



Acknowledgement and Appreciation

The Mbayu and Njamfa Families here and in Cameroon,
Heartily thank all who dedicated their Material, Financial,
Spiritual and Moral strength to support us during this difficult period
following the death of our Mother Mama Emily Mbayu Happi.

We want to express our profound Gratitude and Appreciation.

May God continue to bless and guide you.

May God grant you a safe journey back to your various destinations.

May the Peace of God remain with you always.



In loving Memory of
EMILY MBAYU HAPPI



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

Timothy 4:7

Biography

Our sister Emilia Mbayu was the 4th of 6 beautiful daughters born to papa Mbayu Cletus alias Papa money.

All those who have known our sister did figure out very quickly that she was not only naturally beautiful but also had a beautiful heart.

After her primary education, she studied in Okoyong and later did her university studies in Britain with her husband lawyer Martin Esseme.

Back in Cameroon, she worked at the prime minister's office in Buea before going to Britain. They had a son who they named Franklin Essoka Eseme.

Franklin studied in Italy, became a medical doctor specialized in infectious diseases, he spent his life with his wife in Italy where he was called to eternity and left behind his wife and 3 children.



Sister Emilia visited Franklin and her grandchildren in Italy very often and was there not too long before she fell ill.

She called Franklin her heart and regretted that her heart was been buried in Italy while she was lying sick in bed.

As mentioned above, sister was married to lawyer Esseme and after he died, she got married to Dr Happi. After a couple of years when Dr Happi died in Douala, sister moved to the U.S where she has been for the rest of her life.

She leaves behind her 3 grand kids, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, daughters in-law and tons of friends.

May her gentle soul rest in perfect peace.



Tributes

Dear Grandma...
 Grandma's room is empty, she moved away
 She departed this life and is gone to stay
 There was no struggle but with great ease she
 closed her eyes and took her leave. My Grandma
 was one sweet, loving soul
 I had no doubt where she would go.
 We all knew Grandma walked with God and bound
 for heaven to get her reward. No way we can know
 the lives she touched because that gracious soul
 gave so much
 She would share her flour, sugar or meal
 or say a prayer to get your body healed.
 Greet Dabby when you meet him in heaven
 Love Emy-Labelle
 Sleep well Grandma and Daddy

The years will always roll on by and
 time will always pass, but every memory I have
 of you will definitely always last. I like to smile
 when I think of you.
 I try ~~not~~ to be sad.
 It's pretty easy to do with all the good times that
 we've had. But sometimes I can't help it, and
 memory leak out of my eyes,
 and I quickly try to brush them away.
 I know you wouldn't want me to cry.
 I don't know how it's possible but I love you more
 now than I did then,
 and I really cannot wait until the day that I
 see you again.
 Because, Grandma, I know I would take hold of you
 and never ever let you go. Every day that pass
 es by I miss you more and more.
 My love to daddy in heaven when you meet
 him.
 -Love Evima-Little
 Love
 and stay well
 and sleep well.

MY SWEET GENTLE GRAMMA, HOW I LOVE AND
 MISS YOU, I WISH YOU WERE STILL HERE
 BUT YOU LIVE IN MY HEART I REMEMBER
 HOW WORRIED YOU USED TO BE ABOUT
 ME AND MY ~~SISTERS~~ SISTER EVEN THOU
 GH YOU WERE ON THE SEA SICK
 BED. YOU FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT
 FIGHT. YOU DID NOT WAIT SE TO
 SEE ME BECOM BECOME THE DOCTOR
 YOU ALWAYS WANTED ME TO BE
 BUT I KNOW YOU AND DADDY ARE WATCHING
 US FROM HEAVEN, ME WILL MAKE
 YOU BOTH PROUD BY GOD'S GRACE.
 CONTINUE REST LOVE MIMI
 DADDY
 LOVE MIMI



Tributes

Aunty Emily as we all called her has fought the good fight and gone to where good souls go. She was loved and cherished by friends and family right to the end just as she loved and cherished when she had the strength, means and ability.

