In Loving Memory



Sarah Agengo

1958- APRIL 27, 2026



Forever Loved. Forever Honored.
Forever Remembered.

Day One

THURSDAY, 28TH MAY 2026

TRANSFER FROM GENDIA & NIGHT VIGIL AT KOGUTA – NYAKWERE

Time	Activity
8:00 AM	Family Gathering & Final Preparation at Gendia
8:30 AM	Opening Prayer
8:40 AM	Viewing & Final Moments in Gendia
9:15 AM	Departure of Procession from Gendia
9:15 AM – 1:30 PM	Journey to Koguta, Nyakwere
1:30 PM	Arrival and Reception at Home
1:45 PM	Procession Into Compound
2:00 PM	Placement of Body
2:15 PM	Opening Hymn
2:25 PM	Opening Prayer
2:35 PM	Scripture Reading
2:45 PM	Family Welcome Remarks
3:00 PM	Reflection: "Who Mama Sarah Was at Home"
3:20 PM	Church Tribute
3:45 PM	Choir Ministry
4:10 PM	Community Tributes
5:00 PM	Tea & Fellowship Break
6:00 PM	Evening Worship Session
6:20 PM	Hymn Session
6:45 PM	Sermon: Hope Beyond This Life
7:20 PM	Special Family Reflections
8:00 PM	Candle of Remembrance
8:20 PM	Closing Prayer
8:30 PM	Family Night Vigil Begins

Theme Song: KABEDO E TIEND RUOTH YESU
Number 64,
RUOTH YESU, SAA MAR LAMOI
Number 199

Day Two

FRIDAY, 29TH MAY 2026

BURIAL & CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Time	Activity	
7:00 AM	Family Gathering & Breakfast	
8:00 AM	Arrival of Guests	
8:45 AM	Instrumental Worship	
9:00 AM	Procession to Main Service Area	
9:10 AM	Opening Hymn	
9:20 AM	Invocation Prayer	
9:30 AM	Scripture Reading	
9:40 AM	Opening Remarks	
10:00 AM	Biography Reading	
10:20 AM	Eulogy Presentation	
11:00 AM	Choir Ministry	
11:20 AM	Tribute from Children	
11:50 AM	Tribute from Grandchildren	
12:10 PM	Tribute from Siblings	
12:30 PM	Tribute from Koguta SDA Church	
1:00 PM	Sermon & Message of Hope	
1:45 PM	Prayer of Comfort	
2:00 PM	Lunch Break	
2:45 PM	Final Gathering & Procession to Graveside	Funeral Committee

Theme Song: KABEDO E TIEND RUOTH YESU
Number 64,
RUOTH YESU, SAA MAR LAMOI
Number 199



Mama Sarah Agengo

1958–APRIL 27, 2026

Her life was not loud, but it was large.
Her love was not theatrical, but it was enduring.
Her faith was not for display, but for daily living.
Her legacy continues in every life she touched.


"Odiero"

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Mama Sarah Agengo "Odiero"

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Her love was not theatrical, but it was enduring.
Her faith was not for display, but for daily living.
Her legacy continues in every life she touched.

There are people whose presence fills a room, and there are those whose absence fills a lifetime. Mama Sarah Agengo, fondly remembered as "Odiero," belonged to the second kind. She lived in a way that became part of other people's lives. Her hands worked. Her prayers covered. Her words guided. Her home received. Her faith anchored. Her love remained.

We gather in memory, in gratitude, and in sorrow, but not in emptiness. For even in grief, this life leaves behind something sturdy to hold on to. Mama Sarah's journey began in 1958, the year itself marks the beginning of a story that would become woven into many others. Her earthly path came to a close on 27th April 2026, but the measures of her life cannot be reduced to dates alone. She was more than years. She was presence. She was labor. She was devotion. She was home.

