



*In loving Memory of
Alhaja Abibat Jokotade Adunni Arogundade.*

She lived for those she loved
And those she loved
will always remember and miss her.

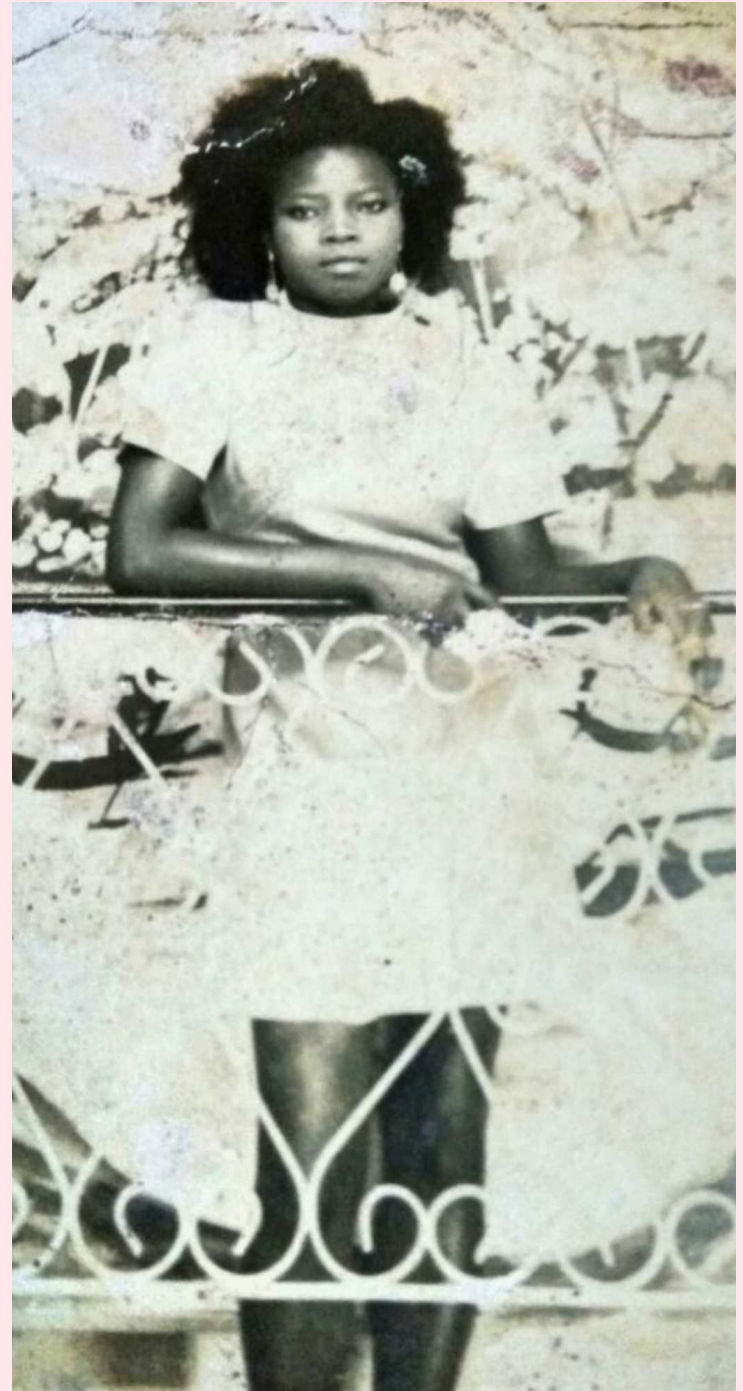
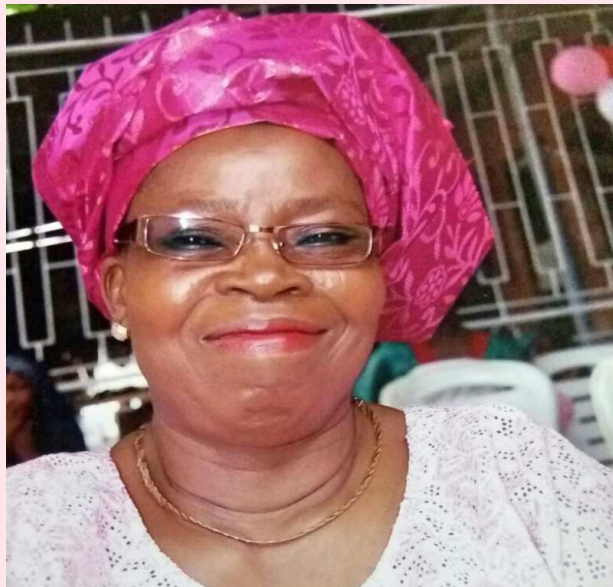


