



In Loving Memory
of

Veronica
OMO-AGBI

April 8, 1930- April 13, 2026

Saturday, May 9, 2026 - 11:00AM

St. Catherine of Sienna Church
118-22 Riverton St, Saint Albans, NY 11412

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entrance Hymn “Blessed Assurance”
First Reading - Wisdom 3:1-6,9 Read by Mr. Vincent Agbi
Responsorial Psalm..... The Lord Is My Shepherd
Second Reading - Romans 5:5-11 Read by Dr. Clarence Agbi
Gospel John 14:1-6

PRAYER OF THE FAITHFUL

1. Read By Mrs. Vero Agbi

*For our Mother-in-Law, Mrs. Veronica Titi Agbi, Who in Baptism was given the pledge of eternal life, that she may now be admitted to the company of the Saints.
We pray to the Lord.*

2. Read By Mrs. Isoken Agbi

*For all our deceased relatives and friends and for all who have helped us, that they may have the reward of their goodness.
We pray to the Lord.*

3. Read By Mr. Philip Akpan

*For those who have fallen asleep in the hope of rising again, that they may see God face to face.
We pray to the Lord.*

4. Read By Mrs. Kate Agbi

*For the family and friends of Mrs. Veronica Titi Agbi, that they may be consoled in their grief by the Lord, who wept at the death of his friend Lazarus.
We pray to the Lord.*

5. Read By Dr. Mabel Ankrah

*For the unity of the Agbi Family, that God keeps them united in love for one another.
We pray to the Lord.*

Offertory Hymn “We Shall Rise Again”
“It’s A Highway To Heaven”

Communion Hymn “The Lord Is My Light”
“Let Us Enter Into Covenant With Christ”

Meditation “Ave Maria”

Obituary By Engr. Casimir Agbi

Eulogy By Engr. Chief Paul Omo-Agbi

Recessional Hymn “When the Roll is Call Up Yonder”

Reception School Gym (across from Church’s parking lot)

Interment Benin City, Nigeria

OBITUARY

Mrs. Veronica Omo-Agbi, mostly called Iye in her Nigeria Community, was born April 8, 1930, in Benin City, Edo State, Nigeria. She passed away peacefully on April 13, 2026. She was the matriarch of the Irajeh's family of Owan West Local Government in Edo State. She was predeceased by both of her parents Ishamy Irajeh and Imade Osazuwa, and her husband Peter Usiobaifo Agbi.

Iye, as she was popularly known, at her early life in her marriage, traversed the width and breadth of the then Bendel State with her husband who was a teacher. When travelling was increasingly becoming difficult because of her growing family size, she settled down in Benin City and took to retail trading to support her husband. She was a devout catholic and practiced her faith to the end. She is fondly remembered in the Our Lady of Light Parish Community as the Holy water lady as she is seen almost every Sunday filling her bottle with Holy Water.

She is survived by ten children, twenty-eight grandchildren, and five great grandchildren. She was a mother to: Mr. Vincent Agbi, Engr. Chief Paul Omo-Agbi, Mrs. Victoria Madukwe, Mrs. Margaret Uyigue, Engr. Michael Agbi, Engr. Casimir Agbi, Mrs. Philomena Akpan, Mr. Appollinaris Agbi, Dr. John Agbi, and Dr. Andrew Agbi.

She was a grandmother to: Mrs. Martinian Aihiokhai, Engr. Ferdinand Agbi, Ms. Crescentia Agbi, Ms. Adrian Agbi, Dr. Clarence Agbi, Mr. Terrence Agbi, Barrister Theophilus Agbi, Dr. Theodore Agbi, Ms. Krystle Little-Agbi, Ms. Sheila Madukwe, Ms. Flora Obazee, Mr. Alister Agbi, Ms. Hilda Agbi, Engr. Cyril Agbi, Ms. Abigail Agbi, Ms. Beatrice Agbi, Ms. Angela Agbi, Mr. Ini Akpan, Mr. Aniekan Akpan, Ms. Eno Akpan, Ms. Sarah Agbi, Ms. Soriah Agbi, Ms. Sevenah Agbi, Ms. Saliece Agbi, Ms. Emily Whims-Agbi, Ms. Samira Agbi, Mr. Elijah Agbi, and Mr. Josiah Agbi.

