

*Celebrating*

THE LIFE OF OUR BELOVED



*Martha Ofey Mofoi Mancho*

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*Forever in our hearts!*



# *In Loving Memory*

THE LIFE OF OUR BELOVED



*Martha Ofey Mofof Mancho*

**SUNRISE: 23 AUGUST 1956**

**SUNSET: 14 APRIL 2025**

**“I WILL BOTH LIE DOWN AND SLEEP IN PEACE;FOR  
YOU ALONE, O LORD, MAKE ME LIE DOWN IN  
SAFETY”...PSALM 4:8**



# Biography

In Loving Memory of My Wife, Martha Ofey Mancho (née Mofor)

My wife, Martha Ofey Mancho (née Mofor), 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 decided to get married which took place 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).





# Biography

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 SONEC 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 the 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.





# Biography

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, love, 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.

“A good woman is hard to find, and worth far more than diamonds.”

– Proverbs 31:10

*Cho Mancho Adoff (Husband)*





# 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.



# Eulogies



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)*





# Eulogies



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 hopscotch 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 humour 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.

# Eulogies



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 favour wouldn't be 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 convictions till 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. 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. Mummy dearest you'll always be deeply loved, greatly missed and never forgotten-gone too soon.

*Alcree Mancho (Daughter)*





# Eulogies



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 hardwork, 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!

# Eulogies



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 Missan (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.



# Eulogies



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 sickbed, 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.

# Eulogies



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...

*Maven 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 "pa pa 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 grandchildren.



# Eulogies



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.

*Cholehzele Mancho (Sore)*



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

# Eulogies



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. Rest well, my sweet mother. You were too good for this world, and I will love you forever.

*Ngwena 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 Ngwena, but we did not get the chance.



# Eulogies



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 (Grandson)*



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.



# Eulogies



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, Elgown, Jeanne, Jayce and Sloane (Grandkids)*





# Eulogies



My dear sister, I didn't know the road will end for you this quick. I call you mummy because from my infancy you have always been there for me and I never knew it was a crime. Anywhere I have ever been to you first took me there. You carried me on your back to places right from my childhood you have been the unquestionable divine force in my life and I know too well how people disliked it. Forever beautiful and smiling, we went through life rough but with much courage, even when I thought you will find peace you still had to struggle for people to understand who you are. It's so heart breaking that in your short life you had so much to deal with, I will love to mourn for you my dear sister, for the wicked illnesses joint on you alone and against us and took you away. where you are watch over the children, they are your legacy, don't let evil to touch them. All I want to say is for you to go well, if the Lord allowed it, it's not because the sickness, diseases, or even Satan is strong but rather that the Father has seen your struggle, fight and pain and want you to rest. So take your rest at the Fathers side, untill we meet again to part no more. Adieu sister.

*Sarah Mofor (Sister)*



# Eulogies



Chaii Mum,

I didn't know those would be our last months together . I thought we had more time to go shopping, cook delicious meals, get your nails done and just enjoy more of life together. I truly did not see this coming. You were so strong, so full of grace, and anyone who met you knew it was always God first. You had a way of loving that didn't need many words because your smile said it all. I miss you Mum, your voice, your laughter and your daily morning devotions. But I know you are at rest now, in the presence of The One you trusted with everything.

*Evelyn Kwende Fiu (Niece)*



"Dear Aunty Martha,

You were my rock, my shelter, and my only hope after Mom's passing. Your love, care, and sacrifices gave me strength to keep going. I'll forever cherish the memories we shared and the love you showed me. Please give Mom and Grandma a hug from me in heaven. I'll miss you dearly, but know your love will stay with me always.

With all my love,

*Mambo Jesanta Mofor (Niece)*





# Eulogies



## Eulogy for Aunty Martha

Aunty Martha and I spent hours talking about God, unity, family, history, politics, and everything in between. She had a way of pulling you into her world, not just with her words but with her wisdom and warmth.

I loved hearing her childhood memories. One story she told that I'll never forget was about a coat grandpa brought back from Paris. It wasn't just about the coat, it was about heritage, pride, and the quiet way love can be passed down through generations.

We bonded deeply in those moments. Aunty reminded me how important it is to ask questions, to listen, and to keep our family stories alive.