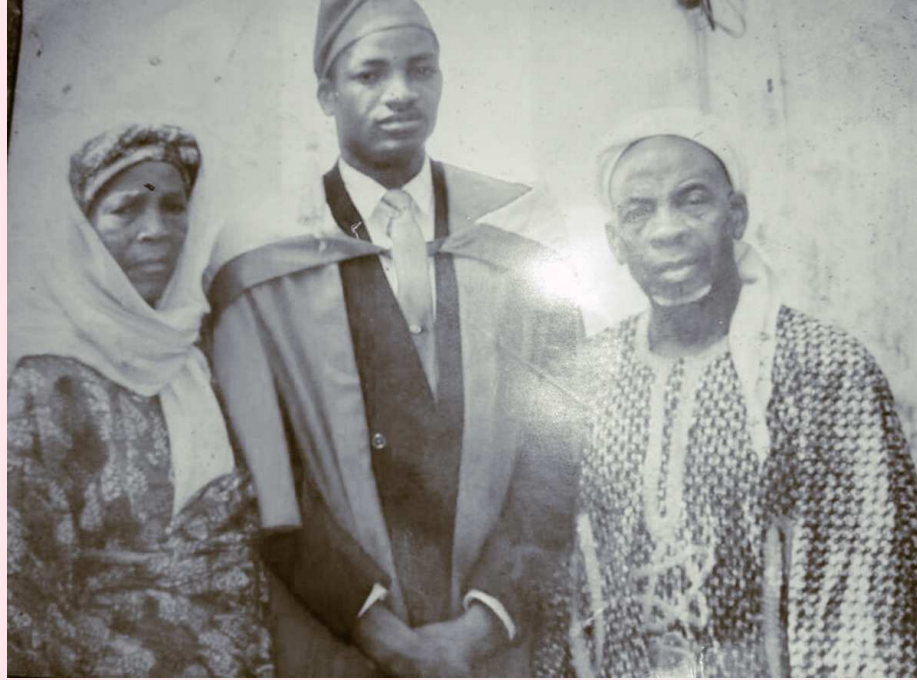
Epitome of beauty, patience, generosity and love
that cuts across all boundaries.

Iya mi Adunni, omo oloye...

May God bless your beautiful soul, grant you
eternal rest and the best of Aljanah Firdous.

In life we loved you dearly,
In death we love you still,
In our hearts you hold a place,
that no one could ever fill.





These are your most favorite people in the world. You loved them like no other.





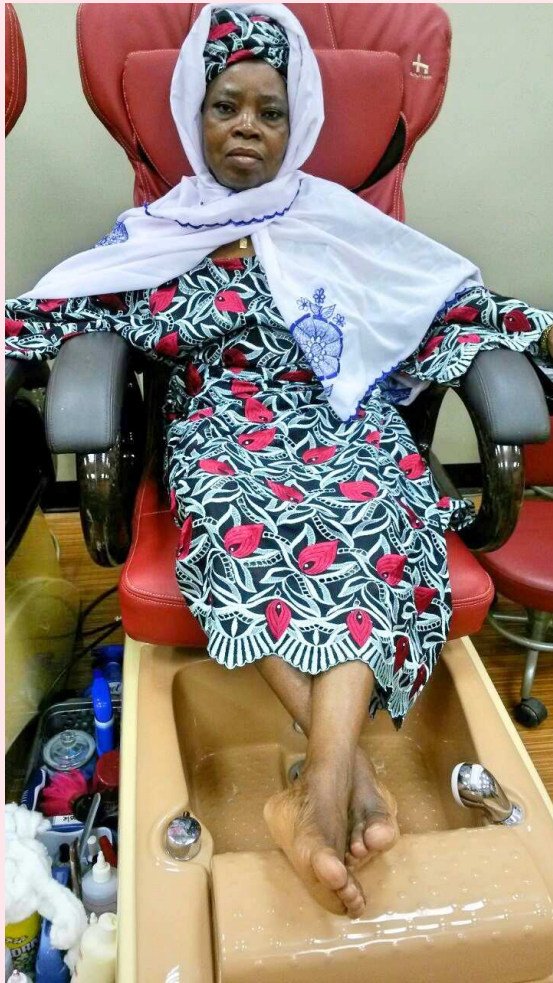
Life ain't always
what it seem to be
Words can't express
what you mean to me

Even though you're gone,
your memories live on
in our hearts

I'll give everything
to hear you laugh
and hug you again,
and again...