She was a great grandmother to: Mr. Ile-Eso Aihiokhai, Mr. Ifidon Aihiokhai, Ms. Iseme Aihiokhai, Mr. Eden Yaldir-Agbi, and Mr. Terrence Jr. Agbi.

Iye enjoyed giving to others. She treated every kid in the neighborhood with kindness and love even more than she treated her kids. She enjoyed gardening as she looked to every spring and summer season to do her gardening where she grew peppers, tomatoes, and vegetables. She enjoyed exercising every order and encouraged those around her to develop a habit of routine exercise no matter how little it is.

She was full of strong will and strength and devoted lovingly to her family.

She will be deeply missed, forever loved in our hearts, and her light will forever shine through her offspring.

A Tribute to My Mom By Dr. John Agbi

A life well lived. A fearless lioness. A graceful woman



"She was all I knew: mother and father wrapped into one."

Today brings mixed emotions: gratitude to God for my mom and for a life well lived, but also a profound sense of loss for a giant, a fearless lioness, and a graceful woman.

My mom was born during the era of British colonization in Nigeria. She overcame the hardships and travails of her childhood, and her life was marked by devout fidelity to God, to her husband, and to her children.

Her character is one I have admired throughout my life. She was prayerful, patient, persevering, thoughtful, hardworking, tenacious, respectful, kind, caring, charitable, and proud in the most dignified way. Above all, she loved life and loved staying active. She was still doing push-ups up until two years ago. Everyone in our community knew her for her zeal and commitment to staying active.



My mom never attended school, but she expected excellence in education from her children. Her wisdom always amazed me. Her knowledge and understanding of life were impeccable.

I never truly knew my father because he died when I was four years old. She was all I knew: mother and father wrapped into one. It was a role she played effortlessly and gracefully.



For my part, I did everything I could to make her proud and content. She was the anchor of our family and of my life. To her, I owe so much, and today I say: thank you, Mom. Thank you so much.

You are the light of my life, the gentle voice that soothed my aches, and the vision I aspired to become. I love you so much, Mom - more than anything in my life.

Be happy, and rest peacefully in the bosom of
the Lord until we meet again.
With endless love and gratitude.



**Tribute
By Crescentia Agbi**

IN LOVING
Memory Iye
OF MY

With her beautiful curly hair, I always plaited it when I was a young child. I remember how she sat patiently and looked lovingly while she let me plait whatever weave my little hands could form. It doesn't matter if it was rough or funny looking, she carries it with pride, and the way she stares and smiles at me, and the patience and tolerance she has with me. I couldn't understand it then, it's now that I know those eyes were the eyes of a loving grandmother, the patience, the compassion and soft-heartedness she had towards me.

I remember Iye blessing and giving me an ivie. Her motherly blessings and love towards me were deeper than just being a grandchild; it was more like a sacred connection that is passed on from her to me, hence she gave me a beautiful name Adegbekhian. That name resonates with my views and principles in life to this day.

I remember our cute little fights; the beautiful and funny fights of my Iye and I was a bond that even my parents couldn't interfere with. Because at the end of the day, everyone knows Iye doesn't joke with me..It made me realize how pure, intentional, and loving she was towards me and I have always known she wishes the best for me and wants me to be a greater version of myself.

I promise not to let her down, and I believe she will be looking down from heaven smiling, because she will be proud of me and all her grandbabies.
I'll forever miss you my Iye, and I will always love you forever...Your Adegbekhian.

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

Tribute By Sheila Madukwe

Though you are no longer here with us, your presence lives on in our hearts, in our memories, and in everything you taught us.

We will forever miss your voice, your smile, and your gentle touch.

But we are grateful — so grateful -
to have been blessed with a mother as sweet and emotional as you.

Rest peacefully, Mama.

Your love will remain with us always.

With all our love, Your Children, grandchildren, great grandchildren.



