

Celebrating



— THE LIFE OF —
WILLIAM HARRISON MUDACHI
JAN, 1942 – 19 MAY, 2026

Funeral Order of Service

Service Leader

– Rev. Jandson Njoroge

Processional Sentences

Opening Prayers

Hymn – Blessed Assurance

Eulogy

– Leonard Mudachi

Tributes

- Spouse - Sophie Baraka
- Children (3) - Kamene Muindi
 - Andrew Mudachi
 - Kenneth Katana
- Grandchildren (1) to represent all
- In-laws : (1) to represent all
- Siblings (1) to represent all
- Close Friends (1) to represent all
- Uncle Mtana

Reading – Psalm 34:4-7 ; 17-18

– William Mudachi

Hymn – Nina Siri

Sermon

Offertory Hymn – It Is Well

Vote of Thanks & Announcement

– Emmanuel Munyoki

Prayer for the Family

Final Prayers and Benediction

Recessional Hymn - Ati Tuonane Mtoni

Eulogy

IN CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF
William Harrison Mwendapekee Mudachi
January 1942 — 19th May 2026

There are men who walk through life and leave footprints so deep that generations after them still find direction in the path. William Harrison Mwendapekee Mudachi was such a man. He arrived in this world in January 1942 in Mnagoni Village, Tunolo sublocation of Mariakani, Kilifi County — a place where the red earth meets the coastal breeze and where, as William would later say with a grin, “even the coconut trees knew to stand tall.” He took that lesson to heart and never stopped reaching upward. Mzee William passed away peacefully on 19th May 2026 at 4:56 p.m. at MP Shah Hospital, Nairobi, surrounded by his wife Sophia and his family — exactly the way he would have wanted it, with the people he loved most within arm's reach. He was 84 years old, and every single one of those years were exceptionally lived out.

The Scholar from Kilifi

William's brilliance announced itself early. From 1951 to 1954, he attended Mwareni Primary School in Mariakani, where his academic gifts began to take shape. He moved on to St. John's Intermediate School in Kaloleni from 1955 to 1958, and it was there that he distinguished himself as the top student in the entire Kilifi District — an achievement that earned him a coveted call to Alliance High School in Kikuyu, one of Kenya's most prestigious secondary schools. Let that settle for a moment: a boy from Mnagoni Village, from the rural heartland of the Coast, called to Alliance High School because he was simply the best. Not the best in his class, not the best in his school — the best in the entire district. William attended Alliance from 1959 to 1962, laying the intellectual foundation that would carry him through over five decades of professional excellence. He would later reflect on those years with characteristic humility and characteristic humour, insisting he was “just a boy who liked his books” — while conveniently omitting that he liked them better than anyone else around.

“The measure of a life is not its duration, but its donation.”



The Oil Man — Fifty Years of Petroleum and Purpose

In 1963, William joined Caltex Oil Kenya Ltd as a clerk in the Credit Control Department, and so began what would become a legendary career spanning more than half a century in oil marketing and petroleum retail. But William was never content to simply occupy a desk. Within two years, he was seconded to Caltex Oil Zambia Ltd — his talents already outgrowing a single country. He returned to Kenya in 1966 as the Credit Controller, a role that suited his sharp mind for numbers and his even sharper eye for detail. In 1971, demonstrating the restless ambition that defined him, he left Caltex to join The 3M Corporation in Kenya as Chief Accountant. But the oil business was in his blood, and by 1972 he was back at Caltex, this time as Sales and Marketing

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Manager, later ascending to Retail Sales Manager. One imagines Caltex breathed a sigh of relief at his return — letting William Mudachi walk out the door the first time was a mistake they were happy to see corrected.

Then came the defining chapter. In September 1988, William did what so many dream of but few dare: he left the security of corporate employment and struck out on his own. He established Bill Investments Ltd and became a Caltex Petrol Station Dealer at Bill Investments Ltd (BIL) Service Station on Mombasa Road, Nairobi. For those unfamiliar, Mombasa Road is one of Nairobi's busiest roads — and William planted his flag right on it, as if to say, "If you're going anywhere in this city, you're passing through me first."

BIL Service Station became more than a business. It became a family institution, a classroom without walls, and a training ground for the next generation. William's children and various family members worked alongside him — on casual, temporary, and permanent basis. School holidays, weekends, after school hours, gaps between college terms — if you were a Mudachi and you had free time, you had a shift at BIL. It was where his children learned the value of a shilling, the dignity of work, the art of customer service, and the quiet satisfaction of a petrol pump clicking to a full tank. Bill Investments evolved into nothing less than a family university, with William as its dean, chancellor, and occasionally, its strictest professor.

In 2001, his daughter Celia Kamene Muindi officially joined Bill Investments Ltd, a proud moment that brought the family business full circle. In 2009, when Caltex Oil Kenya was acquired by Total Oil Kenya Ltd, William navigated the transition with his trademark resilience — though he would be the first to admit, with a wry smile, that his nine years as a Total dealer were not exactly his favourite chapter. He finally stepped away from the station on Mombasa Road in 2018, under what can diplomatically be described as "rather acrimonious circumstances" — which, knowing William's standards, likely means he simply refused to compromise on the principles that had guided him for three decades.

Cumulatively, William Harrison Mudachi spent over fifty years in oil marketing and petroleum retail. Fifty years. That is not merely a career; it is a calling answered with unwavering dedication.

A Love Story, a Family, a Legacy

In 1972, the same year he returned to Caltex in triumph, William Harrison Mudachi embarked on what he would describe as a most deliberate mission. By his own delightful account, he made "several trips to the University of Nairobi in search of a beautiful, intelligent and well-educated wife." One can only imagine the scene: William, sharp and purposeful, patrolling the university grounds with the same strategic precision he brought to sales and marketing, except this time the product he sought was a life partner. He found her in Irene Mupa — and she, bless her, found him right back. They fell in love and married that very year, because when William Mudachi set his mind to something, delays were simply not entertained.

