

Celebration of a Remarkable Life

Prof. Nwanma Beatrice Onyike (nee Nwuke)

An exemplary life of purpose and excellence. She led with intellect, nurtured with love and gave with sacrifice. From lecture halls to kitchens, gardens to boardrooms, her legacy lives through the countless lives she shaped, inspired and elevated.

MAY 25th, 1942 -
FEBRUARY 9th, 2026

SCIENTIST.
TRAIL BLAZER.
MATRIACH.

A Legacy of Impact

Commemorate Her Legacy

Celebration of Life

A life of unwavering strength, boundless love, and quiet excellence. Her legacy lives on in every life she shaped and every heart she lifted.

Order Of Service

Arrival & Reflections

Opening Prayer - Dr. Vestinia Bridges

Welcome Remarks - Dr. Aham Onyike

Sermon / Reflection - Dr. Vestinia Bridges

Dinner & Fellowship

Eulogy - Dr. Chiadi Onyike

Family Tributes - Ndubueze, Aham, Yvonne & Elaine Onyike, and others

Organizational Support

Ndi-Isuikwuato • Ndi-Etche • Howard University • Racers • ANPA • Alumni Groups
• NSL

Dance & Celebration

Closing Prayer - Uchechi Onyike

Vote of Thanks - Dr Aham Onyike

Closing Note

We gather not only in remembrance, but in celebration of a life well lived, a legacy that endures, and a spirit that lives on through all who were touched. Thank you for your support.



BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE

Prof. Nwanma Beatrice Onyike
(nee Nwuke)



Death takes the body,
God takes the soul,
Our minds keep the
memories,
Our hearts keep the love
and
Our faith let's us know we
will meet again.



Born on May 25, 1942, to Chief J.H.E. Nwuke and Mrs. Roseanna Nwachi Nwuke in the community of Okomoko, Etche, Rivers State, she embarked on a life that would be profoundly defined by unwavering principle, deep faith, sharp intellect, and a clear sense of purpose. Her formative years laid a strong foundation for her future endeavors, beginning with her education at the esteemed Elenwa Girls Secondary School in Rivers State. Driven by a thirst for knowledge and a broad vision for her future, she subsequently made the bold decision to travel to the United States to further her studies. There, her dedication to the sciences flourished, and she earned a Bachelor's degree in Biology from Michigan State University.

It was during her time studying in the United States that she crossed paths with the man who would become her lifelong partner, Dr. Onyike J. Onyike. Bound by shared values and academic ambitions, their relationship blossomed, culminating in their marriage in Denver, Colorado, in 1968. Together, they built a deeply loving home, a partnership that would eventually see them raise five wonderful children. Their early years together were a testament to their shared commitment to building a meaningful life, balancing the demands of starting a family in a foreign country with their respective educational pursuits.

Driven by a profound sense of patriotism, she and her husband made the pivotal decision to return to Nigeria in 1973. In the wake of the Nigerian Civil War, the country was in dire need of national



rebuilding and development. She arrived ready to contribute, bringing her budding family—which then included three young children—back to her homeland to be part of the solution. As she settled into this new chapter, her family continued to grow with the addition of two more children. Concurrently, she dedicated herself to shaping the minds of the nation's youth, taking up lecturing positions at the Institute of Management and Technology (IMT) in Enugu, and later at the Alvan Ikoku College of Education in Owerri.

Never one to rest on her laurels, her dedication to her field eventually drew her back to the United States to pursue the highest levels of academic achievement. She earned a Ph.D. in Botany and Plant Pathology from Penn State University, a milestone that stood as a testament to her brilliant mind and relentless work ethic. Armed with this advanced expertise, she returned to Nigeria once more to resume her esteemed academic career at Abia State University. There, she became renowned not merely for her academic excellence, but for her rigorous discipline and tireless dedication to her craft. Over the years, she trained, guided, and mentored hundreds of students, leaving an indelible mark on the academic community.

Beyond the walls of the university, she was a woman of multifaceted passions and deep convictions. A devout Christian, she was an active and dedicated member of both the Anglican and Methodist churches, finding great strength and

community in her faith. Her professional expertise in botany beautifully mirrored her personal life, as she found immense joy and tranquility in gardening. She was also a lover of the arts, an avid traveler, and a skilled cook and baker whose kitchen was undoubtedly a center of warmth for her loved ones.

Remarkably, despite her extensive global exposure and long-standing educational ties to the West, she remained fiercely proud of and deeply rooted in her Igbo tradition, seamlessly blending her international experiences with her rich cultural heritage. Above all else, family remained the central pillar of her life. Raising five highly successful children was among her greatest sources of pride, and her vibrant legacy continues to

live on through them, her fourteen beloved grandchildren, and her three surviving siblings.



mom with toddlers
Aham and Chiadi



NBO

EARLY LIFE AND FAMILY LINEAGE

Professor Nwanma Beatrice Onyike was born on 25 May 1942 in Okomoko, Etche (present-day Rivers State, Nigeria), to HRH Chief The Hon. Jonas Happy Elemuwa Nwuke (JHE Nwuke), Ogbuzuo II and Onyeisi of Etche, and Mrs. Roseanna Nwachi Nwuke (née Njoku). She was the first of her mother's six children and the second in her father's larger polygamous household.



At birth, she was named Kalamba Olujie. The name Beatrice was added at her baptism, in keeping with the custom of adopting an English name. The Kalabari name "Kalamba," meaning "my little baby," was given by her father in honor of his upbringing in Okrika. Over time, the name evolved in Etche from "Nmbaa" (or "Nwamba") to "Nwanma," the name by which she came to be widely known. She was also affectionately called Elebuochi by her grandmother.

Raised in a large and vibrant family, she experienced a childhood marked by warmth, discipline, and healthy rivalry, which fostered her drive for excellence. Her father was a pharmacist and entrepreneur who founded Eastern



Chemists, one of the earliest indigenous pharmacies in colonial Eastern Nigeria. He was also active in the anti-colonial movement, serving within the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons (NCNC) and participating in the Nigerian delegation to the 1958 Lancaster House Constitutional Conference.

He later became the first indigenous Provincial Commissioner for Port Harcourt Province and played a central role in Nigeria's transition to independence on 1 October 1960. His civic legacy profoundly shaped her orientation to service. His passing toward the end of the Nigerian Civil War left a lasting imprint on the family. In his honor, she named her second son Ahamefula Elemuwa.

Her mother was a seamstress and an essential partner in the family's pharmacy enterprise, while also managing a large household. A devoted Anglican and Church Elder, she embodied faith, discipline, and integrity, values that deeply shaped her children's upbringing.

Nwanma attended Etche Central School, Okomoko, St. Monica's Girls' School, and Archdeacon Crowther Memorial Girls' School (ACMGS), Elelenwo, where she distinguished herself academically and laid the foundation for her scholarly trajectory.

FAMILY LIFE

In 1964, she traveled to the United States on a USAID scholarship, earning a Bachelor of Science degree in Biology (Botany) from Michigan State University in 1967.

While in the United States, she met her future husband, Onyike James Onyike, at a Nigerian Students Union event. They married on 9 June 1968 in Boulder, Colorado.

As her husband pursued graduate studies, she devoted herself to raising their growing family, welcoming their first child, Chiadi, in 1969. Aham and Ndubueze were born in the United States prior to the family's return to Nigeria. She later earned a master's degree in Plant Physiology from the University of Colorado, Boulder in 1970, while also engaging in social and civic activism shaped by her upbringing.

Her only daughter, Chioma, and her youngest son, Kelechi, were born following the family's return to Nigeria.



CIVIL WAR ACTIVISM

During the Nigerian Civil War, with family members dispersed across Biafra, Nigeria, and abroad, she mobilized humanitarian support for women and children affected by the conflict. From Colorado, she coordinated aid through philanthropic networks in Denver, providing assistance to malnourished children in Biafra. This work reflected a lifelong commitment to service and humanitarian responsibility.

ACADEMIC LIFE

In 1974, following the war, she and her husband returned to Nigeria in response to national reconstruction needs. They joined the Institute of Management Technology, Enugu, where she combined teaching with family life. The family subsequently relocated to Owerri following her husband's appointment as Commissioner for Local Government and Social Development in Imo State, where she lectured at Alvan Ikoku College of Education.

In 1985, she returned to the United States for doctoral studies and earned a PhD in Botany and Plant Pathology from Pennsylvania State University in 1989, balancing the demands of doctoral study with guiding and supporting her sons through their education.

After a highly productive postdoctoral fellowship, during which she published well-received work on fungal plant infections, she returned to Nigeria to continue her academic career.

In 1991, she rejoined Alvan Ikoku College of Education, Owerri, where she was soon appointed Head of Department. Two years later, she moved to Abia State University to continue her academic career.

