



Tributes

CELEBRATION OF LIFE
PROFESSOR RACHEL BOLAJI ASAGBA
1953 - 2021



Tributes

My beloved mother, it is way too soon for this. But who am I to question God?

It is extremely hard to come to terms with the fact that you will no longer be around as I navigate through the corridors of life.

Over the years, you have proven that you are not just a great mother, but a wonderful, thoughtful, understanding, patient, humble, caring friend, confidant and guide.

It still amazes me how many countries you had visited and resided in, cultures decoded, and languages spoken. You left lasting memories everywhere you went. You were a true Nigerian ambassador extraordinaire; you had a knack of carrying a little bit of Nigerian along with you as you explored the world. You were proudly Nigerian.

I am still in awe about the volume and versatility of your written work. Books and journals written in both English and German. You had a passion for reading, writing and conducting research. This was evident in how you annexed our football pitch at the house and chose to construct your medical centre/office with your personal in-built library. I can still remember how upset I was at the time...well, that was until I realised that I never had to mow the lawn again!

You have always been years ahead of your time. I remember how you started offering counselling and dietary consultations in Ibadan, Oyo State back in the early 90's, out of a leased office space at Agbowo. Of course, there was not much awareness on diabetes and general mental health issues at the time. When the limited resources at hand could not sustain the running of the centre, you decided to move your office to the house. Despite the near non-existent generated revenue, you resolved to keep the centre alive. You wanted to make a difference in the community at all cost.

You were a visionary. I can remember how you forced me to go to a typing school right after high school. This was long before the advent of computers. At the time, I could not understand why and/or what I needed keyboard skills for. I remember how we argued about this for days. But you always had a way of ensuring that I fell in line. This skill eventually proved invaluable all through my working career and till date.

Mom was a real iron lady. The slippers were never too far from her reach. She never accommodated naughtiness.... Well, this was until she became a granny. It still amuses me how my 'Iron lady' mother metamorphosed into a gentle grandma.

I was a beneficiary of your home-built library Mom. Most of the reviews and research information I used while studying for a BSc in Human Nutrition at the University of Ibadan were from books and journals obtained from your library.

I can still remember the banter and discussions we used to have in the kitchen during family meals, when I used to argue with you about principles and recent discoveries in the field of Nutrition & Dietetics. You always remained informed and abreast of the latest developments. I was young and smart at the time, but you were still the guru!

We had been through a lot together. So many difficult moments, challenges and disappointments. Especially the disappointment. It was hard and then we lost Bola. I am sorry you had to go through all that stuff. Nevertheless, I am so glad you found Christ. Even when everything seemed hopeless and



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chaotic you kept the faith. You taught me to always be thankful to God whatever the situation. I am heartbroken. We have tons of uncompleted work. Plans yet to execute. But alas, God knows best. This world is clearly not our own, we are just passing through. I am convinced that you have gone to a better place. A place where there are no more tears, no more sorrow and no more suffering. Where all the beautiful Angels constantly sing joyfully and praise the Lord. Where no one gets old and holiness reigns supreme. May your gentle soul rest in peace. I love you Mom. You rocked!

Tundebola Asagba (Son)

I think my mother had always been a geek. She told me she'd insisted on starting school even when she wasn't old enough to meet the criteria (her arm was unable to extend over her head to touch the opposite ear). Well, she fussed and pushed and would tag along when the older ones went to school. Eventually, her persistence paid off and she started school early! But it wasn't all about studying for her as she was quite the life of the party with several school children and many friends. I once stumbled on a newspaper clipping of her 18th birthday celebration that had made regional news!

After high school in Owo and a stint at a government job in Ibadan, she toed the line of her dear half-brothers and decided to study in Torino, Italy. Here, she learned to speak Italian fluently and she earned her first degree while exploring some parts of Europe. I've heard stories from multiple sources about how after her return, she joined the University College Hospital as a confident dietitian who held her own during professional communications within doctor-led multidisciplinary teams. And when the family moved to the US, she took on a doubletrack masters program while steadily working at two jobs and helping to raise a family!

She was relentless. She wouldn't mind seeking advice or running ideas by others but if she was convinced about something, she'd pursue it till there was physically nowhere else to go. And she was thorough. She had extra copies of every single thing...in case. If she had to do anything at all, it had to be done well. I could never understand, for instance, why items needed to be cleaned first before handing it over to the repairman. But she would insist. We also kept a mental stock of grocery items in the house so we never ran out unexpectedly. It later became my responsibility!

I'm grateful a dear cousin mentioned to me years ago that reading her books made him realise how high my mother's IQ must be. Suddenly, many of her quirks began to make more sense to me. Truly, my mother is one of the most intelligent people I have ever met with a drive that is hard to ignore. It even showed up in the way she walked. She was so fast that I was always running to catch up, particularly when I was much younger! My mom had experienced a lot of struggles but also overcame a lot. She was not perfect but she cared deeply and loved to give advice from a different perspective.

You could not shake her patriotism to Nigeria or Pan-African views. She could not imagine permanently residing in any place else. She had no other identity. She dreamt of nothing less than a better motherland and despite worsening situations, she held on. I used to think she was a hopeless idealist, but now, I realise she simply could not call any other place home so she had no choice but to keep doing whatever she could, regardless of how frustrating it was or how little difference it seemed to make in the long run. She was a quiet activist. That was her calling. That is what she lived and died for.

She was extremely witty and when she laughed, she heaved so hard and would often end up tearing up,

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face slightly reddened and struggling to breathe. And she had some really good original jokes that came out when you least expected it! She also had a natural keen sense of intuition and was a truly spiritual person and most importantly, a believer in Jesus Christ. Spirituality may be a buzzword now but there was a time when it was scoffed at in the world of psychology and mental health. It was however not so with logotherapy, which had always given the noetic dimension its key place without any religious bias. This was a major reason my mother embraced the field.

I particularly admired her ability to do the conventional in her unconventional way. She was an introvert who made the conscious decision to be present in other peoples' lives and connect in the way she chose to. I never understood it. I wonder why expend energy keeping in touch, when either party can simply reach out at any point they need to? I also had several mini-rants that I went on any time we broached the topic of ceremonial events. If you prefer your own company, why go through the hassle to attend events and spend money to make other people happy when you can just stay at home and chill? Why do people throw big parties when they don't know half the guests? Her responses were always along these lines: 'Ahn ahn. you cannot do that. It's not good, o. We are communal people'. And I'd simply roll my eyes as usual.

She worried about her students and how to help them love their courses so it wasn't just about passing and getting the degree. Her course materials were regularly updated and she went out of her way to make their learning more practical-oriented and engaging.

She was always curious. Her house is actually a library that she also happened to live in! Every corner has stacks of books and educational materials across wide topics. Some mothers litter their homes with clothes; mine left books on every possible surface, including her bed. She never took a day off learning! Never. She'd completely lose herself while reading and she often spent the entire day completing an online course or searching for new material. Neither did she ever take holidays! She could stop by and spend some time with family and friends but her main goal, whenever she traveled, was to attend a conference, conduct some research or pursue collaborations.

She did not own any makeup or use cosmetics beyond good ol' petroleum jelly, and she only wore her self-styled African fabric. Changing her car, getting a new house, jewelry or fashion were hardly ever considered. All she wanted was comfortable shoes to support her habit of walking instead of driving for short trips (for instance, on campus). Although these walks often went beyond 20 minutes, they helped keep her fit. She was also always on the lookout for a huge every-day handbag with enough layers to keep all her stuff organized. Her diet was simple and predictable but healthy. So all her funds basically went into research and helping others out.

Mom was a walking bag of amazing ideas in an environment that had neither the will nor the commitment to solve its own issues. She had so many books to write, so many studies to carry out. She wanted to help teenagers and young adults prevent/overcome drug abuse. She wanted to offer counselling for breast cancer patients and survivors. She had enormous dreams. And to be honest, she supported mine as well. In 2014, she contributed to and attended the TV gameshow pilot I'd created and produced, even though it didn't work out as I envisioned. And recently when I shared a medium-term goal of mine shyly, her encouragement was unequivocal!

I remember being embarrassed when my mother would wear matching outfits with me and take me everywhere with her, including visits to her (mostly older) friends! While she taught me how to do



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chores, she virtually allowed me the freedom to determine when and how to get them done. I was also permitted to do as many kitchen experiments as possible. During my teenage angst phase, our typical arguments would almost lead to us accusing each other of using specific defense mechanisms. I cringe when I remember screaming something like 'you're projecting your own feelings unto me' and she could yell back 'what kind of rationalization is that?'. Lol. Conversely, whenever I described how I had handled an issue, she could remark, 'That is dereflection. You're already a logotherapist'. We had so many private jokes!

My mom was the only 'fitfam' parent I knew back then and it was so annoying that I could only take water to school with a snack! Soda could only be consumed on occasion and we had low-sugar, low-fat home-baked treats. Well, I did not mind that protein needed to be substantial for us growing kids/adolescents and we always ate fresh vegetables. However, fruits were the only acceptable dessert or snack. She would also patiently explain how chemical relaxers could be harmful to kids in primary or early secondary school and the effect of tight heavy braids, their tender scalps or hairlines. Obviously, I was not pleased because I had the toughest hair texture and my scalp hurt so bad each time my hair got touched. Well, I don't regret waiting till I was more mature to straighten my own hair, then I did texturizers before going all out with relaxers. And, guess who is currently all natural?! I also recall how her telling me not to touch railings or bannisters, especially during visits to UCH, made it all too tempting. Which kid likes to get lectured about germs all the time and told to wash their hands frequently? lol. When it's cold, she would emphasize the need to protect key parts of the body (she still gave me this warning recently). I imagine I'm going to still keep hearing your voice reminding me to behave myself at all times.

