

# TRIBUTE TO A SON

## *Daddy writes*

A family friend on hearing the news of Dau's transition sent us this piece:

*"those we love don't go away  
They walk beside us everyday  
Unseen, unheard, but always near,  
Still loved, still missed and very dear."*

*Marie Rivero (Hatford CT)*

It is now 12months since the Lord called Dauda to be with Him and we are confident in the statement of our Lord Jesus who says "he who believes in me though he dies, he shall live forever" Jn. 17:25.

The testimonies of friends and colleagues have encouraged us, hardly did we know that the Lord could use us as parents and siblings to produce a saint fit for a special place in the bosom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Hardly, could we believe the passage that says the seed must fall into the ground and die if there is to be a great harvest until the driver who drove a family friend back to Heathrow airport heard Dauda's testimony gave his life to Jesus Christ , we give the glory to the Lord.

Dauda's transition was a shock, unexpected and very devastating, however, the Lord used many brethren as "His Balm of Gilead" to soothe our troubled souls. We have survived this very difficult year without the 'clown of the family': the one who always makes everybody laugh yet very quiet, the one who makes us think deeper as he asks questions to clarify our thinking and often get daddy angry by not keeping him posted through phone calls and email. As we remember all that, we rejoice at knowing that Dauda is free indeed and now praising the Lord where no meningitis can threaten him any longer. Praise the Lord.

## *Mum writes*

You were always the quiet one, always shy, yet able to make every situation calm. Amongst the old, you had a way of making them laugh, in the midst of young children, you could get them to make them your hero, and amongst your peers, you made them look up to you, you taught them about life. As parents, we never really knew how you touched lives until the facebook went wild with all about Dauda, no wonder at your funeral, onlookers wondered which celebrity had died. You were one in your own right.

When I say you the previous day, and later when you called you were ill; nothing prepared me for the scene that followed 24 hrs later, my enthusiastic medical student was all wired up to all gadgets in ITU trying to save him. Prayers were offered round the world but God choose you. Up till the time you took your last breath, I believed that if God refused to hear my prayer, he would answer those of others.

In his book "Disappointment with God" Philip Yancey answers the questions Is God unfair?, Is He silent? Is He hidden? Yes, when the news was given to me I felt God had let me down. In this past year, I know that no matter what or how I feel about your transition, God loves and cares for me. He is not an absentee father; He is the God who is always there. The God who says 'my ways are not your ways neither are your thoughts my thoughts ----- Sleep well my beloved son, until we meet to part no more