how you would "steal" our friends. One day, we would be introducing you to them; the next minute, you would have their numbers, be chatting with them directly and sometimes even be the one giving us updates on them! They also became your sons and daughters, their children your grandchildren. That was who you were: the warmest, most caring person, who had a way of making people feel comfortable, seen and heard. You made an impact on everyone whose life you touched and everywhere you went.

Your heart for God was unmatched. You were never without a prayer, a verse or a song. You were wholly committed to your Heavenly Father, and I am comforted knowing that you are with Him now, singing, dancing and basking in His love.

Your granddaughters, Eniileri and Teribafolu, miss you. Over the last few weeks, I have watched videos and looked at pictures of you with them, from when they were younger and you came to stay. You would roll up your sleeves and get stuck into their care, and not just theirs, but mine too! You would vacuum, do laundry, iron (you are still the only person I know who irons underwear and socks!), do school drop-offs and pick-ups, and make sure they were fed, bathed and clothed.

I remember how you would sing to them all the time. "Good morning, good morning, it's nice to see you, good morning, good morning to you" was how you would wake them up, in the sweetest of voices. I have watched videos of you jumping, dancing, spinning around and rolling on the floor to play with them - with Ibiyemi and I in the background begging you to not break any bones. Right through to the last few years, when you were always so attentive, wanting to know all about their teenage days, advising them and praying over them. You were the coolest grandmother.

I could go on and on with memories and stories. I miss you, Oshiemama. I am sad that I will not hear you call me Anike again. Sad that I won't hear your singing, your prayers or your stories. Sad that I won't be enveloped in your warm hugs. Sad that you won't get to see your granddaughters grow into the women you so consistently prayed they would become.

I am comforted, though, by the thought that you were in no doubt that we loved you. That your heart was full and you lacked nothing. That we got to show you a little of that love when we gathered to celebrate your 90th birthday last year.

You always said I was the glue that brought the whole family together. I will continue to try to live up to that, Mom. And I hope you will continue to look down on us and be proud of me, of us.

I love you, Oshiemama. Rest well in the arms of your Heavenly Father.

From my heart
OluduRotimi Osinaike *(Daughter In Law)*



A Tribute to my beloved grandmother, Margret Osinaike

I'm writing this with a heart full of both sadness and gratitude as I remember and celebrate the life of my beloved sweet Grandma Mama Oshi. Although she lived a long and meaningful life, saying goodbye to her hasn't not been easy

When I was born, Grandma came to help my parents care for me. I was her first grandchild, and from the very beginning, we shared a special bond. Grandma helped raise me and became an important part of my childhood and the Women I have become today.

Some of my most wonderful memories of Grandma are the little things. She always wanted me to sing, even when I told her, "Grandma, I can't sing!" But she never seemed to believe me and would always encourage me to try. Looking back now, I realise that it was never really about whether I could sing, it was about her wanting to hear my sweet, croaky voice, which we would both often joke about.

I will also always remember how much grandma prayed for us. She was a woman of deep faith who carried her family in her prayers.

Whenever we spoke, she would often ask me, "Any news for me?"

I knew exactly what she meant!

She was asking, "Any husband yet?" and, of course, wanting updates on what was happening in my life.

Whenever I told her there was no news yet, she would reassure me in her own special way:

"Don't worry. God is working on it for you."

Those words will stay with me forever.
I can almost hear her asking me again, "Any news for me?" Although I would give anything to have one more conversation with her, I find comfort in knowing that she always believed God was working things out for me.

Grandma, thank you for loving me from the moment I was born. Thank you for being there for my parents, for helping to care for me, for praying for me and for believing in me.

Thank you for every memory, even the ones where you insisted I sing after I repeatedly told you that I couldn't hit notes as high as yours! You always encouraged me anyway, and that is something I will always treasure.

As her first grandchild, I feel incredibly blessed to have held such a special place in her and both of our birthdays are in October

Your love, your prayers, your words and your memories will remain with me for the rest of my life.