I was her personal assistant, proposal writer, professional editor and driver for her work in UI and her private practice (which I doubt she ever made any money from). These roles gave me excellent planning, budgeting and project management skills that I still utilize at work and in life. I recall my first experience with research at around age 11 when I helped her administer logotest based questionnaires to UI students and then coded them by hand toward her PhD. The holiday job was to help draft proposals, edit and send her correspondences and proofread papers. She usually paid me and would often borrow some back, because she'd insisted 'I was richer than her'. Haha.

Sometimes, my mother had two separate rules for the same thing: For instance, I could give/collect stuff from her stuff using my left hand at home. She would however remind me not to do so 'outside', especially with money at the market or in public transport because it's a huge no-no in Yoruba culture.

When she visited close friends or traveled, she would eat whatever was put before her and she taught me to do the same. 'When we get back home,' she'd say 'you can eat whatever you want'. She honored her culture. She was never intimidated by anyone's wealth or position. She was unabashed and would write letters or proposals and insist on a meeting with any ambassador, governor, executive she felt could assist with her work. And even if she didn't get the collaboration she wanted, she'd simply shrug it off until the next time. She related respectfully with everyone, even when many would not expect her to, based on her 'status'. You would never hear her say 'do you know who I am'? Rather, she'd gladly wait her turn, just like everyone else. She also hardly ever called in favors or demanded preferential treatment. Of course, she was naturally respected so people often offered to help.

Another hilarious thing about my mother is she's the worst liar ever! Her nostrils would twitch uncontrollably when she tried so we always caught her. She was so determined and could not be swayed from her personal values or convictions. It's difficult to come to terms with the fact that someone so

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strong and hardy in every way you can think of would pass away so suddenly. And a tiny part of me still wonders if she has gone to confront death and would bulldoze her way back to tell the story and so we can all share a good laugh!

Thank you, mom, for being phenomenal. No one fully understands what happens in the afterlife but I take great comfort in knowing that your being absent from this world means you are present with the Lord. And this is enough for me.

Dr. Olatunde Asagba (Daughter)

Eulogy for a beloved Mother-in-Law

My dear Mother-in-law,

It is sad to write this.... The news was unexpected, unbelievable, and absolutely unwanted. How does one begin to say goodbye? It is hard to believe you are gone.

Thanks for the many precious memories, your quiet but steady support, your immense love for your grandchildren- how you always remembered their birthdays and Christmas, and would always send presents. Family was everything to you.... You drew your comfort and strength from it and daily reminded us of the importance of family.

We would miss you.... your compassion and generosity.

Your gentility and strength.

Your passion, dedication and commitment to your work, research, and writings.

Your dignity and resilience in the face of adversity.

Your unshakeable faith in Jesus.

We thank God for the life you lived and your contributions to family, friends, and the society. You were an inspiration, and it was an honor to have known you.

May the Light of God guide you home. Sleep well Mother.

Mojisola Asagba
Daughter-in-Law

A TRIBUTE TO A DEAR LOVELY SISTER-IN LAW AND FRIEND, PROF. BOLA ASAGBA.

Sister Bola, you left us sooner than we could imagine. It came to me with a huge sad shock, on Saturday the 13th of March, just less than 3weeks after you comforted me the death of my younger brother now you?

I can't comprehend the unexpected news. You are a great woman of God. You love everything that concerns the Lord. Gentle and kind. Oh! I thought I was dreaming, waiting for someone to wake me up, it is so sad and hard to believe but " Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of His saints.Ps116vs15. He gave and He has called you home, unexpectedly. What He does not know cannot happen. We cannot question Him.

You are a caring grandmother, calling us every other night to find out how we are doing, you spent much time talking to your little granddaughter, you two understand each other. You also talk to your Son Tunde and Moji your daughter and wife every other day. You also remember to give them gifts on their



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birthdays and Christmas celebrations. Oh! Death why.....

We have been great friends, requesting that I should come and spend some time with you. My Joy is that you are sure of your salvation in Christ and had received the professorship you worked so hard to achieve and answered 'Prof' before you were called home.

You are in a better place now, where sickness and sorrow cannot touch you again. Dear sister, rest well in the bosom of our Lord Jesus Christ till we meet to part no more.

Adieu, Adieu my Sister and friend. Amen!

- Mrs Dorothy Uzoma Holloway

Aunty Bolaji as I fondly called you . You are no more and I still find it hard to take it in considering our last contact. I shared so many memories with you that I do not know where to start now: is it how I often visited back in New church Grammar school and I would be the reason you had to be given exit permits so you could take me back home safely, or when you'd smuggle me out of the house to take me to a party. I was the " agba kekere" and you were the " agba nla". Memories of gone days keep running through my mind as I picture you.

Dearest aunt, thanks for your love and support through the years. God will surely shine His light upon you perpetually as you rest in His bosom. Sleep on till resurrection dear Aunt. You are sorely missed.

Kikelomo

Sister, that you are no more is still a nightmare. You came, you saw, you conquered. Rest well at the bosom of the Lord!

Dickson Ajayi

Tribute to a great gem

Prof. Mrs Mobolaji Rachel Asagba was a disciplinarian, kind hearted, generous, loyal and faithful virtuous woman I have related with in my life. She was a great educationist that always encouraged youths in the family to know the importance of education

Her cheerful heart and generosity towards the elderly people in the family, both mother and father side, cannot be quantified. This it will always remain in my heart forever .

Aunty mi, your untimely death is a great loss to Usikaye family and the entire Owo kingdom as a whole. Till meet and depart no more , continue rest in the bosom of the Lord. ADIEU !!!!

"OMA ELEWUOKUN AYUGBA ONE TORE

OMA AGBOGBO NAJA EKON, O GBO MONE BURUKU ENU"

From High Chief Akinwumi Usikaye (Nephew)

Utterly devastated to hear about the tragic death of my aunty(aunty Bolaji). I still fondly recall your positive approach to life. Death may have taken you away from us, but you'll always remain alive in our hearts. Even in death you are still loved and forever will be. You may not be with us today in flesh and

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blood, but your footsteps can never be erased. We are not saying goodbye forever but goodbye for now. You will always live in our hearts!

Seyi Akinmade Awoyele (Cousin)

Even though you are gone away.
Your love will always be here to stay.
You touched our hearts with so many things.
God knew you were the one to save,
Even though we Loved you best.
Our hearts are filled with so much pain,
God loved you more, there was no shame.
At this time we must let go. Your memories we will keep a flow
Rest our dear cousin with peace of mind.
Your memories will live on through.
Rest in peace

Princess Doyin Ogunjobi Soares (USA)

Aunty, you are a disciplinary, a historian, a perfectionist, a woman of high integrity, a loving and caring aunty. Death has come to you when we need to drink from her words of experience. I cried so loud when I heard that you had passed away on to glory. My daughter used to call you 'Big mum' whenever you are around with her. She would dress and makeup for you when you were going out. She will miss your absence.

Words are inadequate for me to express my feelings. I will never forget your advice and encouragement. It is not goodbye, ma. But see you at the feet of Jesus, where we'll live forever. Su re oo. Omo agbogbo ma ja ekun, ogbo me ne buruku erun. Ita le ewe e le. Oma alale lare, oma lijebu tobi, oma ato omiye ogwa ise. Good Night ma. We love and miss you.

Mrs. Akinlotan Mabel

Dear Aunty Bolaji,

Little did I know that I would never see you again when we met up in August 2020! We were together with Dad at Ife (now of blessed memory) and we had a great time together with my two siblings. You even gave me a tin of your beloved Nescafé Coffee and subsequently sent me lovely prayerful messages on my return to the UK. The last message you sent to me was on the 3rd of March. I responded on the 4th of March, only to be informed of your passing on the 11th of March!

Auntie, May your beautiful and loving soul rest in perfect peace and May God in His infinite mercies comfort Tunde and Ola and all your other loved ones you left behind. Rest on Auntie until the Resurrection morning where we will meet again at Jesus' feet, this time, to part no more.

From your cousin, Toyin Taiwo (Nee Ijalaye)



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TRIBUTE TO MY DEAREST SISTER PROFESSOR RACHEL BOLAJI ASAGBA

I never dreamt this today that I will be writing this
To a sister so loving and so caring.
You were always there to lend a listening ear,
and have always shown how much you care,
From your life I have learnt to be a better me,
So loving and kind hearted that's how you will always be.
Your love and respect for God is great and worthy of emulation.
Your love to give to mankind is one of a kind.
Your love and respect for Culture and Tradition cannot be surpassed.
You valued life, you valued human beings and all that you come in contact with.
That's how your God created you. You are so unique and lovely.

I wish I could see your face. To hear your laughter would mean so much.
How often it happens in my dreams,
and each time I awake, how I wish it were real.
Even now as I think of you,
it breaks my heart how I am missing you.
I cannot forget those long telephone calls we had.
You always ended the calls with 'Love You'.
It is in the silent moments that my heart feels the most pain;
Your voice is still ringing in my ears,
Memories of you, my dear sister, are all that remain.

With no final words of farewell,
You have left my life.
Silent tears asking myself why, your sudden passing,
I still cannot understand it.
I wish you were still here with me to fulfil together all those plans you had after your retirement.
But what can I do, my dear sister? It is all God's plan.

Sometimes I get so sad when I am missing you,
How my heart aches no one will ever know,
To lose a loved one so true and kind,
I am so glad of the time I had the opportunity to spend with you.
I am so glad you spent those months in the UK with my family and me.
I am so glad you spent that long week with my wife and me two Decembers ago in Owo.
Little did I know that you are preparing me well in advance for your long absence.

Your death is heart-wrenching
but we find solace in the fact that you have gone to rest, and that you left giant footprints in the sands of time.

