



Martha Ofey Mofof Mancho



Heaven Sent
August 23, 1956

Called Home
April 14, 2025



2 Timothy 4:7

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



www.inlovingmemoryofmartha.com





Funeral Service



June 7, 2025

Emerald Hills Funeral Home & Memorial Park
500 Kennedale Sublet Rd, Kennedale TX 76060



OFFICIATING MINISTER

Rev Dr Joe Set Aji Mvo

PCC USA Dallas



Procession

Salutation

Minister: In the name of God the Father, the Son & Holy Spirit

Congregation: Amen

Minister: The peace of Our Lord and Savior Jesus be with You all

Congregation: and also with You

Song One

Whither pilgrims are you going

Whither, pilgrims, are you going,

Going each with staff in hand?

We are going on a journey,

Going at our King's command.

Over hills and plains and valleys,

We are going to His palace,

Going to the better land. 2x

Fear ye not the way so lonely—

You, a little, feeble band?

No, for friends unseen are near us:

Holy angels round us stand.

Christ, our Leader, walks beside us:

He will guard and He will guide us,

Guide us to the better land. 2x

Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for

In that far-off, better land.



Spotless robes and crowns of glory

From a Savior's loving hand.

We shall drink of life's clear river,

We shall dwell with God forever,

In that bright and better land. 2x



Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright, that better land?
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, O come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us
In that bright, that better land.

Introduction

Minister: My brothers and sisters, We are assembled here in God's name and presence to meet with God in our midst in God's holy word and to partake in the burial of our beloved departed Sister, Wife and Mother-MA MARTHA MANCHO whom God has called her from this life, to eternal.

We brought nothing into the world, and we take nothing out. The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away; bless be the name of the Lord. **(1 Tim. 6:7 & Job 1:21)**

Prayer: Psalm 73:23-28


Minister - Let us Pray with the words of Psalm 73:23-28


Minister: Lord, I am continually with you; you hold my right hand.

Congregation: You guide me with your counsel, and afterward you will receive me with honor.

Minister: Whom have I in heaven but you? And there is nothing on earth that I desire other than you.

Congregation: My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.





Minister: Indeed, those who are far from you will perish; you put an end to those who are false to you.

Congregation: But for me it is good to be near God; I have made the Lord GOD my refuge, to tell of all your works.

Minister: Glory be to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

Congregation: As it was in the beginning is now and shall be for ever Amen.

EULOGIES

Biography

Family Eulogies

Music: Guest Singer (Forbi)

Life Tribute

Condolence Message of the Church

Song Two

Through The Love of God Our Saviour

Through the love of God our Saviour

All will be well.

Free and changeless is His favour;


All, all is well.


Precious is the blood that healed us,

Perfect is the grace that sealed us,

Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us;

All must be well.





Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.

Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.

Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
'All, all is well',
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

Scripture Reading

1st Reading - Jovan Boma (Grand Son)

Ecclesiastes 3:1-6

Everything that happens in this world happens at the time God chooses. He sets the time for birth and the time for death, the time for planting and the time for pulling up, the time for killing and the time for healing, the time for tearing down and the time for building. He sets the time for sorrow and the time for joy, the time for mourning and the time for dancing, the time for making love and the time for not making love, the time for kissing and the time for not kissing. He sets the time for finding and the time for losing, the time for saving and the time for throwing away.

This is the word of the Lord

R:/Thanks be to God





Music: Guest Singer (Forbi)


2nd Reading - Akere Mancho (Daughter) 2 Timothy 4:1-8

In the presence of God and of Christ Jesus, who will judge the living and the dead, and because he is coming to rule as King, I solemnly urge you to preach the message, to insist upon proclaiming it (whether the time is right or not), to convince, reproach, and encourage, as you teach with all patience. The time will come when people will not listen to sound doctrine, but will follow their own desires and will collect for themselves more and more teachers who will tell them what they are itching to hear. They will turn away from listening to the truth and give their attention to legends. But you must keep control of yourself in all circumstances; endure suffering, do the work of a preacher of the Good News, and perform your whole duty as a servant of God. As for me, the hour has come for me to be sacrificed; the time is here for me to leave this life. I have done my best in the race, I have run the full distance, and I have kept the faith. And now there is waiting for me the victory prize of being put right with God, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me on that Day — and not only to me, but to all those who wait with love for him to appear.

