

A Tribute to Mamu

Dear Mamu,

To this day, I still find it difficult to accept that you are no longer with us in this realm. It still feels like a dream.

They say you never truly get over grief; you only learn to carry it and live with it. I think I am beginning to understand what those words mean. It still hurts me, even now, the way you suddenly left us. But who are we to question God?

I do not think words are enough to express what you meant to me, and all that you embodied as a person. From the moment I was a boy, right up until I came into full awareness, you were a pivotal part of my life—a loving mother and a devoted guardian to me, my brother, and my mother, always supporting us through your presence, your actions, your words, and your prayers.

Your words of encouragement and advice still echo in my mind, even in this moment. You were a loving mother to all your children and grandchildren alike, always standing as the centre of love and unity in our family.

I miss you so much, Mamu. I miss hearing your voice. I miss the moments we shared, and the love and care you showed me as your son.

Sooner or later, I will have to fully face and accept the reality of your passing and learn to live with it, even though it is incredibly hard. But I know that learning to live with this grief does not mean forgetting you. It means carrying your memory, your love, your words, and everything you gave to us wherever I go.

Go in peace, Mamu, until we meet again, never to be separated.

Your loving grandson,
Chukwumuenya