

# Thank You



There are not enough words to fully express our heartfelt thanks for the sympathy, love, and support, you have extended to our family during this time of loss.

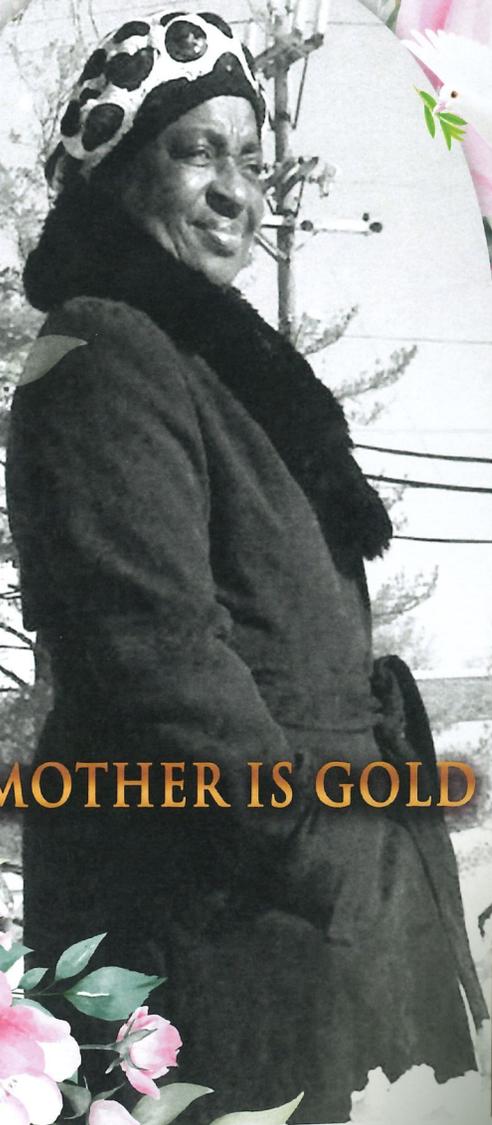
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# MAMI WILKING



# Magdalene Wung

DECEMBER 11, 1956 – JULY 02, 2022



Give thanks in all  
circumstances;  
for this is the will  
of God in Christ  
Jesus for you.

1 Thessalonians 5:18

**MOTHER IS GOLD**



## Biography

### EARLY YEARS

Born in a beach town in Western Cameroon known for its black sand beaches and Atlantic turf, was a sweet young girl named Magdalene. Victoria is the name of the town. It would later be renamed in 1982 as Limbe by Ahmadou Ahidjo. Mrs. Magdalene Wung was born on Tuesday, December 11, 1956, to hard working parents Pa Bong Moliwe and Ma Mary Chuo, both of blessed memory. Her parents hailed from Esu, Menchum Division, Northwest Region, Cameroon.

She later grew to be known as Mami Wung, Ma Wung, or just simply as Mami, depending on who was addressing her. She was the first of a family of six kids and she displayed exemplary leadership among her siblings. Her dad, Pa Bong Moliwe, was a hard-working Cocoa farmer (among other things) who traveled on foot for many kilometers to the farm and back both to provide food on the table and to make a living from his coffee and cocoa products. He would sometimes sleep in the farm in the little farm hut he had built, unafraid of any attack from any crawling or climbing creature, or whatever walks on all fours. Ma Wung would later grow to display this kind of fearless courage as a wife, a woman, and a mother. She would later grow to this hard-working human who, even though she had an office job, also moonlighted as a full-time farmer, who, too trekked several kilometers to and from her farms.

In her early years in Victoria, Mami Wung schooled in Catholic School Ngeme until Standard 6, where she had her First School Leaving Certificate in the 1969/70 School Year, under the West Cameroon Ministry of Education. Standard 6 was the final primary school year before going into secondary school. While in Standard 6, she met her sweetheart, the late Pa Clement Wung. Shortly after that, they moved to Great Soppo, Buea.

### FAMILY LIFE

After Ma Wung and Pa Wung moved to Buea, they got married on November 6, 1971. The marriage of the bride and the bridegroom was a monogamous settlement according to the Native Laws and Customs in those days.

Pa Clement loved his wife and sought ways to help her



continue self-growth. In that light, in 1973, his wife was enrolled in the Presbyterian Home Making Center (HMC) Bafut, where she attended and successfully completed a course in Homemaking and was handed a certificate of completion on July 29, 1973. Mami Wung went ahead to complete several other vocational training programs and became a skillful workman and housewife. Not only was she skilled in homemaking, but also in raising kids. She has six children – three ladies and three gentlemen -- and 12 grandchildren who span across three continents and three countries. Little did she know that her humble beginnings in Ngeme will one day produce grown men and women to whom she would confidently hand the baton. Six children to some might sound like a lot, but that number paled in comparison to the number of people who lived in Ma Wung's residence in Street Six great Soppo. The Wungs residence was like a dormitory. It was a home and a resting place for many: relatives from near and far; nieces and nephews; uncles and aunts; paternal, maternal and marital relatives, even some from the village; and even total strangers. And, of course, her children too. Some lived in temporarily; others lived there throughout their school years and their tuition fees were paid for by the Wungs. Being the first child, even some of her siblings lived with her and went to school, and they took care of them like her own kids. This was not the only extent to her hospitality and selflessness. She was skilled on the sewing machines and knitting, making garments and other fabrics for others. These were all skills she picked up in her earlier years of marriage.

