

**Memorial in honour of**

**Prof. Bankole Ajibabi Omotoso**

**Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> August 2023, Vodaworld, Midrand**



## Order of Events

1. Welcome – Akin Omotoso
2. Messages from Family (Bukola, Pelayo, Setonam on behalf of Taiwo and Olamiposi and Yewande)
3. *Abide With Me* hymn, sang by Mandisa Bardill with accompanying slideshow
4. Tributes:  
Prof. Wole Soyinka (read by Yewande)  
Ms. Thandiwe January  
Prof. Njabulo Ndebele  
Ms. Tembiwe Omotoso  
Prof. Oladipupo Adamolekun (video)
5. Pioneer House Song Tribute – Edith, Duduzile, Portia, Nancy, Priscilla and Beauty
6. Eulogy – Akin Omotoso
7. Poems from *The Prophet*, by Kahlil Gibran read by Akin, Pelayo and Yewande
8. Thanks from Family (Remembrance Website) – Setonam Dzvukamanja
9. Tea, Coffee on Patio

## Readings From *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran

### On Beauty

And beauty is not a need but an ecstasy. It is not a mouth thirsting nor an empty hand stretched forth,  
But rather a heart enflamed and a soul enchanted.  
It is not the image you would see nor the song you would hear,  
But rather an image you see though you close your eyes and a song you hear though you shut your ears.  
It is not the sap within the furrowed bark,  
nor a wing attached to a claw, But rather a garden forever in bloom and a flock of angels for ever in flight.

People of Orphalese, beauty is life when life unveils her holy face. But you are life and you are the veil.  
Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror. But you are eternity and you are the mirror.

### On Joy and Sorrow

Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.  
And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tears.  
And how else can it be?  
The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain.  
Is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that was burned in the potter's oven?  
And is not the lute that soothes your spirit, the very wood that was hollowed with knives?

When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy.

When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.

Some of you say, "Joy is greater than sorrow," and others say, "Nay, sorrow is the greater."

But I say unto you, they are inseparable.

Together they come, and when one sits alone with you at your board, remember that the other is asleep upon your bed.

Verily you are suspended like scales between your sorrow and your joy.

Only when you are empty are you at standstill and balanced. When the treasure-keeper lifts you to weigh his gold and his silver, needs must your joy or your sorrow rise or fall.

### On Death

For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun?

And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing.

And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb.

And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.