TRIBUTE TO MY MOM BY CHIEF ENGINEER PAUL OMOAGBI

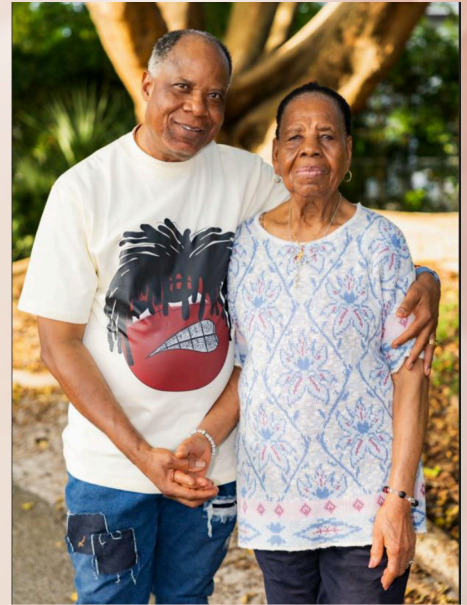
TO MY MOTHER

You are a kindhearted and charismatic mother and your savoir-faire had made it difficult for people not to be your friend wherever you go.

The month of April gave you to us, and the same month of April took you from us. You gave me an ample opportunity to experience you for 96 years and for this I am grateful.

I appreciate your indomitable spirit, your enthusiasm, your sense of humor, the lessons of compassion, the act of forgiving advice and your frequent prayers every moment.

In your passive voice when you ask me questions that I have no answers for and when you spoke words that were difficult for me to hear, I now pause for a moment today to say thank for the wise and positive optimism to keep me out of trouble. If you had treated me as I deserve, I would have been doomed before now. Instead, you dispense generous graciousness to my life. Your cultural expectation to see my brothers and sisters succeed and your prayers that my efforts would not be in vain and that God would always see me through and your humility will remain my guide. Mom you have finished your race now rest in peace.



Reflection By Alister Agbi

Today, we gather with heavy hearts to honor the life of our beloved grandmother and mother, Iye Agbi. She was more than just family, she was our foundation, the glue that held us all together. Her presence brought warmth, comfort, and strength into our lives in a way that words can hardly express.

She had a truly selfless heart. She would give the shirt off her back to help anyone in need, and her kindness touched everyone who knew her. She was gentle, loving, and full of compassion, the kind of person who made the world feel a little softer just by being in it.

To me, she was more than a grandmother. Even though she wasn't my birth mother, she loved me like I was her own son. Because of her, I know what it means to feel truly loved and cared for, and for that I will always be grateful.

She left a lasting impact on everyone who had the privilege of knowing her. Her values and spirit continue to live on in our memories we carry and the lessons she taught us.

She will be deeply missed, but never forgotten. Her love, her lessons, and her spirit will continue to live on in all of us.

As we say goodbye, we also say thank you for everything she gave, and for the legacy she leaves behind. May her soul rest in peace, and may she continue to watch over all of us from heaven. Rest in peace, Grandma. We love you always!!!!!!

Reflection By Abigail Agbi



One thing about Iye is that she was always ready to take a picture. Her style was always effortless, she always had her nails done and she always had a smile on her fair face. There's already so many things I learned and picked up from her but this specific picture reminds me to always find joy in even the littlest thing. Iye found the joys in the smallest things and because of that, she was always happy. That's something I will always carry with me.

A Tribute to My Beloved Grandmother

Tribute By Eno Akpan

My sweet grandmother, You were a woman with the kindest heart, so full of love and warmth. Your gentle smile and comforting presence could light up even my darkest days.

You taught me strength, patience, and the true meaning of unconditional love. Your words were always filled with wisdom, and your prayers covered me like a shield.

Though you may no longer be here with me, your love lives on in my heart every single day. I will forever cherish the memories we shared, the laughter, the guidance, and the love you gave so freely.

You were not just my grandmother, you were my safe place, my teacher, and my greatest blessing.

Rest peacefully, my sweet angel.

You will always be deeply loved and never forgotten.

From your granddaughter



A Tribute to MY MOTHER By Mrs. Victoria Madukwe

My mother is truly precious and unique — one in a million.

She is amazing, wonderful, and full of love beyond words. A woman with a kind and gentle heart, she would sacrifice anything just to see those she loves happy.