Together, William and Irene built a beautiful family. Their first child, Celia Kamene, was born in 1973. Their second, Leonard Mwendwa, followed in 1975, and their third, Andrew Ndui, arrived in 1980. It was a household full of laughter, ambition, and Irene's steadying love.

But life, as it does, delivered a blow of unspeakable cruelty. In 1982, the family, together with William's sister Beatrice Nduki, was involved in a tragic road accident while travelling from Mariakani back to Nairobi. Irene Mupa Mudachi, the beautiful, intelligent and well-educated wife William had searched for and found, was taken from them. Kamene, Leonard, and Aunt Beatrice were injured. Andrew and William escaped physically unscathed, though no one walks away from such a loss unscathed in any way that matters.

It is here that the measure of William's character reveals itself most starkly. Faced with grief that would have felled lesser men, he gathered his children close, stood tall, and carried on. He was mother and father, provider and protector, the one who made sure homework was done and hearts were mended. He did not break. He bent into the storm and walked through it, his children's hands in his.

In 1985, William welcomed his fourth child, Kenneth Andrew Katana. And in 1990, he began a relationship with Sophia Vugutsa Baraka, a love that would deepen and grow, culminating in their marriage on 27th June 2002. Sophia became his partner, his companion, and the woman who stood by his side through every chapter that followed — including the most difficult ones.

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The Patriarch and His Growing Kingdom

William had the joy of watching all four of his children find love and build families of their own. Celia Kamene married Musyoki Muindi in 2002. Leonard Mwendwa married Catherine Musyimi in 2010. Andrew Ndui married Miriam Mwachinga in 2014. And Kenneth Katana married Patricia Prnova in 2017. Each wedding was a testament to the values William had instilled — family first, always. And then came the grandchildren — twelve of them! — each one a new chapter in the great unfolding story of the Mudachi legacy: Kavinya Mupa Muindi (2004), Kyalo Muindi (2008), Baraka Mwendwa (2008), Kimanthi Muindi (2010), Mupa Irene Mudachi (2011), Mawia Lizzie Mudachi (2013), Muthoka William Mudachi (2015), Kai Muuwo Mudachi (2016), Maia Mupa Mudachi (2018), Elliot Tian Katana (2020), Kibibi Tiana Katana (2022), and Nia Talia Katana (2024). One can only imagine the family gatherings — William presiding with quiet pride over a table that needed extending with every passing year, his eyes twinkling as his grandchildren filled every corner of the room with noise, energy, and the unmistakable Mudachi spirit.

Note that young Kavinya Mupa, Mupa Irene, Maia Mupa and Muthoka William carry the names of those who came before — proof that in the Mudachi family, love is not merely remembered; it is passed down, carefully, like the most precious of heirlooms.

The Final Chapter — Fought with Grace

In 2018, William was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease, and he approached this new adversary the way he approached everything else in life: with dignity, pragmatism, and the occasional stubborn refusal to let it win. For years, the disease was well managed, and William lived comfortably, his mind still sharp, his wit still quick, his opinions on the state of the world still freely dispensed whether you asked for them or not.

By 2025, however, Parkinson's began to assert itself more forcefully. Simple pleasures became quiet battles — eating slowed by swallowing challenges, movement growing first laboured, then limited. In July, a fall in the bathroom resulted in a subdural hematoma requiring surgery. The surgery was successful, but the effects of the disease intensified in its aftermath.

In 2026, William was admitted to MP Shah Hospital for critical care. Despite the devoted attention of his medical team — Dr. Judy Kwasa, Professor Kiboi, Dr. Abwao, Dr. Githegi, Dr. Twahir, and Dr. Samia — and the tireless care of his personal caregiver Jack Chemarum, William's condition declined. On 19th May 2026, at 4:56 p.m., surrounded by his wife Sophia and his family, William Harrison Mwendapekee Mudachi closed his eyes for the last time.

He did not leave quietly, because a man who lived that loudly never could. He left a silence — the kind that settles over a room when the strongest voice in it finally rests.

A Word of Gratitude

The family extends its deepest gratitude to William's medical team: Dr. Judy Kwasa, Professor Kiboi, Dr. Abwao, Dr. Githegi, Dr. Twahir, and Dr. Samia, whose expertise and compassion accompanied him through his final journey. To MP Shah Hospital, for the quality of care provided. And to Jack Chemarum, William's personal caregiver, whose dedication and gentle hands were a comfort beyond measure. Thank you. Truly, thank you.



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His Brothers and Sisters

William was one of many siblings, most of whom have preceded him in rest. He is joined in eternity by The Late Mbauni Kitonga, The Late James Muthoka Mudachi, The Late Mulevi, The Late Kalawa, The Late Wanza, The Late Kabibi, The Late Edwin Muviti Mudachi, The Late Michael Mutinda Mudachi, The Late Esther Mukwatsi Mudachi, and The Late Agnes Wayua. He is survived by his siblings Mary Nthochi Mutiaene, Anthony Muteke Mudachi, Rhoda Nduku Ngachi, Beatrice Nduki Kenga, Kasyoka, and Kachii. One imagines quite the reunion taking place on the other side — and knowing the Mudachi family, it is likely to be loud, warm, and full of stories that go on well past midnight.

A Life Well Lived

William Harrison Mwendapekee Mudachi was a brilliant man. A man who rose from a village in Kilifi to the corridors of multinational corporations and the helm of his own enterprise. A man who found the love of his life by marching into a university campus with the confidence of someone who knew exactly what he wanted. A man who buried that love and somehow found the strength to love again. A man who turned a petrol station into a family legacy. A man who raised four children who went on to build families of their own. A man who lived to see twelve grandchildren carry his name into the future.