Someone went shopping in Iya Luku's wardrobe before she returned to Nigeria. She made me promise I would wear this wrapper and not pack it up in my closet among others. I fell in love with the material immediately I saw it on her. I'm yet to summon the courage to wear it since your passing.

The scar of your loss reaches depth I never knew existed. It is a testimony to how much we shared and how deeply you're loved. Rest on mummy, until we meet to part no more.





Haris was only 7 days old (a day before naming ceremony) when mommy arrived in Canada.

The memories created during her 18 months stay are priceless, and I'll forever cherish in my heart.





Mother nature dumped a significant amount of snow on us this day in winter 2013. Grandma having some fun in the snow with "Farikoko", omo oni iya omo ebi (as grandma always calls Fareedah).

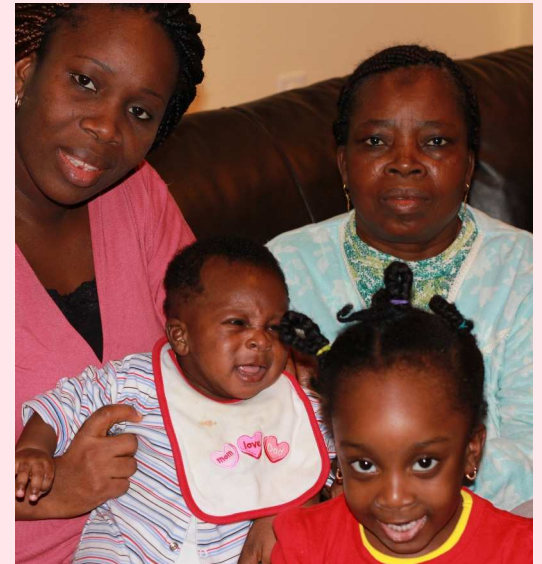
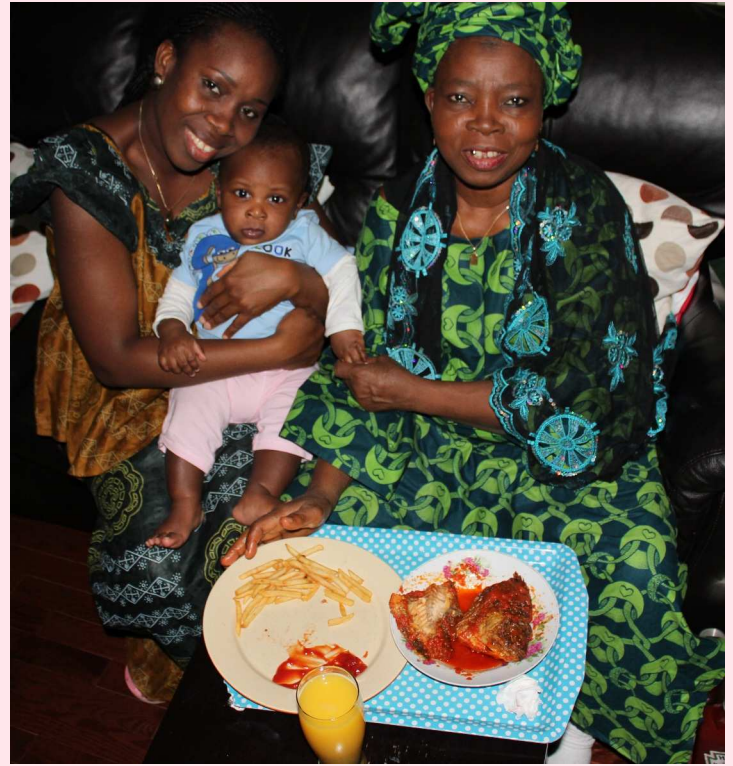
Mummy also witnessed the great ice storm of December 2013. We were without electricity for 3 days. Coping through it with momsie's help was a breeze, as Deji travelled at the time. Thankful for the joys, laughter and memories. And of course gas fireplace and outdoor stove that sustained us during the black out.













