



IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Elisha Ndirangu Kamakia

6 January 1982 to 25 September 2025

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.
2 Timothy 4:7



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ELISHA NDIRANGU KAMAKIA

Burial Service Programme



PROGRAMME

Tuesday, 7th October 2025

- 8.00am : Arrival at JM Memorial Hospital, Ol-Kalou
- 8.30am : Prayers and body viewing
- 9.00am : Departure from JM Memorial Hospital, Ol-Kalou
- 9.30am : Arrival at Hillside School
- 10.00am : Speeches:
- 11.00am : Service
Eulogy
Tributes:
Vote of thanks
- 1.00pm : Procession to the burial site
Processional hymn
Lowering of the body
Laying of wreaths

**IN LOVING MEMORY OF
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IN MEMORY OF ELISHA

On the evening of 6th January 1982, a bouncing and handsome baby boy was born to Ignatius Ngunjiri Kamakia and Loise Ndirangu at Annex Hospital, Nakuru. He was named Elisha Ndirangu Kamakia, the second child in the family. He grew up alongside his siblings: Denis Ngunjiri, Peter Nderitu, and Carol Wacuka in Ol-Kalou.

Elisha was born a quiet child who gave his mother no pain during birth. He was baptized on 21st March 1982 under Elder Rahab Nyambura, and he faithfully grew in the Presbyterian Church of East Africa (PCEA). He remained a committed Christian throughout his life, never wavering in his faith. Even during his illness, he continued to pray—sometimes even for himself—trusting God to the very end.

Elisha was a devoted father to Richard Muema, Claire Njoki, Kigan Kamakia, and Tonia Nyawira. He was also a loving uncle to Marley Nyawira, Jasmine Nyawira, Austin Kamakia, Marilyn Wanjugu, Jason Mwandango, Zalia Mwandango, Loise Mwandango and many others.

His journey in education took him through Kamande Primary School, Kamuka Boarding, Naivasha Boarding, and A-level at Kagumo High School after which he joined Strathmore college. Though reserved, Elisha spoke with wisdom when needed and acted with resolve. He had a rare gift of orderliness and tidiness—everything he touched was done with precision and excellence.

Elisha loved his family deeply and often made great sacrifices for those he cherished. He went out of his way to ensure his loved ones were supported and cared for.

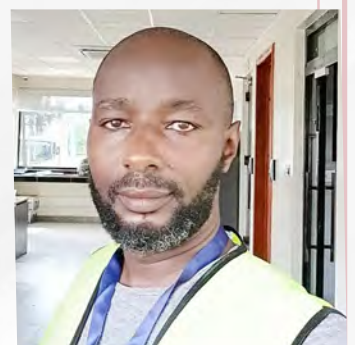
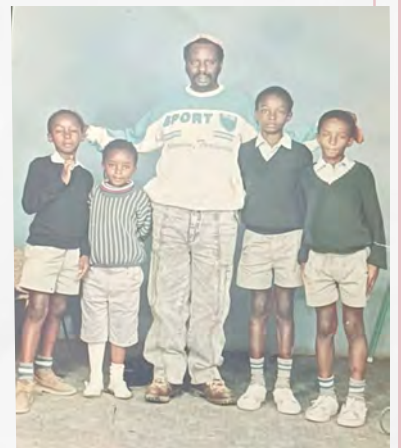
In Ol-Kalou and Gilgil, Elisha was well known and respected for his humility, kindness, and respectful nature. Growing up in his parents' business ventures, he learned early how to interact with people from all walks of life—a trait that served him well in his own journey.

He had a passion for farming, and he ventured into the matatu business as well as supplies, which he operated successfully in Gilgil Township.

Elisha enjoyed good health for most of his life. However, in mid-July, he was diagnosed with a brain tumor after showing signs of illness. He underwent successful surgery and, after three weeks of medical care, was discharged to continue recuperating at home with the help of a nurse and physiotherapist. He fought bravely, showing remarkable strength and spirit. Sadly, on the evening of 25th September 2025, there was a change of condition and he was rushed to hospital where he was pronounced to have rested.

As the Bible says in 2 Corinthians 2:15: "For we are to God the sweet aroma of Christ among those who are being saved and those who are perishing." Indeed, Elisha was a sweet aroma to all who knew him—a son, a father, a brother, and a friend.

Fare thee well, Elisha. Forever in our hearts.



LIFE AND TIMES





TRIBUTES

DAD

I fondly called you Muru wa Kahiga—my son, my strength, my rock. From the day you were born, you brought joy and pride into my life. You carried yourself with humility, calmness, and quiet determination.