He was humble when he had every reason to boast, generous when he could have held back, and selfless when the world would have forgiven him for thinking of himself. He was a brilliant neighbour, a steadfast friend, and a family man in the truest and most complete sense of the word. William did not just live a life; he built one — brick by brick, principle by principle, handshake by handshake. And the structure he leaves behind is strong enough to shelter generations yet to come.

Rest now, William.

The station is closed, but the legacy is open for business — and it will never, ever run dry.



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My love, I have been thinking of you today and of how far we have come since those brief moments in 1984 and 1986. I never imagined then that those encounters would lead us back to each other in 1990, and to the beautiful life we built together after our marriage at the Attorney General's Office on 27 June 2002. You were my greatest friend and companion — the best husband anyone could ever wish for. You made life steady and safe. You listened when I spoke, you made me laugh when I was feeling low, and you loved me with a devotion that made me feel seen, cherished, and valued every single day. I miss your voice, your presence, and the little things only you and I understood. The house feels quiet without you, yet my heart remains full of the love we shared. Every memory is a jewel I carry: the innocence of our early years, the joy of our reunion, the sacred vows we exchanged, and the countless days we spent building a life together. These memories are not shadows of the past, but living lights that guide me forward. I pray that Allah, the Most Merciful, has embraced you with His compassion and placed you in a resting place filled with light, peace, and tranquillity. May your grave be a garden of serenity, where angels surround you with comfort. I ask Him to grant me strength to walk a path that honours your memory, to live in a way that would make you proud. Rest well, habibi.

This is not farewell — it is a promise, a hope, until we meet again in the eternal embrace of His mercy.

I love you always, Your Wife.



My Darling Father

I had a front row seat to the life of a remarkable man! In certain ways I can't believe that I will not hear you calling me mummy nor receive my regular calls from you reminding me to do or asking about something. It will take time to sink in, but I will get there. Daddy, you always worried about us and I want to let you know that we will be fine — you have instilled good values in us, so we will take care of each other as you would have wanted — we truly have a rich legacy to follow in. I am not sure that I can adequately capture all that my dad was to me but I will try to.

My early memories of you were that you didn't 'chapa' me as much as mummy did but when you did it had a longer lasting 'print'. I recall you allowing me to have sips of your beer and I will say thank you for that, as it cured me from the need to ever have a taste of beer when I was of age. Movies at the Drive In and road trips with the Matus characterised fun times then. Countless gatherings with the Mariakani family and friends (honestly it's like we were related to all the Kambas from Mariakani) and awesome birthday parties with the friends from the Coast and other areas — the Mtanas, Keahs, Mwachiros, Mumos, Waitias to name a few.

In September, 1982 our lives altered when mummy suddenly left us — interestingly on the same date that you departed from us. I recall you visiting Leonard and I in the hospital every morning, lunch time and evening for the 5 weeks that I was there. Growing up and in this you became both father and mother to the three of us — you were very protective of us. A high school friend described you as a force in our lives and this you were. I am glad that I got to tell you thank you for this and again, we will be fine because of what you poured into us.

You ensured that we had all the opportunities that you missed out on especially with our post high school education, always encouraging us to strive to be the best we could be. Thank you. Memorable quotes from you: 'as long as you did your best, your grade does not matter'; 'education is what remains when everything has been forgotten' (when I could not tell you what the Hypotenuse Theory was years after finishing secondary school).

As an only girl and a traditional father who could

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not have certain conversations with me as a daughter meant that I ended up having several conversations with my aunties. Auntie Ella Mtana held many of these sessions and she would usually start with how much my father loved me (us) and if she could she would give him a medal she would for the great dad he was to us. This was an interesting time for me and when we didn't see eye to eye on matters, you generally not being one for a fight always took the way of peace to bring alignment.

Family was very important to you and you valued family bonds and relationships more than differences. You were an amiable person who generally tried to get along with all. We had a lot of fun times with the wider Mudachi family, Nzomos, the Katsivos, Ikumis, Nyota House with the Chemas, Ndapatanis and Mumos. I had to seat down with you and draw the family tree to understand why I had cousins who were so much older or much younger than me. You patiently kept helping me understand it all. We will to the best of our ability keep meeting as you always encouraged us to.

This week, I have come to realise how many people saw you as a father figure. As the husband to the eldest Mwangulu daughter many of mummy's siblings have mentioned vile uliwalea even in mum's absence. Our cousins became your children and you took them in especially after our aunties died. Most recently, you asked us to always include Lulu in our family luncheons as she was 'alone'.

There was no divide between the Mudachi's or the Mwangulu's when it came to you being a father figure to the family. Family friends and neighbours have also said this of you. Given that you didn't have many years with your own father, I will assume that this trait came from the older mentors that you associated with and for the time I was there, this was mainly Uncle J.P Katsivo who took you as one of his own. What a gift you were to all of us.

Furaha Muthoka, described you as the greatest philanthropist he has known. You were hard working and generous to a fault and God blessed the works of your hands.

Dad was not one for surprises so whenever one had been planned, it was the time he would actually call and wish me happy birthday for example and ask what time the meet up at place X was. It was very consistent extremely hilarious.

What an honour it has been for me to be brought up by you. Thank you for all you were to us.

Thank you for accepting my husband and taking him to be your son and for extremely loving our children. I remember you telling Mrs Ndeti that you popped a bottle of wine when Kavinya – your first grandchild was born.

Mrs Grace Kigoto, a good friend of my mum was persistent in her pursuit of my dad and because of this he came to accept Jesus Christ as his saviour on the 23rd of Jan 2022. One of the clearest things he said to Kavinya and I while at HDU was that he was at peace because he was with Jesus. We praise God that you are with mummy, free from pain and suffering.