She is a model of strength, values, and grace. Her love is pure, her care is endless, and her presence is a blessing to everyone around her.

Mama, we love you so much more than words can ever express.

But we take comfort in knowing that God loves you even more.

Though it pains us to let you go, we trust that you are at peace in His presence.

Until we meet again, YOU WILL ALWAYS LIVE ON IN OUR HEARTS FOREVER.

From your loving daughter Mrs. v Agbi Madukwe



TO MY DEAR MOTHER, Tribute By Mrs. Philomena Akpan

You have a pure heart and so much grace. You were always there for me, especially at my lowest. You sacrificed so much to make me who I am today.

Thank you, Mama, for your endless love, your wisdom, and your prayers. You are my forever angel.

You are forever in my heart, and though you're gone, I will never forget you.

I love you, Mama. God loves you more.

With all my love, your daughter, Mrs. Philomena Agbi Akpan



I know the angels are rejoicing to have you in Heaven.

A Tribute to
My Precious Mother

Tribute
By Michael Agbi

Mom,

You were more than a mother to me—
you were my first love, my greatest teacher,
my safe place, and my guiding light.
From my very first breath, your arms
were my comfort, and your love became
the foundation of my life.

You gave so much of yourself so that
I could become who I am today.
Your sacrifices, your prayers, your wisdom,
and your endless love shaped my world
in ways words can never fully express.

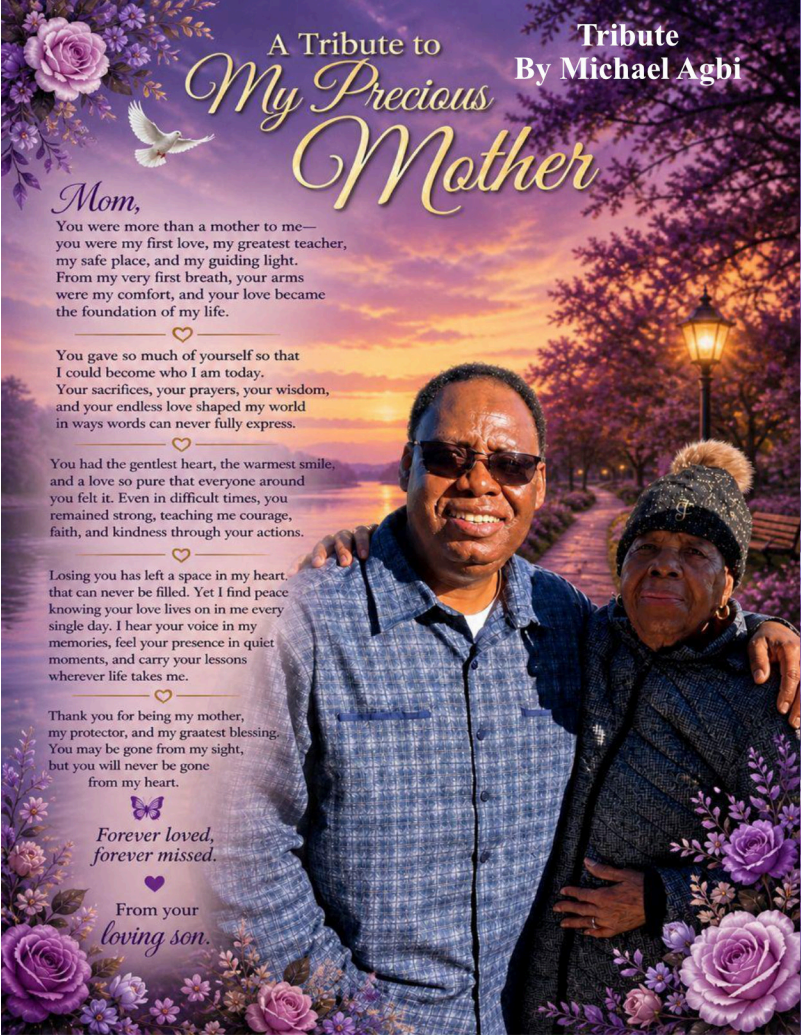
You had the gentlest heart, the warmest smile,
and a love so pure that everyone around
you felt it. Even in difficult times, you
remained strong, teaching me courage,
faith, and kindness through your actions.

