

A Celebration *of life*



Dr. Norman Kinyua Wanjuki

2nd Nov 1961 - 8th Dec 2020

Programme

SERVICE FOR THE LATE DR. NORMAN KINYUA WANJUKI 11TH DECEMBER 2020

Masters of Ceremony - Mr. Kariuki Muthui
Mr. Rufas Kanyogo

6.30 am - Arrival at the MP Shah Funeral Home

7.00 am - Departure for Nyeri

10.30 am - Arrival at home

11.00 am - Church program

Opening Prayer

Welcome words

Hymn

Resurrection words

Eulogy - By Rosemary Murugu

Tributes (written)

Bible Reading - 1st Thessalonians 4: 13-18 by Murugi Kinyua

Hymn

Sermon

Prayer for the family

Vote of thanks

Interment

Closing prayer and Benediction





Dr. Norman Kinyua Wanjuki was born in Mathari, Nyeri County on 2nd November 1961. He was the 3rd born of 5 Children, born to Mrs. Bellah Wagatwe Wanjuki and the late David Theuri Wanjuki. Kinyua was born right after his father left Kenya for further studies in Canada. He was raised by his mother, at Karuna-ini together with his two older siblings John and Mary for three years until his father came back from Canada.

Kinyua was baptized Norman Kinyua Wanjuki at the PCEA Karuna-ini Church in December 1961. He was later confirmed at Lenana High School in 1976, by Rev Dr. George Wanjau. He attended church at St Andrews Church PCEA when he was growing up and also after his marriage. He also took mum to church when his late dad was unable to attend and enjoyed participating in the service and singing the various hymns. During the Covid season he would watch church on TV with mum and enjoyed the Joel Osteen services.

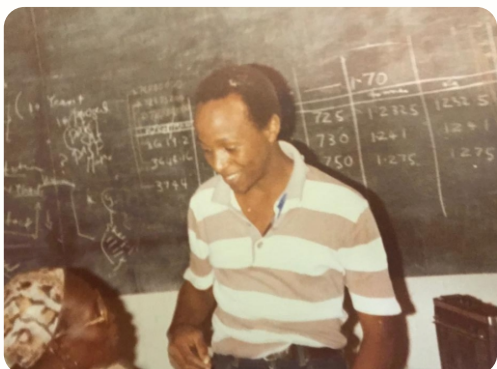


Kinyua started his early primary school education at Nyeri Primary school from 1967 to 1969 (Class one to class 3). When his father was transferred to Nairobi, Kinyua and his older siblings moved from Nyeri Primary to Westlands Primary School where he attended from 1970 to 1974. He sat for his Certificate of Primary Education (CPE) in 1974 and passed with distinction. Kinyua was then accepted to Lenana High School in 1975, one of the top public schools in Kenya where he grew into a young man. He passed his O-level exams in 1978 and A-Level exams 1980. During his years in Lenana he engaged in multiple sports and activities including The Young Farmers Club and participated in multiple intramural sports which included Rugby, Cross-Country and Swimming. He was nominated as the house swimming captain in 1980.



After his A-levels, Kinyua was admitted at the University of Khartoum where he graduated in 1987 with a Bachelor of Science Degree (Bsc.) in Veterinary Medicine. Kinyua has always done well in academics. Amongst the siblings there was always some level of competition and Kinyua always claimed the prize of having done the best in the national exams. Kinyua was very well versed with current affairs in Kenya and all over the world and typically, if you challenged him, you probably would lose the debate most of the time.

While at University of Khartoum he met his first wife Gwendoline



Margaret Kabachaki Katuramu whom he married on 31st May, 1986. From that union they were blessed with four children, Bellah Wagatwe Dena (1986), David Kinyua (1990), Monica Wanjiru (1997) (Kanji) and Tabitha Murugi (2000) (Rugi).

Kinyua returned back to Kenya where he secured a job with the Government of Kenya as a Veterinary Officer and his first posting was in Molo in 1987. He was transferred to Nairobi area, then to Thika and later as a tutor at AHITI College (Kabete) during the years of 1987 up to late 1990s when he took early retirement from the

his wife. He looked forward to a happy and bright future together.