This is the word of the Lord

R:/Thanks be to God

Music: Guest Singer (Forbi)



3rd Reading - Cho Mancho (Son)

Luke 12:35-40

“Be ready for whatever comes, dressed for action and with your lamps lit, like servants who are waiting for their master to come back from a wedding feast. When he comes and knocks, they will open the door for him at once. How happy are those servants whose master finds them awake and ready when he returns! I tell you, he will take off his coat, ask them to sit down, and will wait on them. How happy they are if he finds them ready, even if he should come at midnight or even later! And you can be sure that if the owner of a house knew the time when the thief would come, he would not let the thief break into his house. And you, too, must be ready, because the Son of Man will come at an hour when you are not expecting him.”

This is the word of the Lord

R:/Thanks be to God


Biblical Exhortation

Rev Dr. Joe Set Aji-Mvo - PCC USA Dallas.

Let us pray; Almighty God, come among us in power, now in this moment of our grief, and reveal in our midst the promise of your Kingdom through Christ our risen Lord.

Offerings (Music by Forbi)

Announcements



Song Three

My Hope is Built on Nothing Less

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust my sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.

**Chorus: *On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.***

When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil. - **Chorus**

His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay. - **Chorus**

When He shall come with trumpet sound
Oh may I then in Him be found
Dressed in his righteousness alone
Faultless to stand before the throne - **Chorus**

THE PRAYER FOR FAMILY


THE COMMENDATION

THE DEPARTURE

Minister: Lord, now you let your servant depart in peace,

Congregation: According to your word;





Minister: For my eyes have seen your salvation

Congregation: Which you have prepared in the sight of every people;

Minister: The light to enlighten the nations

Congregation: And the glory of your people Israel

Minister: Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;

Congregation: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Minister: Let us now in hope of a joyful resurrection bring our departed Mother, Sister & Wife Ma Martha Mancho to her resting place; for there is no permanent home for us here on earth, but we are looking for the one in the life to come. Our bodies return to the earth, and the life-giving breath returns to God. Ecclesiastes 12:7

Prayers At The Burial Ground

The Salutation


Minister: Our help is in the name of the Lord,


Congregation: Who made heaven and earth,

Minister: Our bodies return to the earth, and the life-giving breath returns to God.

Song Four

There is a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole,
There is a balm in Gilead, To heal the sin-sick soul.





Blessings of the Grave

Song: While coffin is lowered into the grave (where applicable)

The Committal

The Lesson of Resurrection Hope (2 Tim 2:11-12a RSV)

Minister: This saying is sure: If we have died with Christ, we shall also live with him; if we endure, we shall also reign with him.

The Prayers

Lord, have mercy upon us. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us. Lord, have mercy upon us.

The Lord's Prayer


Burial Songs

The Laying of Wreaths

The Lighting of Candles

Final Blessing

*Now the day is over, and the night has down near,
Father, take her through the darkness,
Into everlasting light. Take us all through the darkness too,
Almighty Father, and please grant everyone here gathered,
Your peace which passeth all understanding.*




Biography

Martha was born on the 23rd of August, 1956, in Santa, to the family of Mama Rebecca Angie and Honorable Pa Sam Mofor, both of blessed memory. She was the middle of five children. Growing up in a large polygamous family, she stood out for her intelligence, quiet strength, determination, hard work, and the kindness she so effortlessly gave to others. These qualities never left her—they only deepened with time.

From a young age, Martha showed interest and passion for education. She wanted to be educated and did her best to show her father how serious she was about going to school. She completed her primary education in the Baptist Primary Schools of Mutengene and Great Soppo Buea. She then moved to Bamenda, where she continued her secondary education at LCC Mankon from 1967 to 1972, where she was known for her academic excellence.

She briefly worked with the Ministry of Public Health at the Bamenda Provincial Hospital before leaving for London in 1975 to pursue further studies. She was admitted to the London Pitman Institute for Secretarial Studies, where she graduated as a Company Secretary (Secrétaire de Direction). Martha also had many interests—she loved gardening, cooking, traveling, and adventure. Her ambitions were never just for herself but always intertwined with a desire to lift others and make a difference.

I met Martha in 1977 while I was still a student of Mechanical Engineering. From that moment, I knew I had met someone rare



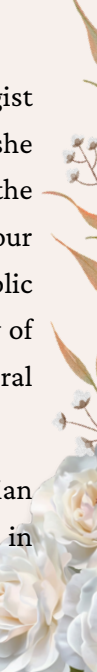
and extraordinary. We got on the 10th of December, 1977.


We returned home from the UK in 1983, blessed with two beautiful girls—Akere and Shiri. In the later years, our last three children, Akwen, Cho Mancho, and Ngwena, were born in Cameroon. Today, they are all living in the USA, except Ngwena, who is currently based in Switzerland. Martha was blessed with seven beautiful grandchildren (four girls and three boys).