You were not a man of many words, but your actions always spoke louder. Whenever you were around, you made sure things were in order, and you never failed to lend a helping hand. You supported me the most, being the child nearest home, and I will always treasure the way you stood by me. Truly, you were a son any father would be proud of.

I admired your faith in God, your courage in the face of illness, and the strength you carried to the very end. You lived as a believer, prayed as a servant of God, and fought as a warrior, never letting pain define you.

God gave me the gift of calling you my son for 43 years. Though I would have wished for more time, I know that God loved you more.

Rest well, my Muru wa Kahiga. Fare thee well, until we meet again.

MOM

You came into this world on the evening of 6th January 1982—a bouncing, handsome baby boy. At first sight, I thought you were a baby girl. I lovingly called you Kangu, because of your innocence and calm nature.

You were never one to talk much, but you always got things done. You were the boy Mum could always count on, especially when it came to keeping things in order. Whenever you visited, you would take up a task—whether cleaning the house or tidying the compound—and you always teased me by calling me Mama Dennis.

You grew up to be a humble, hardworking young man who always put your siblings first. I admired how you became a true believer in Christ, delivering powerful prayers that touched many hearts. Even through your illness, you bore no pain, and you fought bravely until the very end.

As a mother, I am grateful to God that we shared your final moments together at home, and that you did not have to rest in a hospital. Despite your illness, you still found the strength to lift your hand and give me a handshake. That moment will forever remain in my heart.

God blessed me with Kangu for 43 wonderful years—years filled with life, good health, and love. As a mother, I am grateful to God for the precious time He gave me with you. I would have loved to see you live longer, but God loved you more.

Fare thee well, Kangu.

Children

TONIA

Daddy always made me feel safe and happy. He used to throw me up in the air and catch me, and it became my favorite game. Because of him, I am not afraid of heights, he showed me that being brave can also be fun.

Daddy was the best, and I will miss him every day.

KIGAN

To me, Dad was more than just a parent; he was my guide, my cheerleader, and my best coach in life. He taught me some of my greatest lessons, by showing me through action and encouragement. One of my most vivid memories is when he taught me how to ride a bike. Cycling then became one of our favorite things to do together. It wasn't just about the cycling; it was about the laughter, the conversations, and the quiet bond we shared on those roads. Those memories will always stay with me as some of the happiest times of my life.

Another gift he gave me was my love for football. Dad wasn't a professional player, but you'd never know it by the way he taught me the game. He would spend hours kicking the ball with me, explaining rules, and cheering me on. And of course, he is the reason I became and will always be a proud Manchester City fan. Some of my happiest memories are the afternoons we spent watching games together, celebrating wins, and even arguing over plays. Those moments created a bond between us that I will treasure for the rest of my life.

Dad was kind, thoughtful, and very intentional with his love. He didn't just love us generally; he took the time to know each of us and gave us what we needed most. For me, he gave courage, confidence, and passion. He pushed me to be brave, to chase what I love, and to never give up.

I will miss him deeply, but I know his lessons and his love will stay with me forever.

Farewell, Dad. You might be with the angels now, but your memory will forever live in my heart.

CLAIRE

When I think about Dad, the very first words that come to mind are kind, thoughtful, understanding, loving, and intentional. He didn't just love us as his children, he showed us every single day that his love was deliberate, purposeful, and unwavering. He lived by the value that we should always treat others the way we want to be treated, and that principle has shaped who I am today. He was also a deeply God-fearing man, one who insisted on going to church whenever possible. In doing so, he quietly nurtured our own relationship with faith and made sure that God remained central in our lives.

Dad had many talents and passions. He was a man of many gifts. He was an avid photographer, and he never just took pictures; he captured stories. I can still remember one of his favorite collections: the

TRIBUTES

photos of Kigan tasting meat for the very first time, a small chicken wing. You didn't even need words; the joy in that moment was fully frozen in time. He was a sketch artist as well, His drawings were so detailed that they almost looked like black-and-white photographs. That's how Dad worked, he could find meaning in small, ordinary moments and make them extraordinary.

Dad knew what each of us needed and gave it freely. knowledge and resilience not Kiga, fearlessness and a sense of joy for Tonia and encouragement for me. As we say goodbye today, I find peace in knowing that you are resting in God's embrace. You may no longer walk beside me, but I will feel your presence in every step I take, in every prayer I whisper, and in every moment I strive to live kindly as you taught me. Until we meet again, Dad, I will keep your memory alive in my heart.

SIBLINGS

DENNIS

Today we honor the life of my beloved brother Elisha. As I stand before you, I feel both the deep pain of losing him and the great privilege of having shared my life with him.