Unfortunately, this was cut short when he fell ill and was admitted at MP Shah Hospital on 21st November, 2020 and passed away on 7th December, 2020, after battling COVID-19 for just over two weeks. Kinyua was predeceased by his Father, David Theuri Wanjuki. Kinyua leaves to cherish his memory, with his mum Mrs. Bellah Wagatwe Wanjuki, his loving wife Njeri Njoroge and her daughters, Terry Muthoni and Jane Wanjiru. His sisters, Mary Wanjiru Murugu and



Veterinary Medicine career and started working on various projects over several years. Kinyua was extremely talented in building construction and in addition to his homes, he was involved in many construction projects involving his family and friends. This was something that he loved to do. Kinyua also loved to socialize and also entertain friends and family through the years. He was always called upon during family functions for his signature Nyama Choma which was always a delight in any gathering or event.

Kinyua met Nancy Njeri Njoroge the love of his life and courted for some time and they got married in a small intimate but beautiful and happy wedding on July 24th 2020. This day was truly a joyous and a happy occasion, and as a family we had not seen Kinyua this happy in a long time. Kinyua had big dreams for his life, his children and

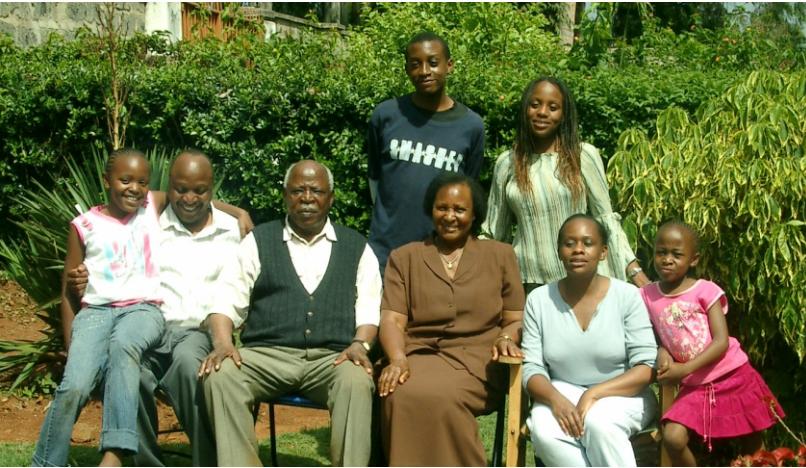
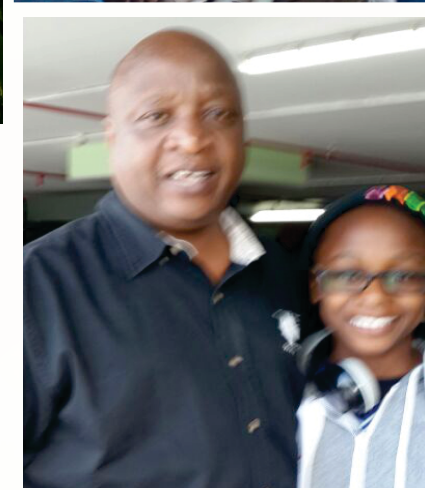
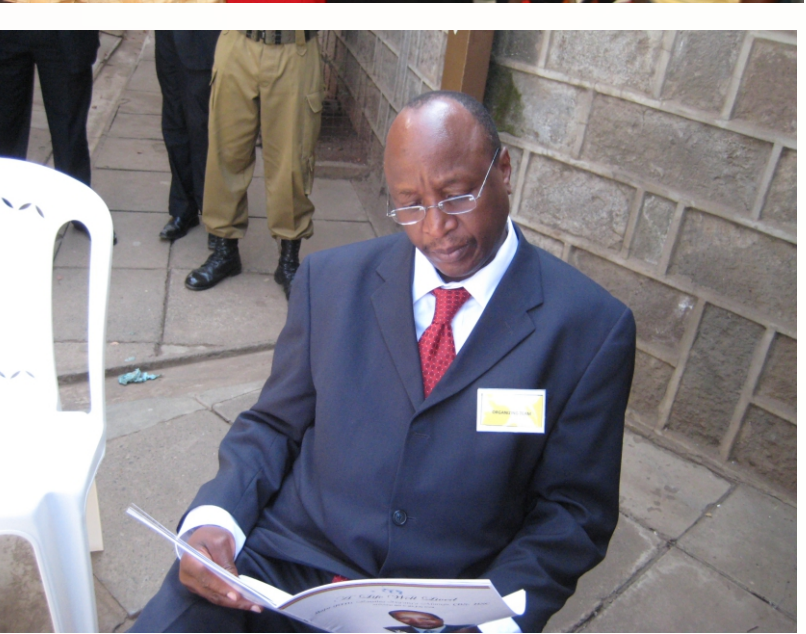
Rachel Murugi Kanyogo. His brothers, John Theuri Wanjuki and Peter Wanjuki. Gwendoline Kinyua, and their children, Bellah Dena & Philip Dena, David Kinyua, Monica Wanjiru, Tabitha Murugi. His Grand-Children, Jabali Dena, Kenzy Dena & Jeremy Dena. His nephews & nieces, Wagatwe Wanjuki, Wanjiru Wanjuki, Nganga Murugu, Wanjuki Murugu, Kiambuthi Murugu, Mumbi Kanyogo, Murimi Kanyogo, Wanjuki Kanyogo, Theuri Kanyogo and a host of cousins and friends.

