

CELEBRATING

the life of



Pandra Cheptoo Mugum

January 3, 2002 - June 5, 2026





PROGRAM

FOR THE LATE SANDRA CHEPTOO MUGUN

16TH JUNE 2026

- 8.00 am** : Arrival at Lee Funeral Home
- 9.00 am** : Departure from Lee Funeral Home
- 9:30 am** : Arrival at Nairobi Chapel - Ngong Road
- 10.00 am** : Church Service at Nairobi Chapel - Ngong Road
 - : Opening Prayer
 - : Song
 - : Eulogy
 - : Tributes
 - Family : Mugun's Family
 - : Kariuki's Family
 - Friends & Colleagues
 - Nairobi Chapel - Ngong Hills
 - Church Administration
 - : Song
 - : Church Service
 - : Vote of Thanks
 - : Cortège leaves for Lang'ata Cemetery for Burial Service
 - : Catering and Refreshments by Families

EULOGY

OF SANDRA CHEPTOO MUGUN



BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE

Sandra Cheptoo Mugun was born on 3rd January 2002 at Mater Hospital, a day filled with light, laughter, and overflowing joy. So great was the excitement that her father, David Mugun, adorned the rear windshield of his car with ribbons boldly announcing, "It's a baby girl," sharing the good news with every passerby on the road. Those ribbons lingered for two weeks as if the world itself needed time to absorb the beauty of her arrival. Her mother had waited with eager anticipation since Christmas Day of 2001, carrying within her hope that blossomed into boundless joy at Sandra's birth. And that joy became Sandra's signature, she grew into a child of sunshine, always smiling, gentle in spirit, quick to laugh, and ever ready to lend a helping hand.

EDUCATION

Sandra began her Kindergarten learning at Allen Grove School, Valley Road. She completed her early years albeit with a lot of challenges due to delayed milestones. She however did her entire Kindergarten schooling and completed. Sandra then transitioned to St. Christopher's School in Kilimani and later joined the Karen Campus. In St Christophers she got extra help from the Learning support department but later on whilst in Year 4 the parents found it necessary to transfer her to a different curriculum Accelerated Christian Education a system which allows studies to learn at their own pace and develop individualized learning Programs.

Sandra then joined Bunks & Biddles School in Karen under the ACE system. While at Bunks & Biddles Sandra developed a keen interest in dance, she excelled so well in dance that she did an entry in the East Africa ACE Convention competition, she won the choreographed solo dance that earned her a place in the Regional Convention Competition in South Africa. Sandra got recognition in the Special category called Events of the heart it was the parents hope that she would proceed for the global conference in America and given that it was her first time the performance was commendable.

Sandra later transitioned to Pistis Christian School within Africa International University in Karen where she continued her learning until her demise. It is at Pistis Christian School that Sandra developed tremendous progress and grew both in her Christian faith, art & crafts, dance, music and swimming.

Her hands were so gifted that they created beautiful beadwork. Sandra would craft intricate pieces and, with confidence and charm, step forward to sell them at family gatherings and beyond. Her entrepreneurial spirit was remarkable. She saw the possibility where others saw hesitation, returning home not only with earnings but with a wide, satisfied smile her joy multiplied in both giving and achieving.

CHRISTIAN LIFE

Sandra was baptized at Nairobi Chapel Ngong Road, and from a young age, her life reflected a growing and sincere walk of faith. Sandra started her Worship Ministry journey in Nairobi Chapel Ngong Road in the Teens Connect. In 2019 the family relocated to Ngong and she proceeded to join Nairobi Chapel Ngong Hills in the same year. At Ngong Hills, she found not just a place of worship, but a spiritual home where she served faithfully and wholeheartedly.

She was deeply committed to the worship team and choir a calling she carried with both reverence and joy. Early Saturday mornings would find her awake and ready, long before many others, preparing herself for practice. To Sandra, this was never routine, it was purpose. Woe unto anyone who came between her and that sacred time of preparation. In the worship team, she was more than a voice she was a presence. She sang with passion, served with humility, and brought encouragement to those around her. She understood that worship was not performance, but ministry a heartfelt offering to God. Whether in singing, in service, or in quiet devotion, she gave her all.

She often spoke of God with conviction, her faith unwavering and her belief in the second coming of Christ deeply rooted. It is comforting to imagine that her journey was a gentle crossing that she lay down one night in peaceful rest, and awoke in the presence of her Maker, joining in eternal praise and worship. We trust that she is where her heart longed to be in a place of glory, peace, and everlasting joy.





MEDICAL HISTORY

Sandra's life, though radiant, was not without its challenges. At just three months old, she began experiencing epileptic seizures moments that brought deep concern and countless prayers from her family. Her parents stood firm, seeking care, guidance, and healing with unwavering determination. Through years of dedication and faithful care, the seizures were brought under control through medication. Sandra grew, flourished, and embraced life fully never defined by her condition, but strengthened through it. In her earlier days the seizures were very difficult to control but eventually through the consistent follow-up by Dr. Osman Miyanji the seizures were eventually controlled. Sandra went on to live a seizure free life for eight years, the doctor had mentioned that if one goes for a long period of time seizure free there was a possibility of weaning off the drugs.

On May 22nd, 2026, a long-awaited breakthrough came. A review by her doctor confirmed that she was ready to wean off the drugs. The doctor had mentioned that there were no guarantees and if the seizures recurred then she would have to revert to the medication. The Doctor requested the family to do some tests in preparation for the drugs wean off. On Wednesday June 3rd, 2026, her mother took her to Nairobi Hospital to do the test but on arrival they discovered that the tests were to be done in Aga Khan Hospital. Her mother then told Sandra that they would do the tests on Saturday June 6th, 2026. That afternoon Mother & Daughter proceeded to enjoy the rest of the day doing errands and just enjoying time together. They both agreed that she would forgo the Worship Hangout and in place do the tests on Saturday.