Grandma thank you for 90 years of life.
Thank you for your love.
Thank you for your prayers.
Thank you for your wisdom.

Although you are no longer here physically, the love you gave us will continue through your children, grandchildren and everyone who's life you touched.

I will always carry you in my heart, and whenever I think about the future, I will remember your words:

"Don't worry. God is working on it for you."

I love you and I will miss you. Rest in perfect peace, Grandma.

Love, your one and only **Angel Oduola**. *(Grandaughter)*





A Tribute to My GGM

What a privilege it is to have so many beautiful memories of you. Far too many to share in one sitting, but each one etched in my heart forever. Here are just a few memories that may seem small to others but mean the world to me.

Giving

No matter how little you had in your hands, you always thought, "What can I contribute?" That was simply who you were: a giver in every sense of the word. I remember when you made souvenirs for me to give to my friends at my university graduation. I remember how, at my wedding, you gave packs of garri, knowing it was my favourite. I also remember the countless times you gave Angel and I money for our offerings at church or to buy treats.

You taught me that giving isn't about how much you have, but about the heart with which you give.

Prayer Warrior

I could tell you anything that worried me because I knew you would actively pray for me and offer words of wisdom. Nothing seemed to make you fret. You always took everything to God first, trusting Him with every situation. That is something I have learned to emulate.

Funny

You had such a wonderful sense of humor! I don't think I fully appreciated it as a child, but adulthood allowed me to discover and enjoy that side of you even more. I loved seeing you laugh! And when you laughed, you laughed from your belly, especially when you heard our off-key singing, Those moments were priceless, and I will forever cherish the joy you brought into our lives.

Loving

You had such a kind and genuine heart. I cannot recall you speaking badly about anyone. You loved people wholeheartedly, and your love extended far beyond your family to everyone you encountered. You made people feel welcome, valued and loved.

A Servant's Heart

One of the things I admired most about you was your heart of service. Even in your old age, you continued to find ways to give back and make a difference. Grandma, your life taught me that you can make a meaningful impact wherever you are. You do not need to be in a particular position or have a certain amount of wealth to change lives. Sometimes, it is the simplest acts of kindness, the quietest gestures and the love we give so freely that leave the deepest marks.

Reading the tributes and listening to friends and family recount their stories about you has given me more insight into how many lives you touched. It is beautiful to see the extent of your impact, a life well lived.

Mama Oshi you will be missed more than words can express. I imagine you looking down on all of us with the

biggest smile, wanting us to keep forging ahead and that is exactly what we will do. We had many deep conversations, and I know how much you stood for love and unity. I promise to keep fighting for that too.

Thank you, Grandma, for every song.
Thank you for every prayer.
Thank you for every hug.
Thank you for making me feel seen and heard.

Thank you for embracing every one of my friends as though they were your own grandchildren.
Thank you for defending me and being a voice of reason when I needed one.
Thank you for patiently answering my numerous questions and taking me on those beautiful trips down memory lane.

Thank you for the wisdom you shared
Most of all, thank you for living a life that points back to God.

You were, and will always be an inspiration to me. Your life was a testament of God's goodness. Your legacy will live on through all the lives you touched, the lessons you taught and the love you poured into us.

Grandma, my tears are heavy because your impact on my life is immeasurable. I give God thanks. He called you home peacefully, and I find comfort in knowing that your life was filled with so much love and purpose and you are now resting in the arms of your maker!

I will miss you and be sure to tell Noah and your other great grandchildren to come of the GREAT woman you were.

Rest peacefully, my Angel.

With all my love
Your Racheeeee **Rachel Adisa** *(nee Oduola) (Granddaughter)*





A Special Tribute to My GGM (Great-Grandmother)

One day, when I'm older, I will look back at all the pictures/ videos and hear the stories of the wonderful woman I was so blessed to meet. Your legacy will continue through generations my GGM.

Until then, I'll keep growing, smiling, laughing and spreading the same joy that you have brought to our family for so many years. I love you. Rest in perfect peace GGM.