She was born into a family line that rooted her in place and identity, and she carried that rootedness into every season of her life. She did not live for herself alone. She lived for God, for her family, for her children, for the people around her, and for the values she believed were worth preserving. Her story is not merely one of passing, but of planting. She planted love where there could have been distance. She planted discipline where there could have been disorder. She planted faith where fear might have grown. And from that planting, generations continue to rise.

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

EARLY LIFE AND FAMILY ROOTS

Nya Gendia

Mama Sarah Agengo "Odiero" came from Gendia, Kakwajuok, a place that remained part of her story long after she left childhood behind. She was born to Susana Amalo and Nelson Ogum, and from that beginning came a woman shaped by family values, community memory, and the kind of strength that is often learned quietly, at home, through the ordinary demands of life.

Those early years matter, because they formed the foundations of the woman many came to know. She grew up understanding that life is built through effort, not entitlement; through responsibility, not excuse; through humility, not pride. These lessons became visible in the way she carried herself later in life. She moved with purpose. She spoke with weight. She lived with a seriousness that came from knowing life must be respected.

Her family line was broad, and the names of her siblings remain part of the memory we preserve. Among them were Pamela Omondi (Chogo), remembered as the lastborn in their home; Noah Were Ogum; Margaret Anyango Ngiela; Sarah Atieno Agengo; Phoebe Adhiambo Nyagweth; David Odhiambo Ogum; Phylmon Okumu; Grace Akinyi; Samuel Ogum; Wilson Ogum; and Jonathan Odongo. Each name carries its own branch of the family story, its own memories, its own place in the larger house from which Mama Sarah came.

Among that sibling line, only Pamela Omondi (Chogo), David Odhiambo Ogum, and Mama Sarah Agengo "Odiero" have rested, while the others continue to carry the family name, memory, and responsibility forward. That fact matters, because it reminds us that grief has already visited this family before and has now returned with a heavier hand.

Mama Sarah's roots were never merely geographical. They were moral and spiritual too. From Gendia to the later homes of her life, she remained a woman shaped by origin, by family, and by the quiet duty to preserve what had been entrusted to her. She did not forget where she came from, and because of that, she knew how to hold others together.

EDUCATION, WORK, AND THE DISCIPLINE OF DAILY LIFE

A Woman Who Knew How To Labor

Mama Sarah attended Gendia Primary School, where the early structure of education met the practical realities of life. For many women of her generation, education was one thread among many. It was important, but so was work. So was family. So was survival. So was service. Mama Sarah understood this balance and lived it well.

Her working life reflected a woman who did not fear responsibility. She served in the Ministry of Forestry, contributing to public service in a time when work was rarely separated from endurance. Later, she worked as a cook at Sangoro Secondary School, a role that may sound simple only to those who have never understood how much a kitchen can hold. A cook feeds bodies, yes, but also moods, days, and communities. A cook notices hunger before it is spoken. A cook serves with consistency. A cook becomes part of the memory of a place. Mama Sarah did that work with dignity.

With time, she also became a business woman. She knew how to adapt. She knew how to keep moving. She knew that a woman is not defined by one season alone. She worked, she provided, she sustained, she continued. Her life was not built on ease; it was built on determination.

What made her memorable was not that she did many things, but that she did them with a sense of order and seriousness. She was the kind of person who made things happen without needing applause. She was dependable. She was grounded. She was clear about responsibility. She understood that families survive because someone quietly keeps carrying the load.

Her life speaks to all of us who have watched mothers and grandmothers carry more than they ever say aloud. Mama Sarah knew the language of sacrifice. She knew what it meant to keep going when the day was long and the duties were many. She built her life on labor, and that labor became part of her honor.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND THE MAKING OF HOME

With Maurice Agengo, She Built A Household

In the early 1970s, Mama Sarah married the late Maurice Agengo, who passed on in November 1994. Together, they settled in Koguta, Nyakwere, where their life as husband and wife became a life of building, bearing, raising, and enduring.

Marriage is never only a single moment. It is the long work of making a life together. It is shared burdens, shared dreams, shared fears, shared hopes. For Mama Sarah and Maurice, that life produced a family that would come to carry forward their name and memory. Their home became a place from which children were raised, values were passed down, and legacy was formed.