Overjoyed, Sandra called her father to share the news. Her voice carried dreams of driving, of new experiences, of stepping freely into spaces once restricted. Father and daughter celebrated across the distance, their hearts full of gratitude and anticipation for the days ahead. For her mother, this moment was deeply sacred, a prayer whispered for years, now answered. She, who had spent sleepless nights, countless days at hospital bedsides, and endless hours watching over her daughter, found her faith rewarded. Hers was a love that never wavered, a watch that never slept.

And yet, in a turn beyond human understanding, the morning of 5th June 2026 brought unimaginable sorrow. Sandra, a soul so full of life, had quietly departed. The autopsy later revealed a massive seizure despite her having faithfully taken her medication. We may not understand why. But we hold on to what we know. That her life, though brief, was full. That her smile, her faith, her courage, and her love touched many. That even in expectation of celebration, we are called now to celebration of a life beautifully lived.

As Scripture reminds us, the Lord gives, and the Lord takes away. And in this truth, we lay her to rest held in grace, carried in love, and remembered always. Sandra is survived by her Parents David Mugun, Jane Kariuki and her brother Glenn. Rest at the feet of Jesus, you have fought the good fight, you have finished the race and kept the faith.







TRIBUTES

TO SANDRA CHEPTOO MUGUN

TRIBUTE FROM DAD

To my one and only daughter, Sandra. Though you are physically gone from us, you are ever present in our hearts. And much as your daily phone calls that often started with, "Hi Dad, how was your day?", will no longer happen, your loving spirit will always call on us to keep spreading your love for Christ, family and friends in keeping with your candor and enviable simplicity. Your honesty emanated from deep inside your clean heart and was plain for all who interacted with you to see.

From testimonies of you as shared by many, I concede that indeed, it was a privilege bestowed on me by God to be His steward over you for 24 years. How else can I explain the positive impact you've had on the many people that encountered you? Teachers, Pastors, colleagues, relatives and friends find that you manifested the gifts and fruits of the Holy spirit. While with us, our mistake was that we had never put all these people in one room to help shed light on who Sandra really was. A beautiful soul. Go well till we meet again.

David Kimeli Mugun



TRIBUTE FROM MUM

Today we gather in spirit to celebrate the life of a remarkable daughter, Sandra Cheptoo. Though her time with us was far too brief, the impact she made on our hearts, our family, and all who knew her will never fade.





There are moments in life that leave us searching for words, moments when the heart carries emotions too deep to be expressed by language alone. Today, as I stand to honor and remember my beloved daughter Sandra Cheptoo, I find myself in such a moment.

Sandra was a shining light in every sense of the word; from the moment she entered our lives, she brought joy, laughter, and a depth of love that words can scarcely capture. Her smile could lift a room, and her kindness touched everyone who had the privilege of knowing her. I have been amazed by the number of people who have come home to condole with us; many I had never interacted with but showed up purely because of Sandra.

As her parent, I was constantly amazed by her curiosity, her intelligence, and her unwavering spirit. Sandra approached the world with courage and a strong belief in God. She diligently served in the worship ministry and never missed her Saturday praise and worship practice. I knew no peace on Saturday morning as I had to drop and pick her up from church after practice. I sincerely thank Chebet, my house

Manager, who stepped in for me when I wasn't able to drop her off for practice. I remember one time I had a rough week, and I promised to drop her to church. That particular day I was late to wake up, and she told Chebet, "Huyu boss yako anacheza sana na Mungu". At the risk of getting a sermonette from her, I grudgingly got out of bed and dropped her to church.

She had dreams, hopes, ambitions, and faced life with bravery that inspired all of us. She challenged me to enroll her in extra-curricular activities which would have been considered risky. Her bravery never deterred her; she enrolled in swimming and proceeded to win medals for her school. I vividly remember one incident where she developed an epileptic fit just after diving in the swimming pool; the coach realized that there was something amiss and dived in and brought her out of danger. I got that call while I was out of town. I was greatly conflicted and wondered whether to stop the swimming lessons, and Sandra could hear none of it. I never stopped the classes, and what gave me comfort was the assurance from her doctor that usually fits happen early in the morning or late in the evening when the drug levels are low, as

she took her drugs morning and evening. With God on our side and a resilient Sandra, we continued with our swimming hobby

Sandra loved swimming and found freedom in water; watching her swim was like watching someone completely at peace, enjoying one of God's most beautiful gifts. She loved skating and moved with confidence, joy and a sense of adventure. She also loved horse riding a passion that reflected her fearless spirit and her appreciation for God's creation. Whether she was gliding across the water, skating with excitement or riding a horse with confidence, Sandra lived each moment fully and wholeheartedly.

Sandra was truly a woman of courage and resilience. Life presents challenges to all of us, yet she faced her own journey with grace & determination. She taught me that strength is not measured by the absence of difficulties but by the courage to keep moving forward despite them. Through her example, she showed us what it means to persevere, to remain hopeful, and to face life's uncertainties with faith. As a daughter,

Sandra brought immeasurable pride to our family; she never pretended that what you saw is what you got. She loved deeply and never hesitated to call out issues when required to do so. I remember one time when I got very angry with her, and I gave her a mouthful and told her, "Sandra, you should honor your father and mother." She gave me a rejoinder and told me, "Parents do not provoke your children to anger, but discipline and instruct them in the Lord." That statement got me thinking of my role as a parent when it came to matters of discipline. I had never paid attention to the full verse; I was always very quick to use the part that favored me.

Above all else, Sandra loved God.

Her faith was not merely something she spoke about; it was something she lived. She found joy in worship and comfort in God's presence. Her love for worship was genuine and inspiring. Whether singing praises, praying, or simply expressing gratitude for God's blessings. Sandra's faith shone brightly. I will challenge myself to get into active Ministry in Nairobi Chapel



Ngong Hills in honor of her legacy. I cannot sing to save a soul, but I know God will lead me to a Ministry where my talent can serve the wider church. I also challenge my son Glenn to ensure Sandra's legacy lives on by joining active ministry. I challenge you to use your great writing and communication skills to serve in the hospitality ministry. Let her legacy continue through us. I say this here today so that Reverend Collins holds us accountable to this commitment.