*I love you and will miss you greatly.
Fare thee well, till we meet again.*

Your daughter Kamene

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I wanted to share a few words in memory of my father, William Harrison Mudachi aka WHM. If you knew him, you knew a man who managed to combine a fierce, unstoppable entrepreneurial drive with a deep humility that almost always made you forget he was the sharpest mind in the room. He built things and took risks quietly without ever needing or seeking the spotlight. As impressive as he was in the world, his true masterclass was with us...at home. When my mum passed, he stepped up to raise us on his own with a level of selflessness that I only got to appreciate myself when I got married and had a family. He anchored us through everything. One of the most beautiful things about Dad was his absolute ability to back us up, even when he didn't quite understand our modern or far-fetched ideas. He would try to subtly talk us out of whatever we were trying if unsuccessful, his support would be unwavering and unquestioning. What an unconditional safety net that was to have. His sense of family was massive and elastic. Whether you were a neighbor, a friend, or an acquaintance, he treated you as part of the clan. He had an unwavering commitment to his community, quietly helping others without ever asking for thanks. He was the ultimate "Tenda wema nenda zako" man.

He leaves behind a legacy of true integrity and a blueprint for what it means to show up for the people you love. We will fill the void he leaves with good memories and laughter.

Leonard Mudachi



I have no memories of my mother beyond pictures I've seen and words from those who knew her. She died when I was two and a half, in a car accident whose injuries and scars were much deeper than physical. More than many things in my life, this shaped a lot about who I am and how I view love, life, and death.

As a child, I struggled greatly with it all. I grappled with whether my mother had loved me – and if she had, then why had she left me when I was so young. I would often push myself to do better, to be better – seeking to be someone that she would be proud of. What made it a cruel cycle was the simple fact that the only person whose answers I would accept on the matter, was the one person who could not give me any.

Inevitably, in my young yet analytical mind, that assessment turned to my dad. I looked at how we related – how he treated me as a son – and I concluded that he did not really love me. With the desperate selfishness of a hurting child, I weighed his actions against an image I had created in my mind, and I found him wanting.

My dad wasn't outwardly affectionate with us – hugs always felt awkward from him. He didn't often say words like "I love you," and I took that to mean that he therefore didn't really love me or care. My dad had a very strong sense of social obligation so I translated that to mean that his care for me – for us – was an extension of that obligation. Added to that, he rarely spoke to us about our mum – at least not about his feelings for her or what her death meant to him. I never saw him mourn the way I thought he should and I judged him for that. I came to the same conclusion about social obligations and doing what was expected.

I'm happy to say that these views did not last forever. Two things happened very close to each other that made me start to look at things very differently and ultimately gave me back my relationship with my dad. The first was a relatively simple one. Like my father, I am fond of profound quotations. One day I came across one that said "Just because someone doesn't love you the way you want, doesn't mean they don't love you with everything they have." That sentiment resonated with me and made me look again at how I perceived love from those around me.

The second thing that happened was a bit more specific. After I graduated from university, I moved

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specific. After I graduated from university, I moved back home for a while. Leonard and Kamene had already moved out – and the house had been without any of us for a while – so there was some tidying and sorting to do before I could settle into what would be my room. While doing this, I came across a number of old photos. Going through them I realised they were from the day of my mum's funeral – photos I had never seen before. In them I saw my dad breaking down in tears – clearly devastated by the loss of his wife. Before that moment, I could not recall having seen my father cry – let alone shown such raw emotion as I saw in those photos. It made me pause and re-evaluate everything I thought I knew about him. It was crystal clear that I was wrong about his love for our mum, and if I was wrong about that, then it was also likely that I was wrong about his love for me. Those two moments started me on a path of re-examination. I started to look back at my life with my dad – not through the eyes of a lonely child but with the eyes of a young man starting to understand his father as an adult. I have continued to do that ever since. Now, as we lay Daddy to rest and say our final goodbyes, I want to tell you about some of the ways I got to learn about my father's love for me.

When I was a child, I would often have nightmares. I'd leave my bed and knock on his door – often crying about why I couldn't sleep. He would put me in the bed next to him and let me sleep there for the night. He never said much about it and he never pushed me to “grow up” or “to be a man”. He simply provided a space where I could feel safe and secure.

Throughout high school and just after, I used to act on stage. I acted as an amateur and a professional – I even wrote and directed a play or two. When I looked back, I realised that my dad watched every single performance I was involved in while in the country – even though he was not particularly a fan of theatre.

Not many people know this but my dad was really against me studying Aerospace Engineering. He was worried that I wouldn't be able to find a job or make a career out of such an obscure discipline. When he couldn't get me to change my mind, he actively recruited several people to try to convince me that I should choose a different path. After all that – when I still stuck to my desire – he fully supported me. He never again questioned my choice, never guilt-tripped me when I struggled and he was there cheering me on when I graduated.

These are just a few examples – if we had the time, I would tell you of dozens more. My dad expressed his love by showing up, by being present, by standing by us even when he strongly disagreed. He allowed us the freedom to find our own paths. He let us be and become the people we are – not through dictating and insistence – rather through guiding us with wisdom, allowing us the gift of making our own choices then standing with us regardless of whether those choices worked or failed. He was a quiet, yet constant example of what a man should be to his community, to his friends and to his family. I can easily say – without any fear of contradiction – that I am who I am because of him.

I know my father loved me dearly because I saw it every day once I learned to look with the right eyes. I saw it in how he showed up, in how always checked up on us, how he treated our spouses and children – always following up after their wellbeing. I loved my father too and I will miss him greatly!

Daddy, for me this is not goodbye – there is too much of you in me for there to ever really be a goodbye between us. Instead, this is me saying

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thank you. Thank you for being my father. Thank you for always being there. Thank you for all that you have done and been in my life. I want you to rest in peace and know that we will be ok. We will be ok, because of you, because of how you raised us and how you loved us. So instead of goodbye, I will say rest peacefully until we meet again.

I love you, always in all ways.
Andrew Mudachi



Tribute to My Father, William Mudachi

There are relationships in life that are simple, and there are others that are more layered, more complicated, and harder to put into words. My relationship with my father was one of those.