For over 2 decades she was a wonderful friend and exemplary godmother to our daughter Matanda, demonstrating the good Catholic life through caring, presence and example. Never preachy or judgmental, she let actions and kind words speak for themselves.

For the past few years, she battled serious illness, uncomplaining through her travails. We visited with her and my feeling was that her slate was clean and she was good with her maker.

Thank you, Mrs Emily Happi for sharing your life with us.

Dr Emil I Mondoa for the Family



To my dearest Aunty and Mommy Emily,

It pains me so much to have to write this, but no matter what my pain is balanced by all the beautiful memories we shared together. Thank you for always being there for me and taking good care of me throughout university and when I returned back to live in Washington D.C. Thank you for always understanding me, loving me for who I am, in my best parts and my flaws. Thank you for always reminding me to live life in accordance to God's will, to be honest, to be connected to my family, and to be strong and face life as it comes. Thank you for always being a source of love, laughter and of stability. And great food and cooking lessons. I can feel you watching over me, and I will do my best to make you proud. Stay fabulous in heaven. I love you forever.

Nina-belle Mbayu

Dearest Aunt, what a blessing and privilege it was to have you as an Aunt and Mother. You were beautiful, warm, loving and straight forward. You believed me until your demise. You use to call me and said I've heard this or that but I believe you. I'm asking even now that you're gone "why you believed me". Not even death can break the bond we had. May you find happiness in the hereafter. Take care of Niba. Until we meet again.

Pascaline B. Ngu

Auntie, thank you for being such a lively human being. Thank you for always reminding me of the importance of being happy within. I thank you for the many lessons in life and will always be indebted to you.

Love always, Toya

Mommy Emily, la femme stylé. I choose to celebrate you for the amazing person you are. Thank you for loving your million kids unconditionally. Thank for teaching us to have faith and trust in God no matter the situation. We are consoled by the fact that you were ready but we still miss you so much. Hugs to our big brother Franklin. Continue to watch over us. We love you mommy.

Betty Nana Mofor



Matanda's 16th 8/2008-08-23.jpg

Tributes



No 1 on Students List, '62 class is no more. Today is a tragic day. Our friend and classmate went too fast leaving behind some uncompleted responsibilities for her three grandchildren and a daughter in law after the demise of her lone son Franklin. However, we shouldn't focus on the grief but instead celebrate her life which she lived to the fullest. Emilia Mbayu was her name, later on Emilia Mbayu Happi. The beautiful, elegant, smart looking, intelligent, witty and jovial '62 Queen had an amazing sense of humor which generated a lot of joy and laughter in the classroom. All of us looked forward to the great pranks she would play and turn the classroom into a comedy center. Emi, do you remember what you did when Fr. Mon Pere (Fr Stockman) told the class a story about the Peacock which was jealous of the mirror because it saw its image on it? What about the incident with Mr Woods, the Irish Teacher, can you still remember?

Queen Lady, do you remember what you did when our French Teacher, Mademoiselle Mauricet went and reported us to the Principal, Mother Aquinas that when she came to classroom half the students were sleeping, half were talking, half were giggling and half were exchanging lockers, then she turned to us and said; ' Did what you did to me let Mother see.' This called for uncontrollable laughter and Mother who couldn't help laughing returned to her office, but still had to come back as things unfolded. Things got to its climax as the scenario continued and the class was suspended from classes for a week. This didn't mean a thing to us because Emi, after landing us into hot waters always knew how to cheer us up and make us laugh.

Our loving sister, '62 Queens will miss the good times we shared with you as classmates in our class forum. Emi, you were full of life, a smooth beginning but a challenging end. Illness took a toll on you. You lost your only hope, Dr. Franklin Eseme. How could you be consoled without Divine Intervention. You courageously braved it all. From our conversations, you had Faith and Trust in God.

We, your classmates were there for you and you acknowledged this fact through the messages we got from you, 'Mami, thank them for me. They have emptied their pockets on me. I can't write, I would have sent a message of gratitude to the forum.'

Emi gave us hope through her courage and perseverance. Franklin's passing was not easy for her, but she embraced it with courage.