What I will carry forward is her reverence for God. I'm grateful that we were about to connect with each other in such a meaningful way, and though I wish we had more time, I will always be thankful for the time we did have. I deeply cherish each call, each text, each invite, and the laughs.

Rest well, Aunty. Thank you for sharing your heart with me.



# Eulogies



In Loving Memory of My Dear Aunt Martha ❤️❤️

Aunt Martha was more than just family—she was a guiding light, a second mother, a true friend. Her warmth, wisdom, and unwavering love touched everyone especially me who had the privilege of knowing her. She had a way of making people feel seen and heard, and her laughter could brighten even the darkest days. Her kindness was boundless, her strength inspiring, and her memory will forever live in our hearts. Though she's no longer with us in person, her spirit continues to guide us with the love and lessons she shared. Rest in peace, dear Aunt. You will always be missed, but never forgotten. your son.

*Ngu Nwae Jeremi (Nephew)*

Eulogy for my Beloved Sister-in-Law - Martha Ofey Mancho.

Today, I honor the life of a remarkable woman my sister-in-law Martha Ofey Mancho, who was so much more than family by marriage. She was a leader, a mother, a peacemaker, and a pillar in our lives.

Ma Martha Ofey Mancho had a rare gift of coordinating the wives, keeping peace, and bringing unity where it was needed most. She stood in the gap, defended the family, and led with quiet strength and wisdom.

Her motherly heart reached far beyond her own children. She nurtured everyone around her with grace and love. Her guidance was steady, her comfort unfailing, and her counsel always rooted in love.

Ma Martha Ofey Mancho was a strong believer in education — not just for herself or her family, but for everyone she could inspire. She encouraged us to aim higher, work harder, and believe in our potential. In her we saw what it means to serve, to love,



# Eulogies



and to lead. Her legacy will live on in our hearts, in our homes, and in the values she passed on. May Ma Martha Ofey Mancho beautiful soul rest in perfect peace - RIPP.

*Arnon Mancho (Brother-in-law)*



Eulogy for Ma Martha Mancho (Mami #3)

It's hard to find the words to speak about someone like Ma Martha Mancho, our beloved Mami #3 because her life was so full, so meaningful, so deeply woven into the hearts of those who knew her. To me, she was a sister, a mother figure, a leader, and she was my big sister in marriage, the one who walked ahead and gently showed me the way. She carried herself with such quiet dignity and unshakable faith — and I admired her deeply for that. We met and bonded through Marriage, but it was in our prayer group that I truly came to know her heart. She wasn't just a participant — she was a leader. A Bible woman. A woman who prayed with power and who stood on the

# Eulogies



Word of God as her foundation. Her voice in those prayer sessions was filled with calm authority, and you just knew — this was a woman who had spent time with God. She was the one who came up with the beautiful idea of naming us — the wives — based on the place of arrival of our husbands. It may sound simple, but it was so special. She gave us each a sense of belonging, a shared identity, and she brought us together like only a big sister could. Beyond the spiritual, she also cared deeply about our health. I used to call her “my healthy sis.” She was always encouraging better habits, reminding me to care for my body, and leading by example. She believed in wholeness — body, mind, and spirit — and she lived it every day.

I will miss her encouragement. I will miss her wisdom. I will miss her phone calls, her thoughtful Bible lesson Sean Pinda morning preaching and that quiet smile that always made you feel like everything would be okay.

Mami #3, thank you. Thank you for loving me like a little sister/ daughter. Thank you for being a guide, a mentor, and a true woman of God. Your life has left a mark on mine — and I will carry your memory with me always.

You have fought the good fight, you have finished the race, and now you rest in the arms of the Father. I love you, and I will miss you deeply.

*Quinta Mancho (Sister-in-law)*





# Eulogies



With a heart that is both full of love and heavy with sorrow, I say goodbye to a remarkable woman. Mama was my guide, my second mother who took me under her wing like her first son..

I still remember when she and my brother returned from England. It was a new chapter for me. They sat me down together, looked me in the eye, and said, “You need to go back to school if you have to go to the United States.” It wasn’t just a suggestion — it was a vision they had for my life.

She didn’t just talk about love; she lived it. She cared for me, looked after me, guided me, and protected me until the very day I left home to follow that path she believed in for me. And I carry that love, that strength, and that faith she gave me every day.