Together, we built a life rooted in love, respect, and faith. She stood by me in every season—through joys and sorrows, strengths and weaknesses. As a mother, she was tender and wise, yet very firm. She gave everything to our children—her time, her heart, her unwavering guidance and love. Her presence filled our home with peace, her laughter echoed in every room, and her prayers guarded us even when we didn't know we needed them.

When I was employed by SONEL as a Mechanical/Metallurgist Engineer and posted to the Edea Hydroelectric Power Plant, she was also re-employed in the Ministry of Public Health at the Divisional Hospital in Edea, where we both spent 20 years of our working lives. Her wonderful personality earned her many public responsibilities in society. She was the first elder and chairlady of the Presbyterian Church in Edea and president of several associations in the community.

She earned a commendation from the Moderator of Presbyterian Church, the Right Reverend Nyansako, for her contribution in obtaining a strategic piece of land and in helping to erect a



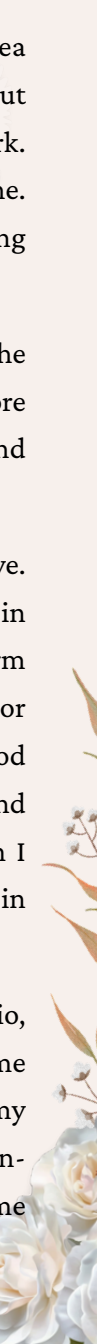



magnificent church building for the Presbyterian Church in Edea in 2002/2003. Martha was never one to seek the spotlight, but her work—whether at church or at home—left a lasting mark. She served others quietly, with a grace that inspired everyone. Her strength was in her selflessness; her reward was in seeing others thrive.

Our family was transferred to Douala in 2003, and she left for the USA in early 2004. She lived in Maryland until 2016 before moving to Texas, where she lived in Austin, Richardson, and finally Arlington.

My wife was a woman of deep faith, sharp wit, and fierce love. She loved singing, traveling, gardening, and helping those in need in any way she could. Her generosity, whether in the form of cash or kind, offering sound advice, caring for others, or supporting small businesses, demonstrated the truly good person she was. She had a gift for making everyone feel seen and for speaking the truth with love. She was my compass when I lost direction, my comfort in sorrow, and my celebration in triumph.

She was called home on the 14th of April, 2025, in San Antonio, where she worked Mondays through Fridays and returned home to Arlington only on weekends. This is the biography of my beloved wife, Martha Ofey Mancho (née Mofor), from heaven-sent to home-calling. She built a legacy not with wealth or fame but with devotion, sacrifice, and grace. That legacy will never





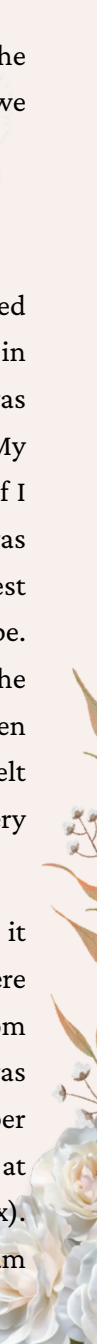
fade. It lives on in the hearts she nurtured and the lives she changed. May she be received into the bosom of the Lord, till we meet again to part no more. Amen


Cho Adolf Mancho

EULOGIES

Mummy Martha Ofey Mofor Epse Mancho, whom I fondly called Abundem, and she lovingly called me Iyeh, came into my life in 1975, when we met in London. When I started dating her, I was still in high school. It didn't take long before I proposed to her. My friends said, "Yaaah, you're going too fast." But I replied, "No, if I don't propose now, someone else might overtake me." She was living in Ilford, East London, and I was in White City, West London. The distance between us was about an hour by tube. Each time she visited me in West London, we would board the train together back to East London so I could see her off, and then I'd catch the last train back—sometimes risking missing it. It felt like a game of ping-pong, but it was fun, and we enjoyed every moment.

When both our families heard about our plans to marry, it sparked an open war. That was when they realized we were second cousins. Her father, Pa Sam Mofor, even flew from Cameroon all the way to London just to separate us. But it was already too late—we were in love. We got married on December 10, 1977, was still a first-year mechanical engineering student at Middlesex Polytechnic (now the University of Middlesex). Marianne Ambe Epouse Nkwenti and Dr. Samuel Azu'u Fonkam stood by us as maid of honor and best man. She had graduated

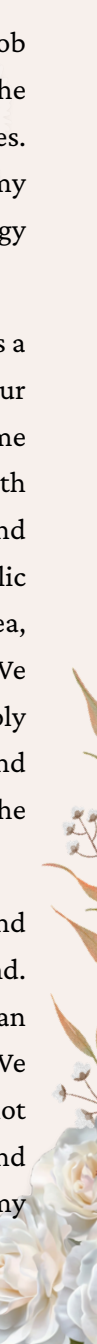





from Pitman Institute for Secretarial Studies and landed a job with Expandite, an oil company, as secrétaire de direction. All the while, she supported me through my undergraduate studies. Later, we moved to Birmingham, where I completed my postgraduate studies in mechanical engineering and metallurgy at the University of Aston.