At Abia State University, she rose through the ranks to professor, the first Etche woman and among Eluama wives to attain that distinction, and subsequently served as Director of General Studies, a position



equivalent in seniority to a dean. Known for her dedication, discipline, intellectual rigor, and scholarly excellence, she mentored generations of students and contributed actively to international professional bodies, including the International Society for Plant Pathology, the American Phytopathological Society, and the Nigerian Genetics Society.

PERSONAL LIFE, FAITH, AND COMMUNITY

Her husband of 55 years, Dr. Onyike James Onyike (Enyi Abia), predeceased her in 2023. Their marriage was marked by deep love, partnership, and enduring mutual support.

A devoted mother, she combined affection with firm guidance, nurturing her children through example, expectation, and sacrifice.

She played a central role in the Eluama community, serving as President of the Association of Abroad Branches of the Eluama Development Union Women's Wing, and was honored with a chieftaincy title in 2006.

She carried her identity as an Igbo woman—as a daughter of Etche and wife of Eluama, Isuikwuato—with pride and grace. Ogbakor Etche described her as “a princess, a great daughter of Nwuke, who in all her actions was proudly Etche.”

A woman of deep Christian faith, she remained firmly committed to the Anglican Church, especially St. Matthias Cathedral Church, Okomoko. She also retained a meaningful association with

the Methodist Church through her Onyike family ties.

She was deeply committed to supporting her siblings' education and development, playing a formative role in shaping the trajectory of the extended Nwuke family. Notably, her two youngest full siblings, Mrs. Joan Awaji and Dr. Kasirim Nwuke, under her steadfast guidance and support, went on to attain postgraduate degrees in economics.

Beyond her professional life, she found joy in gardening, reading, the arts, travel, cooking, and baking, while remaining firmly rooted in her cultural heritage.



LEGACY AND PHILANTHROPY

In 2025, the Dr. Nwanma Beatrice Onyike Scholarship was established at Pennsylvania State University's College of Agricultural Sciences in recognition of her contributions to agricultural science and education.



DEATH

Professor Nwanma Beatrice Onyike passed away on 9 February 2026 in Abuja, Nigeria.

She is survived by her children, all accomplished professionals in their respective fields, grandchildren, siblings, and an extended family whose lives she profoundly shaped and enriched.

Her legacy endures through her scholarship, mentorship, service, and the many lives she touched and transformed.



EULOGY

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

NWANMA BEATRICE ONYIKE

We gather today to honor our mother, Nwanma Beatrice Onyike, a remarkable woman who was the heart of our family and the center of our lives; a devoted daughter, wife, mother, sister, and matriarch; a dear friend to many; and an accomplished scholar, professor, and mentor, whose life of learning and teaching left a lasting imprint on all who knew her.

Mommy loved in a way that was nurturing, formative, and generous. Hers was the truest sense of care: a belief that those she loved were capable of more, and an unwavering refusal to let her own settle for less. She offered reassurance, and she offered direction. She offered more than encouragement, expectation. And so, she gave a rare gift, the gift of becoming, and of believing in oneself more fully.

I was seven years old when she first began placing books in my hands. The first was Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. In those early moments, and for years afterwards, she would open my mind to a world far beyond our home, awakening a lifelong curiosity about adventure, history, cultures, and the lives of others through stories that revealed what it means to live a great life. She did not only teach; she opened my eyes to possibility, and

inspired purpose and boldness in how I saw the world.

That same spirit of generosity and formation shaped everything about how she lived.

That generosity was not measured in material things, but in time, attention, care, devotion, and loyalty. She gave of herself fully and faithfully, in ways that made others feel seen, supported, guided, and never alone.

As a mother, a mentor, a guide, she embodied a love rooted in formation, character, and integrity. She taught by words, and even more by example, that who we become is shaped through effort, discipline, and courage, and that what is worth doing is worth doing well. For her, excellence was the steady commitment to show up fully, honestly, and with purpose.

Those she formed will remember how she asked more of us, not because it was easy, but because it mattered. She saw potential where others might not have. She challenged us when we needed it, stood firm when it would have been easier to yield, and gently reminded us that integrity is foundational.

In all of this, she gave a love that looked forward. A love that believed in what we could become and worked patiently to bring it forward. In many ways, she lived a rare form of care, a commitment not only to who we are, but to who we might become at our very best.

And so, while we feel the weight of this loss, we also carry something enduring. We carry her standards, her lessons, and her example. In our choices, our work, and the way we treat others, she continues to live through us.

Today, we say thank you.

Thank you for your love.
Thank you for your care.
Thank you for the expectations that made us stronger.
For the belief that made us better.
For the generosity of time, care, devotion, and loyalty.
For the love that did not only nurture us, but shaped us.

Our promise is to honor her not just with words, but with how we live each day, holding onto what she taught us, and striving to live with devotion, integrity, purpose, and excellence.

Rest peacefully, Mommy.
Your love continues in all of us.

Dr. Chiadi U. Onyike, for the Onyike family



Tribute from your precious

CHILDREN

DR. AHAM ONYIKE

*WRITTEN FOR MY MOTHER ON HER 77TH BIRTHDAY,
MAY 25, 2019, THIS TRIBUTE GAVE ME THE RARE
PRIVILEGE OF HONORING HER WHILE SHE COULD
RECEIVE IT. SHE READ IT, LOVED IT AND CHERISHED
IT. I SHARE IT AGAIN AS A REFLECTION OF THE
REMARKABLE WOMAN SHE WAS AND THE LEGACY
SHE LEAVES.*

Mom,
It doesn't take a birthday
to appreciate you,
But here is a tribute to let
you know I do!

My earliest memory is you carrying me.
And me refusing to be put down so you
could carry your newer
baby (Ndubueze), 18
months my junior. I only
now appreciate how
tough it was to have 3
boys under 4 while
getting a Master's
degree.

One of the sweetest
memories as a child was
waking up to the aroma
of home made bread

coming from your oven. You also made all
foods from scratch. Cutting, chopping,
grinding, pounding. Cakes and even ice
cream for birthdays. Only later as an adult

did I appreciate the effort it took to cook
and bake from scratch every single day. Or
the ability to pull off pizza in Owerri in the
80's or Okazi soup in Pennsylvania. No one
will be faulted for assuming that you went
to culinary school, not graduate school.

But your prowess was not confined to the
kitchen. We always received compliments
about how beautiful our compound
looked. Lush green grass, a variety of
flowers, beautiful shrubs and fruits. Some
plants I don't recall seeing anywhere else.
As a home owner, I now appreciate what it
takes even with paid professionals. But
you did it all yourself.

You are easily the hardest worker I know.
People often characterize me as a hard
worker. But living in your shadows I



Mom with Aham at baptism

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You are easily the hardest worker I know. People often characterize me as a hard worker. But living in your shadows I actually thought I was lazy. After all you rose earlier, cleaned, cooked, worked. Went to work, returned to more of the same. You typically spent the after dinner hours at your desk grading exams, reading textbooks/journals or preparing lectures. While we just looked for ways to be entertained.

As a PhD, your intelligence is inferred. But anyone who spends time with you will recognize it is both broad and deep. Dinner table conversation had neither bounds nor ceilings.

The difficult path you took to attain your education I appreciate better. And how tough it was. Traveling to the US as a young black girl in the 60's. Facing a new culture and a harsh climate. Both the physical beatings of winter in Michigan

and the psychological stabs of prejudice in all America. But you came out not only unscathed but with the highest academic distinction.

Yet you passed on more lucrative opportunities to return home. Forfeiting personal rewards for a greater purpose. You soaked up the best values of America and blended with the best of Nigeria and applied them to your home and work.

When I was 5 you took me to Ekulu to be enrolled in primary 1. The headmistress insisted that I needed to be 6. She then began to speak a different language with hints that she could be influenced with the right actions. A cash inducement. As a result of your refusal, I waited a whole year and Chiadi who was 2 years ahead chronologically became 3 years ahead academically. I often regretted your refusal to put up. But now am awed, by



the strength of your convictions and the message it sent to your son.

Such lessons were not singular and also not particular. They were multiple and variable. We grew up around many who had less. So I thought we were rich. Of course it was your words and actions that imparted in me a degree of financial prudence and discipline. I appreciate the influence because on my own my style may have been not just risky but reckless.

Your good morals, ethics, values and resulting actions are exemplary. Particularly in a society that has evolved such that the opposite is often rewarded. Yet you believed in what is right and the pursuits of perfection.

Happy birthday mom. We cannot equal your hard work. Less so can we ever climb your heights of sacrifice. But know that we will never forget, that we were blessed with a mother who is extraordinary in every way.