She understood the importance of family and never failed to show love and appreciation to those who cared for her. Sandra would plan for Christmas in January; that is how much she treasured family and the great times she spent in both Othaya and Kapsabet over the holidays.

There are countless memories that I hold dear, moments of conversation, shared laughter, celebrations, challenges overcome together, and ordinary days that have now become extraordinary treasures. These memories are gifts that no one can take away. They remind me that although Sandra's earthly journey has ended, the love that we share remains alive.

The pain of losing a child is unlike any other sorrow. It leaves a space in the heart that can never be filled. There are days when the silence feels overwhelming, and the absence feels impossible to accept. Yet in grief there is gratitude. I am grateful that Sandra was part of our lives. I am grateful for every smile, every hug, every conversation, every lesson, and every moment we were blessed to share with her.

Sandra's life, though not as long as we wished, was meaningful and impactful. The measure of a life is not found in the number of years lived but in the love given, the lives touched, and the memories created. By that measure, Sandra lived a beautiful life; she loved deeply and enjoyed the things she liked deeply. It was interesting to note that she loved the oddest of foods, which would ideally not be favorites for children in her generation. She loved tea and could drink a whole thermos in one sitting. Interestingly, despite growing up on a tea farm, I do not take tea unless it has an accompaniment, and where it ends marks the end of my cup of tea. She loved vegetables of whatever nature and salads; mutura was also one of her favorite delicacies, hence the reason why she planned for Christmas in January. Plain yoghurt and mala were her favorite drinks. I think this is attributed to her strong ties with her family from Eldoret, the city of champions. Have I told you that she was also a talented sprinter? Perhaps if I had picked up her healthy food choices and sprinting escapades, I would be as petite as she was.

Your last days were deeply remarkable, which makes me confirm that God truly numbers our days. Towards the end of last year and the better part of this year Sandra had expressed deep interest in withdrawing her medication. This is usually done after a long period without any seizure occurrence, of course under strict doctor's review. Given her serious courage and can-do attitude, she gave me no peace to book an appointment with her regular Doctor. Whilst Sandra was looking forward to withdrawing the drugs, I was a little nervous as in previous years we had attempted to wean off the drugs with no success.

On May 22nd we went to her Doctor's Clinic in Aga Khan Hospital and, upon review, the Doctor thought that we could begin the process of withdrawing the drugs. He asked that we do several tests and return on June 27th to start the process of weaning off the drugs.

On Wednesday, June 3rd, I took Sandra to Nairobi Hospital to do the tests; we got to the hospital late in the afternoon only to realize that the tests were to be done at Aga Khan Hospital. I told her that we push out the test to Saturday and we proceeded to have late lunch together and went back home. The following day, I took her to get her school transport and she got back home that afternoon.

On June 5th when I went to wake Sandra up to go to school at around 4.40am, I found her non-responsive in her bed. My dear, words can never express how much you meant to me; you were loved beyond measure, cherished beyond words and treasured beyond imagination.

May your beautiful soul rest in eternal peace.

Jane Kariuki



TRIBUTES FROM THE FAMILY

Tribute to My Sister

Today, I remember and celebrate my sister, a person whose life was filled with laughter, love, determination, and unforgettable moments that will remain with us forever.

She had a special gift for asking the funniest and most unexpected questions. One of her favorites was asking when I was finally going to marry a girl called Jasmine. She never seemed to tire of bringing it up, and somehow she always managed to catch me off guard. She also had the ambitious dream of having ten children one day a goal that always left us wondering who on earth has that much time, energy, and patience! Yet she spoke about it with such confidence and excitement that you couldn't help but laugh and admire her enthusiasm.

What made her truly special was her sense of humor. No matter how upset you might have been, it was almost impossible to stay angry with her for long. She had a way of making people laugh, softening hearts, and turning tense moments into joyful ones. Her laughter and playful spirit brought warmth wherever she went.

She was also incredibly creative. Whether through art or her beautiful beadwork, she could transform simple materials into something meaningful and unique. Her creativity reflected the beauty of her imagination and the care she put into everything she created.

The kitchen was another place where her creativity shone though sometimes in ways that left us a little confused. She was an adventurous chef who came up with recipes that seemed strange, unusual, or even questionable at first. Yet she always believed



in them wholeheartedly, and somehow, to her, they were absolutely delicious. Those moments of curiosity, laughter, and shared meals are memories we will always treasure.

Beyond her humor and creativity, she was a woman of strong faith. She remained committed to church and to her beliefs, finding strength and purpose in her spiritual life. Her faith guided her through challenges and inspired those around her. She was also remarkably determined in her studies. Even when things became difficult and discouraging, she refused to give up. She worked hard, persevered, and continued pushing forward, teaching us the value of resilience and commitment. But perhaps what I will miss most are the simple moments that revealed her loving heart. She would hug me unexpectedly and tell me she loved me. She wanted

to see me succeed, to thrive, and to become the best version of myself. Her encouragement came not just through words but through genuine care and belief in my future.

My sister was funny, creative, faithful, determined, and deeply loving. She filled our lives with joy, laughter, and affection. Though she is no longer physically with us, the memories she created, the lessons she taught, and the love she shared will remain in our hearts forever.

We will always remember her laughter, cherish her hugs, smile at her endless questions, and be grateful for the love she gave so freely. Rest peacefully, dear sister. You are deeply loved, dearly missed, and forever remembered.

From Glenn Kipkemboi



I was heartbroken when I heard the news. I still have vivid memories of us making salads just last year. You were so excited about coming to Kapsabet this Christmas. We will forever miss you, Sandy

~ Keith Bungey.