Her love and support were constant—being in her company was a true blessing. In 1983, we returned home to Cameroon with our two beautiful daughters, Akere and Shiri. Both families came together to cleanse and bless us traditionally. She later gave birth to our three other children; Akwen, Cho-Lezheh (Junior), and Ngwena—in Douala, while working with the Ministry of Public Health. I was then with SONEL— AES Sonel. While living in Edea, we often drove as a family to the beaches of Kribi or Limbe. We loved our outings and cherished that time together. What I deeply admired about Martha, the love of my life, was her cleanliness and her firm sense of discipline, rooted in the solid upbringing she received from her parents.

Her father, in particular, was known for being strict and protective, especially with so many beautiful daughters around. They say behind every successful man is a strong woman. If I can consider myself successful, then I owe much of that to her. We were happily married for almost 48 years. Of course, we were not perfect, as no humans are. We had our challenges and shortcomings, but we resolved them like grown-ups. I made my share of mistakes, and I asked for her forgiveness, and for God's.





Now, I feel as if one of my arms has been severed. But I trust that the Almighty will see me through—with one arm. Abundem, you touched my life in so many ways. The family and I will miss you dearly. You were the reason we relocated—and the reason I came to the USA for retirement. But God alone knows why He called you home when He did. He knew your mission was complete. Who are we to question Him?

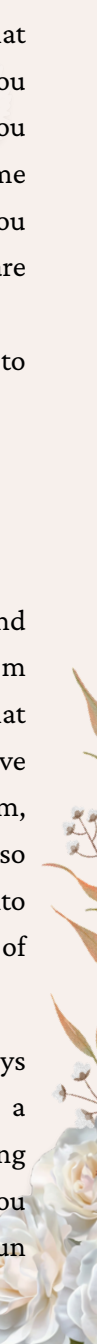
Adios, Marthe. Adios, Abu Ofey. Until we meet again, never to part.


With all my heart,

Cho Mancho Adolf (Husband)

As we gather to celebrate the life of an exceptional and inspirational woman, I'm still unable to reconcile the fact that I'm writing about my mum in the past tense. The series of events that led to her untimely death were traumatic and devastating. I have decided to celebrate her life and her legacy as an incredibly warm, kind, selfless and generous woman who impacted the lives of so many people in an exceptional way. I never expected her to go into hospital and never leave. Oh my mummy (I never grew out of calling her mummy), why did you leave us so soon?

Though the pain is unbearable, you enjoyed laughter and always smiled. I remember you saying as your first child, I was a hyperactive terror so I guess I helped you hone your parenting skills. Though you were a strict disciplinarian it was clear you loved us dearly and wanted the best for our future. You were fun at the same time playing dodgeball, jump rope, cards and

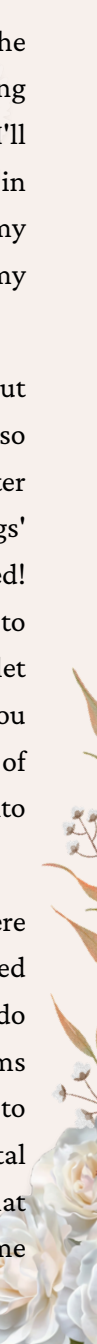





hopscoth with us. I had an amazing childhood, you gave me the freedom to be myself and you supported my artistic and designing ambition right from my first doodles in secondary school. I'll never forget how you proudly displayed my first piece of art in your shop and informed me how after showing your friends my design collections a couple of them had sewn outfits from my collection-you were always my cheerleader- thank you mummy.

You never got tired of cooking us a new dish every single day, but also served tasty packed sandwiches for school. They were so popular, it sparked that initial entrepreneurial spirit in my sister and she had a steady business going with my siblings' sandwiches-that is until one of them had enough and snitched! Oh mummy how I loved your cooking, you always asked me to watch and learn but I'd always replied "...it's OK mummy I'll let you cook because it tastes best when you cook it. "Early on you initiated evening devotionals which established the foundation of our faith which saw us through adversities and carried us into adulthood.