Chukwu gozie nne anyi (God bless our mom).

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!! I love you



Aham & Mum



With Omire, Kamne, Kobi, Ezindu



Aham & Boys

NDUBUEZE ONYIKE

*IN LOVING MEMORY OF A LIFE SO BEAUTIFULLY
LIVED, AND A HEART SO DEEPLY LOVED*

My mother, Prof. Nwanma Beatrice Onyike, lived a truly remarkable life. She was the heart of our family, a brilliant mind, and a steadfast pillar of strength in her community.

To the world, Mom was a force of nature—a formidable scientist, groundbreaking researcher, and inspiring educator. She was a true trailblazer, achieving the distinction of becoming the first daughter of Etche to be named a professor. More than just a teacher, she was a dedicated mentor to hundreds of students, deeply instilling in them the timeless values of "Discipline" and "Hardwork." Mom was the embodiment of the "Modern Woman," demonstrating with her life that there are no limits to what an African woman can achieve.

Yet, as much as she excelled in the academic sphere, to me, she was simply my supermom. She moved through the world with a selfless grace, managing to be a world-class academic while remaining present, guiding and supporting us through every single moment in our lives. Her unconditional love was the foundation

of our family, a steadfast, unwavering commitment to our well-being. After working a full day teaching her students, she would come home, prepare dinner, family, a brilliant mind, and a steadfast pillar of strength in her community.

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Mom with Nubueze

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unconditional love was the foundation of our family, a steadfast, unwavering commitment to our well-being. After working a full day teaching her students, she would come home, prepare dinner, ensure we were all settled and happy, and only then, would she retreat to her study to work late into the night preparing for the next school day. Her deep passion and relentless drive pushed her always toward excellence.

Mom had a love for nature—for plants, flowers, and all the beauty that accompanies them: vibrant colors, the flutter of butterflies, the song of birds. She cherished the natural world. Our home in Owerri was a testament to this love, with its front yard lined with beautiful clay pots bursting with flowers, and flower beds on all sides of the house. She would spend hours tending her plants, finding comfort and calm. She truly knew how to stop and smell the roses. There was one recurring complication, however: her four energetic sons who loved to play football. We would play in the yard, and inevitably, accidents would happen. Aham would try to pass the ball to the left, it would go right, and a flower pot would shatter. Chiadi would take a shot at goal, boom, he would hit the flower pot-turned-goal post, and it would scatter. Mom would often return home to find broken pots and damaged flowers. She would survey the damage, then repot the plants, water the flowers, and restore everything to new. She was patient, understanding, loving, forgiving, and infinitely accommodating. Our love for her is boundless.

Mom's work ethic and sacrifice for us were unparalleled, laying the solid foundation for all our successes. I came to the US with Aham while we were in high school, just as Mom was completing her PhD in Plant Pathology at Penn State University. Life was really challenging. The three of us shared a one-bedroom apartment; Mom slept in the room, and Aham and I slept on the sofa bed in the living room. We survived on her financial aid grant of less than \$24,000 per year. Our winter coats came from the charity rack at the local

Episcopal church, where kind parishioners left clothes for those in need. Church members donated items to us. The dollar store became my favorite spot—one of the few affordable places in town. Throughout that period, Mom was a beacon of selflessness, sacrificing tirelessly to ensure Aham and I were cared for. She demonstrated and taught us an unimaginable work ethic and the unwavering belief in the transformative power of a good education. We watched her work and study—work and study, day in and day out. When she wasn't doing that, she poured her energy into us. We learned that through dedication, hard work, and education, you can lift yourself up and fundamentally change your life for the better. This was the path she laid out for us, and the one we followed. We owe Mom a debt of profound gratitude for teaching us the enduring values of self-sacrifice, hard work, and education, without which we would not be who or where we are today.

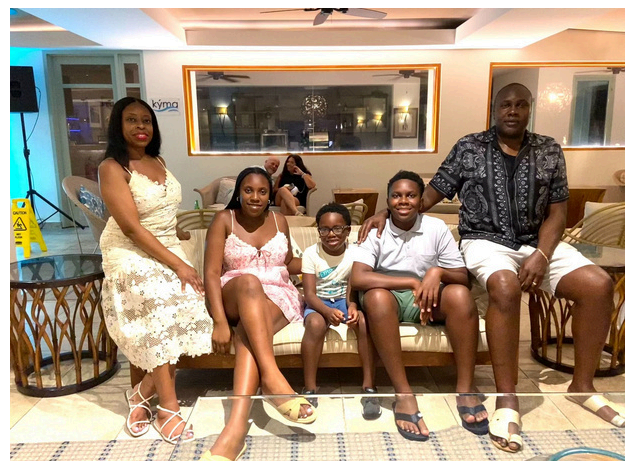


Now, as a parent, I strive to pass on these same core values of hard work, education, and self-sacrifice to my own children. Her life is a powerful lesson. For my daughter, Amara, her grandmom is an extraordinary woman role model—a successful scientist, a compassionate teacher, and a loving mother—who serves as a true North Star to guide her own path and dreams.

To honor Mom's legacy, we have established a scholarship in her name: "The Dr. Nwanma Beatrice Onyike Scholarship." This award is designated for full-time students at Penn State University in their second year or higher who are pursuing a major in Plant Sciences within the College of Agricultural Sciences. When I first arrived in the US, we depended on the Penn State financial aid package Mom received. Without it, I doubt we would have made it. This scholarship fund, therefore, is a way to pay that generosity forward, supporting a student with a similar profile—one whose academic journey relies on the kindness and support of others. With this scholarship, we aspire to fuel the aspirations and enable the dreams of deserving students for generations to come.

Mom's life, defined by dedication and sacrifice, has been a timeless inspiration for me. Her love and guidance provided the foundation that allowed us all to grow and flourish. I celebrate her life, a life so beautifully lived, and I miss her heart, a heart so deeply loved.

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KELECHI ONYIKE

Tribute to My Mother, Professor Nwanma Beatrice Onyike
There was a quiet certainty that anchored my life for as long as she was here—the certainty that there was always someone encouraging me, celebrating my wins, cheering me on, and loving me unconditionally. That person was my mother, Professor Nwanma Beatrice Onyike.

She never hesitated to express pride. She told me often that she was proud of me, and those words mattered deeply. They strengthened my confidence and affirmed my sense of purpose in ways she may never fully have known. Her belief in me was steady and generous, offered without reservation.

One of my fondest memories is her visit to my office and construction sites in 2019. She walked through those spaces with visible joy, quietly taking everything in, proud to see what had grown. She delighted in introducing me to people as her baby. That word was never diminishing. It was her way of saying, if my baby is this way, then imagine how the rest would be. Only later does one fully grasp the depth of that pride. I was, indeed, her youngest child.

Earlier in life, as a boy in boarding school at FGC Okigwe, her visits were landmarks in my term. She never came empty-handed. She brought wonderful meals she had prepared herself, lovingly packed and thoughtfully chosen. My mother was a delightful cook. In our home, tables were often laid out like a banquet—abundant, inviting, and shared

generously. At the time, this felt entirely normal. It was only much later that I realized how rare that kind of care and abundance truly was.

She loved my children—Nefechi, Ezindu, and Chinekwu—deeply and delighted in them. Her affection for them was effortless, joyful, and unmistakable.

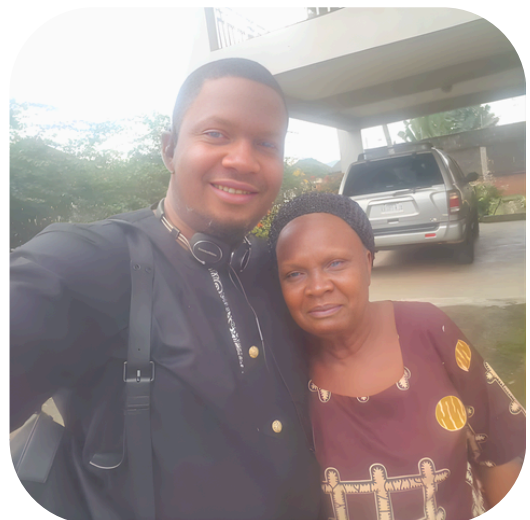
Her bond with my first wife, Ngozi—whom we lost in 2018—was sincere and affectionate, and her devastation at that loss was profound. I remain grateful that she lived to rejoice in my remarriage and that she embraced Ugochi fully and lovingly as her daughter.

She often chided me for not calling enough. In retrospect, I wish I had called more. I wish I had heard her voice more often. It is therefore an immense comfort that I recorded her life story in a series of interviews between October and December 2022—her voice, her memories, her laughter now preserved and treasured.