Mama, today it breaks my heart to lay you down. The loss is deep, and the pain is sharp. But I take comfort in knowing that you are now in a better place — a place of peace, joy, and rest. I believe you saw the grass was greener on the other side, because despite all the midnight prayers on all the alters of God, you still decided to go home.

We love you dearly. We always will. But we know, without a doubt, that God loves you best. Rest well, Mama.

*Jonas Mancho (Brother-in-law)*



# Eulogies



To a fallen mother

Today, I honor the memory of a woman who was far more than a sister-in-law - she was a mother to me. From the moment I came into this family, she embraced me with so much love. She spoke into my life, guided me with wisdom, and cared for me deeply and consistently. She never missed a day without checking in. If I was too busy to answer her call, she would call the next morning and say, "Ma Mira, what happened yesterday that I did not hear your voice?" Always concerned, always loving, she would remind me, "Mira, rest. I worry about you - please find time to rest."

Then came the silence. I called for two days, and she didn't answer. I sent a message, still no response. And I knew then that something was terribly wrong. That was not like her. My heart sank, and I began looking for a flight to San Antonio. I knew I had to go, because I knew something had shifted. In her quiet strength, she waited for me. She held on until I came and saw her in her hospital bed, and then she decided to go, just a day before I was to travel back. That was her final gift of love to me! Her love was unwavering, her presence constant, and her voice, now silent, will forever echo in my heart. Every day at 9 p.m. MST, when our prayer group meets, we feel her absence so deeply. She was always the one to inspire us, contributing to the scriptures, and encouraging us. Now, we often find ourselves in tears, not just from grief, but from the weight of her absence. I will miss our daily calls. I will miss you. We love you dearly, Mummy, but God loves you more.

Adieu Mummy.

*Miranda Mancho (Sister-in-law)*





# Eulogies



When I met Shiri, I heard so many wonderful things about you. Your kindness, your wisdom, your strength, your beautiful smile and the way you carried yourself with grace. However, it was not until I met you in Richardson in 2018 when I came to ask for your blessing to marry Shiri, that I truly understand the deepness of your humility and kindness. You welcomed me with open arms, not just as a son\_ in law but as family (son). Your kindness, shone even brighter during the traditional wedding rites in Arlington. The way you supported us, ensuring everything went smoothly, meant so much.

Furthermore your travel all the way to Mexico with us to celebrate my wife (Shiri) birthday was a testament to the love and commitment you had for your children. You were not just present, you were fully there embracing the joy of the moment with us. Beyond been a mother, you were a great mother in law and on even greater grandmother. Your love knew no bounds and we all felt it. One of my fondest and latest memories is our outing to Houston for a funeral reception in February 2025 which at the time, we did not realize it will be the last of such outing. Sitting there with you and Shiri ,eating some good food, taking some pictures, listening some nice church music and laughter. It was a simple yet priceless moment that I will cherish forever. Your kindness, your warmth, and your unwavering love for your family will never be forgotten. Rest well MOM. May your soul rest in perfect peace. Amen.

*Eric Miessan (Son-in-law)*



# Eulogies



Mum, it's surreal to be writing a eulogy for you. Just a few weeks ago you were beaming with love, steadfastness and dedication to the things you so much cherish. I remember our last ride to the bus station, and you were letting me know that on your next trip back to Arlington you will pack up and bring back some of your stuff. I never knew this was about packing your stuff for the next world. It only dawned on me when you had gone that life is so short and can go so quickly. Thank you for the love you showed me, the acceptance and taking time to come be with us in Canada. You became part of my life, our future plans, but it's sad some of those things will come to pass when you are not there. Rest well and extend my regards to the ones I love and who have gone before. You will be in my memory forever as being that exemplary mother-in-law to whom all kids, whether yours or not were the same. Rest in Peace.

*Princewill Neba (Son-in-law)*



Ladies and Gentlemen,

We gather here today with hearts weighed down by a sorrow so deep, words can barely contain it. The passing of our beloved mother, mother-in-law, grandmother, and friend feels like a dream we cannot wake from — a reality we are still struggling to accept. How do you sum up the life of someone who was love itself? Who walked



# Eulogies



through this world with kindness as her constant companion and generosity flowing effortlessly from her heart? She had a rare and beautiful gift — the ability to make everyone feel like they mattered, like they belonged.