My beautiful mummy not only were you my mother but you were my best friend, role model and confidante. I'll miss your wicked sense of humor we would talk for ages and laugh. what will I do without you?! You always had my back and supported our dreams and goals even before they came to fruition. You didn't need us to be perfect to be proud of us. However, I also admired your brutal honesty with- you kept it real. Even as adults you still did what you could to secure our future. Thank you mummy for giving me the opportunity to emigrate to the US from England.

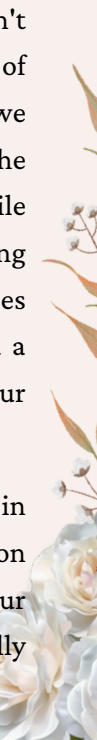





I enjoyed our adventures and admired your childlike exuberance when we sailed through Niagra Falls or when we sailed in on the bus that converted into a boat in Austin or when we on the Manchester Eye. We'd planned many more but I know you are now enjoying a much more breathtaking experience in Heaven. Mummy I continue to be amazed by the numerous lives you touched from the stories I've had from several people. As a loving and devoted wife, mother, grandmother, sister, daughter, relative and friend, you were the epitome of love, generosity, selflessness and loyalty.

You had an unwavering commitment to help, give and support anyone who was struggling even people I believe didn't deserve it. You thought me to still do what was right even if the favor wasn't returned. You always thought me to not allow the actions of others to shape or affect my moral compass. As children we watched you and dad always give and you instilled in us the importance of giving and trying to make a difference. Even while in hospital you were still worrying about other people and trying to solve problems in your hospital bed. You endured adversities and pain with resilience and with a smile. You demonstrated a faith that was unwavering and you remained resolute in your values and conviction still the end.

Mummy you exemplified perfectly that you God isn't interested in titles but how you kind of impact you have on peoples' lives on earth and you did that in a positive way-that's your legacy. Your ability to relate to people of all walks of life and ages really amazed me. an example is the fact that your clients always






commented how you took care of your clients with genuine care because you prayed. I refuse to say good bye but I'll say "see you later, mummy" as I know I'll see you soon. I take comfort in the fact that you had received Christ Jesus as your Saviour and you have embarked on a new journey of eternal life in God Almighty's Heavenly Kingdom. I know you are completely rejuvenated in your glorified body and are more alive than any of us on earth. However it doesn't make the pain of losing you so soon any less excruciating. I will miss you tremendously mummy and the void you have left in my heart can never be filled. I don't know if I'll ever get over it.


Akere Mancho (Daughter)

Dear Mama,

Where do I even start? What do I say? I can't believe you are gone. When you left, you tore my heart and took a piece of it with you. I am devastated. It feels like a nightmare I will never be able to wake from. I only had you for a few years of my life, my existence, and just when your dream to see me settle here came to pass, you left me.

Although you took a piece of me with you, you left a piece of you with me. You taught me so much: how to survive in this unfriendly world, how to be kind, generous, wise, and compassionate. You taught me to stand for peace and justice, hate hypocrisy, be courageous, bold, firm, and stand for what is right. You taught me to forgive and to always believe in myself. While the world misunderstood you sometimes, I understood you,







Mama- not only because you were Mama, but because you were true, genuine, and not easily controlled. I have kept these virtues jealously in my heart. I am who I am today because of what you taught me—the values you instilled in me and the sacrifices you made. I know you will keep watching over me and guiding me to be the woman you envisioned me to be. You also taught me to love God and stand firm in faith—to be resilient and never give up. Even in your final moments, on that sick bed, you trusted God until the very end.

You reminded me of the three Hebrew boys—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—who refused to bow to a foreign god. They had faith even to the point of death, believing God would rescue them, and they said, “But even if He does not...” Yes, Mama, you chose to trust God beyond the illness. And in your “even if” moment, you trusted Him till the very end... You trusted Him till death... You reminded me what it means to walk by faith.

I know that death did not take you. How would death have taken you when Christ had defeated death? No... Death cannot take victory. End? Who said your journey ends here? No... Your journey doesn't end here. Death is just another path, one we all must take. Your curtains just rolled back, and you've gone ahead. The Lord saw all you were going through and took you home to rest. He has taken you to a far greater country—that heavenly country, where there are beautiful streets made of gold, and to that wonderful garden, where there is happiness, peace, and joy.

Although I know all these, my Queen, I still miss every bit of you: your beautiful voice, your priceless smile, your hugs, your kisses,





your wisdom, your humor, your sincerity, and your love. Father, thank You for the privilege of letting me share this life with such a beautiful, hardworking, and amazing woman. I am incredibly grateful. Sweet Mother, I thank God that He chose me to be your daughter. It is an honor to have called you Mother. Beauty Queen, you may be gone from this world for now, but your legacy remains resilient in me. Therefore, I will not say goodbye. I will say, "See you soon, sweet mother."