I will miss her warm hugs whenever I returned home. I will miss her doting care, her wonderful meals, and the deep assurance of being loved.

I will miss you, Mummy.

Love, Kele



Tribute by

BROTHER

KASIRIM ("KASHIRIM" AS YOU PRONOUNCED IT IN TYPICAL ETCHE) NWUKE



Tribute to my Sister, Prof.
Nwanma Beatrice Nwuke
Onyike.

This is to a sister, so loving, caring, and true.

Our father created a polygamous family.

I had many sisters, but you were my sister.

The family told me so. Our Okomoko community told me so.

I knew so too. Our parents had six of us—you were the first,
and I the last, the "Omu bea nwa."

When you left Nigeria for university studies in the USA, I was not present.

I was just a kid. Our first cousin, RNG Ukattah, who was very fond
Of me, had asked leave to take me to spend some time with him in Igbo Etche.
Of the Ukattah family in Ahaba, Oloko. But the story was everywhere:

"Nwa Chief Nwuke, Nwanmbaa "keh Nwachi muru je ala gbekee."

I was not there on the day Our father had a big party to celebrate
Your departure and send you off.

I heard the story. My cousin went. But he left me behind. Not knowing the

Distance and the direction home to Okomoko,

I set off on foot. I wanted to be there.

But on the way, one of our relatives, Moore, saw me and asked where I was going,

"I am going to my sister's sendoff party" I told him.

"The event is over. It is evening now. I am coming back from there."

And he took me back to my cousin's house.

You did not know this. How could you?

From then on, all I heard about you was like fairy tale. In the ether.

Our mother would talk about you and her other daughter, Comfort

(Comfor' as she was called) Nwauloma. At times in mournful tones. Two of her first, both daughters, not with her. You were in faraway America.

Comfor", died at a young age and was lying in a grave.

In the Okomoko Church cemetery.

A mother, without her two first daughters, her closest confidants.

It was hard. We communicated through letters. We looked forward to your letters.

Then sometime in 1967, there was a big shout of celebration.

Our father was exceedingly happy. The reason for the celebration
was your graduation from Michigan State University. Innocently, I asked

what it was about, they said you had become an expert. In what?
I asked our now late brother, Nnamdi. He explained to me that your skills, in Botany, (the first time I heard that word) would be deployed to care for Papa's big rubber plantation in Okoroagu. Confused, I asked if plants needed to be cared for. You plant them, they grow, you harvest. I knew nothing about plant diseases and their threat to food security.

Your graduation photograph adorned our family Living Room until the day we were forced to evacuate because Nigerian soldiers were at the door. Port Harcourt had fallen. Refugees whom we pitied and gave refuge, were now our peers

You sent me story books. Loads of them. "Jack and the Beanstalk". King Midas... I don't remember all of them. Big, fat books. With pictures. My other sister, Sister Adaibe in the UK sent me books by Enid Blyton and R.L Stevenson "Kidnapped". I lived in the Scottish Highlands. Then one day, I received a parcel from you. It contained books and other stuff. One book, "The Trials of Dr. Carol," had no pictures at all in it. I was disappointed. It turns out that it was not a story book as I had known books to be. It was a novel. And that was the first novel I read. "The road wound like a Hairpin" was one of the opening sentences. How? I asked. I couldn't Imagine how a road would wind like a hairpin. The hairpin on my mother's table? Je ne comprenais pas. Years later, I

understood. And I understood that you challenged Me to move beyond Cinderella and King Midas

Our father was killed at the end of the Nigerian Civil War. In the years following his untimely death, you were one of the anchors of our family narrowly and broadly defined. With a growing family in the US, you still found the latitude to support us.

Then one early afternoon in 1973, I am not sure of the month now. The Principal of the boarding school where I was with my immediate younger brother Ogbonna sent someone to fetch us from Class. Something very unusual. Parents were allowed only visiting days. I wasn't an especially obedient student in school. I refused to have a school master. I wondered what offence I had committed.

Then we saw a white Peugeot 404. We saw three young boys. And we saw you. You were standing there. And your husband. The sister that lived in photographs was now real. The children whose photographs we had had ample supply of were now real. Exhilarating. Yet strange in a reassuring way.

That began a new chapter in our lives in our relationship. When I was in Form IV, you and Ikechi decided that I was brilliant enough to take the London GCE. I had no sense of whether I was brilliant or not.

All I knew was that I was going to be a lawyer, the path and Career our father had decided on for me. My path would be through Government College Umuahia which you had chosen too. Until the war shattered our plans; our world.

I was going to take the exam, not just in the second term... but the first. Exam fees paid, I took the London GCE O'Levels. 5 Papers. And I did not disappoint you and IK when the results were released. What confidence you had in my abilities!!

I remember the day I went to Enugu to bid you farewell.

I received a Bureau for External Aid for Education Scholarship To study in all places, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR). Russia. I did not know about politics or ideology. I was excited...

I was going to create my own life. On the day

I was leaving Enugu to return to Port Harcourt preparatory to leave for Lagos.

It was about 5:30 am and your husband, Dr. Onyike, was waiting to drive me to the bus station to catch a bus back to Port Harcourt. You had baked some buns.

Made some pizza and stuff for me to take with me to ensure that

I was not hungry on the road to Port Harcourt.

A mother, ensuring that her kids did not starve. Then you cried.

You said: "Russia with a very huge landmass was very cold."

I wondered what that meant.

In Lagos, as I finalized travel arrangements, our brother Ikechi and I received a message. From you. It announced the arrival of your daughter.

A daughter... you now had real company, a companion. Mother-daughter.

A few days after, I left, beginning another long separation, Interrupted and punctuated by my visits home.

You were at home, in Nigeria, and I was overseas. Roles reversed.

From you, I learnt of many of our relatives. I was intrigued and remain intrigued by The story of Da Mgbeke who had very blue eyes.

I remember when you visited me in Boston.

I did not until then, know your interest in politics and in US history.

We went to Faneuil Hall, to Plymouth Harbor.

To Salem. Holy Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

And of course we visited the famous academic institutions in the area.

Harvard. MIT. Boston University. Tufts. Wellesley College. Williams College.

I was proud, very proud to take my sister around.

You loved the outdoors. When you were pursuing your post-doctoral research at Penn State University, State College, I remember driving with you on occasions when I came to visit you and your children, Aham and Ndubueze, to see the mountains. "The Boys" as you called them were in their formative years. You

sacrificed like no other to ensure that they found their anchors. Your love for your children was total, nothing held back.

I can't continue.

You were an inspiration to me and to many.

You excelled. You set bars that I and many others could not afford not to meet.

You avoided conflict. You were like a mother. You nudged. You scolded.

You reprimanded. You advised. You demanded the best.

You taught independence. You sacrificed.

But above all, you loved. You cared. You strived. You excelled. Succeeded.

In family and career. There lies your indelible legacy.

Your faith in God was unalloyed and that faith kept you through the highs and lows.

.....

There is a tree in my compound here in Addis.

In early February, a crow began to perch at the top every morning.

It will not caw to claim territory. Or attract a mate. It just sat there,

no company, and looked in the direction of my bedroom. I was not

thrilled by its presence. I would try to chase it away. At times it ignored me.

Other times, it would fly away, circle around, and then return.

As if to maintain a watchful eye over me. Protect me.

And then my dog began to behave as if ...It began to

Follow me to the gate when I left the

house. It leaped with joy whenever

I returned home. It tried to follow me up the stairs to the front door.

Uncomfortable with the new behaviour, I would chase it away.

But it refused to go. It would stay at the foot of the stairs,

head bowed, looking at me, not solicitously but mournfully,

as if saying "Do not worry, I will protect you." I hated it!

Perhaps, it was offering a shield I did not know I needed.

And then the calls came...From Joan. From Ndubueze. From Kelechi.

There was no mistake - It was true. You breathed your last.

Go in peace Sister. We celebrate your life. A life well lived. A life that

Needs no punctuations, no adornments. Like a cough, the life you lived

Can't be hidden. You live and will continue to live in all of us who loved you,

whom you loved, and who will continue to love you.

Say hello to Papa, Mama, Comfor', IK, Sister Adaibe,

Njirole, Nnamdi, Sister Ejuka, Grandmother Nene and all our loved

Ones who are now with you. Rest in Peace! Until we meet again to part no more.



With brother Kasirim, sister Joan and nephew Chigozie

Tribute by

SISTER

MRS JOANA AWAJI

Sister, no height of words nor amount of grieving can bring you back from where you are right now; not for Ikechi and not for Uzoma and Chisom, not even for any of our loved ones who have rested with our ancestors could they bring back to the world. You were a dear sister to me; you impacted my life so much more than words can express. In fact, I would have drifted away if you didn't return from America at the time you did. Your disciplines were not pleasant at the time they were very painful. Notwithstanding, they enlightened the eyes of understanding as they turned out to raise the disciplined and strong-willed woman that I grew up to be; which you were proud of.