Of course, such a large family size meant Mami Wung had to come up with a method of disciplining, teaching and instructing. She was in counsel, patient in correct, and consistent in discipline. She was very firm, yet she was fair, even when it meant she had to be confronted by a relative whose child lived with Mami Wung. They immediately got the message that they cannot override the authority in her home. Despite this copious doze of responsibilities on her shoulder, she still had time to develop her professional life.

#### PROFESSIONAL LIFE

Mami Wung worked with the Ministry of Public Service and Administrative Reforms in Buea from 1983 to 2000 (at the time when the public service was still under the Governor's office). She later asked for

voluntary transfer to join her husband in Bamenda who had been transferred there three years earlier. When she moved to Bamenda, she worked with the Ministry of Public Service until 2006 when she retired. Thanks to the healthy associations she formed and communities she built around her work environment in both Buea and Bamenda with other colleagues, today her children still have some of these adults and their children around them as the circle continues to grow. In those days when typewriting skills were highly valued, Mami Wung put her typewriting skills to good use in her office job.

Mami Wung retired from the Ministry of Public Service at age 50. Even though she was retired from the public service, she was not retired from work or from life. About 8 years after her retirement, she moved to the United States on April 17, 2014, to join her first son. She was still very active and didn't want just to just stay at home, so in the US she took the challenge and got her license as a Home Health Aide with the Government of the District of Columbia, Department of Health, in 2015 and worked as a Home Health Aide (HHA) in Washington, DC, from August 2016 to March 2020, when she was diagnosed with Stage 4 metastatic lung cancer and was about to begin the long arduous road of radiotherapy and chemotherapy.

Even after she became sick and was asked to stop work, she looked back with gratitude and cherished her job and enjoyed every moment of what she did. She was praised by her employers and the clients she worked for. The last client she worked for (Ms. Lewis) kept in touch with her till her death, because they said they could not find someone like her who worked so selflessly.

At work, in health in sickness, one thing that carried Mami Wung through was her faith in Christ.

#### CHRISTIAN AND SOCIAL LIFE

When Mami Wung moved to Buea, she became a fervent member of the Christian Women's Fellowship (CWF) of the Presbyterian Church Great Soppo, where she constantly declared that she is a new creation and that the old self is gone and the new has come. Years later when she moved to Bamenda in the year 2000, she became a member of the CWF of the Ntamulung Presbyterian Church. Her thirst and hunger for God led her to dig deeper into

the Bible for knowledge, wisdom, understanding and discernment. Even her social life was now centered around meaningful interactions that will bring her added value. Before she traveled to the USA, she was a member of Bible Outreach Ministries, and later Bethel Liberation Bible Church (her first child's church) in Bamenda.

While in the USA, Mami Wung worshiped wherever her son did. Right until she became very sick and unable to go to Church, she was member of Church of the Redeemer in Gaithersburg, USA, where she attended the services as much as she could, participated in church activities, and graduated from some church classes. She was a great learner, very inquisitive and open-minded when it came to the things of the Bible. She will go out of her way to support church programs at home and abroad, in the best way possible.

Mami Wung was known for her faith wherever she went in the US, be it on the phone with her friends, on Facebook, on her job, or a casual interaction with a passerby. In fact, she was so consistent in her walk with the Lord a pastor in Maryland once asked Mami Wung to come preach in his church, even though Mami was not even his church member. Mami lived a life of prayer and left behind many journals in her own handwriting of prayers she prayed for her children, her family and others.

Her faith in God came very handy in the almost three years she battled cancer. On July 13, 2018, her visit to the Langley Park walk-in medical clinic for a chest x-ray, came back as normal. About one year later, that same result was not going to be normal, but it took until March 2020 for the diagnosis to be pronounced. In this time of unbearable pain, Mami's life of faith was Romans 12:12 *"Be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, faithful in prayer."* As the pain grew deeper as if to test what her faith was, she wrote on a sheet of paper:

*"When life is sweet, say 'thank you' and celebrate.*

*When life is bitter, say 'thank you' and grow."*

Mami held on to her faith in God! When her pain was unbearable, all she would say is, *"Oh God!"*

Around March 2022 when Mami was transferred to palliative care and eventually hospice at home, she still held on to her faith. When the end was near and mami was diagnosed as being terminally ill, she told her friend, *"I will be smiling in the casket when I die*

*because I know who I am and where I am going."*

She enjoyed spending time with family and friends. She talked highly of her friends, and was on the phone most of the time, talking to one friend or the other, in every corner of the world. And even when she was very sick, she had two of her friends, sister Eli and madam Forjong, who called her on almost a daily basis, consistently until her passing.

She is survived by her six biological children, twelve grandchildren, three siblings, nieces, nephews, cousins, other family members, and loved ones, and a multitude of friends and in-laws.

*Death leaves a  
heartache no one  
can heal,  
Love leaves  
a memory no  
one can steal*

*Rest in  
Peace*





# Farewell

It was beautiful as long as it lasted  
the journey of my life.

I have no regrets whatsoever save  
the pain I'll leave behind.

Those dear hearts who love and care  
and the heavy with sleep ever moist eyes.

The smile, in spite of a lump in the throat  
and the strings pulling at the heart and soul.

The strong arms that held me up  
when my own strength let me down.

Each morsel that I was  
fed with was full of love divine.

At every turning of my life  
I came across good friends.

Friends who stood by me  
even when the time raced by.

Farewell, Farewell my friends.  
I smile and bid you goodbye.

No, shed no tears, for I need them not  
All I need is your smile.

If you feel sad think of me  
for that's what I'd like.