To her children, she was a pillar of unwavering strength. No matter the hour, no matter the burden, she was always there, her heart big enough to carry every worry, every joy, every sorrow of those she loved.

To her grandchildren, she was a safe haven — the warm embrace after a long day, the gentle hands that wiped away tears, the joyful spirit that filled every room with laughter. Her prayers, her songs, her gentle reminders that everything would be okay... these will echo in our hearts forever.

Mummy Martha lived her life not for herself, but for others. Every sacrifice she made, she did with grace and without complaint. Her love knew no boundaries, no conditions. She gave it freely, completely, beautifully. And that is why this loss feels so unbearable. Mummy's absence is loud. Her silence, deafening. We look around, expecting to hear her voice, to feel her presence — and yet, she is gone. But in truth, she is not truly gone. Mummy lives on in every act of kindness we perform, in every moment we choose love over anger, in every embrace we offer those who are hurting. She lives on in the lessons she taught us about compassion, patience, and unconditional love. Though our hearts are broken, let us honor her memory by living as she did — loving without measure, giving without hesitation, and showing up for those who need us, just as she always did.

May her beautiful soul rest in eternal peace. And may we find comfort in knowing that love like mummy's never truly dies — it lives on, through us, forever.

Love you Mummy still we meet again in heaven !!

*Lydie Mancho (Daughter-in-law)*

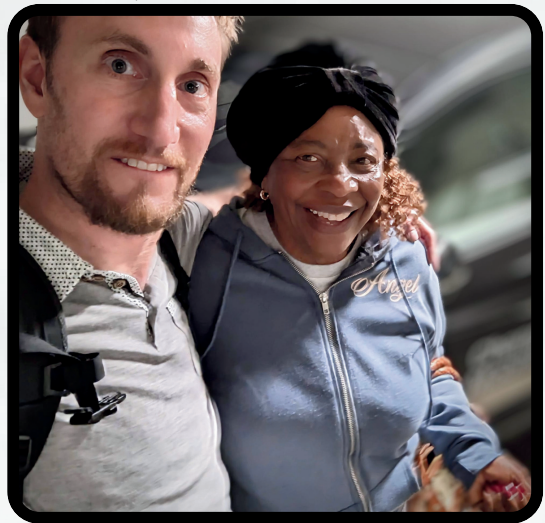


# Eulogies



By God's grace, I was blessed to meet an angel in Mama Martha. She will forever remain in my heart, along with the love, hope, and faith she shared with me—faith that gives me the strength to believe in our eventual reunion. The comfort she brought and the beautiful memories she left behind will always be cherished in my heart. Though I will deeply miss you here on earth, Mama Martha, I look forward to the day we meet again in heaven. Rest in peace. With love, Your Kai

*Kai Bornemann (Son-in-law)*



My dear Martha!

‘And my your soul spread its wings wide. It flew through the quiet lands as if it were flying home’. Now you have returned home to God our Father - we miss you so much. How grateful I am to have met you two years ago. We, the two grandmothers to our grandchild Jayce. Rest in peace, greet us from above, and protect us as a shining star in the sky. I will take good care of the children down here; you can rest now. Sincerely, your Ursel.

*Ursel Bornemann (Son-in-law's mother)*





# Eulogies



Sister Martha, you were not only a friend, but you were like an elder sister to me, and our families have been connected for many years. Last summer in Dallas, after nearly eight years apart, Martha and Pa Mancho visited me at my son's apartment. That afternoon was a gift. We laughed over memories of Edéa, spoke honestly about our health struggles, and, above all, shared our unshakable faith in God's healing mercies. Her spirit was full of hope, kindness, and a generosity that touched everyone around her. She even came bearing thoughtful gifts for me and for her loved ones back home in Cameroon. I never imagined it would be our last time together. Even after that day, Martha stayed close through messages and calls, always sharing prayers and encouragement. The news of her passing came like a deep shock. It's hard to imagine she's no more. But I know her spirit lives on, in her faith, her kindness, and the memories she leaves behind. Martha, thank you for your love, your faith, and your friendship. Rest peacefully in the arms of our Heavenly Father and your ancestors.

*Rose Abongwe (Friend)*

## **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.