Each time you come to spend time with me and family in Port Harcourt, you always tell me how much I meant to you as your younger sister. You accommodated my strengths as well as my weakness.

Sister, you were my second mother even when mama lived. The motherly role you played when Uzoma and Chisom died in that Sosoliso plane crash of 10th December, 2005 exposed your deep love for me. I didn't meet Sister Comfort as I wasn't born before she died. Coming from

a polygamous family, you were the only sister from the same mother I have known.

You came to Port Harcourt early January 2023 when you returned from Abuja after spending time with Chioma and family; and we spent two days together. On the 29th of January, I got a call from Chioma informing me of the sad news: you had a severed stroke while in a church service; the rest is a story I don't want to continue with.

On the 9th of February 2026. You went to be with your ancestors. Sister, you lived a good life and you accomplished all. You imparted life to many youths and adults through your teaching profession.

I was so proud of you and would love to have you as my sister in the world to come, if there is anything like that. When I saw your lifeless body in the morgue lying peacefully, your face shiny, it dawned on me that God knew all that you went through and I was consoled.

Continue to sleep in peace until I Join you in GLORY.

Your beloved sister,
Mrs Joana Awaji



Tribute from your precious

GRANDCHILDREN

KOBI ONYIKE,

Iwould like to thank my grandmother, for the love she shared and the sacrifices that have made this family what it is.

For giving all of us a chance to experience the world, for that we owe her everything. Even though we lived far apart and did not get to spend much time with her I still fondly remember the few times I spent with her.

I have learned through my father and others how great she was in her career and profession. But I also had great impressions of her personally. One of my more memorable recollections is her amazing baking and cooking. In particular, I recall the time where she made me, my brother and our other cousins chocolate cake. It was by the best I ever had in my life. I actually did not care for chocolate cake before then, I never knew it could be that good, and all I would do is keep asking her if there was any more cake leftover. She would also make other good tasting foods for us to eat and those times we spent with her even though they may seem insignificant in totality still impacted me and are not taken for granted.

I understand the foundation for my future her and my grandfather set through my dad and his siblings. I can understand that

she was a good parent, a good grandmother, and a good wife too. I will deeply miss her and wish I spent more time with her. I would like to thank her for the great person she was and the life she lived. Grandma, Thank you and may you rest in peace.



OMIRE ONYIKE

Unlike most of the people who are creating tributes, I never knew my grandma that well. This was partly because she lived in Nigeria while most of her children, including my dad, live in America, and partly because the last time I saw her in person was when I was ten years old, and it made it so that I'm still learning new things about her, even as I create my own tribute. I learned about how much she helped her students while working as a professor. I learned about how well she and Grandpa raised my dad and his siblings, in order to make sure they led successful lives.

I learned how she, over her eighty-four years of being on this earth, she blended the best of both American and Igbo cultures to create the best path forward for her children. And knowing all of that, it is fair to say that she made the world a little bit better throughout her whole life. Not just for the Onyike family, but for everyone she knew. So thank you, Grandma. For everything you accomplished.



EZINDU ONYIKE

I don't know where to begin, grandma you were a very important person in my life. If not for you, my dad wouldn't be alive to have me so I'm really grateful to you. You brought up my dad in the way of the lord so now he does the same with me, when I heard about your stroke 3 years back I was astonished because I had just seen you a month earlier in the village. Shortly after your stroke, grandpa passed away, I'm pretty sure he loved you so much that he couldn't bear the pain of seeing you sick in the hospital.

I would just like to thank you for all the things you did for me; the lovely stew you made, money you always gave me, heartwarming hugs and kisses, and all the wonderful food you cooked, thank you for everything you did for me and our family. Your departure from this world has been deeply felt by all your loved ones, family and friends, but we all know you are in a better place where you can rest and be with your eternal father.

REST IN PEACE

Your loving Grandson, Ezindu

OMIRE ONYIKE

Dear Grandma, When I heard that you had passed away I felt sad and shocked, but I knew that you would be going to a better place. Thank you for everything you have done for me and the memories we have shared together. You have always cared for me and loved me and you will always be a rich source of inspiration to me. One of my favorite memories with you was when I had written a story and you sat down with me and listened to me as I read it out.

I will miss seeing you when we visit the village but I will always remember how much you loved me. Thank you for being there for me when I needed you. I will never forget you, rest in peace grandma.

Your Beloved Grandchild,
Chinekwu.

FIFI ONYIKE

A Tribute to My Grandmother and Her Influence
My grandmother was a strong and authoritative presence in my life. I remember her most as

someone who had clear expectations and was very direct in expressing them. Growing up, that often came through in firm advice and straightforward corrections.

One of my earliest memories of her is when I was preparing to start school. She spoke to me about

discipline, responsibility, and the importance of doing things properly. Even when her words were strict, they reflected her belief in structure and how life should be approached.

As I grew older, she remained a very strong figure in the family, someone with a clear voice, strong opinions, and a definite way she expected things to be done.

There were also moments that showed another side of her. When I was unwell once, she visited and

told me she loved me. I also remember a time in Owerri when she introduced me proudly as her

granddaughter. Those moments stayed with me because they showed care in a different but genuine way.

She will be remembered as someone who shaped part of my upbringing through her strength, her guidance, and the way she carried herself within the family.

KETANDU ONYIKE

Tribute to Grandma It was deeply saddening to hear the news of your passing. Your faith and pursuit of education are the reason I am able to go to college and have so many opportunities in front of me. I am thankful for the path you paved and the foundation you built. I am grateful for the memories I have of you and the moments spent together.

KAMNEFECHI ONYIKE

Dear Grandma,
The memories I shared with you will last a lifetime: memories of baking together, talking about my plans for future study, writing in your study, and learning to speak Igbo better from you. Hearing of your passing brought me great sadness, but when I think of the impact you left on everyone around you, I find comfort. Your intellect, passion for baking, and warm nature have deeply inspired me to become like you and carry on your legacy. Leaving the village each time we came to visit was always extremely hard because of how much you loved and cared for all of us. As I journey through life, I hope to become like you—in your love for God, your passion for education, and your zeal for life. I love and miss you so much.

CHINEKWU ONYIKE

Dear Grandma,
When I heard that you had passed away I felt sad and

shocked, but I knew that you would be going to a better place. Thank you for everything you have done for me and the memories we have shared together. You have always cared for me and loved me and you will always be a rich source of inspiration to me. One of my favorite memories with you was when I had written a story and you sat down with me and listened to me as I read it out.

I will miss seeing you when we visit the village but I will always remember how much you loved me. Thank you for being there for me when I needed you. I will never forget you, rest in peace grandma.

Your Beloved Grandchild, Chinekwu.

IKENNA ONYIKE

Dear Grandma,
You've made a great impact on my life and I am devastated that you are not here with us anymore. Being your grandson was one of the best miracles of my life. I will always cherish our time and memories together. If I could rewind time, I would spend every moment with you.

We will always love you, Grandma. Losing you and Grandpa is the worst thing that has ever happened to me. Thank you for giving us the blessed gift of our Nigerian heritage. Rest in peace and I hope you have a wonderful time in heaven.

We miss you,
Ikenna Onyike

DINOBI ONYIKE

Dear Grandma,
The pictures of you are spectacular. I wish I could see you again and I'm very sad you are not here. I wish you were still alive so that I could give you so many hugs. I wish you were still here.

May you rest in great peace and know that we all miss you very much.

Love,
Dinobi

EZINDU ONYIKE

Dear Grandma,
I don't know where to begin, grandma you were a very important person in my life. If not for you, my dad wouldn't be alive to have me so I'm really grateful to you. You brought up my dad in the way of the lord so now he does the same with me, when I heard about your stroke 3 years back I was astonished because I had just seen you a month earlier in the village. Shortly after your stroke, grandpa passed away, I'm pretty sure he loved you so much that he couldn't bear the pain of seeing you sick in the hospital.

I would just like to thank you for all the things you did for me; the lovely stew you made, money you always gave me, heartwarming hugs and kisses, and all the

wonderful food you cooked, thank you for everything you did for me and our family. Your departure from this world has been deeply felt by all your loved ones, family and friends, but we all know you are in a better place where you can rest and be with your eternal father.

REST IN PEACE

Your loving Grandson, Ezindu



OMENKA ONYIKE

Dear Grandma,
It hurt me to learn of your passing. Though I spent most of my life an ocean away from you and Grandpa, your impact on my life is immense. The values that you instilled into us is the very thing that makes our family strong.