Noah Adisa *(Great-grandson)*





I am so deeply grateful to God for the gift of your life, Grandma.

Looking back at the last few years of your life, I am filled with joy and gratitude for the beautiful, remarkable, and inspiring life you lived. You were such a joyful soul, full of life, love, and warmth.

I will never forget how you danced so joyfully at our traditional wedding. Even at over 80 years old, your energy and enthusiasm were simply amazing! I still find myself watching that video over and over again, smiling each time. That was who you were, Grandma-always joyful, always singing, always sharing words of wisdom, and always lifting us up in prayer.

I particularly remember the day you lovingly corrected Rachel, my wife and your granddaughter, about her dressing. You were tender yet firm, correcting with so much love and wisdom. That moment has stayed with me because it reflected the kind of woman you were-one who loved deeply, guided wisely, and never hesitated to speak the truth in love.

I am also incredibly thankful to God for the gift of good health He blessed you with, even until your very last day on this side of eternity. What a blessing that was!

One of my greatest consolations is that we had the privilege of coming down to celebrate your 90th birthday with you. I will forever treasure that moment. It also brings me immense joy knowing that Noah, your first great-grandchild, had the opportunity to meet you and spend precious time with you. Those memories are priceless, and we will hold on to them dearly.

Although I only had the privilege of knowing you during the last decade of your life, those few years have left an indelible mark on my heart. You made every moment count, and I feel truly blessed to have been part of your story.

Sometimes, in moments like this, we are tempted to question why God designed life the way He did-why there must be "a time to be born, and a time to die" (Ecclesiastes 3:2). We may not understand everything about His plans and timing, but we choose to trust in His wisdom and goodness. And in the midst of our sorrow, we find comfort in the assurance that you are now in a far better place, resting in the loving presence of your Saviour.

Grandma, we will miss you dearly. We will miss your beautiful smile, your joyful dancing, your singing, your wise counsel, and your heartfelt prayers. But more than anything, we will cherish the beautiful memories you have left us and the legacy of love and faith you lived out so wonderfully.

Though death has separated us for now, we hold on to the glorious hope that we will meet again, in that beautiful place where there will be no more death, no more sorrow, and no more goodbyes.

Until we meet again, Grandma, thank you for the love, the laughter, the wisdom, and the beautiful memories.

We love you, Grandma. Always and forever.

Your first grandson-in-law,
Oluwatoba Adisa



Dear grandma



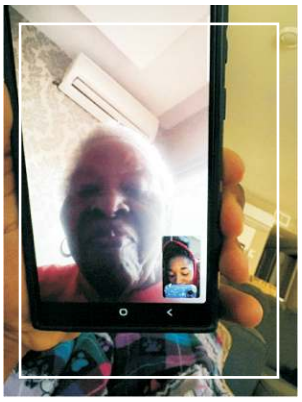
I love you so much and I hope you know that. You will be missed so much, you have reached so many people. You are so loved. You are an amazing woman of God and I will keep you in my heart forever. Your impact will be eternal. I'm so sorry I didn't call enough, I don't know when I'll be able to forgive myself. Regardless I know you are in a better place now but I'm going to miss you so so much. I'm going to miss your cheeriness and beautiful face and your song for every situation. I love you I love you I love you.

From your granddaughter,
Eniileri Osinaike



My lovely GM, I am so glad I got to experience life with you. You knew how to be everything everyone around you needed; you were the loveliest, the kindest, the perfect moderator whenever myself and my sisters would quarrel, let's not forget the most stubborn too but to be honest all of that is not nearly enough to encapsulate the kind of woman you are. I'd be so proud to be even a fraction of the person you were. The ability to touch the number of hearts that you did is truly a special thing and something I truly aspire to have throughout my life. Your legacy will most definitely live on through the lives that you impacted and I pray that your soul rests in perfect peace. I promise to do you proud; I love you grandma.