From that union came nine children — three girls and six boys — and through them, Mama Sarah's influence has been growing beyond what one life could contain. The names of her children remain a testimony in themselves:

Rachel Auma Agengo
Kenneth Agengo
Isabell Achieng Agengo
Jared Agengo
Gordon Otieno Agengo
Joan Esther Agengo
Erick Ouma Agengo
Job Agengo
Joshua Agengo

She was not just a mother in title. She was structure. She was correction. She was warmth. She was vigilance. She was the one who knew when to speak and when to stay silent, when to guide gently and when to stand firm. Her love was not careless; it was responsible. It made room for tenderness, but it also made room for discipline.

Every family has its own architecture, and Mama Sarah helped build hers with care. She taught by what she insisted on and by what she allowed. She understood that children do not simply need food and shelter; they need formation. They need a sense of who they are. They need someone who will hold the line when life tries to pull them apart. She did that faithfully.

The house she built was not only made of walls and roofs. It was made of expectation, order, sacrifice, and prayer. That is why her children are not only her descendants. They are the living evidence of her labor and her love.

Besides her own children, Mama Sarah also opened her heart and home to others she raised with love and care: Wiclif Ndire, Samson Okoth, Joshua Otieno Oyoo, and Ochieng. To them, she became more than family by relation — she became family by presence, sacrifice, and love.

FAITH, CHURCH, AND SERVICE

A Woman Rooted in the SDA Faith

Mama Sarah was born and raised in the Seventh-day Adventist faith, and that faith remained a living part of her until the very end. She did not simply belong to the church by name. She belonged through practice, through service, through discipline, through commitment. Her faith was not a costume for special days. It was her way of life.

She served under Koguta SDA and remained in that spiritual family until her passing. She did not drift away from what she believed. She stayed. She served. She remained faithful in the place that had shaped her.

One of her cherished roles in the church was as a Dorcas Ministry leader. Throughout her leadersiip, she showed mercy, care and always meeting her needs with compassion and dignity. Mama Sarah embodied that spirit. Through church service, she expressed the same practical love that defined her home life. She cared in ways that people could feel, even when they did not have words for it.

Her faith was steady, not dramatic. Deep, not loud. She lived with the understanding that God sees what people often do not. She knew the value of prayer, of Sabbath, of service, of a life ordered under heaven's authority. She prayed not as a performance, but as a habit of trust. She served not for recognition, but because she believed it was right.

For many, she will be remembered as a woman of the church. But for those who looked more closely, she was something more than that. She was a witness. A witness that faith can be carried through work, motherhood, business, and ordinary days. A witness that a woman can live quietly and still leave a spiritual echo that does not fade.

Her service to the SDA church was not an accessory to her life. It was one of the ways she gave meaning to it.

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH

HER CHARACTER, HER HOME, HER WAY OF LOVING

The Kind of Woman People Did Not Forget

It is often the smallest things that reveal the deepest truths about a person. A way of standing. A tone of voice. A look of caution. A moment of generosity. A discipline in the home. A prayer before a meal. A firmness when it mattered. Mama Sarah carried all these things.

She was a woman of both strength and softness, though not always in equal measure. She could be strict when life required it, but her strictness was not cruelty. It was care with boundaries. She could be quiet, but her silence was never empty. It carried thought. It carried wisdom. It carried the kind of depth that did not need to announce itself.

She loved order. She valued respect. She understood that a home without discipline becomes fragile. She knew how to hold a family together even when life was demanding. She could be protective, especially where family was concerned. She did not take lightly the safety, dignity, or unity of her own people.

There are women whose love is measured in grand gestures, and there are women whose love is seen in repetition — in the daily returning to duty, in the consistent showing up, in the refusal to give up on the people they carry. Mama Sarah belonged to the second kind. Her love was built into routine. It was in the food prepared, the corrections given, the prayers spoken, the work completed, the encouragement offered, the concern shown.