I grew up primarily with my mother, but I always knew my father and was aware of his presence in my life. When I was younger, he would come and see me, and even later on, when life created more distance between us, I would still visit him at the station from time to time. Ours was not a traditionally close relationship, but over the last 15 or so years, we gradually grew closer and began building a deeper connection as father and son. There are relationships in life that are simple, and As I reflect on his life and his passing, I have come

to appreciate that relationships do not always fit neatly into boxes. Sometimes love is expressed imperfectly. Sometimes the connection comes later than we would have hoped. Sometimes understanding only begins to grow when we ourselves become older.

One of the moments I will always treasure was a conversation we had last year. It allowed us to connect more deeply, and for me personally, it brought understanding and answers to many questions I had carried for a long time.

In his final moments, seeing him was difficult, but also deeply meaningful, and I am grateful that I made the journey from Dubai to be with him before he rested.

I came to realize that I no longer wished to hold on to the pain caused by his absence during parts of my life. I was able to speak to him from a place of peace and forgiveness, and I remain grateful that, even in his weakened condition, he responded to my voice and presence. Those moments were deeply meaningful because, in the end, we found peace with one another.

Life can not be summarized perfectly in a few paragraphs. We are all unfinished in one way or another, all trying to navigate life as best as we can. Today, I choose to remember him with grace.

I am grateful for the moments I shared, for the opportunity to know him better in my adulthood, and for the chance to say goodbye.

Rest well, Dad.
Kenneth Katana

My Babu's presence has been a constant in my life for the last 21 years. There are many things I could say about Babu, but to me, there is one that stands out: my grandfather cared. I know this, through conversation both with him and with my Mum, how much he cared about those around him. He took a genuine interest in the affairs of those in his life. It is easy to say you care but it is rare to find someone whose care is so natural. It is so special to be so certain of someone's love for you. Nyanya is what he called me, and it saddens me to know that I will not hear him call me that again. Even though I know I will not see my Babu again here on earth, his memory is kept alive through his children, who are some of the people I admire the most. He valued

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relationships and family, and I see those values in his children. They are a testament to his legacy as a parent. I will remember him through his grandchildren, my cousins, and our shared memories we have together. We will remember him through stories, stories that I have heard before, many I am sure I will hear for the first time today, and many I will hear in the days to come. Whenever I whistle, my Mum tells me that when she used to whistle her dad would tell her that if a young girl whistles, she will not get married. Even though that theory has been proven false, I will think of you whenever I whistle, Babu.

Rest well Babu, I miss you very much.

Kavinya Muindi-Grand daughter



My Babu is my role model in many ways. Hearing him talk about buying his first car or starting his business in 1988 was inspiring. He was a wise man, most of the sayings my Mum used to tell me would start by her saying "My Dad used to tell me". "Do it once, do it well" is just one of the many things I learnt from my Babu through my Mum. He was a very generous man always giving. He would show his care through small things, each time we would visit to have lunch or just spend time together, he would always get us soda. It was consistent, it would be strange if we did not have soda while at Babu's house. I would like to think that I am like my Babu. I am not as generous as him, and I cannot say I am as wise as him, but I am happy to be similar to such a great

man even in the tiniest way possible. My Mum used to sing to me about how I am the last born like Babu. Even if it is just the order of birth, having that in common gives me comfort. I did not know my Babu for a long time, but he had a big impact on my life because I did not know my other grandfather. A few months ago, he invited me to talk because he knew my Parents were busy and wanted to make sure it could talk with him. I hope to be a man like my Babu was, he cared he always showed up and he loved and he was loved.

Kimanthi Muindi – Grandson

When I think of my Babu, I think of love. There was never a single day that I doubted that he loved and cared for me. I think that's a sentiment that I'm far from alone in. Babu was generous, caring, and loved his family with all his heart. I miss you so much already, Babu, but rest easy, for your life was one well-lived.

Kyalo Muindi - Grandson

I am extremely grateful for the time I spent with my Babu, talking about swimming, watching football matches and sharing a delicious meal. I deeply appreciate the concern that he had for my participation in swimming, he always wished the best for me and always had faith that I would be first in every race that I would take part in and it gave me the determination to push to be first in every race that I would participate in. I do not take anytime spent with my Babu for granted and I will cherish those moments forever. I love my Babu so much and I will miss him dearly.

Mupa Mudachi – Granddaughter



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Dear Babu,
I don't know what else to say apart from thank you. Thank you for everything. These past few days have really taught me that you never know how much you have until you lose it. But I know I'll never lose you. You have a special place in my heart, and I promise to keep you there forever. Thank you for being my number one supporter in swimming. Thank you for always asking how its going. It will be the proud face that you had on your face every time I talked about it that will keep me going. I know these next few days will not be any easier, but I know that I have support from my family and friends, and we will get through this together. I know you're in a better place now, Babu.

*Until we meet again.
I love you very much.*

Mawia Mudachi – Granddaughter



Babu was a loving, kind and caring man. I really loved him, and when I got the news that he had passed away, I just sat there in silence, speechless and sad. Babu's life was well lived, and we celebrate his life. Although we may shed tears today, we have to remember we are not mourning a life but we are celebrating it. Lunch outings or at home in South B with Babu were always memorable and fun. I remember last Christmas, 2025, we went to have lunch with Babu and it was so much fun it was a memory I will never forget. Every lunch we had with him he would always ask us "Mnataka soda? " And as kids our standard response was "Yes please!". So, he would give us the money to go and buy sodas, and he would also give us empty bottles from the last time

we were there to give them back at the shop. There was a different time when we went for lunch with Babu on a Sunday, when Babu was still driving and he took us, as his grandchildren, to a family favourite ice cream place called Snow Cream. It was a great experience to have been with Babu when he was still driving.

I remember when my sisters and I or my cousins, would bake. We would bring the cake or pie to his house, accompanied with ice cream and when we would be serving the cake with ice cream he would always ask Nyanya "Naeza kula ice cream leo?" and most times it would be a yes unless he was coughing.