Love, **Korede Erinoluwa** your one and only GS



Writing this tribute is the last thing I'd think 2026 would throw at me, we lost a gem heaven gained an angel. My beautiful,talented grandma is one of the strongest people I have ever met, she not only held our family tight but she impacted each of us in ways that would forever be remembered. Grandma sits to pray life into us which is something I would always love. The year I spent almost everyday with grandma was the year I realized life never gets tiring as you grow you just decide to entertain yourself in the best way possible.

Ọlọ́run yóò máa ṣọ́ àwọn ọmọ àti ọmọ-ọmọ rẹ nígbà gbogbo. A ó máa dàgbà sí i, ó sì di ìdílé tí o ti ń gbàdúrà pé kí a jẹ́. Àwọn orílẹ̀-èdè yóò gbọ́ nípa rẹ, wọn yóò sì mọ ìtàn rẹ. Wọn yóò mọ̀ pé áńgẹlì kan wà ní ọ̀run tí ó ń ṣọ́ wa, tí ó sì ń wo wa láti òkè nígbà gbogbo.
Ìfẹ́ tí mo ní sí ọ kì yóò kú láé. Mímọ̀ pé o fi ayọ̀ àti ìgbéraga sí mi lọ kí o tó lọ bá Olúwa jẹ́ ìbùkún tí èmi yóò máa ṣúra fún títí láé.

a

Máa sinmi nínú àlàáfíà, Ìyá mi ọ̀wọ́n.

Grandma would forever be the shining star I would look unto and I would forever love her

Kanyin Erinoluwa *(Granddaughter)*





When I hear the name Oshie Mama, the first things that pops up in my head are social butterfly and ball of sunshine. These things might sound very cliche or common, but if you met her, you would know exactly why I chose these words. Grandma was a light to everyone who knew her, everyone who met her, who saw or just heard her. She brought so much JOY in everything she did. MARGARET MONISOLA OSINAIKE, such a sweet name to say; isn't it. The smile on her face from the moment she wakes up till the moment she went to bed, from her good morning song till her evening worship. It is such a blessing to say that I have known her for all my life and I will definitely be passing on her little traditions to my own family.

I love how she still wanted to learn new things, guys she was a professional pianist oooo. The best dancer and singer I knew. She was my biggest supporter, always loving my cakes and other small creations. I am so grateful to God that I got to see her one last time, I got to give her a cardigan she LOVED so much, which was on her bed. I LOVE YOU SO SO SO SO SOOOO MUCH GRANDMA.

Kunmiloju Erinoluwa *(Granddaughter)*





My grandma was one of the happiest, kindest and most caring people I have ever known. She was always so patient and calm, and she brought so much joy wherever she went. I wish I had spent more time with her and talked to her more, but I'm so grateful for every moment I did get to have with her.

She taught me so much just by being herself. I hope that as I grow older, I can become more like her patient, kind, happy and someone who brings joy to the people around me. I love you Grandma. I miss you so much, and I'll carry you in my heart for the rest of my life.

Teriba Osinaike *(Granddaughter)*

A Tribute to Our Dearest "Granma Yes Love"



How do you sum up a life that was, to its very core, pure refuge and unconditional devotion? To my brother and me, she wasn't just a grandmother; she was our "Granma Yes Love." And that name was no accident-it was the exact definition of who she was every single day. She was, without exception, always loving, always supportive, and entirely true to her word.

Growing up, when the world around us felt noisy or full of drama, Granma was our sanctuary. She had this extraordinary, quiet strength-a way of stepping in to shield us from the chaos, creating a safe haven where we felt completely protected, comforted, and seen. In her arms, the outside world couldn't touch us.



Our trips to Odogbolu hold a place in our hearts that time will never erase. Those visits were extra special simply because she was there. I can still hear her voice echoing through the house, singing constantly and filling every room with light. I can still taste her food, prepared with a kind of care that was a language of love all its own. Her joy was magnetic, and her love was truly infectious-you couldn't be near her without feeling lighter, warmer, and deeply cherished.