I will miss your weekly calls. There are days you would call at midnight and expect me to have capacity for full-on conversations; I'm glad I picked up many of those calls, even if it was to say I will call you tomorrow. You loved your family deeply. Our social glue. You loved babies and babies loved you back. Oh Sandra, your life is full of many lessons. You had a way of bouncing back to joy after an argument; you were quick to apologize, and you hated strife. What a gem you are! You indeed belong to heaven where you are now.

**But you are our letter,
and you are in our hearts
for everyone to read and
understand.**

~ 2 Corinthians 3:2

You lived as a believer of Jesus ought to. Thank you for your authentic life. See you in heaven, Sandy.

Joy Ng'etich

**Lively, athletic, friendly,
expressive, and honest. A
precious gift from God.**

**From The Ng'etichs.
(Uncle Sim, Aunty Lydia
and family**

It was extremely difficult getting this news and being so far away. Sandy was the life of the party. She was the glue to the family, the one who kept everyone together and connected. We enjoyed the time we spent in Nairobi. It was the first time we got to experience how wonderful Sandy's energy was in person. One thing we'll miss is how blunt Sandy was. It was very funny, but it was also real. The people in your life who can be honest with you truly love you. We feel Sandy truly loved all of us. May she be with us wherever we go and may we carry Sandy's beautiful energy along with us.

Love, Jessica and Jonathan

Sandra was jovial and very curious. She liked to visit us every December holiday. She was a grateful and humble girl. Sandra was also talented. She liked making beads and drawing pictures during her free time. She was passionate about everything she did. Lastly, she was very social and used to interact with everyone, both the young and older people. I will truly miss her. May she rest in Eternal peace.

From cousin Fridah.

Sandra, you were a loving, caring, kind-hearted, and industrious gal. You brought so much joy and warmth to everyone around; you touched many lives through your humility, generosity, and genuine concern for others. Though words cannot fully express the pain of losing you, we thank God for the gift of your life and the beautiful memories. Thank you for the beautiful necklaces and bangles. May your legacy of love, kindness, and strength continue to inspire us all. You will forever be remembered, loved, and missed. Rest in eternal peace Cheptoo. With heartfelt condolences,

Ken & Peris Family.

Death doesn't knock. Yours was unexpected. Not much I can say but accept. You were a source of joy and unity in the family. Always thought ahead and made sure things were running or going to work well. Your gifted hands made us beadwork we now live to cherish and reminisce about your times with us. Your grandparents loved you, and so did we. Rest well Sandy.

Aunty Nancy Mugun



TRIBUTE FROM AUNTY WANJIRU AND COUSINS MUREITHI AND SHIKU

Goodbye Sandy, our candle in the wind. The days ahead will feel empty without your beaming smile, yet your light will never fade. You lived a life that brought joy and warmth to all who knew you. Your grace was something we all aspired to, and your presence blessed everyone around you. Looking back on the memories we shared, we see a life deeply loved and a love that lived inside of you. We will forever cherish the laughter and the good times we shared. If we could have one more chance, one more dance with you, we would choose a song that never ends. Though we could never have known you'd leave us so soon, your spirit will continue to shine brightly in our hearts. Your candle may have burned out far too early, but your legend will never dim. Now your beautiful soul rests in heaven; free, eternal, and at peace. Au revoir à jamais, Sandy.



TRIBUTE FROM AUNTY PHYLLIS AND UNCLE ANTHONY



Sandra, words cannot fully express the emptiness you have left behind. To us, you were more than a niece; you were a daughter, a dear friend, and a cherished member of our home. You held a special place in our hearts and in our family. You loved deeply and wholeheartedly, and whether one was ready to listen or not, you always spoke your mind with openness and honesty. Time seemed different in your world. Whenever you had something important to communicate, it was not unusual to receive your calls late into the night.

Whenever your mother declined to buy you anything you wanted, you would quickly call me and ask me either to speak to her on your behalf, or to get it for you myself, saying, "Tell my mother, or just buy it for me." That was your way: direct, sincere, and full of character. Sandra had a wonderful sense of humor and a beautiful imagination. In her own words, she would say, "I will be a very good mother. I will give my children everything they want. I will not say no. I will have ten children, and my house will be very big, with eighty rooms."

That was Sandra: bold, expressive, and full of dreams.

On Sundays after church, she would sometimes quietly disappear from her mother's car because she knew she could persuade us to get roast meat, mutura, soup, and as many eggs as she could negotiate. At the supermarket, her favorites were always chocolate and chewing gum. If she accompanied you, these were a must. These small moments captured her joyful spirit and her love for life's simple pleasures. About a month ago, she spoke to Uncle Anthony and said, "Uncle Anthony, Guka is in heaven; we shall see him soon." Uncle Anthony offered her reassurance and comfort at that moment.

Whenever family plans were shared in advance, she would call every day, sometimes even twice a day, to ask about them. She had even started asking about Guka's memorial, which is scheduled for next year: what we would wear, what we would eat, where we would stay, and who else would be there. Sandra was very bold. She loved singing and dancing, and she even took to singing Kikuyu worship songs that many of us did not know, including songs by Betty Bayo, Philip Kimani, Ben Githae, and Shiru wa GP, as well as Kalenjin worship songs. She would sing as we drove, and during family gatherings, she would often ask to sing and dance.

She had a passion for bead craft. She would hide her bead bracelets and necklaces in the car and bring them out in church. She would then confidently knock on different car windows to sell them without fear. She made many friends whom we did not even know, and we were truly surprised by the number of people who came home on Sunday. From their testimonies, it was

clear that each of them had a personal relationship with her, and this touched us deeply. She would greet you with a firm handshake. When you saw her coming, you knew you had to stand firmly because she would give you a strong hug or a gota (knuckle-to-knuckle greeting). Sandy, we could say so much more, but we have accepted your transition. You could have done better, as you always said, by letting us know that you were going. We are confident that we shall meet again, because you loved the Lord. Till we meet again.