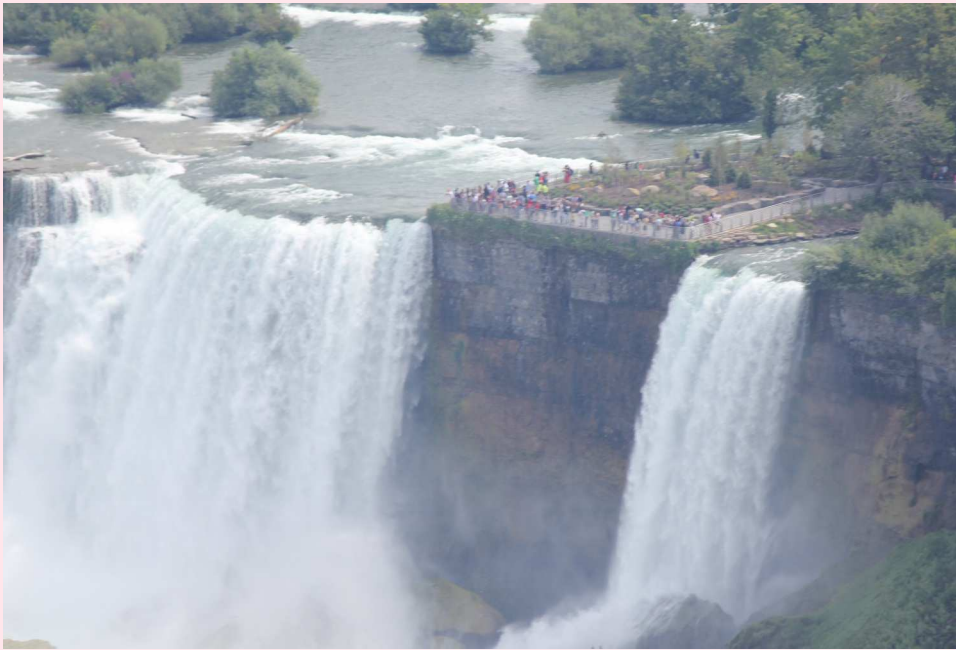


Haris still remembers "kukulaja". He says Kukulaja is invisible and cannot catch him now.

Fareedah had much fun with you grandma. She remembers a lot of the fun times you had together and misses you so much.

We were hoping you'll come visit again soon after your Hajj in 2015, but it was not to be. Man proposes, God disposes.



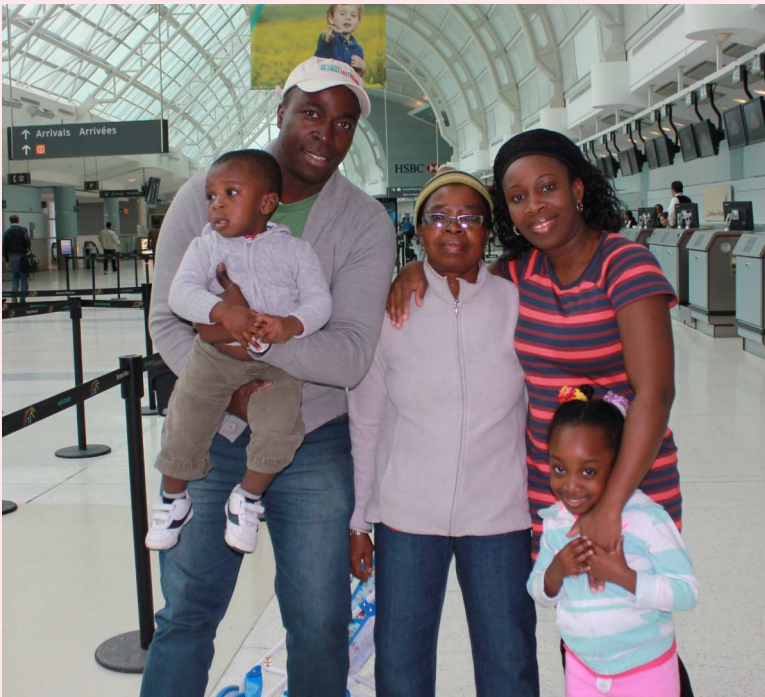


On our visit to Niagara falls, you absolutely adored the sight of this iconic beauty of nature.