Although I am heartbroken, filled with sorrow and grief, I take comfort in knowing that you are at the right place—resting in the Lord's bosom, using your beautiful voice, now even more beautiful, to give glory to God in the heavenly choir. And to all who are here today, thank you for joining us in celebrating Mama's life and legacy. Here is a message of hope for you: life is too short. Live right and make peace with the Lord. Heaven is real, hell is real. Who knew Mama would be gone so soon? Who knows who will be next? What matters is where it all ends. For "There is a place called 'heaven' where the good here unfinished is completed; and where the stories unwritten, and the hopes unfulfilled, are continued. We may laugh together yet..."J.R.R. Tolkien"


Rest In Peace Sweet Mother...

Akwen Mancho (Daughter)

Tribute to Mum

Hello Ma (as I fondly called you)—the young, healthy, and blessed lady. It's been a few weeks now since I last heard your voice, saw





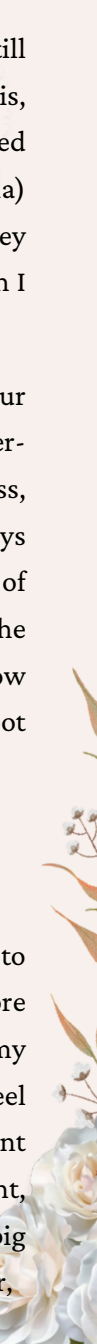
your smile, or heard you call out “papa me,” and I’m still struggling to come to terms with this new reality. Kirsten, Karris, and Jeanne still ask about you, remembering how much you cared for them—how you “spoiled” them (like any typical grandma) with gifts, but more importantly, how you always asked how they were doing. I’ll never forget how they wailed alongside us when I told them you had gone to be with Jesus.


I’m grateful to God for the abundance of pleasant memories: your laughter, your singing, your smile, your prayers, and your over-the-top generosity, steeped in kindness. I miss your cheerfulness, your motivation, and your ever-wise advice. Oh Ma, you always had the best intentions. You raised us well—beyond a shadow of a doubt. Those exceptional qualities of yours will live on in the girls and all your grand children. As you once cheered us on, now—together with the great cloud of witnesses—continue to root for us until we meet again in our Savior’s arms.

Love you, Ma, now and always.

Cholehzeh Mancho (Son)

Mummy, I am a place I never imagined I’d have to be—trying to find words for the most devastating loss of my life. You were more than just a parent to me you were my guide, my protector, my greatest source of love and comfort. And now, without you, I feel as if a part of me has been torn away. You were the embodiment of selflessness, you gave yourself constantly without complaint, without hesitation, and always with love. Your heart was big enough to carry the burdens of others and still offer joy, laughter,






and hope, even when you knew you were being taken advantage of. You found light in even the darkest places, and if you couldn't find it, you became it. Anyone that knew you, knew kindness, patience, unwavering love and generosity without measure. You will often prayed, encouraged, and stood by people no matter what, and never sought credit for it. One of your favorite Bible verses was "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God,.." – Romans 8:28

You believed in that deeply, you leaned on that promise in both the good times and the hard ones and though I want to believe it now, I can't lie—right now, I don't see the good in this. I feel shattered, I feel robbed, your life was cut short, and the ache your absence leaves in me is unbearable. I don't know how I'm supposed to go on without you. I don't know how to feel ok again, when such a vital piece of me is gone. People say time heals, but I can't imagine a time where this pain would not live in me, you left me with an eternal wound, which will never heal. Martha Mancho, my beautiful, brave mother—thank you. Thank you for the life you gave me, the love you showed me, and the strength you passed on to me.

I will miss you for all my days, and I will never stop longing for just one more moment with you. But I will carry you with me, always. Restwell, my sweet mother. You were too good for this world, and I will love you forever.

Ngwena Mancho Bornemann (Daughter)







My grandmother was always a very kind person and she would always be patient with me and would always be smiling and laughing. From when I was born, and returned back to the UK with my mum, she always visited me. When we moved to the US, she would always take me places with her, like my first trip to Cameroon, we went to Mexico together, Niagra Falls in Canada. She even came with me and my mum to California, when i had to attend a talent show for one week. She always took me places, and did whatever she could to make me happy. She promised to take me on her next trip to Switzerland to visit aunty Ngwená, but we did not get the chance. I could never express how grateful I am and how terribly I'll miss her but knowing the life she lived I can peacefully sleep knowing she's with the one most high now and I can only hold on to her memory until I see her again.