When you live in the hearts of those you love,  
remember then.... you never die.

by Rabindranath Tagore



# Homegoing Service, USA



## OFFICIATING MINISTERS IN THE USA

Rev. Dr. Arlen Ade

### Order of Homegoing Service

Viewing

Opening Prayer

 Hymn 1: Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

### Scripture Reading

1st Readings

Genesis 3:17-19

(Emmanuel Meh-grandson)

Job 14:1-14b

(Ps. Johnson, brother)

2nd Readings

1 Thessalonians 4:13-18

(Rebecca Wung, granddaughter)

2 Corinthians 13:5

(Emmanuella Meh, granddaughter)

 Hymn 2: How Great Thou Art

Biography

Tributes

 Hymn 3: It is well with my soul

Sermon

Song by family

Acknowledgement

Closing Prayer

Viewing (Time Permitting)

 PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOR

1. Pass me not, O gentle Savior,  
Hear my humble cry,  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

**Refrain:**  
Savior, Savior,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

2. Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief. **[Refrain]**

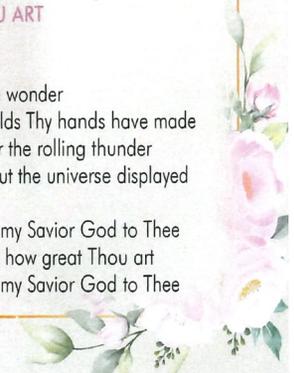
3. Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace. **[Refrain]**

4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in heav'n but Thee? **[Refrain]**

 HOW GREAT THOU ART

Oh Lord, my God  
When I, in awesome wonder  
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee



How great Thou art, how great Thou art

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing  
He bled and died to take away my sin

Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart  
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration  
And then proclaim, my God, how great Thou art

Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

### IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

When peace like a river attendeth my way  
When sorrows like sea billows roll  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say

#### **Refrain:**

It is well, it is well with my soul  
It is well (it is well)  
With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come  
Let this blest assurance control  
That Christ (yes, He has) has regarded my helpless estate  
And has shed His own blood for my soul

#### **[Refrain]**

My sin, oh the bliss of this glorious thought (a thought)  
My sin, not in part, but the whole (every bit, every bit, all of it)  
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more (yes)  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul

#### **[Refrain]**

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend

Even so, it is well with my soul  
It is well (it is well)  
With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul  
'Cause of You, Jesus, it is well  
It is well (it is well)  
With my soul (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

### *God's Garden*

God looked around His garden  
And He found an empty place.  
He then looked down upon this earth,  
And saw your tired face.  
He put His arms around you  
And lifted you to rest.  
God's garden must be beautiful  
He always takes the best.  
He knew that you were suffering  
He knew you were in pain  
He knew that you would never  
Get well on earth again.  
He saw that the road was getting rough,  
And the hills are hard to climb.  
So He closed your weary eyelids,  
And whispered "Peace be thine"  
It broke our hearts to lose you  
But you didn't go alone  
For part of us went with you  
The day God called you home.

## *Tributes*

### OUR ANGEL MOTHER

God needed another angel,  
And that angel, mami, was you!

The hurt so real,  
The pain cuts deep,  
On this side of heaven.

Your memories,  
Your stories,  
Your legacy,  
Your teachings,  
All we have left.

You fought till the end,  
Giving it your very best,  
Never feeling low  
Or losing hope.

Oh death, where can your sting be found?  
Oh grave, where does your victory lie?

This is not a goodbye,  
But a good night.  
See you in the morning,  
Where pain or sorrow won't be found.

Mami, You won!  
Love you, forever.

### INSING WUNG TACHO

### MOTHER

Mami Mado, were you once a little girl?  
To me you were always a motherly pearl  
Glowing and radiant  
Fearless and valiant

As a child I remember you rising early  
To take care of six kids you loved dearly:  
Got them ready for school as you got ready for work  
After 'office work', you went to 'Bakweri Bush' for farm work

Were you ever a girl? I knew you as mami, Mother  
With a heart full of wisdom and love like no other  
You were sacrificial yet sensible, self-disciplined, and selfless  
Industrious and foresighted, resilient, and never helpless

The stories you told, the lessons you taught  
The obstacles you overcame, the battles you fought  
The bond we shared, the understanding you showed  
Will forever live in my heart, carefully stowed

Dear mami, you are now cancer free  
No more suffering, but heavenly Jubilee  
You have journeyed, not gone forever  
Someday, we will meet forever!

### EVANS MEH

## MAMI



Mami, you were a trusted pillar we all leaned on. You were a mother to all the friends we brought home. Mami, you were an inspiration to many and you willingly shared your life with others, even those you've never met. Some people were waiting for you to come back home so that they could explain their problems to you but the Lord took you home before they could have the chance. They miss listening ear and caring heart. You were one of the strongest, bravest, and kindest persons I've ever seen. You were not just a mother to us, you were a mentor, counselor, coach, etc.

Though I am mourning today, I am glad that you died in the Lord. We are sure of where you are - heaven. We are grateful that God gave us the opportunity to bury you not the other way round.

I saw you fighting battles on our behalf. I saw you protecting us from "wolves".

I saw you praying constantly for us. You were the real definition of a woman of faith.

I saw you making endless sacrifices on our behalf.

Even on your dying bed you always remembered to lend a helping hand to those in need. Your legacy lives on.

God will help me to shoulder the responsibilities you left.

Mami Wung, you've left a gap that no one can fill but the Lord Himself.

You've fought a good fight...

We'll meet one day to part no more.