I recall how you were taking in the breathtaking view of the falls from our floor to ceiling window suite at the Sheraton Hotel.

Each time I look at the falls now, I appreciate them through your bird's eye view.

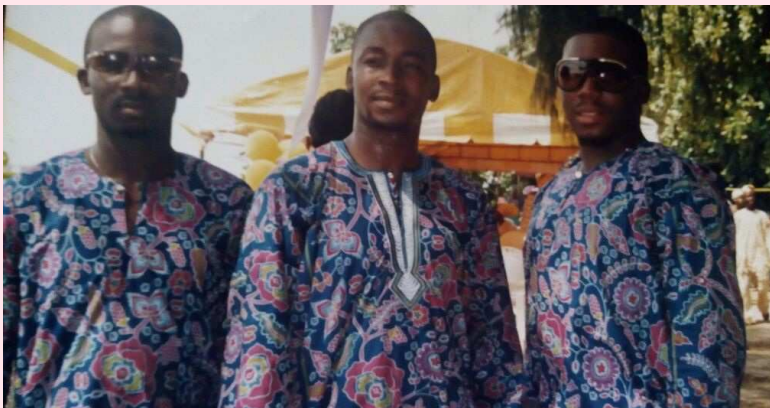


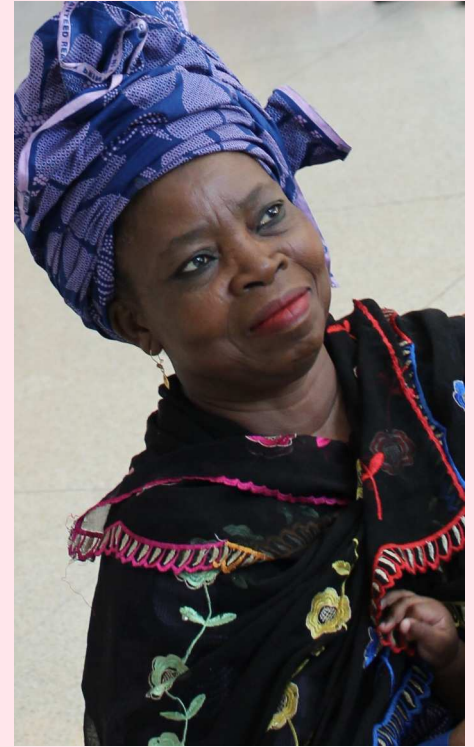
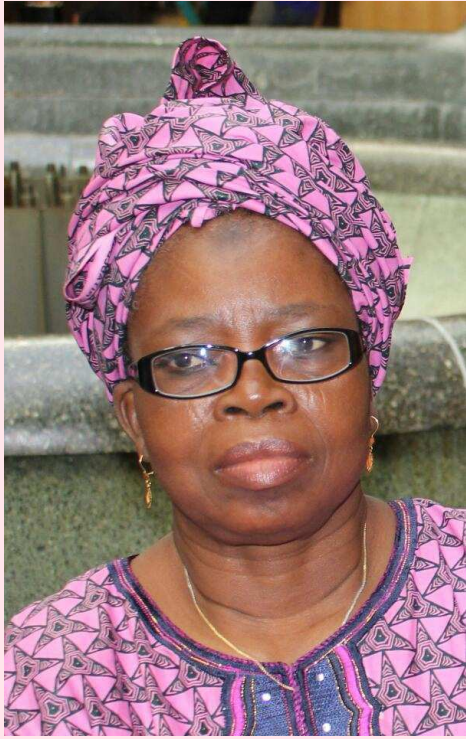




Big brother misses you so much too. And perhaps wonders what if you had not gone to Hajj, that perhaps he should have tried harder to stop you from going. But we all know deep within us, that on that day - September 24, 2015; there is no place you'll rather be than in Mecca performing the Hajj pilgrimage.

Your values and legacies live on mummy. Continue to rest in wait for us in Aljanah, where we shall meet to part no more.







