**14966, Chinyere Oji**

Good Day Everyone,

I want to welcome our friend’s, our family, our governors and our king here today to honor my father’s (his name) life. Thank you all for joining me here in front of my father’s home to celebrate him and offer forgiveness for those who caused his death. My father died since last year after his prodigal son in Nigeria kidnapped him, so I’m sure he knows his name will not be in my father’s will. I especially want to thank my husband for his undying love and support for the last 15 months since my father’s death. I couldn’t have made it through this without him.

My father was educated, he was quite funny, and he loved women, so much that he married five wives. He once asked me, “Who knows how I will be buried?” I asked him, “Do you want to die now?” He said, “No, the girls are not married yet.” He loved his last five girls and they took such good care of him. I personally thank them. But, they also brought a division of the family with some lies. My father loved them so much that he refused to go to America when my mother died.

We loved our father and I have good memories of time spent with him and my siblings. One simple memory I have of my father is that he liked to sleep on a chair instead of his bed. The last time I saw my father was Aug 1 1993, when I came down to say goodbye. We talked about academics, relativity, life death, finances, and love at last in marriage. He asked if I was going to America and I said yes. He told me he would have liked me to be married. Though it is very painful to say goodbye, my father was 90 years old when he died September 1st 2014.

My father had many important things he learned over the years that he would want to teach others. He would tell you it is important to live honestly in all areas of your life. For without honesty, how can you be sure of anything? He would tell you to cherish the sex of any child God gives you for every child is a blessing, regardless of their gender. They will each have their own unique challenges but they will each bring their own unique benefits as well. So, be certain to fully engage and enjoy each of your children. He would tell you to work efficiently, regardless of what you are doing. For in being efficient you can accomplish more and do it better than if you work loosely and carelessly. He would tell you to contribute to the world and make them enjoy your contribution. Each of us has skills and talents that can benefit others and if we offer that contribution then we can help others and leave a legacy. We need to do all we can to help them to enjoy what we contribute. For the purpose of helping others is to not just for ourselves but to help make the world a better place. Last, but not least, he would encourage men to marry one wife. He would really want to warn men against polygamy because of all the problems having multiple wives caused in our family. I loved my father, but loved my mother very much also.

My step brother Sonny is 60 years old. My father spent a lot of money on him. Sunny went to 7 high schools to get a high school diploma but my father still kept on trying for him. Once my father left my mother and we moved out. That was a terrible time for us. What a world we live in. And we are the only ones progressing. But, being a funny guy, my father saw it coming. He apologized to my mother after so many years. We were not left back. I wish I can turn back the hands of the clock. My poor mommy died June 24 2005, at age 67. It was my saddest day. She sowed and my father reaped more.

The things my father experienced were terrible. He was an educated man but very sad. My father was so frail at 90 years old when he died. If you’ll look on the screen you will see a picture of him in his last days. His eyes were red and he already lost his hand through gangrene. My father once told me that he was not Sonny’s father and that Sonny does not look like him. On so many occasions Sonny screamed that he should die. He totally disrespected my father. He left him in the funeral home. He blocked his children from seeing him, his two children, his six grandchildren, and one great grandchildren that came from America. It was so painful that I don’t think anyone in the city of Ny cannot imagine a son so wicked. How can a child be so wicked?

There are many experiences with my father that are very painful. But there were also good memories as well. Today I hope that we will take the time to share with each other the good memories so that we may honor him. As evil as my step brother was to my father I want to make sure that forgiveness is offered, not for his sake, but for ours. Anger and bitterness only poison the heart of the one who is bitter. Forgiveness frees our hearts to heal and move on. That would be my father’s desire. He would not want us to harbor bitterness and continue to suffer. He would want us to forgive and move forward and build good lives. He would want his other children to build good lives that would be a reminder to others of who he was in life and what he wanted for them.

Thank you Everyone for being here today to honor my father.