I pray that someday we will meet again,
Where the pastures are green,
and there will be no pain,
No sorrow of heart.

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Only joy and laughter.
What a day that would be to see you again my dear sister.
Rest in perfect peace.

To my sister Rachel Bolaji, you are gone but not forgotten.
Love from my wife and the children, we all miss you.

Love you always.

High Chief Wande Sule - The Ogwasemoyen of Owo Kingdom.

Big Mommy's love and encouragement knew no bounds. Despite being a slightly nervous 18-year-old, fresh out of high school, Mommy selected me to represent her at an international conference at Cambridge University. This was her first 'grown up' task for me. She walked me through the weekend and encouraged me to stand and speak to international experts in public health, metabolic medicine and endocrinology. As I write this, I look back in awe. I went on to talk about this experience when I interviewed for an MBPhD position at London's UCL.

I do not remember telling her when my birthday was, but, from that year on, Mommy never forgot a birthday. She would regularly check in on my progress at medical school and she spoke to me about helping her manage a medical centre in Oyo State once I graduated. My graduation ceremony is this summer and I wish she might have been there to see me formally collect my degree.

If it is true that we cannot be what we cannot see, I thank God for allowing me to see such a powerful, intellectual woman in my own household. Mommy held me together so tenderly. She believed in me before I truly faced the challenges of believing in myself.

I love you deeply Ma, and I hope to pay tribute to your legacy as I start my career.

Love, Dr Simisola Sule, London, UK

Mummy, as I fondly call her, was such a sweet soul. She was so kind, and open-handed so much that she believed in the welfare of everyone that came into contact with her. Academically, her contribution to the society through her scholarly works were top notch. It's indeed painful that mummy is no more! A rare gem is gone! A caring and loving mummy is no more!
Adieu

Akinola Kolawole (UK Photos)

Words failed me when I heard of her demise. To describe her in one word is a task for me. Mama Asagba was a mother and lover of children not only her biological children but all who came across her. From the time she found out that I was married to someone from Owo. She made me feel like a member of her family.

Her death was a personal loss to me. She played the role of a mother in law in my life. She was so much concerned about my welfare and well being of my children. She was a free giver to those in need. Her love towards people knew no boundaries. Her love towards me knew no boundaries.



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It was like the whole world crumbled on me when I heard of mama's demise. I feel like part of me is gone. I miss her calls. I miss her discussions. I miss her moral and financial supports. I know you are in a much better place.

Sleep on Mama Asagba until the resurrection day when we shall meet to part no more. Adieu Mama Asagba

Mrs Ronke Olatigbe

My dear sister, we're stunned and our heart aches to hear about this shocking news. You are a special person who will be sorely missed. Honestly, gone too soon but your love will continue to live on and we will cherish your memories forever.

Love - Sam Oloye

Looking deep into years past of time spent together with you on the face of the earth.

Bolaji, I'll say, the person you are is so rare to find, your concern towards people; you look forward to helping people always. Your demise has left an indelible pain in us.

You were such a faithful, tenderhearted, loving and dearing sister, I won't forget in a hurry the days you stood by me, showing your concerns as a dear sister.

Your memory tarries in us for you were such a good sister with so much influence. Your tenacity in making a good life for others and yourself is worthy of emulation.

I know you departed to have a better rest in the Lord's bosom.

Accept my condolences

Till we meet at Jesus' feet. *Sun ré o*

Chief Ayodele Oloye

AUNTY BOLAJI, we will continue to remember you in the GIWA ADEMOKUNLE OLOYE circle but we can't question God. We love you but God loves you more. RIP!

AYODELE ADEBAYO OLOYE (BABA ALAYO RADIO PRESENTER)

My dearest aunt, what a blessing and privilege it was to have you as a part of our family. How I idolized you as a child. You were so beautiful, warm and loving. You gave me so much attention after my father

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died. It, was so great to have you there as a part of the family.

Aunt you have left a remarkable legacy here on earth. Know that you will never be forgotten and will always be loved by all of us in the family. I was so privileged to have you as my very special aunt that meant so very much to me. You were such an important part of our family. If only we could have you here longer. Your, time was so short while you were here with us. I am so grateful that some day I will see you again and get to spend eternity with you. Adieu Sweet Aunt!!

Oloye Israel

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Bolaji (Lily Besty), the news of your demise was so disheartening. I also couldn't believe it because you sounded so well and hearty when we chatted a few days before it happened.

You are a sister who sacrificed everything in the world to make everyone happy. I wish you could stay and live longer to enjoy your children. I never expected your death this soon.

I believe you are resting in the bosom of the Lord. My heart bleeds. I wish you could wake up but God knows best. You will forever be remembered.

From your brother, 'DEMOLA OLOYE (I LAUGH).

.

Still like a dream, mummy Tunde a.k.a. Lily Besty. Still wishing someone will call to say you have woken up from death.... (wishing for a second chance). But we cannot question God because he knows more than us as it's written in Isaiah 57v1, the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. But we still cannot question God. So Loving, so caring, so humble a mother. RIP Prof. Mrs Rachel Bolaji Asagba.

From Monday Oloye & children

At the end of life what really matters is not what we bought but what we built; not what we got but what we shared; not our competence but our character; and not our success; not our competence but our character; and not our success; but our significance.

Live a life that matters. Live a life of love.

Auntie Bolaji, you lived a good life. Your love and good deeds. You lived a good life. Your love and good deeds will forever be remembered.

Good night my dearest sister. Till we meet to part no more, continue to rest in paradise.

DERINSOLA OLOYE OGUNLEYE (SISTER)

.....

Your demise came with a heavy heart when announced. This came as a shock and so sudden as we thought you would remain to spend many more years with us and even remain our dad's loving and caring sister. This we cannot unravel as God knows best in all situations. May your gentle soul continue to rest in the bosom of the Lord till we meet to part no more.



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Chief Ayodele Oloye Children

The news of your death was a shock to me, but who am I to query God? Your kind heartedness can never be forgotten. We love you but God loves you more. My siblings and I say adieu ma.
May your soul rest in peace.

Omoniyi Oloye

Despite immense pressure to act the game in an unfavourable world, you stood out like a rose among thorns. Your departure, though premature and painful, is testament to the fact that death is a journey that we will all take and each must go alone. It also appears that the Master's grand plan is to welcome the good ones first. I celebrate your good, the memory of your loving care and I am eternally grateful to God for your legacy of love and kindness to all. Rest well, dear Aunt. Your deeds speak for you and they will not be forgotten.

Victor I. Oloye.

My dear Aunt

Like a candle, blown out by the raving wind
So unexpected, you left us really too soon
Dreams achieved, but more left unfinished
Even at the peak, a body of work in progress
Nightlong, your dreams still echo in my ears
Retirement at the corner, you were not tired
Waiting to retire, but fired up with lofty ideas
Unfortunately, that new chapter never came

An embodiment of kindness, now gone
To me, a loving, sweet, and caring Aunt
To your students, an amazing Professor
A big void now left unfilled in our hearts
Devastated, bereaved, saddened, empty
A wish that you were here and not gone
Deep to the marrows, we will miss you
Farewell! but still hard to come to terms
Wir werden Dich für immer vermissen
curtains fall

**Niyi Olarewaju, Ph.D. writes from the
Hannover Medical School, Germany.**

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PROFESSOR RACHEL BOLAJI ASAGBA
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Rest on Aunt, God Almighty will continue to protect all you left behind IJN

Sehinde Olushola.

Professor Bola Rachel Asagba: I on behalf of my wife & Children. I write on the life & times of this loving, selfless & virtuous wife & mother. Very generous, humble & yet lived a quiet life. Very serious minded & cultured personality.

In spite of life's challenges, she was very close to her Lord & Saviour, Jesus Christ. Her prayer life was deep. She took challenges head on, no wonder she made a success of everything: as a mother, wife, academician, becoming a Professor focused on logotherapy! Widely travelled here & abroad, specifically USA and Austria, both for Studies & conferences.

When death came calling suddenly, she was cooking eggs in her kitchen. My wife sobbed & sobbed disbelievingly. Her house cleaner Taiwo came on later that week Sunday only to be told the bad news. Many neighbours wept at her demise.
RIP mama Tunde, Bola & Dr (Miss) Ola Asagba

From Dr Yemi & Mrs Iyabo Fajimi (Ibadan)

I can remember when I first met Prof Mrs Asagba. She was very warm and motherly and it was as if I had known her all my life. She was a sister to my mom and a mother to us kids. Always genuinely concerned about our education and welfare, giving advice to help us strive to be the best at all times.

Despite all, she never lost her smile. She was resilient, a goal getter and she succeeded where others think they can't. Hmm when I heard about her passing it was as if I had a bad dream and will soon wake up to see that it was a lie but unfortunately it was the truth.

I will most definitely miss her but as Christians we don't say goodbye rather we say goodnight till we meet to part no more. RIP ma.

From Oluwakemi Ojo (USA)

I've known Mrs. Asagba virtually all my life. She is an epitome of beauty, brains and love. She is selfless to a fault!

If the only thing that could have kept her alive was love, she would have lived for a very long time. News of your death is still a rude shock knowing you were hale and hearty on your birthday in February. Your death is a constant reminder that our journey here on earth is temporary and to spend the time we have wisely. We love you ma and we pray that your loving soul rest in perfect peace.

Love from Olusola Oladele (Canada)



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The news of the demise of Prof Mrs Rachel Asagba came to us as a rude shock. Up till now, we can not believe that she is no more. She had been a wonderful family friend, extremely generous and a family woman. She lived a life of courage, integrity and high moral standard educationally sound. A lover of all, very respectful and she was humility personified. To say we shall miss her is an understatement, but we are consoled with the fact that she is resting with her maker, free from all problems of this world. Good night, sleep on till we meet to part no more.