My brother was more than just my sibling. He was my confidant and often my source of joy.

Growing up together we shared endless memories, some filled with laughter others filled with lessons but all filled with love.

We had a special bond and I will forever cherish the deep respect you always showed me. I wasn't just an older sibling to you, you honored that role with a sincerity that humbled me.

I remember how you would come to me politely asking for assistance with a project or advice. You never demanded only inquired with a trust that made me want to be a better man.

You were trustworthy and your kindness softened the world around you.

Your life was impeccably clean and organized. A world where everything had its purpose and place. You were a man of profound focus applying a quiet determination to everything from the smallest task to the largest dreams. You moved through life with intention.

The world has lost a gentleman of the highest order: respectful, kind, trustworthy, and true. And I have lost my brother, my confidant, and one of my life's greatest blessings.

Though you are gone, the lessons you taught me through your quiet example—about respect, dignity, and focused living—will continue to guide me. You carried yourself with a grace that spoke louder than words.

You were, and always will be, the little brother I was so proud to stand beside. I will carry you in my heart forever, until we meet again.

PETER

Dii, you were a perfect big brother—protective, caring, selfless, and always so organized and tidy. From sharing your Nyayo school milk at Kamande Nusery to watching over me in boarding school, you sacrificed so much to shape the man I am today.

Being closest in age gap amongst siblings, our bond was deep, filled with heartfelt conversations, prayers, and encouragement. You even made our Bro-Sis WhatsApp group lively and fun. I will miss our conversations while in traffic, to your kindness, your calm and soft-spoken spirit, and the way you always cheered me on. Shine on your way, Dii.

CAROL

My dear brother.....mom called you kangu dad called you muru wa kahiga, to me you were simply, Dee and I, wagikonyo, after our paternal grandmother, a joke at first but it stuck! We used to talk almost every evening mostly because we preferred longer calls without interruption. Its during these calls that I shared my fears and wins, in which you encouraged and celebrated in equal measure. Among the many things I will miss your deep and calm voice.

Your house conveniently is on the way home, a proper excuse for a visit whenever we came. 'Wagikonyo si ualale'. You were always a wonderful host, sincere and thoughtful. Going to your house last week seemed strange without you. Your house was spotless, save for the dust that had settled since your hospital journey began. There is evidence of your hand in everything, even the little flowers on the window seal, neatly planted.

Dee, when you fell sick, a dark cloud lingered over me too. No more calls, fewer laughs, and more worry. When the decision was made for surgery we promised to be there for you and for each other, I took many videos and photos to document your journey and share with you once you were back to your feet. And indeed this almost happened. I mean you were, here at home recovering well but God had other plans. He wanted you for himself and it is in his wisdom that we take refuge. One day Dee, we will meet again. Until then, I will keep your memory alive, I will miss you I will love you still. Good bye Dee.

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HYMNS

BWANA U SEHEMU YANGU

Bwana u sehemu yangu, rafiki yangu wewe
Katika safari yangu, tatembea na wewe

*Pamoja na wewe, pamoja na Wewe
Katika safari yangu, tatembea na wewe.*

Mali hapa sikutaka, ili niheshimiwe,
Na yanikute mashaka, sawasawa na wewe

Pamoja na wewe, pamoja na wewe
Heri nikute mashaka sawasawa na wewe.

Niongoze safarini Mbele unichukue
Mlangoni mwa Mbinguni, niingie na wewe

Pamoja na wewe, pamoja na wewe
Mlangoni mwa Mbinguni, niingie na wewe

CHA KUTUMAINI SINA

Cha kutumaini sina, ila damu yake Bwana
Sina wema wa kutosha, dhambi zangu kuziosha

*Kwake Yesu nasimama, ndiye Mwamba ni salama
Ndiye Mwamba ni salama, ndiye Mwamba ni
salama*

*Damu yake na sadaka, nategemea daima
Yote chini yakiisha, Mwokozi atanitosha.*

*Njia yangu iwe ndefu, Yeye hunipa wokovu
Mawimbi yakinipiga, nguvu zake ndiyo nanga*

Nikiitwa hukumuni, rohoni nina amani
Nikivikwa haki yake, sina hofu mbele yake

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.
Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.
Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.



APPRECIATION

We wish to express our heartfelt gratitude for the support you have given us following the passing on of Elisha. We are touched by your words of comfort and encouragement, the visits, prayers, giving both financially and in kind, attending the prayers daily and joining us for the funeral. Our prayer for you is that the Lord would refresh you as you have refreshed us. (*Prov 11:25*).
Thank you and God bless you