Seksek has been a strong pillar for all of us, her siblings, stepping in where needed and taking responsibilities that I fear were too big for her to handle atimes. But she has done marvelously well, she learnt from the best. We joke often that she passed with honours from Iya Luku's University.

She misses you terribly too, particularly having been your second hand for so long. She stood in gap for us all in faith, when we question God as to why you, why now, why on the trip to worship Him. And many other whys, but Allah knows best.

We take solace in knowing you're in a better place.
Rest on mummy.





Mummy, you connected with your children on different levels without any favourite and had a unique relationship with us individually and collectively.

Azeez inherited most of your endearing and empathetic nature. And he would go to any length to put a smile on your face. You both shared an enviable mother-son relationship.

Accepting your loss, was very hard for him.

"Mom,
No matter what I do or say now, I'll never hug you again in this life. Living each day without you, is a tough and painful reality. Will you be my mother again in our next life as we didn't complete our script in this life?

Until one has truly loved a mother, a part of you remains unawakened. God knows I loved you like there was no tomorrow. And suddenly, there was no tomorrow...

You were my first everything, my 1st love, my 1st friend... You brought me to this world and held my hands for a short while, but your hands are forever holding my heart.

- Azeez"







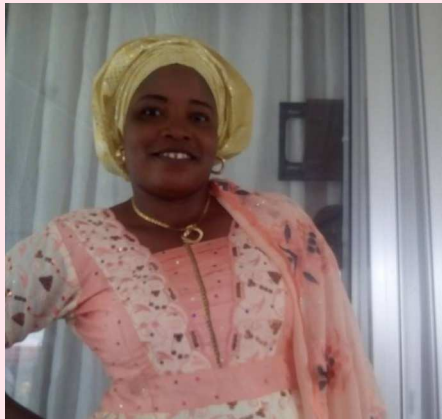
Sheriff received the confirmation of your passing first. God has been kind to grant him the serenity to handle your loss with maturity and intense faith.

He continues to remind us all of what mommy would have done in many scenarios and continues to uphold the values you hold dear.

"Words are not enough to describe what you meant - Your love as a mother, your wisdom as a wife, your patience as a friend, your knowledge as an adviser and the joy you bring to all around you. We miss you, I miss you a lot." - Sheriff







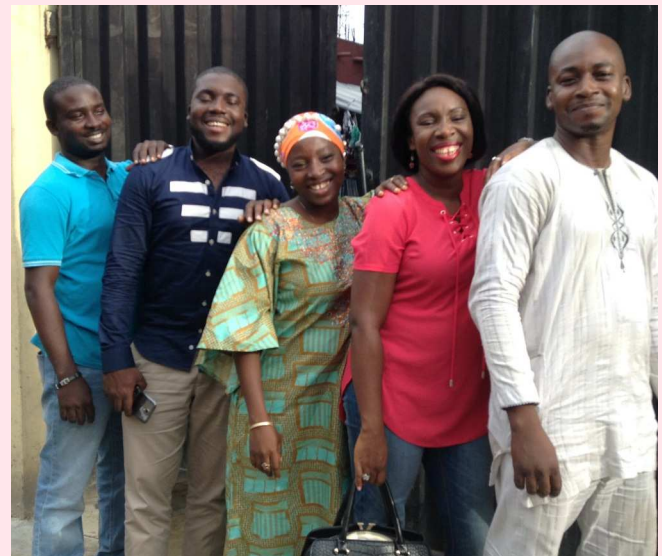




Though your smile is gone forever
And your hand we cannot touch
Still we have so many beautiful memories.

Your memory is our keepsake
With which we'll never part
God has you in His keeping
And we have you in our hearts.

Always In Our Thoughts
Forever In Our Hearts.





Gone Is The Face We Loved So Dear
Silent The Voice We Loved To Hear

Our hearts are broken, but the beautiful memories will never disappear.
We thank you for all the love, support and wisdom you showed to us.

You're loved beyond words and missed beyond measure.
Rest on peacefully.



**God gave us a treasure for a while, to fill us with His love.
Then He took back the treasure - our darling mom,
To dwell with Him above.**

A life that touches others, goes on forever.



If tears could make a staircase
and heartaches make a lane
We would walk the path to heaven
And bring you home again.

Gone From the Earth But Not From Our Hearts.