Mr. & Mrs. S O Ajani (Ibadan)

.....

At a time, those we love must leave this present world but we take solace that you are in a better place. You were wonderful to all, one who never really grew old. Your smile was made of sunshine and your heart of solid gold.

Those memories of your warmth, gentleness and smile will fondly be in our hearts .

Adieu ma

Dr Mrs Ogunbanjo Oluwaseyifunmi.

.....

Prof Mrs Rachel Asagba was a close friend to my parents and I have known her to be very humble and a relentless giver. The news of her demise came as a rude shock as I interacted with her few days to her death and in her characteristic kind manner she offered me a ride. Sadly, that would be the last time we would interact. Our prayers are with the family she left behind and we pray that God grant her eternal rest.

-Itunu Olusegun Ajani

.....

Dear mummy, the news of your demise is shocking. We take comfort in knowing that you are resting in the bosom of our Lord. I remember you for your humility and ever smiling face. You were a close friend to my parents. I am sure they will miss you a lot. I pray for comfort for your children and all you left behind. May your gentle soul rest in peace. Good night ma.

Yewande Otekeiwebia (nee Ajani)

.....

Tribute to Late Prof Rachel Asagba (Professor of Clinical Psychology (Logotherapy))

The news of Prof. Rachel Asagba's demise came to me as a rude shock. You were a caring friend to many of us and a Great mother to your children. We take solace in the fact that God knows and sees everything that is hidden to men. May God grant your friends, well wishers and family members the fortitude to bear the great loss. May your gentle soul rest in peace

Dr Elizabeth Oloruntoba

.....

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Aunty mi,
I am still speechless and can hardly bear the thought of your passing.
You are a rare irreplaceable gem and will be dearly missed.
May you rest peacefully in the bosom of our Lord till we meet again.

Dr. (Mrs) Iyabode Fagbemi

Mummy Asagba as I call her, always radiated warmth and goodwill. My earliest encounters with her were filled with bright smiles and a hospitable mien. I remember your advice about continual fellowship among friends and how you always encouraged social gatherings, suggesting your home as a venue. I always looked forward to your monthly greetings and prayers. You have constantly been a pillar of support and are cherished beyond what words can express. It is hard to believe that your passing is real, and even harder to say goodbye. We rest in the assurance, that our goodbye is not the end. It only means that we would miss you sorely, until we meet again.
Adieu mummy.

Dr. Tara Fagbemi (UK)

To many she was Dr. Asagba, then Prof. Asagba, but to me, she was Latunde's mum, my friend's mum. Getting closer, I got to know she is a kind, thoughtful and resilient person. She always looked out for others and gave thoughtful gifts.

You took your daughter's friends as your daughters by extension. Latunde's mum gave me a birthday cake on my birthday in 2010. I remember being so blown away with love at the very kind gesture. For every of our celebrations, weddings and all, Latunde's mum always showed up. Her love is very reliable.

I remember her love for Logotherapy. It sounded like a cool discipline for a very brilliant person to be involved in. She gave us souvenirs from her Logotherapy conferences. For her, love was always sharing.

It was always easy to make her happy...something as little as sending her messages or replying her messages gave her so much joy. She was always appreciative of whatever one gave her and always so thoughtful of others.

I remember Latunde's mum today, and the life of love she lived. Always giving, loving and sharing. Thank you for being a gift that kept giving. Thank you for touching us so much. Thank you for teaching us the value of loving others, and sharing what we have with them. You will be forever in our hearts.

Dr. Yomi Oloruntoba

Mummy was very close to me.
When I met her as a young child in Senior secondary school days she was very warm and welcoming. I



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could go to her office any time to check on her.

I can't ever forget the beautiful things she did for me. She would buy us gifts then in 100 level.

Her presence and gift at my wedding is something I can never forget.

She was my friend. We chat on Facebook and WhatsApp.

I will miss her so much.

I pray that God will bless and keep all her children and grandchildren that she left behind.

Dr Adeyeye Gbemisola.
Nee Ogundeji. (Abuja)

A loving mother indeed. I am already missing your caring and regular calls. Your last message you sent to me after the death of my husband reads: "'Beloveth no more defeat, no more regret, no more shame, no more afflictions. Like Sarah, you will laugh and others will join you to celebrate the goodness of the Lord in the land of living from far and near, Jehovah Ebenezer will send help to you".

"He will build His mighty hedge of protection round about you daily. God will meet your needs and fill your mouth with testimonies! He will guide you, and keep you from falling, His love will fill your heart, his strength will fill your body and your life shall break records and defy all odds because the appointed time for you to march forward has come".

"Go out and shine beloveth! God is with you my dear sister".

"The memory of the just is blessed... ..(Proverbs 10:7)

Mama, your life has blessed many generations, you will continue to be remembered by my children and family. Sun Re oooooo.

Oluwawumi Adekola and children

Deeply shocked by the news of your demise, a sweet sister and friend. The labourer's task is over and the battle days are gone. As on the highest mount you stand. You view the shining glory shore: your Heaven, your Home forevermore. Sleep well, logotherapy personified. Your journey was well made. Good night.

Agbaje Adebola

I will miss you, Mama, for your motherly care and soft words. Sleep in the bosom of the Almighty God and I pray your gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

Ajakaye Grace (psychology, U.I)

Gone too soon.

You came, you saw and you conquered. The thought of never seeing you again brought tears to my eyes. We should never question what God allowed because sometimes it is not meant for us to understand.

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Memories of you will never be forgotten as a lasting impression on those you left behind has been created. You will always be remembered for your heart of gold. Friendship transcends death.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." - 2 Corinthians 1:3-4 (KJV).

Prof. Grace A. Adejuwon (U.I)

Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba: A tribute

The announcement of the sudden passing of Late Prof. Asagba came to me as a rude shock, more so, because I interacted with her a few days before her passing. I knew Late Prof. Asagba for over a decade, which dates back to my studentship years in the Department of Psychology, University of Ibadan. For me, my memoir of her would not be judiciously executed without touching on the roles she assumed in her daily interactions while I was her student and as her colleague before her passing. In these two categories, she was a special person who played the unique role of tutoring, counseling and caring for me as a mother would her daughter.

My first direct interaction with her was in my penultimate year of my undergraduate programme in the university. Back then, I was really appreciative of her style of teaching and how she introduced her courses with great sense of practicality, providing spot on illustrations and examples that made her class interactive and learning fun. Her selfless nature, dedication to work and compassion for students to get the best were evident in my subsequent interactions with her as she agreed to students' pleas for extra hours of teachings outside the statutory teaching periods; and even fixed additional meeting periods just to ensure the curriculum is covered. I must say that Late Prof. Asagba was very resolute and enterprising when it comes to the execution of her duties.

At the Postgraduate level, her prowess and rapt interest for teaching were equally unique and exceptional. I vividly recall her insightful and creative approach to teaching Behavioural Modification in class. She made relaxation therapies, biofeedback and cognitive behavioural therapies so vivid that they have been beyond extinction. Indeed, her classroom setting felt more like a mini clinician office, and while we made presentations in class she urged, encouraged and applauded practical aspects of such presentations. Late Prof. Asagba's passion for practical rather than theory was quite exemplary and many students appreciated her for this.

As a member of staff in the Department, working with her was very pleasant and cordial. Mama Asagba, as she was fondly called by many in the Department, was hardly bossy or domineering. Even when she oversaw tasks with junior colleagues, she participated actively and gave us a sense of belonging in spite of her ardent stickler for timeliness. In addition, she was an individual who kept to time schedules for meetings and various functions. Other qualities of hers that stand out strong is her caring and loving nature which cannot be overemphasized. I vividly recall my encounter with her just days before her passing, when we exchanged salutations on her way to a meeting. In her usual self, she was very cheering and welcoming and when I thanked her for the gift she extended to my son days back, she replied, "it's my pleasure and it's just a token". This motherly quality of hers is a rare disposition that is only peculiar of a person with a godly personality.

You can then imagine how I felt when the news of her sudden passing reached me just few days



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afterwards. Indeed, this must be a trying and difficult time for her immediate family and the Department due to the unexpected manner in which the incident occurred. I therefore extend my sincere sympathies to her family and those who are close to her and pray that Almighty God grant them the fortitude to bear this loss. Her footprints are enshrined in the sand of time and her good deeds would forever be remembered.

Adieu Professor Rachel Asagba, rest in the bosom of our Lord.

Dr. Mojisola S. Ajayi
Department of Psychology,
University of Ibadan

ACCOLADES: PROFESSOR RACHEL ASAGBA

In every situation, we are enjoined to give thanks to God. I appreciate God for the life lived by my sister and friend, Professor Asagba. I thank God for bringing us together in the department of Psychology. I would say it was not by accident that she was my next door neighbor in the office, for virtually the major part of her stay in the department. This actually afforded the opportunity for our closeness.

She was quite an amiable person, always wearing a smiling face, loves discussing issues, and would always seek opinions in pursuit of any potential challenging course. "I know I am always disturbing you," she would always say. It would have been better she is still "disturbing," than not seeing her again on this planet earth.

She was so close to my family that we always exchanged visits. Visiting her was a plight my children always enjoyed and desired because it would always result in eating food, with large pieces of meat to accompany, ice cream, cakes, carton of indomie as take-away, and cash gift to top up everything. Certainly my children will miss her. Every celebration in my family would welcome her presence, again not empty handed. By her demise, a great family friend has departed.

My prayer is that God will protect and preserve her children and grandchildren, and that they learn the great virtues in her.