She likely did not seek to be remembered as extraordinary. Yet that is exactly what happened. Because she lived faithfully in the ordinary, she became extraordinary in memory. She built a life that others could lean on. She made family feel like a place one could return to. She made sacrifice look like grace.

And perhaps that is one of the deepest compliments a person can receive: that their presence made life more stable, more human, and more bearable for the people around them.

THE FAMILY SHE LEFT BEHIND

A Legacy That Now Lives in Many Voices

Mama Sarah's life did not end with her; it continues in the people who bear her name, her lessons, and her memory. Her children carry her story in their blood and in their choices. Her grandchildren carry it in the habits they learned, the phrases they heard, and the warmth of a grandmother whose life mattered deeply.

She was part of a family that understands continuity. She knew that a legacy is not built only by what one says about oneself, but by what remains after one is gone. In that sense, Mama Sarah's legacy is secure. It lives in her children's lives, in the family names that continue, in the church memories held by those who served beside her, and in the quiet admiration of those who watched her over the years.

We remember her as a mother who gave her life to the work of raising others. We remember her as a woman who labored in public service, in the kitchen, in business, and in church. We remember her as someone who did not separate spirituality from daily living. To her, faith was something you wore in how you treated people. Responsibility was something you practiced every day. Love was something you proved.

Her passing on 27th April 2026 leaves a silence that will not be easy to fill. But even that silence speaks. It tells us to honor what mattered to



Tribute from the First Daughter

There are some relationships that cannot be explained by titles alone. To the world she was Mama Sarah. To me, she was more than a mother she was my covering, my place of refuge, my teacher in faith, and my prayer warrior.

From my earliest memories, I knew that whenever life became difficult, there was someone already speaking to God on my behalf. My mother carried her children in ways that could not always be seen. She prayed before she worried. She believed before she gave up. She stood firm even when life asked more of her than seemed fair.

After the passing of our father in 1994, I watched her carry responsibilities that many would have struggled to bear. Yet she rarely allowed hardship to change her heart. She remained present. She remained prayerful. She remained our mother in every sense of the word.

As her first daughter, our bond became something deeply special over the years. We spoke as mother and daughter, but also as women of faith. I looked to her for strength, guidance, and prayer. And in many ways, she looked to me too — not only as a daughter, but as someone who stood beside her in faith and shared in her burdens, prayers, and hopes.

Mama, thank you for every prayer you whispered over my life. Thank you for every sacrifice you made that we did not fully understand until we became older. Thank you for teaching us that faith is lived, not spoken. Thank you for showing us what strength with humility looks like.

Today I release you back to God with tears, gratitude, and love.

Rachel Agengo



Tribute from Her Daughter-in-Law

People often say that becoming part of a family through marriage can take time, but Mama Sarah had a way of making people feel received, seen, and welcomed.

When I became part of this family, she did not treat me as someone standing at the edge looking in. She embraced me with warmth, guidance, and the quiet reassurance that I belonged. Over time, she became more than a mother-in-law to me, she became a mother in heart, someone I could learn from, speak to, and find comfort in.

Mama carried herself with dignity and strength. She valued family deeply and believed in keeping people together. She had standards, she believed in respect, and she taught through both her words and her example. At times she corrected, at times she encouraged, but behind everything she did was care.

What I will remember most is not one big moment, but many ordinary moments that now feel extraordinary, conversations, laughter, her concern for everyone's wellbeing, her quiet observations, her prayers, and the way she always wanted the family to remain united.

She made motherhood look like service and love look like responsibility.

Bella Oile

Tribute from Her Daughter-in-Law

When I became part of this family, Mama Sarah welcomed me not as someone outside looking in, but as one of her own.

She carried herself with quiet strength and deep conviction. She understood family and protected it with love, wisdom, and prayer. She was the kind of woman whose presence gave comfort and whose words stayed with you long after conversations ended.

As my mother-in-law, she offered guidance with grace and reminded us that homes are built through patience, respect, and care for one another. I admired her devotion to family, her faithfulness in church, and the way she continued giving even when life demanded much from her.