TRIBUTE FROM COUSINS

“We search the sky in this time, but the butterflies respond.”

Some people pass through this world quietly, leaving only a faint trace behind. And then there are people like Sandra, people whose presence fills every room they enter, whose laughter lingers long after they have gone, whose way of living leaves a permanent mark on everyone fortunate enough to have known them. Sandra was the latter. Entirely, unmistakably the latter. She did not need to be loud to be felt. She did not need to announce herself. She simply arrived with her warmth, her quirks, her openness, and the room was different for it. Better for it. She carried a quiet magnetism that drew people in, and once you were in Sandra’s orbit, you stayed there willingly.

Sandra had a way of reaching out through the people she loved. There is a particular kind of trust in asking someone to carry your words for you, to pass a message, to speak on your behalf, and to bridge a small but meaningful distance. She trusted me with that. She would ask me to tell her mum what she needed: clothes, small personal

items, and the everyday essentials that matter when you are finding your way. It was never a burden; it was an honor. It meant she had let me in, and I have held that close ever since.

She noticed the world around her with a quiet, eager attention. She watched the things others did and felt the pull of wanting to experience them too: getting her nails done, dressing well, showing up to places, and feeling at home. These were not acts of imitation; they were acts of living. Sandra wanted to taste all of life’s small pleasures, to participate fully, and to belong wherever she found herself. And she did. Not because she molded herself to fit in, but because her warmth was the kind that opened doors without knocking. People simply made room for Sandra.

Her mornings were never complete without tea. It was as much a part of her as her name. There was something deeply Sandra about the ritual of it: the warmth, the patience, and the quiet comfort of a cup held in both hands. It was a small thing, and yet it said everything about a woman who knew how to find peace in the ordinary, who understood that the best moments in life are often the ones nobody photographs.

And then there were her passions: singing, dancing, cooking, and swimming. Oh, the way she pursued them. There was no instruction manual for Sandra to do these things. She sang the way she felt like singing. She danced the way her body moved. She cooked with a combination of instinct, boldness, and a complete disregard for what anyone else might expect the result to taste like. It was always the Sandra version. And, in her mind, the Sandra version was always the better one: more alive, more joyful, and more real than

anything you might find in a recipe book or a YouTube tutorial. To watch her was to be reminded that the whole point of doing something you love is to do it your way.

I remember us going swimming as children. Since we were both swimmers, she would always beat me in a race. I would tell her, "Let us go again," again and again. In my mind, I always thought that I would eventually beat her and say, "I finally beat you in a race." But each race only seemed to make her faster and faster.

Her relationship with food, in particular, was a whole world unto itself. She put together combinations that would give a chef pause: flavors that seemed unlikely partners on paper, meals that made you tilt your head and wonder, and then, once you got to know her, somehow made sense. She would always insist on making you a sandwich, not to your liking, but to hers because, of course, Sandra would eat that. Of course, she would find something wonderful where others saw only the strange. She approached food the same way she approached life: with curiosity, without apology, and with an openness to discovering that the thing everyone else overlooked was actually the most interesting in the room.

And she paid attention to everyone. One of the most enduring things about Sandra, the thing that will stay with those who loved her long after the grief has softened, was the way she greeted people. Morning, noon, or the still hours of the night: if she encountered you, she stopped. She looked at you. She said hello, and she asked how you were, and she meant it. Not as a formality. Not as a courtesy. She genuinely wanted to know. In a world that moves too fast for sincerity, Sandra insisted on it. Every single time.

She was not trying to be memorable. She was simply being herself fully, generously, without reservation. And in doing so, she became one of those rare people who change the texture of your days simply by being in them. The ones whose absence, when it comes, feels like the world has lost something it cannot replace. We search the sky in this time, and the sky is quieter than we would like. But the butterflies respond. They carry her, in the flutter at the edge of your vision, in the unexpected beauty of an ordinary afternoon, in the warmth that finds you when you least expect it and most need it. Rest well, Sandra. Lastly, you did life beautifully and entirely your own way. We would not have wanted it any other way.

Amani Wambui

Sandra was the kind of person you did not realize you needed until she was already part of your life, and then you could not imagine it without her. She moved through the world with a warmth that felt effortless and a personality that belonged to no one but her. She wanted what everyone wants: to be included, to be loved, and to enjoy the small pleasures of life. But she pursued all of it in a way that was unmistakably her own. Her days began with tea and ended with tea, whatever mood the evening called for: singing, dancing, cooking something that would raise an eyebrow and warm a heart. Her food was a reflection of her spirit: unexpected, bold, and somehow exactly right once you understood it was Sandra who made it.

Animals were drawn to Sandra, and she to them, in the way that only the gentlest souls seem to attract creatures who sense something safe and true. She had a tenderness with them that words could not quite capture: a patience, softness,

and a willingness to simply sit with them and let them know they were loved. Sandra saw the life in every creature and treated it with the same quiet respect she brought to everything she cared about. I had been afraid of dogs for the longest time, but Sandra always kept the dogs away from me until I was comfortable. I will always remember how she cared for me. She asked after everyone at any hour, without fail, and she always, always meant it. A hello from Sandra carried weight. It told you that you mattered. She did life her way. Quietly unconventional. Entirely herself. And we are richer for every moment she shared with us. Fly free, Sandra. We shall meet again at God's feet.

Sifa Wanjira

Sandra, I couldn't be more devastated. We lost you so soon. Despite losing you physically, I will always carry with me the memories we created whenever we had opportunities to spend time together. You were fun to be around, as there was rarely a dull moment being around you. Although I may never fully come to terms with losing you, I'll always cherish the free spirit that you were. You were also bold and unassuming and always ready to advocate for yourself regardless of the situation.

You were one of the greatest cousins to ever spend time with, and you were so curious about life in America and how I'm doing with school, life, and so much more. I'll remember nostalgically your ability to make time for the phone calls we shared despite our drastically different time zones. I will forever cherish all the memories we made together. Rest well, Sandy, love you so very much.