REST IN PEACE, MY SISTER & FRIEND

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN O. EHIGIE

A Tribute to a Departed Colleague by Professor David E. Okurame

It feels so sad to hear of Late Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba's death and I want to commiserate with her immediate family members and friends as they go through this period of grief. Late Professor Asagba was an important member of the psychology family and we will certainly miss her.

I have known Late Professor Rachel Asagba for about two and half decades in the Department of Psychology where she was a colleague. My first impression in the early part of my interactions with her was that of a very practical cum visionary researcher/teacher and an unassuming personality. She was never hesitant to creatively and empirically explore societal issues, and seemed to enjoy every new research opportunity.

Late Professor Rachel Asagba's interpersonal interactions in the department conveyed a sense that members of staff in the Department of Psychology were an extension of her own extended family. I can remember vividly how her children came along to the department and how she introduced them to members of staff. This was how many of us got engaged in conversations with the children and knew about her pleasing family.

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Late Professor Asagba was an individual I later had the privilege of knowing very closely as we once shared an office space in the Department of Psychology. My fascinations within this period are indelible as I was humbled by her kindness and compassion for others. Every once-in-a-while, Late Professor Asagba always had a reason to present me with a gift item. On a number of occasions, she walked into my partitioned area of our shared office and presented me with what she usually called a 'token'. Over and over again, her 'token' turned out to be very valuable souvenirs.

She understood the meaning of the words 'cooperation' and 'togetherness' and followed through on them to the latter. Late Professor Rachel Asagba believed in the inter-disciplinary approach to solving problems and would readily invite colleagues to be part of her research and other academic activities; and where necessary, would educate you on the benefits of collaborative research. For her, the focus on the common good was more prestigious than her own individual benefit. This quality clearly classified her as a true utilitarian.

Late Professor Rachel Asagba's passion and interest in Logotherapy was readily visible to anyone who had course to interact with her on life/scholarly issues. She was very resourceful in mentoring students and staff in the area of application of Logotherapy, especially in the investigation and treatment of psychological problems of the aged. Her commitment in this regard has created an army of Logotherapy apostles among colleagues and a pipeline of psychology graduates with Logotherapy inclinations.

I have been on examination panels with her on a number of occasions in the department, and for all intents and purposes, she demonstrated fierce dedication to duty and an unparalleled work ethics. Over and over again, Late Professor Asagba was always content to do the best job of knocking student's thesis into shape and, in addition, would readily volunteer free consultation to make the research better.

Giving that Late Professor Rachel Asagba was very committed to professionalism and career, she was equally full of fun and was an interesting personality to be with because of her distinguishing sense of humour. Habitually too, she was often down-to-earth and very peace loving to the extent that she would readily and willingly walk up to discuss issues when there are differences; and would humour her discussion with a corresponding tone of voice. Not so many people are gifted with this inclination of hers.

Late Professor Rachel Asagba was a very respected and valuable member of the Department and the effects of her passing are already being felt by those of us who are her colleagues. Although, her physical presence is gone and the thought of not seeing her again brings tears and agony, my prayer is that the lessons we have learnt from her personality and our memories of the good times we spent together with her will bring some smile to our dampened minds.

I and my family's most sincere sympathies go to her immediate family members and friends during this difficult time. I therefore pray that the lord will grant them the strength of mind to bear the loss.

'My Prof. Ma' (as I fondly addressed her), may your beautiful spirit live on through your children and may you rest in the peace you so much richly deserve. Adieu.

Professor David E. OKURAME
Department of Psychology,
University of Ibadan.

I am not sure how to do this. How can I try and describe someone so special in plain old words? All my colleagues will agree with me that Prof. Rachel Asagba was humble, peaceful, compassionate, and kind. She was gigantic in intellect, the epitome of humility, simplicity and gentleness. We'll remember Prof. Rachel Asagba with all her special nuances and our memories from all the years we were privileged to share with her.



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How does one express the amazing essence and spirit of Prof. Rachel Asagba – her selfless generosity, uncompromising belief in all that is good and her unwavering commitment to family and friends? Words, even the very best of words, cannot pay tribute or truly capture the sense of loss that we are all feeling today. I always admired how she never judged or forced her opinions on anyone, but offered valuable and truthful advice that I will surely miss.

The loss is there, tangible and real within everyone...but Prof. Rachel Asagba exemplified life, love, laughter and an irrepressible belief and faith in seeing the best in everything. She was a wonderful mother to her children and laid a strong foundation for them. Her beautiful spirit will live on through her children.

And so today we honour her, by profoundly feeling and expressing our loss, but also by remembering Prof. Rachel Asagba – an amazing person who has played a unique and special role in all of our lives. May her gentle soul rest in peace.

Prof. Aderemi I. Alarape (Ibadan/Abuja)

Oh my condolences! I had a close door meeting with her in Lagos during our 2018 conference on how to move psychotherapy training forward in Nigeria. She was a determined scholar who believed in what she did. We discussed the ways to promote the growth of Logo and Gestalt Therapies in Nigeria.

May The Almighty Father receive her spirit and condole the family, colleagues in the department of psychology, University of Ibadan, the NPA family and Nigerian psychologists in diaspora who have worked or related with her. Goodbye our great colleague and have a safe journey. You have done your path here. Good night and remain blessed.

- President of Nigerian Psychological Association (NPA)

I am shocked and so very deeply saddened to hear of your mother, Rachel Bolaji Asagba's passing. I have so many wonderful memories of Rachel at our World Congress in Dallas! Your mother always brought gifts for us from Nigeria. Often they were simple necklaces or handmade leather fans. My fan has my first name, Ann-Marie embroidered on it. One year she gave us tunics handmade by women in the local village. I gifted it to my oldest daughter who decided to hang it on her wall as a lovely tapestry.

I missed her at our last World Congress in 2019 in Dallas, Texas. I was so hoping to see Rachel at our virtual conference in October. Your mom so loved our Logotherapy community of colleagues and friends & we loved her! She will be missed by so many of us.

Your mother was a beautiful example of Logotherapy lived. She gave freely of herself to others & the world. A true embodiment of self-transcendence. She truly embodied Viktor Frankl's message that we are here to share our gifts, our creative talents with the world, & to love each other & honor their presence in our lives.

Every birthday I send my Facebook friends a quote from another favorite philosopher of mine, Winnie-

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the-Pooh. Your mother loved my birthday posts! I am so very very glad I sent her one this year. I had no idea it would be my last time to reach out to this beautiful caring & amazing woman.

If we love each other we feel sadness when they leave this world. But I know your mom is with you in spirit as you & all her family & friends celebrate her wonderful & meaningful life. My heartfelt sympathy to you, your family & all who knew & loved your mother. May your beautiful memories of your dear mother always bring you peace & comfort. I shall miss her!

Warmly, Dr. Ann-Marie Neale

I am heartbroken to receive the news of Rachel's passing, and I am deeply sorry for your loss. Rachel and I met only once at a conference a few years ago, but we instantly became good friends. She consistently blessed me with her presence on Facebook and she never missed an opportunity to comment on my pictures with kind and encouraging words. I've truly appreciated her beautiful presence, kindness, and support in my life in the past few years.

She was an extraordinary person, who was unconditionally kind, supportive, and loving. She loved to give people meaningful gifts at conferences. She gave me a beautiful necklace shortly after we met, and it brings me joy every time I look at it.

Rachel was a beloved and respected member of our Logotherapy community and she will be deeply missed and always remembered by everyone.

Irina Abinya (New York)

Dearest Rachel: I will fondly remember the energy and joy you brought to Logotherapy congresses. You also brought gifts, personalized for all your friends. Such a big heart. It is hard to fathom that you are gone.

Michael Winters

Every once in a while, a beautiful spirit comes across our path that touches our lives in ways we could not have imagined. Such is the case with Rachel Asagba. Her smiling presence, her enthusiasm, her joy could not be contained. Indeed, it is difficult to convey the life force that she shared with everyone she met. It was her passion that inspired her to travel from Nigeria to Austria to meet Viktor Frankl unannounced, to study under Elisabeth Lukas, and to earn a Diplomate in logotherapy from the United States Institute.

Whenever either of us saw her, she was joyful, smiling, exuberant. We are deeply saddened that she is no longer with us.

What a soul! What a light in this world, one that nothing can extinguish—even death itself! Her legacy is



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the light and love and energy that she shared with each of us, memories that will ever uplift us and point the way.

Thank you, dear Rachel, for being a part of our lives! Godspeed on your journey toward Ultimate Meaning!

Charles and Debra McLafferty

“Because I care”

With the sad news of Rachel's passing reaching us today, I would like to share a little memory in honour of her life and work.

We knew each other for perhaps 15 years or so, and as everyone who knew her can attest to, she radiated an enormous energy, focus, dignity. And, when you knew her a little better, one was showered upon with an almost overwhelming warmth and kindness. Rachel embodied warm and benevolent attention.

So - we were in sporadic contact with each other over all these years re. her academic work, different projects, ideas, research. And, ever true to her nature, whenever there was a longer break with no communication because there was no new project to discuss, she would not let pass more than half a year or so without sending brief spontaneous “thinking of you”-messages – simple reminders of friendship.

In her very last such message, she closed with what I believe summarizes so much of this wonderful being:

“...because I care. Rachel”.

And I cared for you, and still do, dear Rachel.

Alexander Batthyany (Director, Viktor Frankl Institute, Austria)

Prof. Rachel Bolaji Asagba was a champion of care and consolation. She said to us in one of her last messages that "I live by the principles of logotherapy every day." She was genuinely caring and loving, uplifting and inspirational.

We worked together on several articles.

It was an honor to receive and publish this carefully prepared manuscript in this book that is now available in Amazon and through the UN's relief fund, to which it is dedicated, has contributed to the welfare of migrants and refugees.