Mama, thank you for receiving me warmly and allowing me to walk part of life beside you. Thank you for the wisdom, the conversations, and the example you set.

Though your place at home now feels different, the values you planted remain.

Rest peacefully, Mama.

Catherine Ogolla

Tribute from Daughter

You were a widow for 32 years, your sacrifices for all around you were unmatched. You were a success mama. I know it and your story tells it in the good qualities of a mother that has been in you together with the faith of steel that you had in God which continued to flourish with time.

It is six years down the line since your life made a U turn. U have battled as a servant of God can do mama and breathed your last peacefully as I watched. Departing with you is the worst pain! have ever experienced mamana!! But truly if you can find rest in your death mama, then so be it. Rest in eternal peace servant of God!

Joan Esther

Tribute from the First Son

We honour our mother, who has passed away painfullyat the heavenly hour.. She raised us with deep love, sacrifice, and unwavering faith in God. Since our father died in 1994, she carried the heavy responsibility of parenting alone, working hard through menial jobs to ensure we went to school and had hope for a better future. Sorry MAMA for the struggle which left you with deteriorated health.

Her life reflected the spirit of Proverbs 31:28: "Her children arise and call her blessed." She was our strength, our comfort, and our greatest blessing in life. We find comfort in the promise of 1 Thessalonians 4:13–14, that those who sleep in Christ will be raised again when Jesus returns.
Rest in peace, Mama. Your love and sacrifices will remain in our hearts forever until the resurrection morning.

Kenneth Agengo

Tribute from Her Daughter-in-Law

Min. Elly, as I have always fondly called you,

Thank you for being a good mother-in-law. It was a blessing and an honor knowing you and sitting under your guidance. You impacted my life in ways that words can hardly express.

You taught me the ways of God, the importance of prayer, giving, of tithing and offering faithfully, and of standing firm in faith. You showed me that a good woman lifts her family and husband continually in prayer, and I carry those lessons dearly in my heart.

One thing I will always treasure is our very last conversation while you were in my house, when you encouraged me to join the Adventist Women Ministry. Today, I am happy and grateful that I am finally going through the Adventist Women Ministry Training, inspired by your encouragement and example.
Just as you faithfully lifted your home in prayer, I too shall do the same. We shall continue standing on Christ the Solid Rock, and the strong foundation you built shall never be eroded. Your home and legacy shall continue to shine even brighter.

As a believers,i hold onto the blessed hope found in the book of Thessalonians, "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."1 Thessalonians 4:16–17

As a believer myself, I know this is not goodbye forever. We shall meet again. Go well, Mama Sarah. Rest in eternal peace until we meet again.

Beryl Odhiambo

Tribute fromSon

There are things a child understands about their mother while growing up, and there are things they only begin to understand much later in life.

As I reflect on Mama's life, I realise that many of the things she gave us were not always visible at the time. She gave through sacrifice. She gave through prayer. She gave through long days, quiet endurance, and choosing our wellbeing over her own comfort.

Mama was a woman of strength. She carried responsibility with dignity and continued showing up for her family even through difficult seasons. After the loss of our father in 1994, she became both comfort and stability to us. She kept moving forward and reminded us, through her actions, that difficult times do not mean giving up.

She raised us with values that continue to shape who we are, respect, hard work, faith in God, and responsibility to family. She expected us to stand well in life and always remember where we came from. I will always remember not only what she said, but how she lived. Her consistency. Her determination. Her quiet acts of care. Her prayers. Her presence.

Job Agengo

Tribute from Son

Mama Sarah came into my life in a way that taught me something I will carry forever, that family is not only created by birth, but also by love, presence, and sacrifice.

She welcomed, guided, corrected, and cared in a way that made me feel seen and valued. She gave from what she had, never making kindness feel like an obligation. Through her, I learned responsibility, resilience, and the importance of remaining grounded in faith and family.

I will always remember her as someone who carried people in her heart and gave of herself quietly. Her love was practical, her concern was genuine, and her presence brought comfort.