I love you, may you forever rest in the sunshine.

Omenka

Tribute By

FAMILY

CHINENYE OÑU - COUSIN

Tribute to a woman of integrity.

She was a mother. The one who guided my education, a sanctuary in my deepest struggles, and the compass that kept me pointed north.

She didn't just help me get into university. She taught me how to walk through life with my head held high. She would often say, "Stay focused on your studies, for that is how you carve your future."

She was a woman of unwavering integrity. She warned me never to take shortcuts to success, reminding me that anything built in the shadows cannot stand in the light. But perhaps her greatest gift was her understanding of purpose. She told me, "If you don't become a king, then strive to be a kingmaker."

She fought to stay with us, but death said no. Though she is gone, she lives on in my heart, because she created a place there long ago. A place where her voice, her lessons, and her love remain.

Her lessons are now my legacy.

Keep resting until resurrection morning.

CHIGOZIE NWUKE - NEPHEW

A Tribute to My Loving Aunt!

There are people who pass through our lives, and there are those who shape who we become. My Aunt was the latter, an extraordinary woman whose influence will remain with me for the rest of my life.

She was the one who made sure I took education seriously, never allowing me to settle for less than my best. Her discipline was firm but always rooted in love, and her consideration for others was something I quietly learned from, even before I understood its depth. She carried herself with strength and purpose, and in her presence, you simply knew what was right.

Some of my fondest memories are the simplest ones, going to the market or stores with her. Those moments were never just errands, they were lessons, laughter, and companionship wrapped into one. And I will never forget our conversations after church, especially when we would gently laugh and debrief about the Reverend who seemed to preach far longer than expected. Those moments brought us closer in a way words can barely capture.

Dinner time was always something special. We would sit together, eat, and then drift into long conversations that stretched deep into the night. We would gossip about the kids, talk about politics, especially in the United States, and she always made sure I stayed aware of global matters. Those conversations opened my mind and helped me see the world beyond my immediate environment.

After dinner, we would spend hours talking about academics, discussing lecturers, or even arguing playfully about Nigerian students, for and against, laughing through our debates. Those moments were full of life, curiosity, and connection, and they helped shape how I think, question, and understand the world.

As a child, I did not fully understand the beauty of stillness, the quiet wonder of staring at the sky or watching the moon. But as I grew older, sitting outside with her, I began to see the world differently. With her, those silent moments became meaningful. The sky felt wider, the night more peaceful, and life more profound. She taught me, without saying it directly, how to slow down and appreciate the beauty in ordinary things.

Losing my father at such an early age left a void that felt impossible to fill. But Aunt stepped into that space with grace and strength. She became both mother and father to me, guiding me with unwavering love, instilling in me the ethical and moral values that continue to shape my decisions today. Everything I am, and everything I strive to be, carries her imprint.

She was more than an aunt, she was a protector, a teacher, a confidant, and a guiding light. She believed in me, corrected me, encouraged me, and stood by me in ways that only someone truly selfless can.

Even now, I feel her presence in the lessons she taught, the values she instilled, and the memories we shared. There are moments I wish I could sit with her just one more time, talk about life, laugh about little things, or simply watch the sky together in silence.

I miss her deeply, more than words can express. But I am forever grateful. Grateful for her sacrifices, her love, her discipline, and the countless ways she poured herself into my life.

Though she is no longer here, her legacy lives on in me. And I will continue to honor her by living a life that reflects everything she stood for.

Rest well, Auntie. You will always be loved, always remembered, and never forgotten.



NWUKE OGECHUKWU - NEPHEW

I write this tribute with teary eyes. Since the day the news of your passing broke, I have been in shock. And even as I write, I choose to call you my aunt, not my late aunt, because you are alive in my heart, present in my memories, my choices, and the person I continue to become.

My aunt was a woman of depth, an avid reader and a source of wise counsel. I was always at ease speaking with her about anything and everything. She had a beautiful sense of humor; when we spoke about the opposite gender, she would wink at me, wear her gentle, knowing smile, and laugh with such grace. She made a reader and a lifelong learner out of me. It was through her that Sidney Sheldon became my favorite author. I devoured every one of his books she owned and eventually began building my own collection, something that brought her so much joy.

One of her greatest impacts on my life was in my academics. I remember when she heard how poorly I had performed. When I visited, she neither scolded nor criticized me. Instead, she called me into her study and, with calmness and love, asked me a series of questions: What time do you read? How do you read? Where do you read? Do you like music? At 12, I answered honestly, free of fear or shame. She created a space where I felt safe and understood. Then, with quiet confidence, she said she had a solution. Though I doubted it at first, she gently explained, "I see why you're struggling." She adjusted

how and when I studied and, knowing my love for music, encouraged me to read with music playing. The result was a clear and lasting improvement.

When I got married, my aunt traveled all the way to Kaduna to be there for me. She even signed as my mother. Having lost my father at the tender age of seven, I found in her, as I grew closer, a woman of strength, a woman who carved her own path with determination. She was one of the earliest and strongest supporters of the direction I chose in life.

Even the most carefully crafted tribute cannot tell half the story of who you are. No combination of words can fully capture your depth. Auntie, you are a nurturer, a builder of minds, a quiet force, a woman of grace, and a legacy still unfolding through us.

To borrow the words of Mahatma Gandhi, "There are no goodbyes for us. Wherever you are, you will always be in my heart."

And truly, you are alive in my heart, always my aunt.



NWUKE OKEY - NEPHEW

My most senior and dearly beloved Aunt.

My dearly beloved anti, the only woman in my generation I know who bears one of the most beautiful names "NWANMA". It was really a very terrible experience not being able to talk with you the last time I visited; that was in Ohaji hospital where you were admitted. I didn't know that your situation was that bad. Despite the difficulty in our communication, you still found a way to pat me on my shoulder, that sign of encouragement you always gave me each time we met. I left there that day hoping that you would soon recover. I was really sad to know that you never did.

Aunty, I can never forget the warm and kind treatment you accorded me on the two holidays I spent in your home. The first was in Enugu, in the late 70s with my mum; my interactions with your entire family structured my dream of how my own family should look. The second was in Owerri, in the mid-80s when your kids were already grown-ups. I enjoyed watching your dining setting, with your late loving husband coordinating. Tasting your delicious meals is a memory I can never forget.

I have never been to the US before, but each time you encourage and advise me in our usual long phone chats and previous interactions, you always bring America home to me. Aunty, you were and still will always be one of my best and

most friendly Aunts I have. The main impacts I

will always miss you for is our long phone chats and your warm friendly advice.

My major regret was not finding the time to attend you and your loving husband's birthday celebrations with a cake.

Anti, you are now in a place where we no longer meet in the flesh. One thing I know is that you still live

in our memory. Do rest peacefully my beloved Anti.

Nwuke Okechukwu E Eyo & Family

DR ADIBE PAUL NJOKU

Prof. Nwanma Beatrice Onyike: (Nee Nwuke) Our beloved auntie, sister and mother.

Auntie Nwanma as we always call her, was a cherished name in the family. She was a role model in academics, an embodiment of beauty and love who was disciplined and meticulous. A scholar par excellence who worked hard to earn herself the honor and respect that she has left behind as her footprint. We can't forget her good deeds that had an impact on everyone one way or another. She was a God fearing and faithful woman who lived a moderate life. We would miss moments where we had her here to tap from her wisdom, experience and receive counselling as our eldest big auntie. We have the blessed hope of Christ's return where all of us will meet again at the feet of Jesus Amen.

BONNY OGBA - FAMILY

With a heavy heart I bid farewell to Prof. Nwanma Beatrice Onyike, a woman of excellence, grace, and uncommon strength.

I feel deeply honored to have experienced the admiration she had for me. Her belief in me is a gift I will always treasure.

Though she has gone to rest, her life remains a shining example of purpose, kindness and dignity.

Rest in perfect peace Amen .

LADYDEE NGOZI ONYIKE-ONYEALI

With hearts full of love and in humble submission to God, I honor a life well lived and a soul now at rest:

Dear Auntie Bea/Nwanma,

It is with a heavy heart, but in total submission to God Almighty, that I share these words. Ecclesiastes 3:2 reminds us that there is a time to be born and a time to depart.

Your extraordinary life was a shining example of strength, intellect, faith, love, and a firm commitment to family and community. You leave behind a legacy of resilience, compassion, and meaningful

relationships that will continue to inspire all who knew you.

Auntie Bea, many women do noble and excellent things in this world, but you surpassed them all. Proverbs 31:29.

May the Almighty God be with your soul, and may He grant your family and friends the strength to carry on in your absence on this earth.