I feel so honoured to be named after him because when I mention my name anywhere, I will remember my grandfather William Harison Mwendapeke Mudachi. Every time I would greet him "Shikamo Babu?" he would call me "Daddy!" because I was named after him.

At the end of the day we all know he has gone to a better place, and he is looking over all of us, and I think we should let him rest. May Babu rest in eternal peace.

William Mudachi – Grandson

My babu was a very interactive, caring person who was always happy to talk to you even as he grew old and he started to have difficulties and even as he was struggling to move, he still strove to visit people. Whenever I think of him, I always picture him sitting on his favorite chair, watching the news. We will miss him a lot and I think I am saying for all of us that we won't forget him.

Kai Mudachi – Grandson

Dear Babu, I am so sad that you are gone. I think you were a great dad and babu to the family and I loved visiting you at your house. I miss you so so so much and everyone will miss you a lot!

Love from Maia Mudachi – Granddaughter

I can't wait until I get to heaven to see you Babu.
Elliott Katana – Grandson

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Not known to many, my first encounter with Daddy was not as his daughter-in-law but way back in 1986, when my late Auntie Grace Mwangi married one of Daddy's best friends, Uncle Dr. James Musyoki. I was 12 years old at the time and a flower girl at the wedding. Daddy was the best man at the wedding, and so immediately he became Uncle Willie. That was the beginning of my extended family relationship with Uncle Willie, where we would meet at family gatherings. He was always caring and would always take time to engage us as his newfound nieces and nephews, enquiring about school, the welfare of Mum and my late Dad if they weren't at the event as well as enquiring over the well-being of my siblings. It was also the first time I met Leonard, and a budding, platonic childhood friendship blossomed between us & needless to say, forty years later, the rest, as they say, is history and a story for another day J.

"Uncle Willie" transitioned to "Daddy" in March 2010. Needless to say, it was a seamless transition. Daddy welcomed me into the Mudachi family with open arms, love & warmth. So often when we visited Daddy and Auntie Sophie, he would retort, "Mami, hii nyumba ni yako. Ukija feel at home. Ingia jikoni uchukue chochote unachotaka, hata pika ukitaka chakula ambacho hakiko". To this, on a very, very light note, I would teasingly joke with Leonard that if he was to ever "chase" me from our home, I was confident Leonard would be summoned by Daddy harshly and Leonard would find me sitting comfortably having a solace cup (or thermos) of tea, seated right next to Daddy in his home J My confidence stemmed from the fact that Daddy filled the father-figure gap in my life, upon my Father's demise in 2017 and I knew that he truly loved me just like one of his own children. Sunday afternoons tended to be our family visiting time to catch up with Daddy on how his week had been. Occasionally, to "wash down" the catch-up sessions & storytelling that came with the afternoon, Daddy and I would have a glass or two of "uji"(:)) whilst having delicious dessert prepared by his grandchildren, as we exchanged tales of the week's happenings. Despite the challenges I may have had in a given week, sometimes of my own doing, I must admit, Daddy, in his calm, encouraging, and supportive way, would reassure me that everything in the end will work out just fine. Just keep working hard and don't give up was



his constant mantra. And sure enough, it always did work out well.

Trying to summarise Daddy in a few words doesn't do justice to the stoic yet humble, caring, generous man that he was, to say the least. It will be difficult getting used to the fact that he is no longer a phone call away or a simple visit to South B. It will be difficult to get used to not having his reassuring shoulder to lean on. But at the same time, I know that Daddy is resting at peace after a strenuous few weeks on him, and for that, I know it is well and that he is in a better, peaceful place & not suffering anymore. And so I give thanks to God for the years that we had him in our lives. I give thanks for his words of wisdom and the great example of family leadership that he showed us as his children & grandchildren. We will miss you, Daddy.

You will forever be in our hearts.
Catherine Mudachi



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Boy meets girl, out and about, now and again.
Girl brings boy home and there he is, the father.
Cool and detached but friendly enough.
Handshake firm always welcoming.
But he wouldn't call me by my name!
Until that day vows exchanged,
commitment sealed, before God and man,
Kijana transitioned to my given name.
That day, a son I became.
That day, I started to know how much he cared.
Warm and engaged always available, always there.
That cheeky smile – the bacon story, for another day.
For care, he did.
When the children came, he showed he cared.
The stream of visitors to his house,
Those he supported,
Those he employed,
Those he advised,
Those he visited, any event he could attend, he did
Because he cared.
Whenever we met, he'd ask after everyone he connected with me
Individually, by name.
"Piki piki zimefika?"
I'm sure that's what he was asking me when we last spoke
Words of encouragement, words of praise
Words of concern when that was needed
Because he cared, he asked, he checked, he called
Indeed, he cared, more than most
And that is what I will miss most
No matter what the future holds
This man, this son, his daughter brought in
Will always know our father cared.

Musyoki Muindi



When I think about Mzee Mudachi (or OldMan as we called him), three words come to mind: Kind, Generous, and Pragmatic.

When I came into the family about 12 years ago, he welcomed me in with open arms. I like to think that his love language was concern. Sometimes when he didn't agree with a decision you made or something you were doing, he wouldn't say it to your face but call other people in the family to express his concern and ask them to talk you out of it. This became a running joke among his children, but it was always clear that it was coming from a good place. I knew that he had accepted me as one of his own when I experienced this personally.

Mzee was generous to a fault. He was always happy to help anyone in need, and over the years he supported quite a few relatives. I know that he touched the lives of many of us here, in one way or another.

If you ever gave Mzee a choice between doing something because it was nice and fancy, or doing something that was practical, the practical was always a no-brainer for him. He didn't believe in doing things just because you could afford them; it needed to make sense to him. These are values that he didn't just live by, but also instilled in his children. Many of those lessons have proven valuable in our lives, and by extension we try to teach them to our own children.