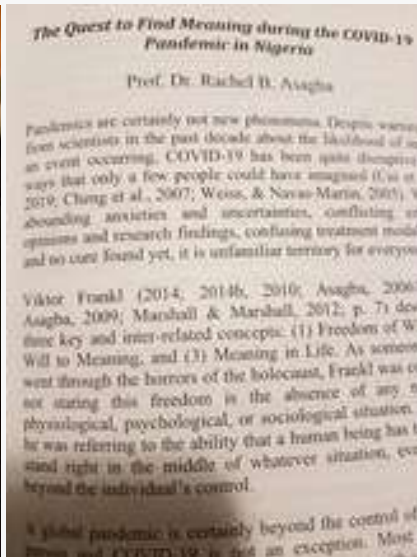
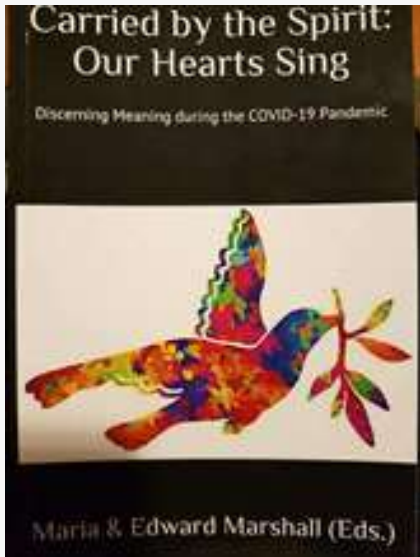
Asagba, R. B. (2020). Quest to Find Meaning during the COVID-19 Pandemic in Nigeria. In: M. Marshall &

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E. Marshall (eds). *Carried by the Spirit Our Hearts Sing: Discerning Meaning during the COVID-19 Pandemic*. Ottawa, ON: Ottawa Institute of Logotherapy.

Rachel, we shall miss you beyond words.
May you find rest and peace in Heaven.



Edward and Maria Marshall (Ottawa Institute of Logotherapy)

I still remember when I was a bachelor student in Colombia and I wanted to attend to a conference she was organizing. I could not make it to the conference but we had the most gorgeous discussions on *The Little Prince*, which was the book I would talk about. She always reminded me that I could go to Nigeria any time, and be welcome at her house. I actually had this in my bucket list somehow! My condolences to the family! Wonderful woman!

- Olga Lehmann

Rachel, dear friend! I admired your phenomenal enthusiasm every time when we met at the world congresses on logotherapy. Thank you also for the souvenir from Nigeria you once gave to me. It reminds me of your heartfelt personality.

Timo Purjo (President of the Viktor Frankl Institute, Finland)

It was with a heavy heart that I heard the news about Rachel's passing. Her passion, generosity, and love of learning were gifts to myself and so many others. It was an honor to sit with someone who had studied with Frankl and taken his message of meaning in life to the people of Nigeria. Rachel Asagba truly lived a life of meaning.

Jared Bishop



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Dear Tunde, Ola, dear family and friends,

I fondly remember meeting and first getting to know Dr. Rachel B. Asagba at my very first Logotherapy Congress in Dallas – and how happy I was to learn that she had not only been to Austria AND met Dr. Frankl and Elli, but had also studied with my beloved teacher, Dr. Elisabeth Lukas.

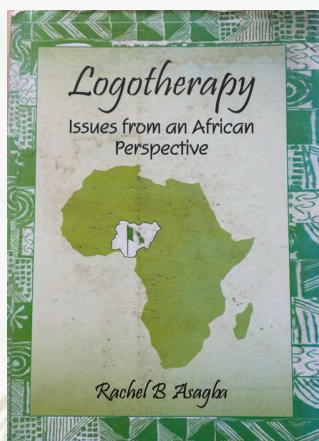
We kept in touch – thanks to facebook and the strong ties Logotherapy tends to create among kindred spirits. When my partner and I were traveling Africa on our motorbikes (2011 – 2015), we eventually came to Ibadan (in 2012). And – spur of the moment – decided to “just pop in and say hello” to Dr. Rachel at Ibadan University – and see if we might be able to arrange a “proper meeting” for later. Well, that day, I ended up teaching three impromptu logotherapy classes for some wonderful and dedicated students. Such fond memories!

Rachel also gifted me with her book - and as you can see from the picture, it is well worn by now. It traveled the African continent with us on our motorbikes – and became a much cherished companion. In a way this mirrors what Rachel represents and is to me: She took Dr. Frankl's ideas to Nigeria and the African continent – and then brought them back to the rest of the world at conferences, in her research, her writings and in her dedication to and participation in the international community of logotherapists.

Therefore I felt immensely honored, very humbled and slightly terrified all at the same time, when Rachel entrusted her then latest research paper to me to present at the Conference “Future of Logotherapy” in Moscow in 2018 as she herself was not able to attend. As you can see in the pictures, I still have her original speaker certificate and the wonderful gift every participant received (a hand-drawn caricature of Viktor Frankl – done by Dr. Frankl himself) in my possession. It breaks my heart that I did not get the chance and will not be able to give it to her in person, but I am beyond grateful to hold on to it as a keepsake – and one that means so much to me on so many levels.

The world and the logotherapy community lost a wonderful and cherished member, a great voice, a huge heart and a dedicated teacher and gifted researcher.

She will be dearly missed and fondly remembered. I will dearly miss and fondly remember her. My life is enriched because I got a chance to meet her. For this, I am forever grateful. Thank you, Rachel, for being: a friend, a teacher, a voice, a role model and above all: a wonderful, caring human being. Your life had meaning and meant so much to so many. You and your being touched so many lives. You live on in all the lives you touched.



Sabine Indinger, Austria

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Condolences for Rachel Asagba transition

Dear Ola,

Dr. Ann-Marie Neale, Colleague from the Viktor Frankl Institute of Logotherapy, has notified me of your dear mother's sudden transition.

I met your mother in 2011 at the Congress of Logotherapy in Dallas and enjoyed getting to know her. She invited me to come to Ibadan and participate in a seminar on Logotherapy they were doing. Regretfully, I could not accept her invitation, but was amazed at all she was initiating. I am sure she is fondly remembered by many.

May she enjoy the Afterlife after her many Earth-side accomplishments.
My heartfelt condolences to you and to dear Rachel's entire family.
Warmly,

Ann Graber

Professor of Pastoral Logotherapy

www.gtfeducation.org

REST WELL OUR DEAR MUMMY, PROF RACHEL ASAGBA!!!

On behalf of the Postgraduate Association of Psychology Students (PAPS) University of Ibadan, and the Postgraduate Students of the Nigerian Association of Clinical Psychologists (NACP), I want to express our total shock at the news of the passing on to glory of our dear Lecturer, Supervisor, Mentor and Mother, Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba.

A foremost psychologist, expert, proponent and founder of Logotherapy practice in Nigeria. The academic foundation you laid in the lives of many students can never be forgotten. A Lecturer and Supervisor who encouraged and supported her students to excel. Some of whom became your "children" during the academic journey and beyond.
May your kind and gentle soul find rest in the bosom of the Lord.
Adieu! Adieu!! Adieu!!!

Signed:

Pamela Udoka

(President of PAPS and NACP, Nigeria)

A tribute to my Ph.D. supervisor, Prof. R. B. Asagba.

I am still in shock that you are gone our dear Prof. I remember our WhatsApp chat on Sunday evening (7th March 2021). I didn't know that would be our last conversation.

After teaching me at undergraduate (PSY 308) and master's level (PSY 709 & PSY 725), I had the pleasure of being assigned to you as your Ph.D. supervisee. You were a support to me academically, career-wise, and financially. You were among the references for the first job I ever got after completing my master's degree in the Department of Psychology, University of Ibadan.

You trained me a lot on how to conduct rigorous research in psychology. You had great plans of forming a



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PROFESSOR RACHEL BOLAJI ASAGBA
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research team with me and others in the near future. You were a strong lover of research on meaning in life and substance abuse. I still find it hard to believe that you are gone our dear Prof.

I will not forget the motherly advice you gave me and your kindness to me. May God bless your soul and grant you a happy rest our dear Prof.

Signed

Ogueji, Ifeanyichukwu Anthony.

Prof Rachel Asagba was a great teacher, mother and mentor, she was very passionate about psychology and its impact on the individual and society at large. I remember her participation in the logotherapy network and getting us as undergraduates to join this network. She was a balanced and fair lecturer who always rewards hard work. Her impact in the lives of psychology students can never be erased. She will be greatly missed.

Paul E. OGHINAN

President (2006-2007)

Psychology students Association, University of Ibadan

The news of the passing away of Professor was a disheartening one to me. She was more than a lecturer who was also interested in the career growth of her students. It wasn't really a love at first sight relationship with her for me because I remember her lectures used to be in the afternoon when I am losing concentration and attention span. There were times she would catch me using my phone or eating in her class. The interesting thing was that instead of rebuking me or punishing me, she always gave me tasks like "time keeper for the day, assistant class captain for the day".

Months after my programme, she met me at a church programme. She sat me down to discuss my career interests. I remember her trying to "win" me over to the logotherapy side despite my reservations. She noticed I had a keen interest in therapies and whenever we saw, we discussed different treatment modalities and how important logotherapy was going to be in years to come.

Truly an amazing woman, mother and lecturer she was. I am glad I got to know her even though the time wasn't enough.

Rest easy ma.

Oludamilola.

Prof was an embodiment of Academic Excellence. I met her during my PhD training and she would read through every page and critique the work and make meaningful suggestions that you would find difficult to do without. She was always smiling and during my last interaction with her last month, she hugged me and complimented me and I left her with a sense of pride. Hmm death, you have done us an irreparable damage but rest on our indefatigable Mama. Good night until we meet to part no more.