Losing you has left a space in my heart,
that can never be filled. Yet I find peace
knowing your love lives on in me every
single day. I hear your voice in my
memories, feel your presence in quiet
moments, and carry your lessons
wherever life takes me.

Thank you for being my mother,
my protector, and my greatest blessing.
You may be gone from my sight,
but you will never be gone
from my heart.

Forever loved,
forever missed.

From your
loving son.



Tribute
By Appollinaris Agbi

A Tribute to
MY DEAR
Mother

Today, I honor you, not just for
who you are, but for
everything you have been in
my life.

*You are my first teacher,
my strongest supporter,
my silent prayer warrior,
and the heart of our home.*

*With your love, sacrifices,
and endless prayers, you
have shaped me into the
person I am today.*

No words can truly
express how much I
love and appreciate you.

THANK YOU
for your love that never fails
and your strength that
never wavers.

*You are forever in my heart,
today and always.*

With Love, Your Son



Tribute By Mr. Philip Akpan

Tribute
By Mrs. Margaret Uyigue
A Tribute to
My Precious Mother

Mom,
You were the heart of our family, a woman of strength,
grace, and endless love. Your kindness touched every life
around you, and your wisdom guided us through every
season of life.

Your sacrifices, your prayers, your warm embrace,
and your beautiful smile will forever live in my heart.
You taught me the true meaning of love, courage,
faith, and family.

Though you may no longer walk beside me, your love
remains with me every day—guiding me, comforting me,
and giving me strength.

You were not just my mother, you were my greatest blessing,
my safe place, and my forever inspiration.

I miss you deeply, love you endlessly,
and will carry your memory in my heart for the rest of my life.

Forever loved, forever missed, forever cherished.



*A Tribute from
Son-in-Law to Mother-in-Law*

To the woman who raised a treasure,
thank you for welcoming me
not just as a son-in-law,
but as your own.

Your love, prayers, and wisdom
have been a blessing in my life.

*You are truly a second mother.
I honor and appreciate you always.*



Eulogy By Engr. Chief Paul OmoAgbi

APRIL 13TH

In the Catholic Church, April 13 is the feast day of St. Martin I, a Pope known for his defense of the "true" faith.

April 13, 2026, most major festivals celebrate a new beginnings and victory:

April 13, 2026, U.S.-Iran on blockade of the Strait of Hormuz

April 13, 2026, Prime Minister Viktor Orbán was defeated in a landmark general election in Hungary

April 13, 2026, A significant 7.5-magnitude earthquake struck off the coast of Japan

April 13, 2026, a severe storm in Eastern Kansas produced two tornadoes.

April 13, 2026, Pope Leo the Fourteenth arrived in Algeria for the first-ever papal visit to the country

April 13, 2026, Australia appointed Lieutenant General Susan Coyle as the first female chief of its army in its 125-year history.

April 13, 2026, Thousands gathered in Mumbai for the funeral of an Indian singer Asha Bhosle, who passed away at age 92

April 13, 2026, a woman who beautifully weave together the meanings of her name—truth, victory, and compassion passed away in Jamaica Queens New York.

This woman was a symbol of intelligence and independence, strong, resilient female with a sharp sense of self-assurance, selfless compassion, and courage.

This woman was an inspiration for those who provide mercy and comfort to the suffering in moments of extreme pain.

This woman encourages every child that comes across her way to perform small acts of kindness to others.

This woman is my mother, your grandmother, your great grandmother, and your friend and her name is Veronica who has now transitioned from mortality to immortality on April 13th 2026 but was born on April 8th 1930. April brings and April takes.

My mother, whose name was Veronica, though her name was not directly mentioned in the bible, but a Veronica who with a simple act of compassion and a rare moment of tenderness used a simple cloth to provide comfort in a moment of pain.

The story of Veronica wiping Jesus' face is a long-standing Catholic tradition often remembered at the Sixth Station of the Cross.