**MABEL WUNG OBEN**  
(Daughter)

## REME!



What a pleasant experience it was to pick you up at the Dulles International airport in April 2014. That was eight and a half years since we last saw each other, as I had moved to the US. And little did I know it will be another eight plus years of living together with you in the US before you would transition on July 2, 2022. It was a privilege to spend those years with you in US, where we made several trips to DC to drop you off and pick you up from your Home Health Aide (HHA) school; dropping and picking you up from various HHA jobs; until you became an expert at taking the metro. Our trips to Minnesota and Pennsylvania bring back fresh memory. Your help with my kids, Manny and Emma until they got to school age, was priceless. All the numerous times we spent together as a family going to the beach, eating out, kids' birthday celebrations, visiting close families and friends, going to church are now fun

memories in photos and videos and our hearts. We even went to the gym together, and you stepped on one of those Jacob's Ladder gym equipment and you worked on those legs.

Reme, it looks like you were always ready with a word of wisdom, knowledge, witty one-liners. I remember when I was still in Cameroon as a teacher in PCHS Kumbo. I had just been granted a visa to travel to the US. On my way back from Yaounde, I stopped at the family house in Ntamulung CTI. You advised that I leave my passport with you, to which I complied. Little did I know this simple act of obedience will save my trip to the US.

You and dad (RIP) proceeded to hand me a significant amount of money enough to buy my flight ticket. Gratefully, I took this money with me to Kumbo, and saved the money where I thought was the safest hiding place in my on-campus Kumbo residence. Unfortunately, while I was in the classroom teaching, unbeknownst to me, thieves broke into my house in what seemed to be a planned act. They broke in through the roof, ransacked my whole apartment and made away with all the flight money and some other items. Soon after I found out when I got home, I held my head in my hands and tried to cry; there were no tears. Then I remembered the wise woman of a mother I had. Immediately I traveled to Ntamulung CTI and narrated the incident to you. I felt terrible that my parents had gone the extra mile to get money for my flight ticket and now, in a wink, the money was gone. When I narrated the story to the wise woman, never did she scold at me or make me feel guilty. To my shock and relief, she said: "Na money dem take'am. No be ya hand dem cut'am." That was it! She never went back to that topic. As forward thinking as she was, she, by whatever means possible, made sure I had another flight ticket money. No, she didn't have it saved in some account; she borrowed. She selflessly went out of her comfort zone to make sure her kids had what they needed.

I am grateful she asked me to leave my passport which carried my visa with her, otherwise that too would have been stolen from my house, and a different story would have been told today.

Reme, thank you for not wounding my guilty soul with negative words when the flight money was stolen. That restored hope and rest in me to look ahead with

confidence. Years later, I was able to pay your flight to the US, and in the long run, it only showed that the barbaric act of the thieves paled in comparison to what we were able to do together -all because you didn't dwell on what you could not control, but you focused on what was next, facing forward.

Fast forward to 2014. When you traveled to the US, I was thrilled at how quickly you understood that I was now a father and you adjusted accordingly. I am not sure I ever told you, but I told some of my siblings you are one of the most mature and understandable persons I have lived with.

You had dreams. You went for HHA training. The moment you started working, you relieved me from most of the financial needs back in Cameroon. In early 2019, you started saving up some money to pay your flight ticket to Cameroon to visit for a few weeks. Unfortunately, while you were still planning on when to go, you started complaining of severe pains in your lungs which came along with severe coughing. This was in the 4th quarter of 2019. You still forced your way from Gaithersburg to DC to work and back. This was the beginning of a new season in our relationship. It was multiple hospital visits to Johns Hopkins Sibley Memorial Oncology center in DC and multiple chemotherapy sessions in

"When you are looking at your mother, you are looking at the purest love you will ever know."

Angela Bamba

Maryland, both over the span of almost 3 years. The super mama that you were--the lioness, the woman who retreated for nothing, the iron lady, a woman I've never known to be sick—I saw your health slowly but progressively spiral downwards from late 2019, right until July 2, 2022, when you transitioned.

It was hard and humbling to watch you depend on others for very little tasks that you could do for yourself. It was tough to see you eat whatever meals were presented to you simply because you got to the point where you could no longer stand up and make your own meals exactly the way you loved them. There was food, but sometimes you wanted it just the way you will cook it. At least you liked the water fufu and spinach I made . I do not know how you held yourself in dignity and restraint even in times of unbearable pain. I sat in your room for hours, speechless but thoughtful. I do not know how you carried yourself emotionally when it got to the point where you could barely hold a plate of food; you had grown so weak and feeble, yet your faith was still strong and nimble.

You voiced it several times that you felt like I was over-working myself just to look after you. I count it all a privilege, because now the opportunity is no longer there to hear your laughter, to hear the sound of your voice, to see your genial smile, to tell you I love you, to go buy your Malta and coffee iced latte, to serve you Nkwi, to hear everything about family history that only you could tell me, to call you by your name "Magdalene Wung" and to hear you respond "Na me this oh!"

I remember walking into your room about two weeks before you transitioned. You were in so much pain and all you managed to say was, "Oh God!" A few days later, as I walked in to administer your medication, your first words were: "Father, take me; I am tired! The pain is too much." And only a few days later, your respiratory system was fast declining, and you were barely able to utter words. You were bed bound, and I as stood next to your bed, you said, "hold my hand." With one hand, I held your hand for like a good five minutes as I rubbed your hair with the other hand. In that surreal moment, I saw a blob of tears roll down your right eye to your cheek. Before I knew it, my eyes were wet with tears. You tried to speak but you were unable to utter any more words; only your lips moved. But I felt like I heard

your heart: I felt like you prayed for me and thanked me. It also felt like you were telling me your time was near. I kissed your cheek, and you managed to mutter something like, "thank you."