Angela

TRIBUTE FROM UNCLE

The news of the passing on of my niece, Sandra Mugun, hit me hard. I couldn't believe that the little girl who tagged on my shirt sleeve as a kid; the happy, lively girl we all welcomed into this world just 24 years ago, is no more. It was shocking news. There have been several tributes about Sandra by both friends and family—her joy, her sense of humor, her lovely smile, and good manners. For me, it was her heart, her kindness, and the ease with which she navigated life and its challenges that touched me. That is what I will forever remember about Sandra because her calm demeanor and radiant smile were often all that was needed to put everyone at ease. Her resilience and determination left lessons that we all can learn from.

She was a gem, and losing her at such a tender age is tragic not just to her immediate family but also for those of us who had the privilege to be part of her extended family. I know, Sandra, that I did not spend nearly as much time with you as I would have liked, but I will cherish the moments we had together. Being your uncle was a highlight in my life, and I thank God for that. Fare thee well, my dear niece, until the promised time when we will all be together again. Thank you.

Mwangi

TRIBUTE FROM AUNTYS

Sandra had a smile that could light up anyone's heart and instantly lift spirits. Her presence brought joy, and her laughter was contagious. She had a special way of making me feel welcomed and happy simply by being herself. One of the things I looked forward to every day was seeing her social media posts: exercising, dancing,

or even speaking her mind. Whether she realized it or not, she brightened my days through her energy. Sandra, you will always be remembered, always be loved, and never be forgotten. Your beautiful smile, vibrant spirit, and the happiness you shared with us will live on in our hearts forever. I love you, and God loved you more.

Joyce

TRIBUTE FROM KUI KALINGA (JANE'S FRIEND)

Sandy lived her life with warmth, kindness, and a quiet strength and joy that touched everyone around her. From my own experiences with her, and from the beautiful dedications I have heard over the past week, it is clear that Sandy was constantly teaching those around her through her actions. She showed us all that love and generosity are never wasted. I feel incredibly lucky to have met her and to have gotten to know her. Her smile was a light straight from her heart, and her laughter and spirit truly set her apart.

We were friends on Facebook and Instagram, which gave me a front-row

seat to her passions. When she developed her love for cooking, she would send me so many pictures of the meals she prepared. She always added a chef's touch to the presentation, especially when drizzling mustard all over her salads with pure flair! She also loved sending me her dance videos set to praise music. The entire house was her studio she would film herself dancing in the kitchen, her bedroom, and the living room. I also fondly remember the many times I spoke to Jane on the phone; Sandy would always want to hop on the line to chat with me too, always bursting with so many stories.

Though Sandy is no longer physically here, what she shared with all of us and the way she touched our lives will stay forever. We celebrate a beautiful soul who lived life to the very fullest. Sandy gave more love than most, and her legacy of kindness will continue to echo in our hearts and inspire us every single day. While our hearts ache in sadness, we are profoundly grateful for the time we shared and the memories that will never fade. May she rest peacefully in God's loving care.

Auntie Kui

TRIBUTE FROM PISTIS SCHOOL

Tribute to Sandra Cheptoo

Today we have come together to celebrate the life of Sandra Cheptoo, a friend and classmate whom we loved so much. Sandra was a joyful person whose laughter could brighten anyone's day. Whenever she walked into a room, her confidence and positive energy made her stand out. She was never afraid to be herself and always spoke her mind with courage. Sandra got along well with others because she was kind, caring, and understanding. She knew how to make people feel welcome and was willing to forgive and help those around her. Her beautiful smile would always light up a room. She was passionate about learning and always worked hard, even when things were difficult. Sandra never gave up easily and always tried her best to understand (especially mathematics)!

Although Sandra is no longer with us, the memories we shared with her will stay in our hearts forever. We find comfort in the words of Luke 23:43: "Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in paradise!" We believe that Sandra is now resting peacefully with the LORD in paradise.

Sandra Cheptoo was a rare gem who will always be remembered and cherished. Rest In Peace, Sandra. We Will Never Ever Ever Forget You.

INDIVIDUAL TRIBUTES FROM HER CLASS

Psalm 147:3 – He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

Matthew 5:4 – Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Numbers 6:26 –
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

John 14:16 – And I will pray to the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever.

Philippians 4:7 – And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.



To Sandra's Family.

We are praying for God to comfort you and hold you fast. All our days are known to him, and those are the days He ordained for Sandra. Comfort! Comfort!

Teacher Faith

I pray that God may comfort Sandra's family in her absence. It is my prayer that we will be able to meet with Sandra in the resurrection morning and together experience the actions of Revelation 21:4.

Teacher Mongare

Dear Jane
The Lord is with you and forever will be. May He bless you and provide for you. He has given blessings upon you. And even in this hard time, He has not given up on you. The Lord keep you!

Hello Mama Sandra,
I cannot attempt to imagine what you are going through right now. No parent should ever have to bury his/her child. It should be the other way around. Nevertheless, God's will has prevailed. May you find comfort in the fact that even in the worst situations, God still cares. He knows what you are feeling. Grace be unto you.

Teacher Enock, Falcon's Supervisor.

Dear Parents,
May the Lord strengthen you, bless you, and love you. Be strong and tough.

Janice.

Dear Mama Sandra,
My heart aches with yours. Sandra brought so much light into this world and I'll always remember her kind and positive attitude. May God strengthen you during this difficult moment and may her soul find solace in the LORD. Holding you greatly.

Teacher Metred.

May the Lord bless you and keep you and heal you of your sorrows. I know that she is safe and that I wish for her to rest in peace.

Daudi.

Sandra was a good friend of mine. She used to call me 'mother of seven.' She used to be very sure that the van would pick her up at 7:40 am and the driver would call her at 7:40 am. We used to have a good time with her in the van. She was always concerned about the other pupils who were with her in the van. May she shine with the angels.