"I'M FREE" -Anne Lindgren Davison

"Don't grieve for me, now I'm free, I'm following the path God laid for me, I took his hand when I heard his call. I couldn't stay another day, to laugh, to love, to work, to play. Tasks left undone must stay that way. I've found that peace at the close of the day."

Adieu, my Auntie, Sister-in-law,

Ladydee Ngozi Onyike-Onyeali

YVONNE OKOH ONYIKE - IN-LAW

To my mom in law, who accepted me as a daughter, there is so much about your life that inspires me. You were passionate about education. You were a formidable scientist, researcher, and professor and approached your work with fervor.

And you loved travel, style, politics and literature.

There are many moments I will miss. I

enjoyed our long conversations and laughs. I loved running to the malls together to look at shoes and bags. You were always ready to be on the move, and at the same time you possessed a quiet spirit that was regal and strong.

This next phase of life would have seen you traveling the world, after having curated two beautiful homes for your family, both filled with love. I will always cherish having you to talk to, and I thank you for the opportunity to have been your daughter in law.

Love always, Yvonne

DR. CHITUA ADA OKOH (NEE OBINECHE)

How did you meet Nwanma? Dr (Mrs) Nwanma Onyike and I met as mothers-in-law: one of her sons got married to one of my daughters. Through this marriage we shared three grand children.

Conversations between us were quite intriguing and smooth-sailing as we shared advanced scientific education from renowned US institutions of higher learning.

She was so highly appreciated by Abia State University, her employer, that after her retirement she was called back to help with Administrative duties. She was very wise and thought me a lot through our conversations.

Dr (Mrs) Onyike was the senior sister that I never had through my parents. I was looking forward to our proposed visit to the Holy Land during her subsequent visit to the US, little did I know that it was not meant to be.

Like Apostle Paul, she had actually completed her race, her legacy lives on as her humble soul rests on in perfect peace. The Lord gave and has taken away. He will watch and bless all that you have left behind. ADIEU BIG SIS TILL WE MEET AGAIN TO PART NO MORE.

Dr. Chitua Ada Okoh
(nee Obineche)
Bowie, Maryland
USA

OBINNA ONYEALI

How did Nwanma make an impact on your life? Auntie Bea was always

about her business. Not just in what she did, but in how she carried herself. There was a clarity, a purpose, and an authenticity to her that stayed with me.

Every time we saw each other, there was joy, love & laughter, yet also a quiet reminder to stand firm in who you are and move with intention. She didn't have to say much. You felt it.

That's something I carry with me. Staying grounded, being real, and showing up fully as myself.

Her presence, her brilliance, and the way she lived will continue to guide me.

Rest well, Auntie Bea.

Obinna Onyeali

MRS ANYINMA MADUEKE (NEE OTUECHERE).

With a heavy heart , I write to honour the life of prof Nwanma Beatrice Onyike , my beloved aunty , a truly remarkable woman whose love and kindness will never be forgotten.

I remember vividly how you took me in and raised me like your own daughter , you nurtured me , guided me and gave me the foundation on which I stand on today and for this I remain forever grateful.

In you I found a mother who was patient kind and selfless . Words cannot express the pain I feel about your demise but as the saying goes "God giveth and he taketh" .

Thank you Auntie for all that you did for me, for raising me like your own I remain forever grateful.

You may be gone from our sights but you will forever remain in my heart now and always

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace . Amen

MRS. JOY AUSTINE EGWUMBA (JP)



HEARTFELT TRIBUTE TO MY BELOVED AUNTY - DR. (MRS.) NWANMA B. ONYIKE

My heart aches deeply as I write this, yet it is filled with gratitude for the gift of having you in my life, my dear Aunty Nwanma.

Growing up in your home was not just a privilege—it was a blessing that shaped my entire life. You gave me guidance, discipline, and a strong foundation for life. You taught me values that no school could ever fully teach— patience, respect, humility, and the importance of doing what is right even when it is not easy.

In your home, I learned what it truly means to to be responsible, and to build a peaceful and loving environment. You led by example, showing me how to live a good life not just through words, but through your daily actions. Today, as I run my own home, I see your teachings reflected in the way I live and nurture those around me.

You were more than a mother, a teacher, a mentor, and a pillar of strength. Your wisdom, and your unwavering support will never be forgotten. The seeds you planted in my life continue to grow, and they are a testament to the incredible woman that you are.

Thank you for everything you have done for me—for the lessons, the corrections, and the love, and I am forever grateful.

Saying goodbye is so painful, but I find comfort knowing that your life has left a beautiful mark that can never be erased. Your legacy lives on in me and in all the lives you touched.

Rest in peace my dearly beloved Aunty Nma, till we meet to part no more.

Mrs. Joy Austine Egwumba (JP)
Abuja.

ELEWECHI ONYIKE (PROF.)

Tribute to a wonderful sister in-law: Dr. Nwanma B. Onyike. You were a mother par excellence, a helpmate par excellence, and also a woman leader par excellence.

The last time I saw you was early in September, 2022, after the death of my younger sister Anyinma Onyike

I had planned to see you and my cousin, Dr. O. J. Onyike, but as I was processing my pension letters which will enable me claim my entitlement, my phone rang and brought the news of late Dr. O. J. Onyike sudden death and I was also informed of your hospitalization. These were a shock and difficult to take in. I was praying the Lord that along the line, your health will be restored but last February, we received news of your sudden death.

Having you was a blessing to all who knew you, and now, a loss to all of us. But thanks be to God who gives us victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren be steadfast,

unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord (1 Corinthians 15:58).

Adeiu! Adeiu!! Adeiu!!! Rest on in the Lord.

CHINEDUM ONYIKE

Today, I do not just write a tribute—I write from a place of deep gratitude and deep emotion for a woman I proudly called my aunt, but who loved and treated me like her own son.

Dr. Nwanma B. Onyike was a woman of strength, discipline, and purpose. She was strict—yes—but her strictness was rooted in love. She believed in doing things the right way and ensured that those around her stayed on the right path. In her corrections, there was wisdom. In her firmness, there was genuine care.

She loved God deeply and served Him wholeheartedly. Her life was a reflection of her faith—visible in her actions, her service, and her unwavering commitment to doing good.

She was very present in my life, especially during my school days at Abia State University. Her support, guidance, and watchful presence during that period meant more than words can express. Even after school, she continued to shape my path. She entrusted me with the responsibility of supervising, on behalf of the Eluama women, the construction of a

cottage hospital—partly funded by the European Union Micro Projects Programme Six (EU-MPP6), which she attracted during her leadership of the EDU Women. That trust and opportunity remain a defining moment in my life.

She was also instrumental in my decision to settle in Abuja, a decision that has greatly shaped my journey. Her influence was not just in words, but in deliberate actions that opened doors and created direction.

To me, she was more than an aunt—she was a guide, a pillar, and a steady hand. She stood in that space where love meets responsibility, and she never failed.

Her passing leaves a deep void, one that cannot easily be filled. But I am comforted knowing that she lived a life of impact, faith, and service. Her legacy lives on in the lives she touched, including mine.

Aunty, thank you for your love, your discipline, your trust, and your prayers. I will carry your lessons and your memory with me always.

May your soul Rest In Peace .

Tribute By

FRIENDS OF FAMILY

DR NDUBUISI ACHUFUSI

Aham,
I am so sorry for your loss.
Looked her up. An
accomplished woman, ahead
of her times. Lived a great life. You should
be very proud.

May she rest in peace.



DR NKEM OKEKE

A Tribute to Prof. Nwanma
Beatrice Onyike (Nee Nwuke)
Prof. Nwanma Beatrice
Onyike spent the next 83
years filling her world with warmth,
wisdom, and an unmistakable presence. A
Professor. A mother. A matriarch. A

woman whose life was a masterclass in
grace, resilience, and purpose.

I was fortunate to meet her. She fed me
and kept us company. She admired my
dress and kept smiling. She listened – to
all we had to say about our mission trip.
Her calm but strong presence made me
feel at home! I wish I had more time to
spend with her.

I learnt (through her son) that she
believed that people were capable of
greatness. She poured herself into her
family and her work with equal devotion,
building a legacy that will outlast
generations.

Prof. Onyike did not simply live a long life.
She lived a full one - rich with meaning,
anchored in faith, and surrounded by the
love of those whose lives she shaped most
deeply.

To her family, her children, and all who
called her their own: she has not left.
She has simply gone ahead. And the love
she carried for each of you remains -
written into who you are and everything
you will become.

Rest well, Mama. Your light continues in
us.