A few more days went by, you were now only drinking from a straw. Two days before your death, I called Julius Ade to join me so we can sing songs for you. Julius, Manny, Emma and I sang several songs as we sat and stood by your bedside. You were unable to say a word, but I knew you understood everything. On Friday June 30th, I stopped by your room several times, massaged your hands gently, administered your medications. That some night before I retired to my room, I stopped by your room to check on you; you were in a deep sleep. On Saturday morning July 2, I stopped by your room. You looked so peaceful and rested. I listened for your heart, but there was no sign of life anymore. I gently called, "Reme, reme, reme!" as I massaged your arms and feet; there was no response. Then I knew that was it. I called hospice and the hospice nurse pronounced you dead on July 2, 2022 at 7:23 am. I knew it was coming but I didn't know how it would be or feel like to live without you for the first time in 8 years. When Manny noticed that you were dead, he went to his room and wept. He and Emma are still processing the 'absence' of grandma. They understand you are now in a better place where you are not coughing anymore.

You repeatedly told me that, after your death, I should go through your journals to understand the kind of prayers you prayed since you stepped foot into the USA. I have those books and I'll read them.

Mami Mado! You've fought your fight; you've finished your race. You no longer need to shout, "Oh God!" You are already with God. You no longer need to say, "Father, take me; I am tired! The pain is too much," because you are now pain free with the Father.

I love you Reme. See you when our race on earth is done.

**EVANS MEH**  
(Son)



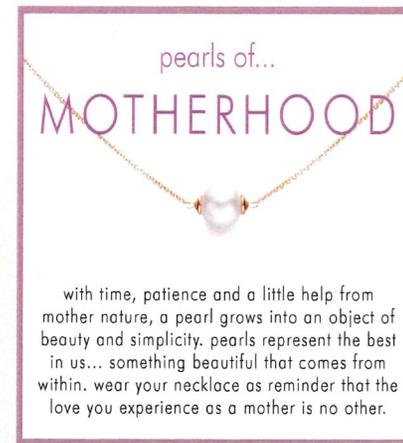
It is so sad you left without me telling you all I've been through, why I did some of the things I did. All I can say is I thank you for all the support even when I was misunderstood by all, I thank you for the continuous love and support you gave to me.

I know you're in better place now watching down on us.

Till we meet again to part no more.

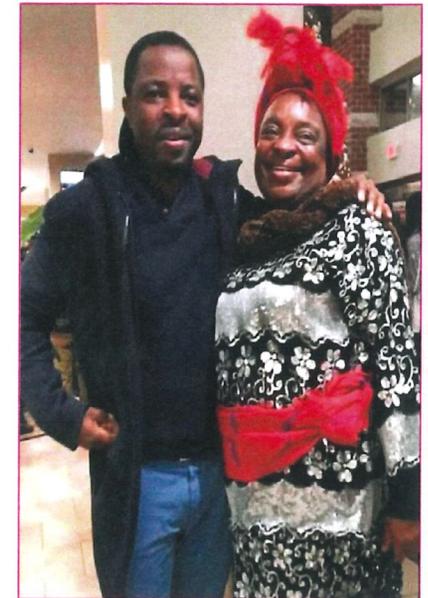
Rest well reme.

**ON BEHALF OF NELSON WUNG**  
(Son)



with time, patience and a little help from mother nature, a pearl grows into an object of beauty and simplicity. pearls represent the best in us... something beautiful that comes from within. wear your necklace as reminder that the love you experience as a mother is no other.

## REME HOW FAR?



Reme, when I left the US on June 2nd, 2022, I asked you 'Reme you go wait for me right, I will come back in July with Rebecca and Raphael (my kids) so I can take care of you some more', you smiled and said yes Pa. I gave you a kiss and left for the airport, I told my brother that this was the hardest goodbye since I started visiting here because I knew anything could happen before I return. I am back in the US with my kids as promised but instead of spending time with you, here I am writing a tribute to honor you, unbelievable yet it is our new reality that you're no more. I have so many questions to ask God, to ask the doctors, to ask everyone, many questions that will leave me with no answers. No answers, but I know deep down we all did our best, we gave in our all and we showed you that. You know exactly what you meant to us all and you knew you'll be greatly missed.

You fought through the illness even when the doctors had little hope at the very beginning of your diagnosis in March 2020, you made them to clearly understand that you hear them loud and clear but you're not about to give up, that you're not afraid of death but you'll fight till your last breath with a smile. On the phone it was difficult to tell that you were that sick, you always put up a smile and we could still

make jokes and laugh together.

I was able to visit you in the US, several times from Belgium while you were sick. Walk with you to the shops, visited close friends, go to restaurants, and go on short vacation trips with the rest of the family. Until my very last couple of visits where things were getting worse, and the doctors started coming in with all type of pain management medications.

I remember how you'll still fight to cook for yourself and wash your dresses just to stay up and active rather than laying on the bed. I could feel how you were pushing and testing every single muscle in your body to carry yourself around.

It is no secret, how you supported and believe in almost every crazy idea I came up with, from when I dropped out of the university of Buea to travel abroad to starting different business which some end up failing. I remember when I used to come to your office at the delegation of public service and administrative reforms in Buea, after my very boring Geography classes at the university of Buea and we will discuss about possible travel plans for me to leave the country, you knew very well it will be a challenge because you didn't have that kind of money but somehow you know it was possible and you believe I could handle it and you made it happened.

I later graduated with a double master's degree in Belgium and started different business ventures, which I know you were very proud of.