This name "Veronica" was derived from the Latin word vera icon, meaning "true image" which is an image not made by human hands. In the same manner the Greek meaning of Veronica defines her as "She Who Brings Victory"

The love my mother gave, the challenges she overcame, and the strength she passed down to her children is a true image of Jesus' passion and certainly more than a victory rock.

Proverbs 31:26 certainly describes my mother so well better than my cumulative grammar it says: *"She speaks with wisdom, and faithful instruction is on her tongue"*

It is not lost in me to mention how she bought candles to lit up a one bedroom for us to do our school home work. It is pleasing for me to take a second look at my life and I remember how my mother with her colorful wrapper and a human alarm clock will vigorously shake and wake me up at 4 am to study and to get ready for school as if it was a deep communal value. And if I dare slumber again, her second time coming around to wake me up will bring that quiet heaviness of sleep back to life with her holy slap on my butt. Her voice is tender and soft but thunderous enough that it echoes throughout the whole day as if the rest of the world was already moving. The school was about 5 miles away from home. Wearing Clarke sandals, and a white short-sleeved shirt paired with red knicker, I will walk to and from school each day after a brief morning chore of fetching water from the public tap about one mile away from home. When I returned from school, my mother would have already prepared pounded yam and black scented soup with boga fish and stock fish, or a jellof rice. She will keep the food safely warm with her fine linen clothes wrapped around the China plate. This is her way of appreciating going to school as part of her major and cultural pride especially when the school report card shows "passed".

It is incumbent upon me to say my mother's Catholicism faith is none negotiable and her eyes was on the lord. Each time things seem troubling and unclear; I see my mother almost and always repeating a single phrase as if it was one of the Solomon's songs by saying *"Lord the battle is yours"*. I remember at the time when the devil's thoughts visited one or two close neighbors, whose names I dare not mention but dug a secret pit so that my mother could trip and fall into this pit. They got their comeuppance in the right measure and in a timely faction just as it was written in the words Jeremiah 22:30

"Thus says the LORD: "Record this man as if childless, a man who will not prosper in his lifetime, for none of his offspring will prosper; none will sit on the throne of David or rule anymore in Judah."

In some cases, truly evil people deliberately inflict injury on others for no apparent reason. I still don't understand why my mother didn't follow the golden rule of what Luke 6:31 says *"As you would like people to do to you, do exactly so to them"*, instead my mom always chooses what Luke 6: 27 says *"Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you"*. Maybe by spiritual intervention my mother knew that the Greek word "you" used in the verse 31 is plural and the "you" used in verse 27 is singular.

My mother knows so well that a church does not have to be a building with stained glass windows. I could observe my mother makes sign of the cross severally and sprinkled holy water on herself in any place where her soul is soothed and her spirit soars.

One of her faithful belief stems from proverb 19:17 which says: *"Whoever is kind to the poor lends to the Lord, and He will reward them for what they have done."*

My mother right believing decisions took her down the path of right living and today God doesn't want 10% of her and God doesn't want 50% of her, God wants all of her life. I still can hear humility in how she speaks, I can still hear yieldedness in her speech. And now I can hear surrender in her words.

From July 15th 1980 till death after the demise of our father there was no other romantic partner in her life. The children became her strength and love, one step beyond; This is because my mother knew well that she came out of a man's rib, and not from a man's feet so that she could assist my father.

My mother left behind a family of 10 children. Yes! 10 AS IN TEN COMMANDMENTS. That is one child for one commandment. I am the second commandment of this family. The child bearing is to deepen the cultural value rooted in procreation that stretch commonsense and reasoning especially for someone with the knowledge of Bini culture.

7 BOYS AND 3 GIRLS (TWO BOYS, TWO GIRLS, TWO BOYS, ONE GIRL, THREE BOYS)
THIS IS A RESULT OF A RANDOM PROBABILITY CALLED binomial distribution.
With 7 boys—our family have created a specific "micro-society"

My mother was known for her quiet determination and strong sense of humor hence her peer group sing song of praise and accolade by calling her not by her name but by the cultural joy of praise like: iye Vincent, Iye minister, Iye okpodonghon, iye okhuomose, iye ivien eva. I was hoping they will one day call her iye Paul but that was my selfish wish and yet Paul was mentioned 184 times in the bible. Calling her by these names, her heart and mind are lifted with broad smile and wide-open arms as if the healing angel came to supply all of the happiness and peace needed in life.