Granma Yes Love was exactly who she claimed to be, never changing, never wavering. She leaves behind a legacy of comfort, music, and an enduring tenderness that will continue to guide my brother and me for the rest of our lives.

Rest in peace, Granma Yes Love. Thank you for shielding us, loving us, and giving us memories of Odogbolu that we will treasure forever.

Abiodun and Segun Opeoluwa *(Grandsons)*

Tribute to My Dear Mother from Another Womb...Mama Osinaike

Iya O Se Paro, as I fondly called you, was indeed a fantastic woman. It was so easy for me to call you "Mama" because you truly fitted the role of a mother in my life.

I bless the day my path crossed with IkeOluwapo, because through my relationship with her, I gained a mother in you. You became "My mother from another womb, not by blood, but by love." and I will forever be grateful for that beautiful gift.

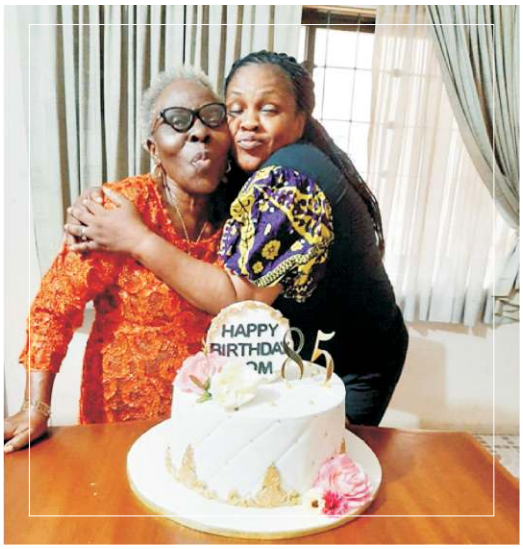
Mama, I loved and cherished every moment I spent with you. There was never a dull moment whenever I was with you. Your laughter, your warmth, your presence and your beautiful spirit made every moment special.I always looked forward to making TikTok videos with you. What we thought were just fun moments have now become some of my most precious memories. I find myself going back to those videos, smiling through my tears and thanking God for the privilege of sharing those moments with you.

No one will call me "Omo O Se Gbe So Nu" again.
Chai, Mama… you left without saying goodbye.

I still find myself checking my phone, hoping to see your name or hear from you one more time. I keep wishing I could hear your voice again. I remember so vividly when you called me on Friday, 7th August 2026. When I picked up, I told you that the network at the camp was bad and that it was only by luck that your call got through. You simply told me that you called because you wanted to check up on me.

Mama, who would have thought that such an ordinary call would become one of the last memories I would have of hearing your voice? If I had known, I would have stayed longer on that call. I would have said more. I would have told you how much I loved you and how much you meant to me.

But God knows best. You came into my life through your daughter, but you stayed in my heart as my own mother. You loved me, teased me, checked on me and made me feel like one of your own.



Iya O Se Paro, my Mama, my mother from another womb…
Your death has left a space that no one can fill. But I am grateful for every memory, every laugh, every call, every TikTok video, every word and every moment we shared.

Rest peacefully, Mama.

You may have left this world, but you will never leave my heart. Till we meet again, my dear Mama. I love you. Omo O Se Gbe So Nu will forever miss you.

Oluwashola Adewale *(Egbon Ike)*

Tribute to my dear friend and sister

Mrs Margaret Monisola Osinaike was my friend from my little age of seven.

My elder brother, Deacon J. O. Ogunranti, and her both schooled at Abeokuta. At the end of each holiday, both of them would carry their metal boxes (called "potmonto" at that time) and trek five miles from Iree to Ikirun Railway Station to board a train going to Abeokuta. They parted ways at Lafenwa Railway Station. My brother would go to Abeokuta Baptist Boys High School, Oke Egunya, while my friend would proceed to Idiaba Baptist Women's College.

Her relationship with my brother overflowed to me, so I became her loving pet. She loved me so much that I thought I would enjoy the same love when I married her brother. When her brother approached me for marriage, I did not hesitate to say YES. This increased her love for me, so I enjoyed a double relationship as a friend and as a sister-in-law.