Dr Uche Obasi

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Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba - The very best of her kind

As I pick up my pen to put words together about Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba, I still feel the same just as when I heard the shocking news of her passing on to glory – Speechless, Sad, and Teary! Coming in contact with Mama Asagba (as she was fondly called) as my teacher during my Master degree programme in 2012 at the University of Ibadan was the beginning of a very memorable and blessed journey that I never thought would be this short. From the very first personal interaction in her office to the last voice call I had with her, the memory is still crystal clear. As my teacher, supervisor, employer, mentor, role model, guidance, encourager, supporter, and friend (yes, friend), Mama Asagba never for once stopped playing these roles as a selfless mother who just wanted to see the best in others.

Working with her as a research assistant in 2013-2014, Mama Asagba practically passionately and relentlessly “poured” scholarly reasoning and academic paper writing into me. She did everything possible to see that I could stand alone as a scholar she became proud of. My first ever scientific conference participation and presentation, which was a major boost to my academic career was 100% sponsored by Mama Asagba. Until her demise, she never stopped giving me a push to do more even when it is tiring. Just when I informed her of our last publication earlier this year, Mama congratulated me and said “Ehn eh Femi, please look at our data bank to check what we have not explored so that we can write another paper as soon as possible. The data must not waste”. As a mother, Mama Asagba became a household name in my family. I almost became jealous of how she became close to my wife, always encouraging, checking up and supporting our welfare. At the time that I got my postdoctoral fellowship and just had a baby, she said “wow this is Ayodimeji”, the name she called my daughter. Thank you so very much Mama Asagba for your invaluable support. We will miss you a lot.

She was the most humble teacher I ever came across. As a famous proponent of Logotherapy (a meaning-centred therapy) in Nigeria, and someone who in a meaningless world, found and taught meaning in life, she became the only Nigerian Diplomat Clinician in Logotherapy (the highest and most prestigious title in Logotherapy practice worldwide). Her credential in terms of scholarly experience and contact is immense, yet, Mama will never blow her own trumpet.

As we mourn the passing into the glory of Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba, great academia, caring mother, promoter of African garment and fashion, lover of humanity and God, I want us to learn from her life, courage, resilience, kindness, compassion, passion for excellence, benevolence, and above all meaning in life even in a meaningless world. Mama Asagba, your time here is short, but you left behind a legacy that will abide forever. Adieu, Mama Asagba.

Samson Femi Agberotimi, PhD

May God grant her eternal rest. She was a pleasure and understanding woman. Accept my condolences.

Wale Fadairo

My dear lecturer, what a sudden exit, God knows best. Rest on, one of the mamas in Psychology. God be with and console the family she left behind. RIP MAMA ASAGBA, we love you but God loves you most.

- Olubusayo Tomolaju



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TRIBUTE TO A GREAT HERO AND A ROLE MODEL

The news of your sudden demise came to me as a rude shock, I still find it difficult to believe you are no more,

However, I take solace in the fact that you lived a fulfilled and exemplary christain life, very humble, simple and easy going, Everytime I think about you, my heart fills with pride all through, you made my stay in the city of Ibadan a memorable and enjoyable one.

No doubt, your impacts and indelible track records in the Academic, Church, Logotherapy and Owo communities will remain fresh in our memory and will be difficult to erase.

Continue to rest in the bosom of your Lord Jesus Christ until the Resurrection Morning when we shall all meet to part no more.

We will always miss you Mum..

ADIEU MAMA

A RARE GEM.

Arogundade Taiwo Bolarinwa

Prof, it's so sad you exited the stage this early. In you I saw a calm, gentle, resilient yet principled woman. My encounter with you during my M.Sc days at UI was brief but refreshing. Good night epitome of humility and simplicity!!!

Mrs Beckie Egwenu-Eregare

Prof. Asagba will be remembered for her pleasant disposition, unpretentious and principled nature, and amiable character. She has certainly left a big void in academia as a distinguished scholar of logotherapeutic extraction. She will be sorely missed by all who knew her.

Prof. Asagba, FARE THEE WELL!

Esohe Ehondor

TRIBUTE ON PROF. RACHEL BOLAJI ASAGBA

I first knew Late Prof. Rachel Bolaji Asagba nee Oloye in the 1970s. She was the closest friend to my late elder sister, Engr. Princess Bolaji Ogunoye Ajibola my mother's second born. I believe that the two of them first became attracted to each other because of their first names "Bolaji" since their residences were not far from each other. They became close friends thereafter.

The two Bolajis were beautiful and attended different schools in Owo together and later pursued knowledge thereafter to higher institutions. They attained commanding heights in their chosen endeavours. The friends at a time settled at Ibadan after marriage and remained not only friends, as they became families.

The friendship was based on loyalty, trust, love, care, reliance and endurance. I can say without equivocation that Prof. Bolaji Asagba exuded these character traits without fault. The result of the



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closeness attained expression to the level where myself and other siblings of my late sister naturally believe that Prof. Bolaji was and still is our sister, till today.

I can therefore say that the demise of sister Bolaji, as we used to call her, is a personal loss, not only to me, to the Royal family of Ogunoye as a whole. We have indeed lost a gem, humane and trustworthy personality, who was a blessing to the family, friends and humanity as a whole.

We are however consoled by the fact that she lived a very useful, impactful and beneficial life to the credit of humanity and the world. I am sure that she will be happy being with her friend, my lovely sister, Princess Bolaji Ogunoye Ajibola, who had departed to heaven in 1993. Certainly, this is a continuation of perfect friendship, started on earth and elevated in heaven.

Dear sister Bolaji (Prof.), we will continue to miss you. My prayer is that God, in His mercies will continue to give you perfect rest in heaven.

**His Imperial Majesty, Oba Ajibade Gbadegesin Ogunoye III
The Olowo of Owo, and the Paramount Ruler of Owo Land.**



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1953 - 2021



UNIVERSITY OF IBADAN,
Ibadan, Nigeria.

Prof. A. B. Ekanola, MNAL
B.A. (OAU), M.A., Ph.D. (Ibadan),
Professor of Philosophy

Ag. Vice-Chancellor

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E-mail: debekani@gmail.com
vc@ui.edu.ng

19 March, 2021

Ref.: VC/GN.14

The Family of Late Professor Rachel B. Asagba
c/o Head, Department of Psychology
Faculty of the Social Sciences
University of Ibadan
Ibadan

Dear Sir/Madam,

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

The Head, Department of Psychology, Professor S.K. Balogun has written to inform me of the demise of Professor Asagba, a Professor in the Department, via a memo dated 12 March, 2021, which occurred on Thursday, 11 March, 2021.

On behalf of the Governing Council, Senate, Management, staff and students of the University of Ibadan, I hereby express our heartfelt sympathy to the entire family.

While mere words cannot adequately convey our sympathy, it is our prayer that the Almighty God, who comforts and strengthens in times like this, will uphold the family and grant the fortitude to bear the loss.

May her gentle soul rest in perfect peace. Amen.

Yours faithfully,

Professor A. B. Ekanola
Acting Vice Chancellor

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To be a world-class institution for academic excellence geared towards meeting societal needs.

Our Mission:

- To expand the frontiers of knowledge through provision of excellent conditions for learning and research.
- To produce graduates who are worthy in character and sound judgement.
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March 22, 2021

OUR PSYCHOLOGIST OF LOGOTHERAPEUTIC EXTRACTION HAS GONE HOME TOO SOON - A TRIBUTE

Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba could best be described as a woman with the kindest heart and uncommon emotional intelligence. Maybe not many people, except those who were very close to "My Sister", "My Dr" or "My Professor", as yours sincerely variously called Professor Asagba, knew the aforementioned facts.

The cold hands of death rudely snatched this Amazon and Princess of Owo Kingdom, Ondo State, about two weeks ago. The sun raced and prematurely set on this generous, peace loving and highly respected member of the great University of Ibadan's noble Department of Psychology.

Our beloved Head of Department, Professor Shyngle Kolawole Balogun, broke the shocking news of Professor Asagba's demise to a bewildered Department and Faculty (of the Social Sciences, UI) on Thursday, March 11, 2021. It was a bitter pill for any and every member of our Department, Faculty and University to swallow. Even as I write this tribute, everyone is gnawing the pill in their jaws, unable to swallow it as yet.

I first came in contact with Mrs Asagba (as she then was) sometime in 1997. She started serving the Department in 1997 but formally joined it (the Department) as an Assistant Lecturer in 1998. That same year, I also joined our dear Department as a Teaching Assistant, having completed my M.Sc in 1997 and proceeded to the doctoral programme in the same year.

Professor Asagba was loved by all and sundry. She never looked for anybody's trouble and no one looked for hers. I sincerely cannot recall having any friction with her. Neither did she have with me or with any other colleague in the Department and Faculty for that matter. That is the extent to which my memory can take me on this issue.

Our departed Professor always preached peace and reconciliation to colleagues and friends who experienced frayed nerves. She confided in a good number of colleagues and had a great sense of humor that easily dissipated anger and similar not so positive emotions.

Rachel Bolaji Asagba always identified with colleagues, friends and students alike during moments of joy and moments of sorrow as well. My wife and I often recollect some special and well packaged gifts that Professor Asagba visited and/or gave our family during occasions such as our wedding, arrival of our first child as well as promotions (mine personally and my wife's).

Rachel Bolaji Asagba served her Department, Faculty, University and profession diligently. As a long time Postgraduate Coordinator in the Department, it was fun working with her largely because she was simply committed, understanding and willing to make great sacrifices.