No farewell words were spoken, no time to say goodbye, you were gone before we knew it and only God knows why.

Kinyua we truly thank God for your life. To God be the Glory.

Memories

2nd Nov 1961 - 8th Dec 2020



Memories

2nd Nov 1961 - 8th Dec 2020



From the Mother

It is so difficult to write a tribute for my son. It is very hard to bury my own child.

Norman Kinyua my 3rd child did a lot of things for me. He worked on our farms – helping to purchase and transport animals; helping to buy trees and plant them on the farm. We did a lot together and even now it is difficult to mention everything.

Kinyua was very special in that he always checked on me. Every morning when he was in Nairobi, he would make an effort to come to my home to make sure I was alright, that I had woken up and was ready to have breakfast. He would fry a special egg for me, and make sure I was comfortable before he went to his own home to eat breakfast with his family. On Sundays, he would come over and put on the TV so I could watch a service by Joel Osteen, which we would then watch together.

Kinyua has always been a good handyman and would repair anything broken. Even as a child, when him and his siblings would accidentally break a window, Kinyua would be on hand to repair it before his dad caught sight of it. He continued that until he got unwell. When I came home from hospital earlier this month, Kinyua's handiwork extended to everything – he even picked up the sewing machine and stitched together a few dresses, as I could not wear my regular clothes.

As a child, Kinyua was very active – he was a whirlwind. When we lived in Karuna-ini, I taught at Karuna-ini Primary School where one had to cross a valley and a river to get to the school. So while I was teaching, there was a young helper taking care of Kinyua. As she was washing clothes, there was a bottle with paraffin oil nearby. Thinking it was water, Kinyua took it and drank quite a bit. When the young woman came to call me, I ran out to my home across the valley, did some first aid and ran all the way to Ihururu town – 3 miles from home – with Kinyua on my back

where we sought medical help. Kinyua recovered, but he was always a slender person and never put on weight no matter what he ate, and he ate more than anybody else. So, we all used to say that he never put on weight because of the paraffin oil that he drank.

When Kinyua was young, he was very cheeky and he used to beat his older brother and sister, John, and Mary. He was also the first to go to nursery school. While his siblings were in school in Karuna-ini (Gichagi) he was living with his dad in Nairobi for 2 years. When he would visit us in the village every week or 2 weeks, Kinyua would then show off to his 2 siblings, as he was in the city speaking English while they were in Gichagi learning in Kikuyu.

I remember when we moved to Kagumo and he went to Nyeri Primary, he was said to be teasing the girls and there was one called Nyandia who was pretty whom he particularly liked.

When he was young in primary school, he once got into a fight with his siblings and got so angry that he walked all the way from Lower Kabete to Highridge, which was about a 10km walk, to seek refuge from me.

There was never a dull moment where Kinyua was concerned.

Later when Kinyua went to high school, we would hear stories of how he would frequent a place called Rirush (Riruta) and I think that is where his liking for alcohol must have started which went on to negatively affect many areas of his life. And at the same time, on Wednesdays, when they got to walk out of school, Kinyua would always come to my place of work at Highridge to see me and of course eat some cake and goodies.

Kinyua's greatest desire was to be an architect, but the course was not available in the university he went to and so he went on to do Veterinary Medicine. This would explain why in his later life he was so very engaged in building and construction.