I will cherish the memories of the times we spent together. He loved family lunches and would light up in the presence of his grandchildren. I recall one



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Christmas when our daughter Maia had just been born so we were unable to join the rest of the family as they traveled to the Coast. The meal we had was quite simple, but the joy of it was in the conversation and the comfortable silences we shared. I am grateful that he was able to travel and visit us back in 2023 before his illness began to really take a toll on him. Those mornings spent with our children just chatting about everything and nothing, were truly precious.

I find myself inspired by the great legacy he created. I can only hope that I leave even a tiny fraction of the impact that he had on those around him.

*Fare thee well, until we meet again.
You will be dearly missed, but never forgotten.*

Miriam Mudachi



I did not have many opportunities to spend time with dad, but every interaction I had with him left an impression on me. He was thoughtful, warm, and clearly someone who cared deeply about the people around him.

Even in the short time I knew him, I understood why he meant so much to the family. I feel fortunate to have met him, and I will remember him with respect and gratitude.

Rest in peace, Dad, till we meet again!

Patricia Katana



To the beloved Mudachi family in Mariakani, Jibana, and Nairobi — I stand with you in this moment of celebration of a life well lived.

William was yours first, and I know the depth of what you have lost. My heart, my prayers, and my deepest condolences are with each one of you. Kamene, Leonard, Andrew, Katana and Sophie. My family and I stand together with you as we celebrate a life extraordinarily well lived.

There are friends, and then there are brothers. William Harrison Mudachi was my brother.

Not by blood, but by something deeper. By choice, by covenant, by the kind of bond that only reveals its true depth when life demands everything of you. And life demanded much of us both.

It started the way many of life's most important things do, quietly and without ceremony. We were young men in Nairobi when my wife and I returned from the UK, and it was Mupa who brought us together. Neither of us knew then what that introduction would become. What began as a friendship found its footing in a community that became family, where many an evening was spent celebrating life, laughing loudly, and discovering that we saw the world through the same eyes in ways that mattered. The parties in Langata became something of a ritual. People came and left feeling more alive than when they arrived. William had a gift for that. He could fill a room not by commanding it, but simply by being fully present in it.

He was my older brother in every sense that mattered. When I was navigating the uncertain terrain of fatherhood, it was his wisdom that steadied me. He walked with me. When my children needed a father's presence and I needed a

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family's strength, William opened his arms without hesitation. He accepted my children as his own, just as my wife and I embraced his. We raised them together in all the ways that count, birthdays, school events, the quiet in-between moments that children remember long after the grand ones fade. That is the mark of a man whose love was not merely spoken, but lived.

And when my wife passed, he did not send a message or make a call. He showed up. He stood beside me the way only a true brother can, as I did for him when Mupa passed, not trying to fix the unfixable, just present. Solid. I have never forgotten that.

We sat together watching our children graduate, hearts full, eyes glistening, as brothers who had weathered enough storms to know just how sweet that moment truly was. We stood together at their weddings as fathers, as brothers, as two men who had built something rare between them. And when grandchildren arrived in both our families, we watched them grow knowing the bond we forged would outlast us both.

In business, William was a silent partner, sharp, principled, and steady. In my political career, he stood beside me when it was costly to do so, and behind me when I needed to stand alone. He never sought the spotlight, yet without him, none of the light would have been possible. As a confidant, he was a vault. My fears, my failures, my hopes, he held them all with discretion and grace. When I left his presence, I was always better for having been heard.

Now our children carry the legacy of what we built. They know each other as family because we chose each other as family. That is perhaps the greatest thing William and I did together. We made our brotherhood permanent.

I did not lose a friend on the evening of Tuesday, 19th May 2026. I lost a part of myself. But I am comforted knowing that everything he poured into me, into our children, and into our shared life is not gone. It lives on in his family, in mine, and in the thread that will connect our families long after we are both at rest.

Go well, my brother. I will carry you in hope until we meet again.

My love to Mupa and Ella.

Hon. Mtana Lewa



It is difficult to imagine life without you because, truly, you have been part of my life for as long as I can remember. For over fifty years, you were a constant presence through every season of my life. Even when we lived in the UK, you would come and visit us, and those memories remain precious to me. You were never distant. You were always present — steady, available, and deeply woven into the fabric of our family life.

As I reflect on your life in this season, especially while having many conversations around fatherhood and family, one of the greatest tributes I can give you is the kind of father you were to your children, my sister and brother. When Aunt Mupa passed away in 1982, you were left with the enormous responsibility of raising young children as a widower. Yet through all the pain, adjustment, sacrifice, and uncertainty, you remained committed to them. You persevered. You carried that responsibility faithfully through every season, and that has always deeply marked me.

What stands out most to me was your humility and self-awareness. You understood your limitations and your struggles, and because of that, you allowed others to help carry the responsibility of raising your children. You welcomed my parents and many others into that journey. You understood what it meant for a village to raise children. In many ways, Uncle, you were our village in the Mutana family.

You were also part of my own village — for me, for my husband, and for my children. Your home, your heart, and your presence were always open to us.

As a child, I always knew I could come to you. Your door was open. I could speak to you about my joys, my struggles, my fears, and my questions. You

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were a confidant, a safe place, and a trusted elder. Even my parents trusted you deeply; if there was ever something difficult to communicate, they knew they could speak to you, and you would guide with wisdom, care, and love.

I loved how you always called me “Mummy.” It was such a simple thing, but it always carried warmth, affection, familiarity, and love. It made me feel seen, welcomed, and at home with you.

I will miss those visits to South B and to the station. I will miss knowing you were there — because you always were.

One thing I deeply admired about you was your perseverance in life. Losing your wife so young and having to continue raising children could not have been easy, yet you kept going. You continued showing up for your family, for your children, and for all of us around you. Even in business and through difficult seasons, including the closure of the petrol station, you endured with quiet strength and dignity. There were many lessons in simply watching your life unfold — lessons of resilience, commitment, sacrifice, and endurance.