When she was in England, she sent her five-year-old daughter, Abimbola, to her trusted friend who married her loving brother. Thank God Abimbola is blessed by the Lord with a prosperous family of her own.
My friend was fondly called "Mummy l'Eko" by us. She was a very good sister-in-law, very supportive and generous. She always visited with packs of children's clothes so that my children always stood out in their dressing among their peers.

One day, the children sent the youngest to me that they were tired of eating fish, that they wanted to eat meat. The sender entered the room while the others were standing behind the door waiting for my reply. So when the youngest finished delivering his message, I replied with a song: "Oluwa yio peese fun gbogbo aini wa" (C & S No. 485). Then those behind the door chorused it and murmured away, saying, "We know that that will be Mummy's response."

But lo and behold, that night Mummy l'Eko came with a live, heavyweight Agric chicken, so heavy that it couldn't stand. She had been rearing it for six months specially for us. When the children brought it out of her car, come and hear shouts of joy that stirred the whole street. Mummy l'Eko was there to do and provide what would excite us at all times.

Mummy l'Eko was a singer. Any time she visited and slept over, it used to be a night of Praise and Worship. She and my husband would sing hymns far into the night. As my husband played the organ, they would sing together. My husband could play and sing at the same time. Mummy had a sonorous voice. She could sing Soprano, Alto and Tenor, while my husband could sing the fourth part.

Mummy was a brilliant student at Idiaba, so brilliant that she was sent to teach at the newly established Baptist Women's College, Ondo Road, Ile-Ife.

In England, she retrained as a Computer Secretary. So, when she came back, she easily got employment at an Oil Company where she retired.

Mummy I'Eko was full of love for her family. She often made room to attend programmes, sharing moments of joy-birthdays, naming ceremonies, weddings and other social engagements.

Her mother, Ojuolape née Fabunmi, was a midwife. She had two faithful Christian friends, Mrs Adika and Mrs Awujoola. Ojuolape died early at childbirth. These two faithful friends raised Mummy and my husband. They were in one of the homes together at one time or the other. So, the Mofolasayos, the Adikas and the Awujoolas were closely bonded till death.

I also enjoyed this bond in that I became a friend to Deaconess Toyosi Ayo (née Awujoola). Though my husband had died, she remained faithful and rendered immense support to my family. Likewise, Mama Adika of blessed memory gave me 'Oja' with which I backed even my great-grandson recently.

Mummy's spiritual life is worth emulating. She was a prayer warrior. She prayed for oneness and progress for us. She never played with the things of God. She was a member of the choir in her church at Odogbolu. She served God to the end.

She was full of wisdom and highly intelligent. She was an orator. She had a command of words, both English and Yoruba. She could worship in songs, eulogy and in prayers.
Mummy lived a balanced life. Socially, she was in the forefront. She led Wedding Engagements severally (Won ngbe Gage), singing and dancing. She was very humorous. No dull moment wherever she was. She belonged to many social groups, both in the church and outside, like Women's Guild, Elders' Forum and Art and Craft Club for elders, where she made beautiful decorations for her living room.

Her last week on planet Earth was full of joyful activities. In one of the events, she introduced herself as a descendant of the Nupe Tribe (Tapa) that migrated to Iree. She wore a beautiful, newly built dress, dancing to Tapa songs and drums.



Her life was full of ups and downs, which people did not know except the very close ones. Despite all odds, she enjoyed her old age. She died full of life and excitement.

Thank God for her children, Abimbola, Ikeoluwapo and Ibiyemi

Mrs. Mofolasayo (Sister In Law and childhood friend)



APPRECIATION

The entire families of **MRS. MARGARET MONISOLA OSINAIKE** express our profound gratitude to the Officiating Ministers, Friends, Relations and Well Wishers for your prayers, benevolence, words of comfort and honour by attendance, making the celebration a beautiful and memoriable one.
We can't appreciate you enough.
God bless you abundantly

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