My dear son Kinyua was not perfect, he had his faults and I accepted him with all of them, just like Christ accepts each of us with our sins. I prayed for him and asked God to change him, and I am thankful that God gave him a happy ending, with a loving and beautiful relationship with Njeri. Indeed, God is merciful.

I loved him unconditionally. He was a loving, kind, caring and considerate son. I will miss him a lot.

Until we meet again my dear son, may God keep you safe.

Bellah Wagatwe Wanjuki

From Nancy Njeri Kinyua

In loving memory of a very special husband.

When God was making husbands as far as I can see, he made a special soulmate for me. He made a perfect gentleman, compassionate and kind with more love and affection than you could ever wish to find. He gave my darling husband a heart of solid gold, he gave me wonderful memories only heart can hold. He was someone I could talk to that no one can replace. He was someone I could laugh with till tears run down my face.

Next time we meet will be at heaven's doors, when I see you standing there I won't cry anymore, I will put my arms around you and kiss your smiling face swirly, then the pieces of my broken heart will fall back into place, I miss you so much. If I said I am not hurting, it will be a lie. I am in pain and my heart yearns for you Kinyua.

Thank you for loving me dearly and my children, thank you for the wonderful times we spent together. It was a short life but the memories of it will forever be engrained in my life forever.

I am not sure who will constantly remind me to go out for a walk with Rosemary and Murugi, you were my constant reminder.

Rest in peace my dear beloved husband.

To our Brother Dr. Norman Kinyua Wanjuki

Before we begin our tribute to our dear brother, permit us to begin with the following prayer:

"Oh, Heavenly Father, we pray for strength for this difficult time and for these difficult moments. Teach us acceptance of what we cannot understand. Teach us understanding of what we cannot change. For our lives, dear God, are in your good hands. You give life, and sustain life, and grant eternal life. You, and you alone, know us individually in our depths. You, and you alone, know the sorrow in our hearts. Keep us, comfort us, and surround us with the love and presence of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who loves us and so holds our beloved brother Kinyua and before your Holy Throne. We thank you Father, even through clouded eyes, that through your Son our brother lives in Your Eternal Heavenly Kingdom. Amen."

We are saddened when death invades the family circle because of our loneliness, our fears, and our uncertainties. However, as we remember our Kinyua on his passing, let us turn our fear into faith, our sorrow into joy, our loneliness into Divine companionship, and reach out to God, our "Divine Comforter."

The last thing we thought 2020 would bring is the passing of our brother and we will miss him dearly. We will remember Kinyua mostly for his laughter. When he laughed everyone joined in. Kinyua had a wonderful way with words and was always the life of the party. He kept everyone on his or her toes whether it was a "test" of your faith or an opinion. He was kind and generous when he had. He was very intelligent, smarter than most people, no one needed a calculator when he was around. He enjoyed life to the fullest and always said "I am happy" and it caused one to look at our inner-self. He always told us to be happy and we will honor that. All our lives are a little dimmer now that he is gone.

Our brother lived at full speed. He drank deeply from life and didn't care whether that bothered other people or they didn't get him. Our brother

had some challenges in life just like most of us do and now he's gone. We disagreed but always made up because brotherly love is unconditional. Kinyua had a magnetic personality and was loved by people from all walks of life. He loved life. He was larger than life and was taken from this world too soon.

Kinyua did not hesitate to say the words "I love you" and that was the last thing he said on November 25th and 26th when we last spoke. He will leave a void that cannot be filled. Oh how we wish we were given a few more days, months or years with you, there is so much more we needed to talk about.

Kinyua's "Amen" was the last response to Murugi's post on November 23rd 2020 on our whatsapp family group. It's stated "I will root your heart in the depths of my Love". From Ephesians 3:17 and I John 4:16 " Storms won't be able to move us, trials won't be able to cause us to question his love, nothing in all the world will be able to rock this revelation of the loveMay today be a day where this revelation of love goes even deeper than yesterday, for the papa's mercies are new every morning.

Kinyua you will always be with us forever and ever. You are in our hearts, our thoughts, and our prayers. You always have been, and you always will be.

May the Holy Spirit comfort us and give us strength, may God illuminate your eternal soul, and may you "dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Sincerely, John, Rosemary, Kariuki, Murugi & Rufas

From Gwendoline Kinyua.