Listening to some of my business challenges, you made me to understand that somethings will take time but keep doing what you're doing, someday it will pay off. Coming from you made a whole difference at that moment, given that fact that I had left Belgium trying to start a business in Cameroon which was just too slow to take off. As you know that same business became my bread and butter and the backbone of my success today.

What I learned from you was,

Love your kids unconditionally, fight for them, believe, and support them.

Love and support your family and friends, help them with whatever little you have.

Build a loving community around you, show support continuously.

Forgive those who hurt you and try to reason with everyone.

Don't let the challenges you're going through affect everyone around you, fight your fight while smiling.

Your bravery, unconditional love and kindness will be difficult to emulate, there is no way I could repay you for what you've done for me, we will continue the fight for what you believed in, your legacy will live forever, your great grandchildren and generations to come will live to know who you were and to me you came, you saw, and you conquered!

When you meet papa, tell him we all miss and appreciated him for everything he did for us.

One last thing Reme, we will all be fine, don't worry about us we will take care of each other.

**DENIS WUNG**

(Son)

**SWEET MOTHER**



Hmmmm Sweet mother, I can't imagine myself writing tribute to you; writing about you in the past. Yes I've come to acceptance that you've gone to be with the Lord, that I'm so sure of.

You weren't only a biological mother to me. A spiritual mother, friend and even confidant, ah you were my gist partner and I am your look alike. The strict and

straight forward lady you were but extremely friendly and motherly. My childhood with you was strict and disciplined but adulthood was fun. I can't get to recount all my experiences with you.

If I say I'm not hurt, then I'm lying. When I heard about the Doctor's report about your health, I was completely shattered but you instead encouraged me. You kept the faith till the last day. Ma Wung, I have prayer requests I still want you my intercessor to pray for. I still have some "gists" to tell you. Eleora and Maygan are still waiting to meet you physically.

I'll always love you Mado, Mami, sweet mother, Ma Wung. Yes! I choose to celebrate your life. I'll miss all the calls, laughs, advices and "washing." Your legacy will live on.

**MELVIS WUNG YUH**

(Daughter)

**MAMI**



Mami, my many things in one, how I miss you! I miss my praying mother, my confidante, my friend. I miss the one person I could say anything to, without fear of judgement but with correction, redirection, prayers. There are so many things I needed to tell you, to seek your wise counsel, to get your reassurance that everything will be well. Your prayers for us will be answered. I recall how you cancelled the doctor's report immediately it was given, when my husband

and I expecting your grandchild. How you prayed with and for us, cried with me when I held her for the first time, telling me how you prayed for her and dreamed about her even before she came.

I remember the first appointment in March 2020, where you were given the prognosis, even the doctor was amazed at your faith and strength. How I cried on my way home, I felt like my world stood still that day. The faith you showed through it all. You always talked about your plans even on the sick bed. I remember some of our chats to and from the appointments, you and I talked a lot about how we looked forward to 'ringing the bell'.

I am yet to meet someone who can outgive you. Even in your state, you will always tell me, "Insing check my account so make I see how much dey dey. I wan send something for..." The person in question will mostly likely be a friend of one of your children whom you got to know through one of us, and might not have spoken to in years. Your doors and heart were always open to welcome our friends. "Mami some ma friend wan come go school for Bamenda but e no get place for stay", mami, will gladly welcome the friend and treat them like her own.

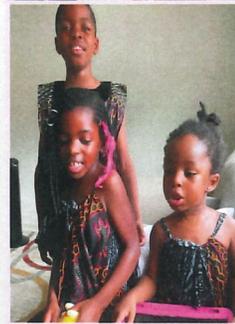
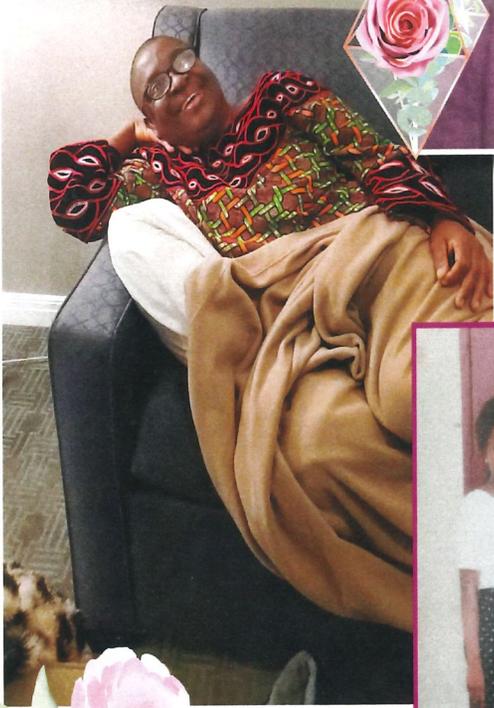
You were so straightforward, so real, so confident, and a true mother hen. You gave your all for your children, and we are happy we gave you our best when you needed us the most. I miss calling you or coming into your room and say 'my mooooo' and your response will be "this pikin weti you di worry me so?" hahaha. You taught me so many things, but you didn't teach me how to live without you, mami. I have never felt so lost, this hurts so bad. I know you are absent in the body, but very much present with the LORD but I miss you so much on this side of heaven. Tell papa his last coco misses him too.

Good night Ma Wung,

**INSING WUNG TACHO**

(Daughter)

*Reunited to part  
no more*



## MAMI

Mami were a mother of mothers. Ever ready to relate to the state of any child who came to your lane. Few could match your qualities. As a Christian, you got married to prayers so we your sons-in-law could become God's best on earth. We saw you weep with us and smile with us. Your home was and remains ours. We could wish you live on longer mami, but though it is hard to accept this sad reality, we miss you, we, your new family and grand children. You loved to hear me sing, but you have gone too quickly to the home of music, and we only pray God will help us fight to the end as you did. Emerald, Kobod and Worthy, all miss grandma. Good night mami, till the morning when we all awake to your new world to part no more.