Adieu,
Dr. Nkem Okeke

Tribute By

ASSOCIATES



OGBAKOR ETCHE

Apex Sociocultural Association of the People of Etche Nation

Rivers State, Nigeria

Correspondence: President General, Dr Silas Anyanwu, Esq. (07057725938, ogbakoretche2025@gmail.com)

8th April, 2026

Dr. Chiadikaobi Uchendu Onyike
Associate Professor of Neuropsychiatry
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, MD 21218

Dear Sir,

CONDOLENCE MESSAGE ON THE DEATH OF YOUR MOTHER, PROF. NWANMA BEATRICE ONYIKE

On behalf of the people of Etche Nation, I write to commiserate with you and the entire family of Onyike on the death of your beloved mother, grandmother, wife, mother-in-law, **PROF. NWANMA BEATRICE ONYIKE** (Nee Nwuke) who passed on gloriously on 9th February, 2026.

The Etche Nation mourns her departure. However, we have reasons to celebrate her life; she was a foremost educationist: the first female professor of the Etche Nation, a princess, a great daughter of Nwuke who, in all her actions and thoughts, was proudly Etche. We thank God for the gift of Mama to humanity; her life was a blessing to her immediate family, Etche Nation and beyond. Certainly, you would miss a woman of a generous heart whose virtues find expression in the upbringing of her children who, today, are making Nigeria and Africa proud. We salute her tenacity in this direction.

Kindly accept our condolences and find consolation in the fact that Mama's soul has found peace in Heaven.

Yours sincerely,

Dr. Silas Anyanwu, Esq.
President General, Ogbakor Etche Worldwide.



A TRIBUTE TO A LIFE OF EXCELLENCE AND GRACE

*From the Association of Nigerian Physicians in
the Americas (ANPA) - DMV Chapter*

It is with heavy hearts but profound gratitude for a life well-lived
that the ANPA DMV Chapter honors the memory of **Prof.**

Nwanma Beatrice Onyike.



As colleagues and friends of Drs. Chiadi and Aham Onyiloe and Dr. Yvonne Okoh, we stand in solidarity with the Onyike and Okoh families.

Prof. Onyike was not only a distinguished academic but also a matriarch whose legacy of excellence, faith, and dedication lives on through her children—our esteemed colleagues who serve our community with the same brilliance and compassion she instilled in them.

We celebrate her remarkable journey from 1942 to 2026, a "Celebration of Life" that spanned continents and touched countless hearts. Her transition is a loss felt deeply within our professional family, but her spirit remains an inspiration to us all.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

May her soul rest in perfect peace, and may her family find comfort in the extraordinary legacy she leaves behind.

With Deepest Sympathy,
Your ANPA DMV Family

C.A.S.S LAGOS

 With heavy hearts, we,
the entire staff of CASS,
extend our deepest
condolences to our

Director, Dr. Aham Onyike, on the passing
of his beloved mother.

A mother's love is the foundation upon which great lives are built, and we recognize that the values, strength, and compassion that define Dr. Aham is a reflection of the remarkable woman who raised him. Though words can never fully capture the depth of this loss, we take solace in the legacy she leaves behind, which is one of love, dignity, and lasting impact.

The CASS Family mourns with you, stands with you, and holds you in our thoughts and prayers during this difficult time. May the cherished memories of her life bring comfort, and may her gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

Please accept our heartfelt condolence and unwavering support.

C.A.S.S Lagos





ELUAMA DEVELOPMENT UNION

(WOMEN'S WING)

ISUIKWATO L.G.A ABIA STATE

23RD April, 2026

CONDOLENCE MESSAGE

A PILLAR HAS FALLEN, BUT HER LEGACY LIVES ON

The Eluama Development Union Women's Wing, with hearts full of gratitude to God for a life well spent, celebrates the remarkable life and enduring legacy of our beloved mother, leader, and matriarch:

PROF. EZINNINE NWANMA ONYIKE

(Aged 83 Years)

Former Vice President General, EDU Women's Wing

Pioneer President, Abroad Branch

Prof. Nwanma Onyike was a woman of uncommon strength, wisdom, and grace—an embodiment of selfless service and visionary leadership. She was not only a mother to many, but also a mentor, mobilizer, and guiding light whose impact will be felt for generations.

As the Pioneer President of the Abroad Branch (1998–2010), she laid a solid foundation that strengthened unity and inspired sustainable development across Eluama communities. Her tenure brought about the attraction of the Micro Project Programme in Six States (MPP6)—a European Union-funded initiative—which significantly improved living standards, particularly through the upgrading and support of the Eluama Primary Health Center. Her contributions to healthcare were profound. She played a key role in the building, equipping, and securing of the Eluama Health Center through international collaboration. She championed maternal and child healthcare by promoting antenatal care, encouraging the use of qualified medical services, and ensuring access to essential health support. She also facilitated the fencing of the Health Center to safeguard its infrastructure for future generations. Prof. Onyike was deeply committed to education and youth development. She facilitated opportunities for brilliant students, instituted academic awards, and mobilized efforts toward the renovation of the Eluama Secondary School Library. Her passion for knowledge and excellence continues to inspire.

A proud custodian of culture, she worked tirelessly to preserve and promote Eluama traditions. She encouraged dignity in marriage, upheld moral values, and promoted the

Building Peace, Unity & Progress

richness of our language and cuisine. Through initiatives such as the annual Christmas Jamboree, she fostered unity, identity, and communal pride. Her leadership also extended to community organization and governance. She contributed to the structured management of Ahonta Market, promoted accountability in leadership, and encouraged transparency in community affairs, ensuring that leadership remained responsible to the people.

Above all, she was a woman of courage, compassion, and integrity—one who served selflessly and left indelible footprints on the sands of time. Though she has departed from this earthly realm, her legacy of service, love, and leadership will forever remain in our hearts.

"Her life was a blessing, her memory a treasure,

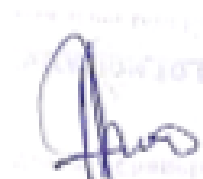
She is loved beyond words and missed beyond measure."

The Ebuama Development Union Women's Wing extends its heartfelt condolences to Dr. Chiadi Onyike and the entire Onyike family of Obuebere Aja Autonomous Community, Ebuama, Isuikwuato LGA. We pray that God grants the family the strength to bear this great loss and grants her soul eternal rest.

SIGNED:



Mrs. Onyegbula Chimeruo
Secretary General,
EDU Women's Wing

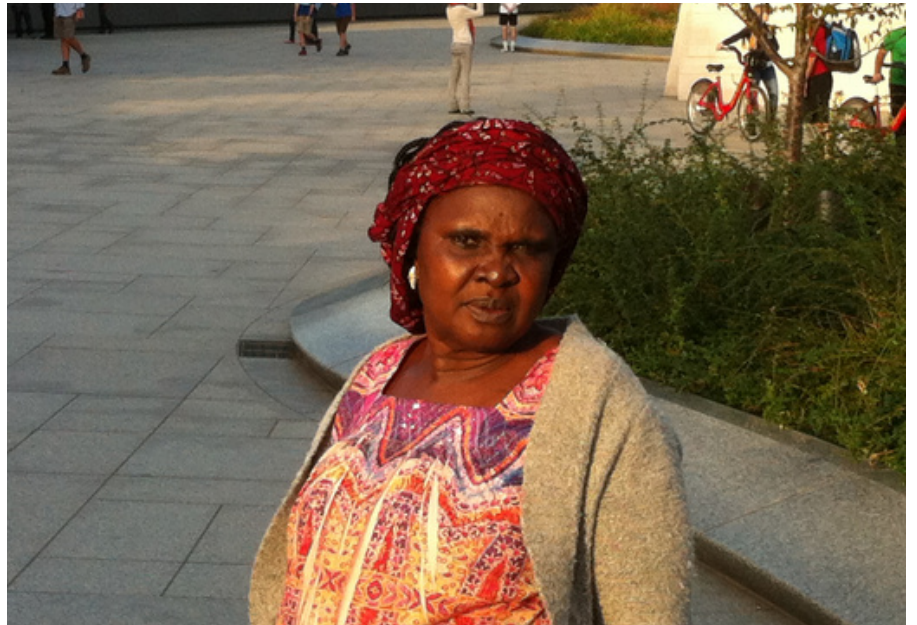


Eziada Uzoamaka Acho
President General
Ebuama Development Union Women's Wing

Prof. Nwanma Beatrice Onyike

(nee Nwuke)





Mom & Dad





Weep Not For Me

Weep not for me though I have gone
into that gentle night
Grieve if you will, but not for long
Upon my soul is sweet flight
I am at peace, my soul is at rest
There's no need for tears
For with your love I was blessed
For all those many years

There is no pain, I suffer not
The fear is now all gone
Put now these things out of your
thoughts

In your memory I live on
Remember not my fight for breath
Remember not the strife
Please do not dwell upon my death
But **celebrate my life.**