Transport Crew. Teacher Monica.

Those we love don't go away, they walk beside us every day. Unseen, unheard but always near, still loved, still missed and very dear. Go well Sandra. Till we meet again!!!

Teacher Doris

From Doves Learning Centre
You were like a dove. Peace flowed like a river in your heart. You were quick to say thank you and always said sorry in case of an offence. You will forever be in our hearts. John 14:27 is the portion to your family.

Teacher Mwaura

I comfort the family of Sandra. She was my friend. May she rest in peace. Revelation 21:4 May God continue to strengthen you and give you grace during this hard time.

Joy Machiri

Dear Mugun Family
During this tough moment in your lives, I pray that you find comfort in the Lord.

Your daughter will be truly missed. Having her in our lives was a true blessing. May the grace of God be with you.

Lemira

Sandra is in a better place now. The Lord will comfort you in your distress.

Shiku

Sandra was precious and a gift to us. May God comfort and strengthen you as family and uphold you with His righteous right hand. Psalm 46: 10 Be still and know He is God. He is Faithful.

Amanda

Teacher Caro

Dear Mama Sandra
I hope you have many more years to live a happy life. Sandra will always be in your heart no matter what. God is watching over you. I hope you get better soon. Love,

Asa Muthoni.

I am sincerely sorry for your loss. I know it's hard but God will give you faith and strength to get through it. GOD BLESS YOU.

Shiku Machiri

Though words cannot take away your pain, please know that Sandra was deeply loved and appreciated. May God comfort you and give you peace during this difficult time.

From Currie.

May God give you peace as you go through this dark time.

From Shalom

Dear Mugun Family

As you go through this tough time, just know that my thoughts and prayers are with you.

Joshua.

Sandra was a unique soul that brought joy to all around her. My heart breaks knowing that she's no more. I pray that God takes her to a better place. We loved her dearly.

Shiko

From Mercy

May God extend His grace upon your family. That even in this hard time, that you can get through it. Isaiah 26:3.

To the family of Sandra,
May God be with you and give you strength through this difficult season. My thoughts and prayers are with you. We will all miss Sandra.

Yeshua

The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face shine upon you and be gracious to you, The Lord turn His face towards you and give you peace.

Zuri.

Sandra was a great friend and I hope you heal. Losing someone is hard and I hope God helps you through this hard time. We wish you all the best in life and I hope God blesses you.

Samantha

May God bless you.

From Zura

To Sandra's family
During this time, please know that my thoughts and prayers are with you. May you find comfort in the love that surrounds you

and strength in the cherished memories of Sandra.

From Irene.

May God be with you during these dark days. I know it must be hard for you to keep going right now. I would tell you a joke about a girl who only eats plants to cheer you up. But you probably haven't heard of her-bivore. We will all miss Sandra. Sincerely,

Cheruto.

Dear Mugun Family

We are greatly grieved with the passing on of Sandra, our classmate and our friend. She will always be remembered for her positivity and friendliness. I pray that God will keep and strengthen you during this difficult time.

From Lanya

May the Lord help you in this difficult time

MJ

Dear Mugun Family,
Sandra brought life to school. Not only to school but in our daily lives in school. I pray God gives you peace in this time of trouble. We will all remember how generous she was, how kind she was and how cheerful she was. I believe God will help us in this time of grief. I pray this verse gives you comfort, 2 Corinthians 1:3-4. Yours Truly

Noella Njeri

Losing an amazing soul like Sandra is sad to hear. She was joyful, caring and loveable. We will miss her so much. may her soul rest in eternal peace.

Osler.

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God: to comfort all that mourn. Isaiah 60:2

Imani

It shall be well. She is in a better place.

May

From Diane

Thank you for sharing Sandra with us. She was a wonderful friend and classmate who touched many lives. We will always remember her kindness, laughter, and beautiful spirit. Keeping you in our prayers. During this time of pain and sorrow, God's light will shine upon you and your family.

Sibu.

She may be gone, but I'm sure she would want us to be strong.

Zara.

INDIVIDUAL TRIBUTES FROM OTHER SCHOOLMATES

Sandra was one of the few students in Pistis who would do everything with a smile on her face. Whenever she'd play with us, whenever the school had debates, even when she'd get Re-dos in her PACES. The week before last week, we (girls) were playing handball, she was in my team, and whenever the other team got the ball, she stayed optimistic. She'd say 'Don't worry! We'll get it back!' Throughout the game she was positive. Last week when she saw my sister in a cast, she was very concerned. She was such a blessing to us.

Cera.

Sandra was a good person. She would ask you for a pencil or rubber and she would return it after. It's so sad she passed away while sleeping. She was godly, generous, God fearing, sharing, funny, caring and friendly. She was helpful and grateful.

Amos Kipyegon

I am very sad about Sandra's passing. May she rest in peace in heaven always. Sandra was very very nice, generous, kind, caring, sharing, God fearing, funny and grateful. She used to tell me Hi and used to tell me to have a good day. And she was faithful.

Adrian.

TRIBUTE FROM NAIROBI CHAPEL NGONG HILLS - CLUB FUSION

Today, we gather with heavy hearts as we remember and celebrate the life of our dear Sandra, a beloved member of Club Fusion, our teens and students' church family. Sandra was more than just a member. She was a friend, a true worshipper, and a faithful servant of God. She served diligently in the worship team, and her commitment was evident in everything she did. She was always on time and never wanted to miss a service, practice, or gathering. If for any reason she could not make it, she would always send me a message beforehand. Her faithfulness and sense of responsibility were remarkable for someone so young. Anyone who served alongside Sandra in worship knows how much she loved to sing. She always wanted the louder microphone, and we would often have to turn it down because her voice would rise above the rest of the team. Yet that was simply Sandra.