## ROLAND OBEN NSOMAYONG

(Son-in-law)

My heart stopped for a while,  
My head appeared big,  
And my bag dropped on hearing your transition on that day.  
My wife cried out loud!  
Cheiii!

'Sweet Mother' (as I called you), I was going to announce to you that we got the gift you longed for when the Lord called you.

Who will call me 'My brozzzz' again?  
I will never forget you sweet mother;  
You are crystalized in every drop of tears from my eyes;

You remain the map I follow with every step you took;  
You are our first Love and our first Heart Break;  
Not even time and space, not even death will put you out of my mind.

You remain the beautiful Rose planted in heaven.  
Bye bye Mami!

Rest in the Lord.

## INNOCENT YUH

(Son-in-law)

## MAMI

Mami you were one of the realest person I know, you will not hide your feelings neither will you withhold the truth. I had so much in my heart I wanted to do with you and for you, now I am left with this empty space your absence has created.

"Boy how are you" is the sentence I will never hear again. You taught me to do what I believe was right without minding so much what people will say. "There is no body call people" is one key thing I learnt from your wisdom.

You took me in like your own son, gave me a wonderful gift (my wife) without reservation, and encouraged me to trust God for the best no matter how challenging things are.

Oh how you cared for my well being, I remember days you will stand at the door of my room with a big cup of aloe vera "Boy drinkam now give my cup".

You will forever remain in my heart mom till we meet again.

## CALVINE TACHO

(Son-in-law)

'Oh she's so beautiful, you are welcome to the family my daughter. You have my blessings from today..' I was soo happy and had soo many plans that when I meet you, I will act like this and act like that because of your loving nature...but you couldn't wait for me to feel your touch and hug, chahi death

## PRISCA BIH

(Daughter in law)

## GRANDMA

My sweet Grandma, it still doesn't feel real to think that you are gone. Everything around me gives me a memory of you, every time I see egusi the first think I think of is you. I remember one night we were cracking our egusi and I read something on TV totally wrong and you said, "don't read what's in your mind, read what you see" you have no idea but that changed the way I read a lot. I miss you so much, I wish I could talk with you one more time and

tap from the river of wisdom and knowledge that flows from you. The many things I learnt from you still guide me and I'm so grateful. No day goes by without something that will make me miss you more, the stories you told me in the evenings after news, the most hilarious being "papa na you" I still tell it like I lived it. The way you were so proud of B.I. the blessings you poured every time you had the chance, the discipline you gave, the love you showed, I can't say it all. Thank you for loving me especially, I heard you appreciating the good work mummy and daddy have put in to making me a big girl and how I'll soon get married, if wishes were horses I'll wish you could still be here, to tell the stories of this "contri girl" and her excitement in town. I know that you are in heaven, but I wish you didn't go too soon. Be our angel, speak to us, direct us, comfort us, because there's nothing that can fill the hole you've left in our hearts. Rest In Peace Grandma.

## JAEI BIH

(Granddaughter)

## GRANDMA

Grandma, whom I loved and adored so much. Your room is empty; I know you are now in heaven where there's no pain nor sickness. How I'll miss your smile, gifts and our special time together. For sure, the prayers you constantly made for us will keep us going in this world. You were kind and ready to help anyone who was in need. We will uphold the legacy you left behind. Grandma, we earnestly prayed that you should live longer so we could meet again and again but the Lord called you home earlier than we wished. It's not easy to let go of you. We constantly asked you when you'll come and take us to the US and you promised that you'll come for us. Little did we know that the day we said goodbye to you in Cameroon was the last day we were going to see you physically. Grandma, it hurts to know that we'll not see you again. Grandma, you'll forever live in our hearts.

## EMERALD, KABOD, AND WORTHY OBEN

(Grandchildren)

## MAMI

Mami était très gentille, elle ne disait jamais non. Mami, elle restera tout le temps dans notre cœur, on ne va jamais oublier. Elle va beaucoup me manquer.

## REBECCA & RAPHAEL WUNG

(Grandchildren)

## DEAR GRANDMA,

We remember you from the times went to Hibachi restaurant, Lake Forest Mall and somewhere special for a family time. You were very nice to us.

We love you,

## MANNY AND EMMA MEH

(Grand Children)

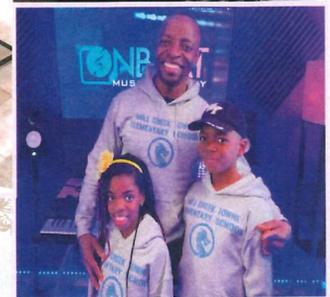
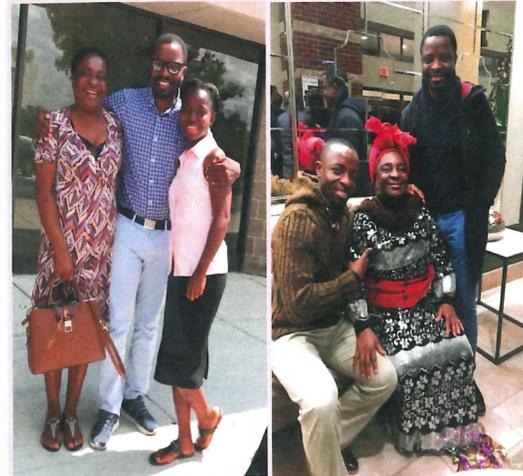
## GRANDMA

Grandma, Maygan and I are still waiting for your visit to Cameroon to see us. We will never get to see you but there are huge impacts you created in our lives. The video calls, the prayers, the singing together, the times you just called to watch us play and asks you all sorts of questions. Thank you for blessing us financially, you always found a reason to send money to us. We love you so much and we know you're in heaven. Yes! We will miss all the fun we with you.