Some of our exchanges not long before her demise:

'Mami, I beg, bring me locuzade energy drink and sese coco yam.'

'Will you eat it Emi? I don't want to bring it and then you ask me to write your name on it and put in the fridge.'

'Boh, I will eat it. Nobi na me askam?'

The sese coco yam was taken to her, she ate it very well and turned and said; ' I feel now like a human being.'

I had to hold back my tears. Emi longed to go home so she could eat what she wanted, but her situation couldn't allow this to happen. ' Boh, can you find out about a small dialysis machine that can be used at home?' This information was gotten and given her.

Some of her last messages that keep echoing in our minds are;

'I don't know how I am feeling, I just dey.'

'I am running out of oxygen. I don't know what the problem is.'

' I am feeling some pains, I don't know why this is happening to me.'

Today, we say goodbye to our loving classmate, our Queen of Fashion. Emi, we loved you but God who has us all in His palms has called you home. He so loved you that He gave you enough time for your purification on earth so you could enjoy the Salvation His Son brought to humankind. We will miss you dearly. Greet Franklin for us. We will reach out to your grandchildren.

Safe journey Emi. May Our Lady, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary hold your hand and present you to her Son Our Lord Jesus Christ.

'62 Queens say Adieu Emilia. RIPP



Tributes

Mummy Emily,

Although I write this with a lot of pain, this is a time to remember your never ending beautiful smile, your cheerful, loving ways and your absolute love and selflessness for family.

I am super grateful and blessed to have been able to call you my Mummy. Say hi to daddy JACK, mummy Eli, Uncle George and all the others who have gone before us.

May your Gentle Soul RIP.

Love You, Yondja

My condolences to all grieving the death of my Aunt Emily. Like many others, I can say i'm truly blessed to have experienced such a great person in my life. She has done such an amazing job of cultivating me and my siblings with love and care. We only referred to her as "Mommy", because to us she was our second mother. I am so grateful that such a gentle soul decided to become my godmother. To me, she was a safe haven. Growing up, it was incredible to experience an aunt who would be so involved in your life. She would attend school and church events, and always ensured she was present for the moments that mattered. We would often spend weekends at her place, and rarely failed to beg our parents to visit her after church. Every birthday, she would mail me a birthday card with the sweetest of notes. Her words of encouragement in tough times matched her resilient nature. I was in love with the way she carried herself, she was sweet but stern in a way that only made it admirable. It was evident how much love she carried in her forgiving heart; I can only aspire to be that understanding. I only pray now that she rests in heavenly peace, watching over the people she loves.

Belquis Mbayu

The woman we gather here to mourn, most of you may know as aunt Emilli. To me, Belquis and Freddybelle, she was known as mommy. We call her mommy because she was like our second mom. She helped raise us to be who we are today. She was like a third parent. Her apartment 1424 was like my second home. When we were younger, me and my siblings considered it a safe zone because mommy made it clear that just because we were in trouble at home, did not mean we were punished at her place. Whenever I was grounded from watching tv, I remember being excited to go to mommy's house and watch pbs kids because at her place I was given a second chance. Lord knows I was a rowdy child and I thank God I had parents that were able to help me get to where I am, but I also thank mommy for allowing me to be a kid. I rarely ate dinner at mommy's house. One of my favorite things about her place was there were very little restrictions to what I could eat. At home, I could only eat breakfast before 1pm and for dinner I had what mama would thankfully cooked for us. At mommy's house, i had the opportunity to raid her fridge to eat whatever my little mind desired. I helped myself to syrup sandwiches, noodles, pizza, mangoes, and my favorite, cereal. There were very few times I went to her house and did not eat cereal. Mommy herself rarely ate cereal, but in her apartment there were always at least 3 boxes for me and my siblings. She would have all kinds of cereal but one she always have was Raisin Bran. My siblings hated it, but it was my favorite, and rather than force me to eat what they wanted, mommy would have the Raisin Bran all for me. I was also lactose intolerant and mommy would only have cow milk. Mommy made sure I was able to eat cereal too and made me alternative milk using water and coffee creamer. It was something I cherished. She was the most caring person I have ever met. She was such a pure soul. Mommy always made me feel considered. She let me feel like a kid. She always did. She never made me feel stupid, but rather reminded me I was able to make mistakes, to explore this world, to grow. She was remarkable in her connections with other people. I cherish those values and wish to be like her in that regard. I want to carry the same loving and accepting demeanor. I miss you mommy. I miss listening to ancien makossa in your Benz on Sundays. I miss eating Pizza Hut after running errands with you. I miss writing letters for you to put on your fridge. I miss giving you my quarters whenever you were sick to help pay for your medicine. I miss holding your hand. As a child I held it for you to guide me, and recent years I held it to guide you through illness. I remember in New York, during a family reunion, you said during your funeral we are not allowed to cry or you will haunt us, so I am trying my best to hold them back. You told us that rather than cry, you want everyone to drink in your name. And so for you mommy, we do just that.