She sang with all her heart. What always amazed me was how she never seemed to go off key. She loved worship, and she gave her very best whenever she stood before God. Sandra also had a special love for tea. Whenever she came to church, there was a good chance you would find her in the kitchen looking for Daisy and asking for a cup of tea. Those small moments now bring smiles to our faces as we remember her. One of Sandra's greatest gifts was the way she loved people. She never missed an opportunity to greet someone, ask how they were doing, or offer a warm hug. She would stay with your hand for a minute. If Sandra greeted you, she genuinely wanted to know how your week had been. She was always smiling, always engaging, and always making people feel seen and valued.

She also loved beauty and creativity. I remember one day she came for worship wearing several ornaments. When I asked her about them, she confidently told me that she wore them because God sees her, not because she was trying to impress people. We still had to reduce a few of them before the service, and without complaint, she willingly obeyed and collected them afterward. That was Sandra; humble, teachable, and obedient.

Sandra carried a calm and peaceful spirit. She brought warmth wherever she went. We will miss the many times she eagerly raised her hand to answer a question, or even ask one while the sermon was still

going on. She was curious about her faith. She wanted to understand God's Word. She was never afraid to seek clarity about what was being taught because she genuinely desired to grow closer to God.

One conversation with Sandra remains especially precious to me. In her final weeks, I asked her, "Sandra, I see you faithfully attending worship and practice every day without fail, but are you born again?" Without hesitation, she looked at me and replied, "Yes." That simple answer gives us hope today. While we mourn her absence, we do not grieve without hope. We take comfort in knowing that Sandra confessed her faith in Jesus Christ, and because of that, we look forward to the day when we shall see her again in glory. As Club Fusion, we have lost a faithful member. The worship team has lost a gifted singer. Many have lost a dear friend. But heaven has welcomed a worshipper whose song will never end.

Sandra, thank you for your faithfulness, your joy, your hugs, your questions, your beautiful smile, and your love for God and His people. You will be deeply missed, lovingly remembered, and forever treasured in our hearts. Rest in peace, Sandra. Till we meet again in the presence of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. May the Lord comfort Sandra's family, friends, and the entire Club Fusion community during this difficult season. Amen.



HYMNS

LET PRAISES RISE

We love You, Lord
And our hearts sing to You, Lord
You're Holy, God

Let praises rise from the inside
From the inside of me
May You delight in the inside
In the inside of me
Come fill my life from the inside
From the inside of me
Set me on fire from the inside
From the inside of me

*'Cause all I want
Is for You
For You to be glorified
For You to be lifted high
All I want
Is for You
For You to be glorified
For You to be lifted high*

Let's sing it out
Let praises rise from the inside
From the inside of me
May You delight in the inside
In the inside of me
Come fill my life from the inside
From the inside of me
Set me on fire from the inside
From the inside of me

We Worship You Today
Darwin Hobbs
You Covered Me
Timothy Reddick

*'Cause all I want
Is for You
For You to be glorified
For You to be lifted high
All I want
Is for You
For You to be glorified
For You to be lifted high
All I want
Is for You
For You to be glorified
For You to be lifted high
All I want
Is for You
For You to be glorified
For You to be lifted high*

Fill my life till all they see is You, Lord
Glorify Your name
Fill my heart till all they see is You, Lord
Glorify Your name
Fill my life till all they see is You, Lord
Glorify Your name
Fill my heart till all they see is You, Lord
Glorify Your name

Lord, we worship You

*Declare this with me tonight
All I want
Is for You
For You to be glorified
For You to be lifted high
All I want
Is for You
For You to be glorified
For You to be lifted high
Jesus*

BWANA NI MCHUNGAJI WANGU

Bwana ni mchungaji wangu
 Sitapungukiwa kitu
 Hunilaza kwenye majani
 mabichi
 Hunongoza kwa maji matulivu
 Hunihuisha nafsi yangu
 Huniongoza kwa njia za haki
 Nipitapo bondeni mwa mauti
 Sitaogopa wewe u nami

Hakika wema nazo fadhili
 Zitanifuata mimi
 Nitakaa nyumbani mwa bwana
 Siku zote za maisha yangu

Hakika wema nazo fadhili
 Zitanifuata mimi
 Nitakaa nyumbani mwa bwana
 Siku zote za maisha yangu

Hakika wema nazo fadhili
 Zitanifuata mimi
 Nitakaa nyumbani mwa bwana
 Siku zote za maisha yangu
 Nitakaa nyumbani mwa bwana
 Siku zote za maisha yangu

Gongo lako na fimbo yako
 Vinanifariji mimi
 Waandaa meza mbele yangu
 Machoni pa watesi wangu

Hakika wema nazo fadhili
 Zitanifuata mimi
 Nitakaa nyumbani mwa bwana
 Siku zote za maisha yangu

Hakika wema nazo fadhili
 Zitanifuata mimi
 Nitakaa nyumbani mwa bwana
 Siku zote za maisha yangu
 Nitakaa nyumbani mwa bwana
 Siku zote za maisha yangu
 Nitakaa nyumbani mwa bwana...

MBELE NINAENDELEA

Mbele ninaendelea ninazidi,
 kutembea maombi uyasikie,
 Ee Bwana unipandishe.

Ee Bwana uniinue,
 Kwa imani nisimame,
 Nipande milima yote,
 Ee Bwana unipandishe .

Sina tamani nikae, mahali,
 pa shaka kamwe,
 Hapo wengi wanakaa,

kuendelea naomba
 Nisikae duniani,
 ni mahali pa shetani,
 Natazamia mbinguni,
 aita fika kwa imani

Nataka nipandishwe,
 juu zaidi yale mawingu,
 Nitaomba nifikishe,
 Ee Bwana unipandishe.

IT IS WELL

When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot Thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul!"

It is well with my soul!
It is well,
it is well with my soul!

Though Satan should buffet,
though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin oh, the bliss of this glorious thought
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His Cross,
and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For me, be it Christ,
be it Christ hence to live;
If dark hours about me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine,
for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