Rest on grandma

## ELEORA AND MAYGAN YUH

(Grand children)



## GRANDMA

Grandma, I miss you so much. I always knew I will find malt in your room when I come to see you and cough drops in your purse. Thank you for your love and prayers. Mommy told me you are in heaven, and you are not sick anymore. I will miss your hugs, prayers, and our family buffet dates.

## ZOE-GIFTY TACHO

(Granddaughter)

## OH MY DEAR SISTER MADO.

My heart is in so much pain, I know you were sick but dead is not what I expected so soon. You have been sick for almost three years, in pains but you never gave up, you were so courageous and full of faith.

Sister whenever I called to check on you, you will answer "nyā Ntiōh I am good, God is taking care.

Oh my beloved sister, you were our mother, a big sister like no other you have left a vacuum in the family.

Oh woman of great faith rest well in the bosom of our Lord where there's no sickness no pain

Adieu Grande Soeur

## PAULINE NTKOK

(Sister)

## GRAND SOEUR

I know say you don't just change na address. To be absent in the flesh is to be present with The Lord. For us to live in Christ and for us to die is gain. I remember when I finished primary school and pass common entrance exam and your husband notified you of my result. You left Buea came down to Limbe and looked for a place for me in GHS Limbe. I know you people were disappointed with me at one point because I became very stubborn and couldn't concentrate on my studies. When I accepted Jesus, I told myself that I will someday make all of you proud. It troubles me to see you change address so soon with fully enjoying this changed Johnson. But on the flip side what gives me joy is the fact that, when I see Mabel I see u, when I see Evans I see you,

when I see Nelson I see you, when I see Denis I see you, when I see Melvis I see you, when I see Insing I see you. Adieu Grand Soeur we will meet face to face again one day.

## JOHNSON

(Brother)

## SWEET MOTHER,

I really don't know where to start it feel the day you left it crack my heart not just that but it also broke into two, filled with love just for you. That love is not gone but safe inside of me. I want to remember the bond we share but the pain in my heart is so hard to bear. I miss you so much..given I had no last moments with. I never had the opportunity to say goodbye, I got no chance to say I love you. I miss you so dearly and I hope you are happy where you are. I have you in heart no matter how far, to the heavens above I wish I could fly just to give you a warm GOOD-BYE. I will remember you each day that I live, you were a good person, a prayer warrior, mother to uncountable, loving and caring. You had sooooo much love to give out with your charming smile. It was such a privilege to have called you mother..no one would deny you as their mother. I think it's time to accept reality without any questions to God and say GOODBYE MOTHER. I will keep with me all the good times that we shared, I want you to know just how much I really cared.

Till we meet again, on God we rely.

I LOVE YOU, I MISS YOU MOTHER, sooo painful but GOODBYE MUM.

## GLORY MBONG

(Aunty Mbong)

## DEAR GRANDMA,

you've left your little Kuna in so much shock! I thought it were a dream not until I was asked to write this. I knew a day like this would come but I can assure you that it's sooooo sooner than I expected. Grandma, with the gift of our last memories comes the treasure of knowing that there are many who love you dearly and you proved it to me...especially when I told you about my results. You'll call me all sort of sweet names

just so I kept the good spot in school. You were an icon of humility and anyone who came across you must know about the goodness of God. You were, you are and you will forever be the adorable Mami I knew. Our last memories are really some years back, but guess what? The memories you made with me will last forever. The tenderness you shared with me will never fade Mami. The most wonderful gift you could ever give was the special part of you that now lives in each of us. Grandma I miss you scolding me for barely eating and you always said "Day wey you go fat we go do thanksgiving" Lol. Grandma you were a big vibe and a role model. I miss you sooooo much Mami. Your love has taught us and will only strengthen us to be like you with the gift of time. For where roots grow deep, memories grow forever. Your wish for me was always to see me excel in school and become a good and prayerful woman, I'm that woman now and I wish you enjoyed a little part of my development. Never a dull moment with you Mami, you could pill a whole onion and ask me to sit right before you and eat it. My habit of drinking water came from your training. Granny for me, I will never forget you and miss you sooooo much. I have no choice than to accept that you are no more. Mother your legacy lives forever!! Heaven just got new candidate and I pray we all meet one day at the right time, not untimely. Go well grandma. Receive endless love from me. Your small Kimiso

## FOMUSO FAITH

(Kimiso)

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, and as Friend.

# Homegoing Service, Cameroon

## OFFICIATING MINISTERS IN CAMEROON

Rev. Dr. Roland Oben

Ps. Calvine Tacho

### FRIDAY, AUGUST 12TH, 2022

4:00pm prompt Wake keeping at the family compound  
(Police Check Point, Ngeme) from 4pm prompt.

### SATURDAY 13TH AUGUST 2022

9:00am Removal of mortal remains  
from the Limbe Regional Hospital Morgue

9:30 - 10:30am Laying in state and viewing at the family compound  
Check Point Ngeme, Limbe

10:45 - 12:00pm Church service at the family compound, Ngeme

12:30 - 1:30pm Burial in Mukunda (strictly for family)

2:30pm Reception at the Ngeme Community Hall  
and at the family compound.