I love you grandma

Jovan Boma (Grand Son)

Today, we honor and remember a remarkable woman- beloved Grandma. Her love for her grandchildren was endless, unwavering, and deeply felt in every moment they were blessed to share with her. Grandma was there for each of her grandchildren — a comforting presence who welcomed every new life into the world with open arms and a full heart. From the very beginning, she was their guardian, their cheerleader, and their safe place. Even when she was tired, even when she wasn't feeling her best, Grandma never said no. She was always there, ready to care for them, to comfort them, and to put their needs before her own. Her caretaking was never a duty — it was a gift she gave freely,





without hesitation, over and over again. She didn't just help raise her grandkids — she helped shape who they are. she showed them love in every hug, every meal made, and every moment she chose to be there, even when it wasn't easy. Her grandkids, adored her and will miss her more than words can say. But the love she gave them — that fierce, selfless, unwavering love and great memories — will stay with them for the rest of our lives. Rest peacefully, Grandma. Thank you for everything.


Kirsten, Karris, Elyown, Jeanne, Jayce and Sloane(Grandkids)


Dear mum, I am not sure where to start. You were at the center of my life. From my childhood till present, being a mother myself, I learned hard work, dedication, commitment, love, and above all, building a foundation rooted in the Love and knowledge of Jesus Christ.

You were a very caring and protective mother, you gave us the best, waking up early every school morning, making us sandwiches and packing us water in our drinking bottles, just to make sure we had the cleanest and healthiest meals. You and dad made sure we had an extremely comfortable childhood, going on picnics, road trips, being part of activity clubs etc.

At the same time, you did not compromise on your values, and were able to discipline us to the extent that grew up with values, ethics, respect, and servitude. Hence, making us the respectable and loving people we are today.

Loosing a parent as a child or youth is one thing, I wonder if it



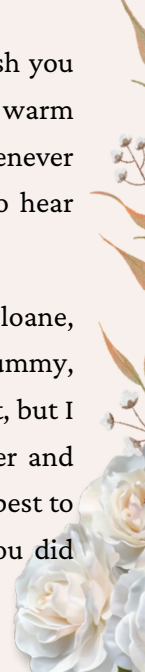



would have been an easier burden to bear. Because losing you as an adult is unbearable, for you were no longer just my mum, but my cheerleader, my friend, my confidante, business partner. I learned the best skills I could possibly learn, such as cooking, entertaining, etc from you.

Your laughter filled the room, you were a joy to be around, you knew all my friends by name, such that they all fondly called you mummy too. That is why they have traveled from all over the world, to come and see you off. I love how honest and straightforward you were, a character trait we find hard to find these days. You were there for me, throughout the birth and upbringing of my three kids. The best gift of my adult life was having you living with me for the last seven years, till your departure from this earth.

My husband's Ivorian community, came to love and cherish you as you would always welcome them to our home with a warm smile. Your presence was a breath of fresh air such that whenever you spoke about getting your own place, we chose not to hear you.

The kids will miss you terribly. Jovan, Gigi, Elyown, and Sloane, who got to spend her first and last Christmas with you. Mummy, go on, rest well, daughter of Zion, you fought the good fight, but I believe your watch has not ended! You have gained bigger and more powerful wings to watch over us, and we will do our best to maintain your legacy and transfer as much wisdom as you did impact on to us to our children.





I am glad I know where you are, I am even prouder, to be your daughter, I will miss seeing your beautiful face, your warm silence, hear you jokes, but i know we would be reunited at the right time, never to be separated again. I love you mum.

Shiri Mancho Miessan (Daughter)

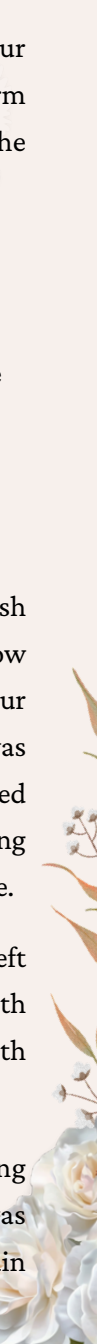
Mummy Martha Ofey Mofor Mancho – A Life of Selfless Grace
***Delivered in remembrance of a woman who lived to give,
to guide, and to love.***


Ladies and Gentlemen,

There are lives that touch us gently, and there are lives that crash into our souls like a wave of light — reshaping everything we know about love, strength, and grace. Martha Ofey Mofor Mancho — our Mummy, Abundem, Ma Martha, Grandma, Sister, Friend — was that wave. Her presence was not just felt — it was lived. It changed people. It changed lives. It changed destinies. Remembering families and non families who benefitted from her unique largesse.