She was an insightful scholar, though probably not obviously so identified by many colleagues who were not so close to her. Her rather down to earth disposition appeared to have been misconstrued by some colleagues who were either not so discerning in this regard or simply not close to her.

Professor Asagba was a diehard apostle of Viktor Frankl, the revered Psychiatrist, Neurologist and developer of Logotherapy. The Logotherapy theory is founded on the belief that human nature is motivated by the search for a life purpose (inner meaning); Logotherapy is the search (pursuit) of that meaning for one's life.

Professor Asagba had the singular honour of embodying this important and relevant theory cum practice in Nigeria and indeed Africa. This was a no mean achievement on her part. Were Professor Asagba an academic ego merchant or noise



CELEBRATION OF LIFE PROFESSOR RACHEL BOLAJI ASAGBA 1953 - 2021

maker, she would have blown her trumpet across the whole world to hear and know about her achievement as a transplanter and nurturer of Logotherapy in Nigeria, nay, Africa.

Her humility and rather calm disposition did not allow her to do that. Even then, it will not be an exaggeration to say that, when the global history of Logotherapy is written or re-written in the foreseeable future and beyond, the name of Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba would proudly dot the Nigerian and African parts of the globe like a colossus. And the Department of Psychology, University of Ibadan would be the proud setting in which Professor Asagba operated and recorded these aforementioned achievements and lots more.

Professor Asagba contributed to the development of Clinical and Health Psychology in Nigeria in no mean ways. Apart from teaching virtually all the academic and professional programmers in the Department of Psychology, University of Ibadan, she successfully supervised several dozens of undergraduate and postgraduate students, including those on masters and doctoral programmes. Many of her former supervisees are currently occupying important and strategic positions within and outside the academia, in Nigeria and globally.

She loved scientific research and could spend her last kobo to fund research projects that were of interest to her. She never lacked raw data, collected and waiting to be analyzed and further worked on. Professor Asagba won quite a number of research and travel grants as well. She had personal contacts with Viktor Frankl (the Logotherapy guru) till the latter's death in 1997. Evidences (such as displayed photographs, some significant letters from Viktor Frankl and other notable academic partners from the global West, etc) of such high profile scholarly interactions could be seen all over Professor Asagba's office. Through her influence many of us who related closely with Professor Rachel Asagba were indeed equally becoming Viktor Frankl's apostles at different degrees or levels. Her WhatsApp platform which she created for Logotherapy is still alive. It hosts psychologists and scholars from far and wide. This platform on this promising subject (Logotherapy) must not be allowed to die. I hope the likes of our own Mfon Ineme (some of Professor Asagba's former students, nay apostles) are reading this message.

Yours sincerely had resolved years ago that inner meaning is truly one important area that truly needs to be explored by psychologists and humanists more deeply.

Many years ago, in the course of interacting with "my Sister", I realized that she had traversed Europe and America but did not travel to any part of Nigeria outside of the South West. I gently tasked her to expand her in-country travel horizon. Yours sincerely got what I did not bargain for. In less than a year, Professor Asagba saved money and traveled to several Southern and Northern states of Nigeria, including the FCT. She collected tonnes of data for research as she traversed Nigeria. That was how positively receptive our sister was. In the years that followed, Professor Asagba never relented in her in-country research related travels. Her conference attendance was significantly high.

Rachel Asagba loved her children and brought them up well. Bola (who painfully passed on), Tunde and Ola loved their mother dearly in return. During parts of their growing up days in Ibadan, all three bonded well with their mother's colleagues in the Department and Faculty at the University of Ibadan. That bond still endures reasonably well despite separation by physical distances.

From the various accounts given above, it is no wonder that the sudden and tragic transition of Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba has hit us so hard. Psychology at Ibadan as a whole is mourning. Our great Faculty of the Social Sciences and the University of Ibadan are in a distressful sense of loss as well. And so are the Nigerian Psychological Association (NPA) Oyo State Chapter and NPA National.

A beloved colleague and a great Psychologist has exited the stage prematurely. Even as we mourn Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba, our hearts go out to her surviving children Tunde and Ola, as well as her other loved ones.

On behalf of my humble self, my family as well as the entire membership and leadership of NPA, Oyo State Chapter, I most sincerely commiserate with Tunde and Ola while praying to God to have mercy on the soul of our departed dear sister. May the good Lord continue to keep the entire Asagba family strong.

Adieu, our most cherished colleague, Professor Rachel Bolaji Asagba.

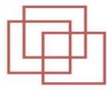
Signed

Professor Nyitor Alexander Shenge,

Chairman, NPA, Oyo State Chapter

Monday, 22 March, 2021.

CELEBRATION OF LIFE
PROFESSOR RACHEL BOLAJI ASAGBA
1953 - 2021



VIKTOR FRANKL INSTITUTE VIENNA

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Vienna, March 21, 2021

Dear colleagues,

It is with deep sadness that we share the news that our dear friend and colleague, Prof. Dr. Rachel Bolaji Asagba, passed away earlier this week.

Professor Asagba was a highly valued and accomplished member of the international logotherapy community, a great friend to many, and a role model to even more. She was a pioneer of African existential psychotherapy (logotherapy), author of many outstanding scientific articles and books on the application of logotherapy in the African context, and a charismatic teacher and advocate of the roles of meaning, personal dignity and value in human psychology. For her, these concepts were not mere abstract ideas; she lived and embodied them, always eager to share her scientific work and psychological insights not only with friends and colleagues, but also with those in need of solace and psychological help.

Professor Asagba will be lovingly remembered by her family and friends, her colleagues and students at the University of Ibadan, Nigeria, and by her large community of friends all around the world, and all who had been honored to know her. Rachel—as she was known to her many friends and colleagues – will be deeply missed by the logotherapeutic community, and by those who turned to her for counsel and advice.

Please join with me in offering our sincere condolences to her family, and to all whose lives have been touched by her wonderful presence.

VIKTOR FRANKL INSTITUTE
INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION
FOR LOGOTHERAPY AND EXISTENTIAL ANALYSIS

Alexander Batthyány



**CELEBRATION OF LIFE
PROFESSOR RACHEL BOLAJI ASAGBA
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Health through Finding Meaning and Purpose

VIKTOR FRANKL INSTITUTE OF LOGOTHERAPY

In honor of Dr. Rachel Bolaji Asagba,

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It is with great sadness the Viktor Frankl Institute of Logotherapy recognizes the death of Dr. Rachel Bolaji Asagba. Rachel came into my life when she began the study of Logotherapy with the Victor Frankl Institute of Logotherapy. However, our courses were only the next step in her study of Logotherapy. Rachel had the opportunity to study with Dr. Elisabeth Lukas and meet with Dr. Frankl. In her quiet and humble way, she never boasted or spoke of her knowledge, only her willingness to learn more.

Although having an extensive amount of training and practice in her native country in the mental health field, she was not licensed to practice in the US. Responding to this situation, as to all others, she found a way to volunteer her time under the supervision of others while in the US to complete her clinical hours. Then adding to the body of knowledge in Logotherapy, she completed her paper for Diplomate Clinician, *Using Logotherapy Strategies in Managing Victims of Sexual Assault*.

Although the list of Dr. Asagba's professional accomplishments are extensive, I wish to honor a life lived with the basic concepts of Logotherapy. In all areas, she was the example of self-transcendence. She gave of herself tirelessly, as colleagues in the field were always surprised by the gifts she brought from Nigeria. The gifts expressed the culture and talents of her country, but the love in which they were given was all Rachel. Having had the opportunity to present and write with her, I saw the love she had for her Logotherapy colleagues was also extended to her students and university colleagues. Although, sometimes she would quite factually mention the difficulties faced with the infrastructure in Nigeria as we worked to meet a deadline, never was it done in the tone of a victim. Instead, again living logotherapy, she'd identify the problem and, with the defiant power of the spirit so evident in Rachel, we would face it.

I could write extensively about what I learned from Rachel, but no matter how much or how long, it would never capture the essence of who she is. Although she is no longer still with us physically, Rachel's presence will always be a large part of the Logotherapy community. For all who knew her, her beautiful smile, contagious laugh, insightful wisdom, and caring advice will be a part of who we are.

The world and especially the Logotherapy family has lost a mentor, a teacher, a researcher and most importantly a member of our family. Each of us has had our life's enriched by knowing her. You touched everyone you came into contact with, and the world is a lonelier place without you.

Until we meet again, rest in peace my beautiful, gracious sister. You are already missed.

May each of us in the Logotherapy family carry the spark that you shared with us as we go forward to live a life with meaning in honor of you.

Sincerely,

Cynthia Wimberly

Cynthia Wimberly, PhD
Vice-President and Clinical Diplomate
International Board of Directors
Viktor Frankl Institute of Logotherapy

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Dr. Cynthia Wimberly Vice -President of the Viktor Frankl Institute of Logotherapy has written a very eloquent letter which expresses the shock and sadness that all of us are experiencing with this news about Rachel. As the president of the Institute, I would like to add these thoughts. Viktor Frankl taught that we are three dimensional beings. Our third dimension is our spirit. As almost everyone who is reading this letter will already know, our spirit can not get sick, old, or die. Because it does not come from matter. This sudden death only took Rachel from us physically. Her spirit has transcended into eternity. Some one asked Viktor Frankl, "how long is eternity?" He responded, "that is the wrong question. Eternity is forever." Rachel's beautiful spirit has transcended into eternity. We hope that all of us will be together with Rachel someday. We send our fondest thoughts to members of Rachel's family, and we thank you for sharing your precious Rachel with us.

Sincerely,

Robert C. Barnes, PhD
President and Clinical Diplomate
International Board of Directors
Viktor Frankl Institute of Logotherapy

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PROFESSOR RACHEL BOLAJI ASAGBA
1953 - 2021