Patience, Patience my child she will acclaim repeatedly, as if patience was one of the chapters in the letter of saint Paul to the Corinthians, especially when we come running down to her with our unfounded chaos. By the way this word “patient” appeared nine times in the bible. Funny enough the word “patience” appeared 34 times in the bible with a Hebrew root meaning “slow to anger”. It takes love to start a revolution but it takes anger to riot and therefore be patient my child she will insist. And when we refuse to listen to her kind way of saying it, she will say watch what you say for hatred start with your eyes and then to the mouth and then finally linger to the heart. If all we have in life is a hammer, then we must have seen everything else in life as nails.

Many a time, after long hours of hard labor in the blazing sun, struggling to sell food items in the local but popular New Benin market, she will return from market after dark hours with a heavy basket of goods balanced on her head. Our faces are lit up with kinetic joy, loud and lively as we search through the basket for a special treat especially cabin biscuit. My mother will maintain a serene and a proud expression. Though it was an exhausting and a stressful day at the market, and with no electricity or gas cooker and no modern kitchen at our home, she will gather some wooden barns for a cooking fire that was crackling between three large stones, and start a meditative process of cooking. We could see the air was filled ashy thick smoke which has an earthy aroma of burning firewood. Later she will settle down to a well-prepared pounded yam with scented rich egusi soup fortified with bitter leaf and full of all kinds of rishi-rishi meat and fishes. But when she arrived in New York, I took her to McDonalds, Burger King, and white Castle for a taste of double whopper with cheese and each time she will say I don't like the cheese. It is funny that the word “cheese was mentioned only 3 times in the bible.

My mother will cook till everyone was well fed because she understood that when hunger is removed from poverty the other means to secure a good future is a matter of morale free choice,

even though our choices in life come with consequences.

Wisdom tells me that I must move to the conclusion of my speech.

It's most important to learn a very important lesson from an unspoken rule during this period and that is; "don't overlook yourselves". Bond with yourself and be happy. Remember heaven is large but it is difficult to enter into it that is because all we see is the Earth and we don't see the Heaven. I am aware that the most difficult task to do is to make everyone happy but funny enough the simplest task to do is to be happy with everyone. It is my conviction that darkness does not push darkest away only light can push the darkness away.

My memory serves me well to say that gold is not found amongst gold but among pebbles and stones.

Let us leave our old self and bond to a new self that calls for compassion, kindness, a forgiving heart, and empathy because the person who is sleeping does not really know they are sleeping. In the catholic epistle of James 4:17 it says *"If anyone, then, knows the good they ought to do and doesn't do it, it is sin for them"*.

Remember this Earth is a soup of nothingness, a bottomless emptiness, and an inky blackness. So let your tomorrow be greater than today.

Jesus thought us how to pray but when he was leaving, he gave us PEACE He said *"MY PEACE, I GIVE YOU"*

Throughout the bible, three times in three years Jesus wept, all of these three incidences were near the end of His life; but on Sunday April 12th 2026 between the hours of 12 noon to 4pm when my wife, my God sister, and I last visited my mother at the rehab center my mother also wept 3 times, but I was not clairvoyant enough to have known that the end was near, because by this next morning on April 13th 2026 at about 6:45 am she took her last breath. I thank God it was not a bumpy transition.

Mom it is time to say goodbye and I thank you for allowing us to experience you for 96 years and in the words of Martha in John 11:24 she says *"I know you will rise again in the resurrection at the last day"*.

Let us honor my mother with the proverbs 31:31; it says, *"Honor her for all that her hands have done, and let her works bring her praise at the city gate"*.

As we journey through difficult times in our lives, I pray with the words of letter of saint Paul to the Philippians 4:19: *"And my God will meet all your needs according to the riches of his glory in Christ Jesus"*

I wish each and every one that your good days be abundant.

Always remember that a wise ignorance is an essential part of knowledge.