And one of the greatest joys for me personally was seeing you give your life to Christ. That was truly a prayer answered for Mummy Kamene and myself. It brought such peace and gratitude to my heart, and because of that, I know it is well with your soul. Through your life, you taught us lessons about fatherhood, friendship, perseverance, and showing up consistently for the people you love. You taught us the power of being present.

Uncle, you will be truly missed. But you leave behind a seed and a legacy that continues to live in all of us whose lives you touched. Personally, I will never forget you, nor the role you played in shaping my life.

Thank you for being part of my story.

Rest well, Uncle William.

It is well with your soul.

Rizichi (mummy)

Baba Mdogo alikuwa Kakaangu mkubwa, rafiki na Baba aliye nishika mkono kwa maisha yangu. Asante Kwa kunifunza kuwa muadilifu.

Edith Muthoka (aka Maimuna)

He was more than a grandfather to me; he was a father figure, mentor, and guide whose presence shaped the course of my life. From the very beginning, he believed in me when I was still finding my footing. He gave me my very first job when I was 18, as a petrol station assistant, teaching me the value of hard work, discipline, and humility. At every important stage of my life, he stood beside me with wisdom, encouragement, and unwavering support.

I will forever treasure the role he played in my personal journey. He negotiated my dowry with pride and love, welcoming me fully into manhood and family responsibility. When my wife Frankie and I doubted ourselves, he encouraged us to buy our first property, a decision that became the foundation upon which many other blessings followed. Much of what we have achieved today carries his fingerprints. He celebrated my progress not with loud words, but with the quiet satisfaction of a man who wanted to see people prosper and stand firm in life.

Though he is gone, his lessons, kindness, strength, and guidance will continue to live within me. I thank God for the gift of his life. May his soul rest in eternal peace, and may perpetual light shine upon him.

Miki & Frankie Ndeti

Uncle William has always been a constant presence in our family. He stood with us through every major milestone in our lives — from graduations, weddings, and even the moments leading up to them. To us, he was more than an uncle; he was a father figure, mentor, and guiding light. We will forever remember how deeply he poured into us after we lost our dad a few years ago. Mum has shared countless times how Uncle William always showed up for her and for all of us, and for that we remain truly grateful. Our spouses — Lorian, Sheila, and Githiome — also had the privilege of interacting with him on many occasions and came to witness firsthand the leadership, wisdom, and warmth he brought to our family. Your passing leaves a great void in our hearts, but your legacy of love, strength, and presence will continue to live on through us all.

Go well, Uncle William. Till we meet again.

The Edwin Mudachi Family

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We grew up in Mombasa and became close to Mzee Willy, as we affectionately called him. Later, when my brothers and I moved to Nairobi, we often visited his family in Langata and later in Plainview. During those visits, he welcomed us warmly into his world, taking us along to his children's school events and introducing us to his friends.

Mzee Willy also gave me opportunities that shaped my life. After I finished high school, he hired me to work on his construction projects, and later I worked for him on weekends at Bill Service Station. When we relocated to the USA, he and Auntie Sophie showed deep concern for our well-being. They visited us and my brother Furaha and family to see how we were settling in, and Mzee even told us that if life became too difficult, we should come home and he would help us find work. For more than 20 years, he also managed my mother's monthly upkeep, a responsibility he later entrusted to Kamene. That practice only ended about eight years ago, when instant electronic money transfers became common.

Mzee Willy treated us as part of his family. He was always checking on our loved ones and us, and he quietly helped with many ongoing matters in Nairobi and Mariakani. He also cared for my late grandmother, Mary Ngundi James, and supported other family members without ever seeking recognition. My mother would often tell me that he had sent funds for my grandmother's upkeep and for the needs of others in the family.

Mzee Willy was also my confidant and adviser in many personal matters involving my work, my family, and the concerns I carried in my heart. We would talk for hours on weekends about life and many other subjects. He will be deeply missed, but his legacy of generosity, guidance, and love will live on.

Lala salama, Babu Willy
Geoffrey Muthami and Family



Though Mzee William Harrison Mudachi is no longer physically with us, his unwavering love, attachment and guidance throughout our lives with his peers, brothers-in-law, wajombas, nephews and nieces remains. His wisdom which he shared with the Nzomo family helped shape who we are today such that his memory will be a treasure for a long time to come. His unforgettable presence in every family occasion both Mudachis and Nzomos in happy times and sad ones will always leave a lasting mark in our hearts. Nzomo family has been grateful for the shared times and the memories we'll hold onto forever.

*Mwenyezi Mungu akueke mahali ulipojipangia
ukiwa hai Mzee, uende salama kama
waliotutangulia.*

Nzomo Family Tribute

On behalf of the Tamasha Wazee Group, which includes the late Mzee Willy Mdachi as our Chair, Dr. James Muyoki, Jumaa Mumo, Julius Njoroge, Kimanthi Mutua, Dr. Martin Awori, Katsivo Mtush, and Emmanuel Munyoki, we extend our deepest condolences and heartfelt sorrow for the loss of our cherished leader. Our group, established long ago by our esteemed elders who have since passed, was founded to foster mutual support and maintain strong connections.

Our late Chair was an extraordinary leader. He nurtured our unity by encouraging us to participate in monthly gatherings. His tranquil presence and gentle leadership style commanded a respectful authority that none of us could resist. He was a leader who required neither title nor formal recognition.

Over the years, we shared invaluable moments, investments, and family leadership advice with Mzee Mdachi. These subtle moments will forever leave behind unforgettable and exemplary memories. He embodied calmness, wisdom, and insight, particularly in finance and investments, which he generously shared only when truly needed.

He has left a void that we, as a group, may never fully fill, but we will strive to emulate his legacy and honour him through our actions.

Km (Kimanthi Mutua) on behalf of the Tamasha Wazee Group











*"The measure of a life
is not its duration,
but its donation."*