Thank you, Mama, for opening your life and your home. Thank you for every lesson, every act of care, and every moment of encouragement.

Your memory will remain with me always.

Wiclif Ndire

Tribute from Her Granddaughter

Some people know their grandmother through visits, holidays, and stories. I had the blessing of knowing mine through everyday life.

Until her passing, I lived with Mama and because of that, I was given something I now realise was precious beyond measure: time. Time to see her in ordinary moments. Time to hear her prayers. Time to sit with her. Time to learn from her. Time to witness the strength and quiet love that shaped so many lives.

To many, she was Mama Sarah. To me, she was home.

Some of my most meaningful memories are seeing her prepare for church. Hearing her move around the house in the morning. Small conversations. Shared meals. Her advice. Her prayers.

I never imagined that one day those ordinary moments would become memories I would hold so closely.

Mama, thank you for letting me grow beside you.

Beryl

Tribute from Son

Some people become mothers through birth. Others become mothers through the way they choose to love. To me, Mama Sarah was both a guardian and a mother in the truest sense of the word.

She welcomed me into her life not with conditions, but with warmth, guidance, and a place to belong. She never made me feel like I stood outside the family. She carried herself in a way that made you feel seen, corrected you when necessary, encouraged you when life became difficult, and reminded you that home is not always built by blood alone.

Mama taught through actions more than words. She showed us that responsibility is love in practice. She showed us that care is found in the small things people do every day without expecting recognition.

Like many who came under her care, I experienced her discipline, her concern, her generosity, and her quiet strength. She had a way of expecting the best from us because she believed there was always more ahead of us. Even when life became difficult, she continued to stand firm and continue.

Looking back now, I realise that many of the values I carry today were planted in seasons I did not fully understand at the time. Her influence was not loud, but it was lasting.

Samson Okoth

Tribute from Grandson

There are people who teach through words, and there are those who teach simply by the way they live. Mama was one of those people.

One of the greatest lessons she left with me is, doing good never goes to waste. The kindness you show, the people you help, the prayers you make, the sacrifices nobody sees, somehow, life remembers them. Through her, I learned that what you give to others eventually becomes the way people remember you.

Growing up around her, I saw a woman who gave without keeping score. She opened her heart, carried people through difficult moments, and continued showing up for others even when life itself was demanding. She never needed recognition to do what she believed was right.

She showed me that character matters. That faith matters. That family matters. That kindness matters.

Looking back now, I realise many of the things she did quietly became some of the biggest lessons of my life. Thank you, Mama, for the conversations, the prayers, the wisdom, and the example you left behind.

Sammy Winterfildt

Rest in Eternal Peace, Mama Sarah

Today, we do not pretend that goodbye is easy. It is not. A mother like Mama Sarah leaves behind too much love to be forgotten quickly, and too much history to be summarized in a few lines. Yet we gather because love asks us to remember, and faith asks us to trust that death does not have the final word.

Mama Sarah Agengo "Odiero" lived a life of duty, devotion, and quiet power. She served in her home. She served in her church. She served in her work. She served in her family. She gave what she had, and she gave it faithfully. She was not perfect — no human life is — but she was steadfast. She was present. She was real. She was loved.

We thank God for her life. We thank God for the years given to her. We thank God for the children she raised. We thank God for the church she served. We thank God for the labor she completed. We thank God for the faith she kept. We thank God for the legacy that will continue through generations.

To her children, grandchildren, siblings, relatives, friends, and church family: may the memory of Mama Sarah be a comfort and a guide. May her example remain a blessing. May her story continue to shape the way this family lives, loves, and remains united.

And to Mama Sarah herself, we say this with reverence and gratitude:

You walked this road with courage.
You carried your burdens with dignity.
You held your family with strength.
You served your church with faith.
You finished your race.

May you rest in peace, Mama Sarah Agengo "Odiero."
May your memory be a shelter for your family.
May your legacy grow in the generations you have left behind.