Today we stand here, broken and bewildered by the void she's left behind. But woven through our grief is a deeper, unshakable truth — that Mother lived with a purpose so fierce, so divine, that death itself cannot silence her impact.

She was a woman of few demands but endless devotion; saying these with surety. To her husband of nearly 48 years, she was Abundem — a partner in joy, in trials, in faith. Through long train rides in London, family beach trips in Cameroon, and quiet







evenings filled with laughter, she gave him her loyalty and her love — love that endured even open war from their families and the heavy storms of life. He now carries on, one arm lighter, but heart still full of her.

To her children, she was not just “Mummy.” She was protector, truth-teller, cheerleader, prayer warrior, and friend. She parented with love, but never without strength. She taught her daughters to become women of valor — and she taught her son how to be a man with empathy and conviction. She supported dreams before they even had any form. She was best friends with them, and when the world grew dark, she strengthened them with wisdom and she showed them how to walk straight by faith, not by fear. Even on her sickbed, she asked about others — solving problems from under the covers. That was Martha: always giving, even in pain.

To her grandchildren, she was a joyful fire — spoiling them not with excess but with presence. She took them on adventures across countries and into their own imaginations. They remember her hugs, her meals, her prayers — memories that now carry them through the silence of her absence.

To her nieces and nephews, she was a second mother — one who stood in the gap after their own parents, who loved them with a compassion that expected nothing in return. She called. She showed up. She gave. She taught them to be strong, to rest, to believe, to hope.






To her siblings, and step mothers, was fondly referred to as “sister”. she was more than a sister — she was a divine protector. She carried them on her back as children. She fought their battles. She bore their grief. And even in her own struggles, she whispered peace into their storms.


To her in-laws, she was not in-law — she was in-heart. She brought unity among wives, named the family prayer group, created belonging with her presence. One called her “my healthy sis,” another “my guide.” All called her blessed.

To friends and spiritual sisters, she was a woman of God — not in talk, but in action. She prayed with power, served with humility, and carried the Word not in her hands, but in her walk. Her strength was quiet, her dignity unshakable. She made others feel safe, seen, and uplifted — often without needing to say a word.

To her children’s friends, she was simply “Mummy”, “one of the girls”. She welcomed them not as visitors, but as daughters of her own. She knew them personally, loved them genuinely, and supported them unconditionally. So deep was her impact that many of them have traveled from far and wide — across countries and states — to be here today, to honor not just a friend’s mother, but a woman who mothered them too.

To her employers and clients according to their feedback:
“She was a kind, dedicated, and wonderful nurse and person.
May her memory be an eternal blessing”





“Ms. Martha was such a sweet lady”

She gave and gave — even when the world gave little in return. She forgave when she was misunderstood. She didn’t just believe in God — she clung to Him. Even as death approached, she trusted. Even as her body failed, her spirit soared. Like the Hebrew boys in the furnace, she said in her heart: “Even if He does not...” Still, she believed.

Mother’s legacy is not in riches or recognition. It is in the people who now walk taller because she lifted them. In the children who lead with integrity because she corrected them. In the friends who feel less alone because she prayed them through. In the family that still stands because she held it together — sometimes with words, sometimes with silence, always with grace.

She was disciplined, She was brave, But above all — she was selfless.

So yes, our hearts ache.


Yes, our souls weep.


But no, this is not the end.

Because women like Martha don’t die. They rise.

They rise in our memories, in our choices, in our kindness, in our faith. They rise every time we choose courage over fear, forgiveness over pride, love over apathy.

So, rest well, Mummy. Rest, Abundem. Rest, Ma Martha. Rest, Sweet Mother.





You have fought the good fight. You have finished the race. And now, the crown of righteousness is yours.

We will carry your legacy — not as a burden, but as an honor. And when our own time comes, may we be found worthy of the love you gave so freely.

Until we meet again — never to part.

We Love you.

Kindly download Funeral Program, Eulogies Booklet, and Funeral Service Booklet at her website below Or Scan either of the QR Codes.

www.inlovingmemoryofmartha.com



Funeral Tributes Booklet



Funeral Service Booklet











Expression of Gratitude

We would like to sincerely thank and appreciate all our relatives, groups, families who took out the time to join us despite their busy schedules, in celebrating the life of our mother, Mama Martha Ofey Mofor Mancho. We are grateful for your prayers, visits, phone calls, texts messages of comforting words and encouragement.

We would be remiss not to acknowledge the moral, financial and material support rendered to us during these difficult times. We pray that, the Almighty God will replenish you abundantly. We pray for God's guidance, protection and journey mercies as you return to your various destinations and we we continue to pray for the repose of the soul of our mother

The Mancho Family

www.inlovingmemoryofmartha.com