Go in peace everyone, be strong and be safe, and speak no evil, hear no evil, and do no evil.

Thank you and May the peace of the lord be with you all!

Eulogy By Dr. Andrew Agbi

Today, we gather to honor a woman whose life was nothing short of extraordinary—my mother, our pillar, our center, our guiding light for 95 beautiful years.

She was love in its purest form—expressed not just in words, but in action, sacrifice, and unwavering presence. A woman of incredible energy and strength, she raised ten children with grace, discipline, and devotion. She gave endlessly—her kindness touched everyone she encountered, her wisdom shaped generations, and her knowledge guided us through life's many uncertainties. Above all, she was deeply prayerful—a woman whose faith carried not only herself, but all of us.

She didn't just raise us—she prepared us.

I remember when she made me walk to the market to sell yam at the flea market. At the time, I didn't understand it. But she told me something I will never forget: that learning how to sell and deal with people would teach me confidence. She was right. Like so many of her lessons, it wasn't about the moment—it was about the life it would shape.

And yes, she was strong. I remember the first—and only—time she slapped me. I had gone on a hunger strike, protesting her cooking the same “Eba” for three days in a row. In that moment, I thought I was making a stand—but she was teaching me resilience, gratitude, and respect. Even in discipline, there was love.

But beyond the lessons, beyond the laughter and even the correction—she was there when it mattered most. At the roughest point in my life, when everything felt uncertain, she stood by me. Quietly, firmly, faithfully. That was her way. She didn't just speak strength—she embodied it.

She was the heart of our family—the foundation upon which everything stood. And even now, though she has departed from this world, her presence remains in all of us—in how we love, how we persevere, how we believe.

Today, I stand with deep gratitude and thanksgiving—for her life, her sacrifices, her teachings, and her unwavering love.

Iye, thank you.

Thank you for everything you gave, everything you were, and everything you continue to be in us.

I love you—unshakably, eternally.

And I promise you this: I will live each day guided by your abundant tutelage, striving to reflect the strength, wisdom, faith, and love that you so beautifully embodied.

Rest well, Iye. Your legacy lives on.

A Tribute to Our Beloved Iye

My mom, also popularly known and called Iye, was the cornerstone of our family and a radiant light to everyone who knew her. For nearly thirty years, Iye didn't just live with us; she built a life of service, devotion, and boundless energy that filled every corner of our home.

She was the hands that helped raise our children and the watchful eye that ensured our surroundings were as neat and orderly as her own spirit. Iye found her greatest joys in the simple, fruitful moments—whether she was proudly harvesting peppers and vegetables from her garden or sharing a laugh during our family vacations and holiday celebrations.

What we will miss most is her prayerful presence. After I give her her medications every single night concluded with a sacred exchange:

"God is with you," she would say.

"Amen, and same with you," came my reply.

She lived those words every day. She held a deep, treasured affection for my wife, always expressing her heartfelt gratitude for the care and love she received. Her smile and joy after a day in the garden, her hug and prayers and blessings each time my kids say hello when they come home or say bye when they are leaving for their campuses, her quiet strength during family gatherings, and her unwavering faith are some of the legacies she leaves behind that I will always cherish and treasure in my heart.

Iye, your presence will be missed at every celebration, but your "Amen" will echo in our hearts forever. Rest in Eternal Peace, Iye. Bye for now from your loving and caring son, Casimir and family, until we meet again to part no more in God's Kingdom.





She Is Not Gone

Ease your grief, she is not gone,
For in your heart she lingers on.
Her smile, her laugh, her special way,
Will comfort you from day to day.

You'll feel her presence in the breeze,
That dances gently through the trees,
And it's her face that you will see,
When you're in need of company.

At any time, you can recall,
The love you shared, you saved it all.
And in time, more than anything
You'll find peace in remembering

Rest in Eternal Peace Iye



Rest in Eternal Peace Iye

"Artwork by Angela Agbi"

Acknowledgements

The Agbi family thanks each of you for the many acts of kindness, love, and prayers expressed during the passing of our dear and loving mother, grandmother, and great grandmother. May God of mercy bless and keep you all under His wing. Amen.

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