Kayf halik ya Norman Philip Kinyua Gathakari Wanjuki. Malesh ya habib, malesh.

We met in 1983, married in 1986 kissed kwaheri yakuonana in 2017, malesh ya habib!

We celebrated 4 children, each with your unique lineage coding. God blessed us with 3 grandchildren who will treasure you always, each

in their own style. Together we sealed our generation's legacy.

Ruhanga murungi kandi akulinde obutoosa. Words fail to describe the void, many fail to understand, Malesh ya habib!

Ruhanga akulinde obutoosa omwibara Iya Yesu Christo. Amina.

Malesh ya habib: Gwendoline Margaret Kinyua.

From the Children

Dear Dad, Words cannot express our emotions at this time. While we are each grieving in our different ways, we will honestly try to honor the precious moments that we shared with you. You had a unique relationship with each of your children, each of us experiencing you in our own personal ways. We would describe you as jolly, a huge fan of country music and Bruce Willis, an intelligent man who wore many hats including that of a doctor, architect, foreman, plumber, electrician, farmer just to mention but a few. You loved life, always saying "be happy". You our dear father were also very opinionated and stubborn, but it defined who you were, and you certainly imprinted on each of us your children.

Dad, while we can't put to words our loss, we thank God for the time he granted you on this earth. Rest well with the angels. We will miss you dearly. We love you.

Bellah & Philip Dena, David, Kanji & Rugi

Daughters Tribute

For someone who meant so much and loved by all he knew, who has left behind a trail of tears and precious memories too.

We loved the sunshine in his smile and the kindness in his heart but heaven saw that he was tired, which meant we had to part and on this day dear angels hear our prayer. Please guide him with your gentle wings and tend him with great care for he was someone wonderful and words

just cannot convey how much we wish he was here.

When daughters are younger and feeling down or insecure they crawl into their father's laps, they then nestle their heads into their father's chest.

The father wraps his arms around them and tell them he loves them and they then let out a deep relaxing exhale as if those things that were weighing on their shoulders magically disappeared and this is how you made us feel.

Terry and Shiro.

From Grandchildren

Thank you Guka for everything. Thank you for helping us learn to play with the remote-control cars, it was so much fun. You were a fun guka. We will really miss you.

From Nieces and Nephews.

A boisterous pillar in every family BBQ, hosting our earliest in memory, who in our earlier years engrained the importance of Family. He taught us to 'Chinja', skin and dress 'Mburi'. He taught us to grill, taught us to drive. Played chess with us thoroughly destroying us constantly. He was always a fountain of wisdom, titbits of information and sometimes misinformation. Uncle was a lot of things to a lot of people, He was however never boring or uninteresting. He will not be easily be forgotten. With love your Nieces and Nephews.



All to Jesus I surrender

1. All to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live.

*I surrender all,
I surrender all.
All to Thee, my blessed Savior,
I surrender all.*
2. All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at His feet I bow,
Worldly pleasures all forsaken;
Take me, Jesus, take me now.
3. All to Jesus I surrender,
Make me, Savior, wholly Thine;
Let me feel Thy Holy Spirit,
Truly know that Thou art mine.
4. All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.
5. All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame.
Oh, the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

Jesu We Unyendete

1. Jesũ We ũnyendete,
Nĩngũũrĩra harĩ we:
Rĩrĩa mbaara ĩĩ nene,
Nowe wa kũ'honokia;
'Hitha mbaru-inĩ ciaku,
Nĩĩ mũndũ mũthĩni;
'Honokia Ngai wakwa
Gitĩra muoyo wakwa.
2. Wĩhitho wakwa nowe
Na murũ wakwa nowe;
Ndikaingatwo harĩ we,
Njoya ũnjĩtĩkĩre;
3. Wega wotho nĩ waku,
Wohanĩri no waku;
Mwathani ndanyihĩrũo,
Njiyũria wega waku:
Jesu ndakwamũkĩra,
We Githima kĩa muoyo;
Therũka thĩĩnĩ wakwa
Kinya tene na tene.

Blessed Assurance

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.

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior 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.
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

When peace like a river

1. When peace like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul

*It is well
With my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul*
2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should
come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,

And hath shed His own blood for my soul
3. My sin oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
my sin, not in part, but the whole,
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more;
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
4. O 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.