6 Wilfred Mbayu

Eulogy

Writing this eulogy for my sister has been a grueling task. The more I think of her, the more two poets keep tingling in my mind. Geoffrey Chaucer and John Don. Chaucer because he aptly describes who Emily Mbayu Happi is in his Tale 'The Wife of Bath'.

- a strong woman who does not feel the need to fit the typical mold of the female at her time. She believe that if women have control, everyone will be happier in the end.

Chaucer describes everything about her physical appearance, she is not shy about describing her love life and sexual experiences. Our sister was exactly this. The Glamorous Emily was so sure of her natural beauty, 'Yes she was naturally beautiful and all heads turned around consciously or unconsciously when she passed by. Like the Wife of Bath, she knew "all the remedies of love"

Love for her family both nuclear and extended. She always told us her kid sisters "that the women do not always need to obey their husbands. She believes that woman are happiest when they exert control over their husbands".

Behind Sister Emy were four strong no-nonsense boys before Martina and Schola. The Mbayu boys, give it to them are exceptionally brilliant in their different fields. When Bro George will be philosophizing on all and sundry, Bro Jacques assuming 'chop-chair' authority, Bro Chanta distilling brewery marketing strategies and His Excellency, Felix exercising his diplomatic prowess on everyone, Sister always had her way of talking these intelligentsia to order, with her money and power as "grande soeur" not to show off but to show love.

Ask every sibling of hers who gave them the first valuable object they ever had in life!!!

Ask Uncle Chanta the pride he felt in GUINNESS Cameroon, when his sister glamorously strolled in to check on him and nearly all windows turned dark with multiple pairs of eyes looking through to see THE BEAUTY QUEEN;

Ask Son Excellence, Felix the pride he had the first time he visited London and his sister treated him like the Lord he is at the cageyness of his friends.

Ask Dr Nyia Mbayu to tell you about the first car he ever drove in Bafoussam as a young teacher at the wariness of his contingent

Ask Auntie Kama about boxes of clothes, hand bags, wigs, make up that she would dress all her friends with whenever they had an outing

Ask Dr Mbayu Nana about her life in ST Francis and Ecole Normale where her tons of friends couldn't figure out where boxes of clothes came from regularly

Sis Emily whom I would now address as Mimi, was even more with her Fifi and grand kids. The passing on of Fifi was a devastating blow to the already ailing sister of ours and it was obvious the clock was ticking. Oh Life!!! I now pertinently hear John Don screaming at the sun in his poem 'The sun rising' Emily's life was Franklin, Franklin her Fifi. She wouldn't complete a sentence without Fifi slipping in subconsciously. And the 'busy old fool' creeps in. Don sees 'unruly sun' and I 'Unruly death' Don wonders why 'the sun must come through windows and curtains to call on them' especially in the clam of the morning when lovers should be having the best of times. I wonder equally why death should come to us through windows and curtains. Do I also address death as a 'saucy pedantic wretch'?

August 26, August again!!! Did you agree with your immediate kid brother, Bro George that this Marian month was the best time to go back to your marker?

THE AUGUST MONTH!!!

Martina Mbayu Nana