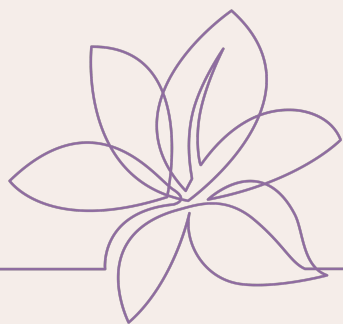


REMEMBERING



SAMIRA
NAYINA

ALWAYS IN OUR HEARTS



TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Order of Memorial	2
Songs	5
Biography	7
Tributes	14
Gallery	104



ORDER OF MEMORIAL

SONG BY DJ – Visiting Hours (Ed Sheeran)

[ARRIVAL OF GUESTS]

MC INTRODUCTION & WELCOME ADDRESS

OPENING PRAYER by Ibrahim Mahama

[A MINUTE OF SILENCE]

SHORT SERMON by Ghana Gas Muslim Association

BIOGRAPHY READING by Andaratu Wuni

TRIBUTE IN RHYTHM (Drummers)

TRIBUTES BY FAMILY

Siblings

Aunty Evelyn

Cousins

Barbara (Latifa) and Sisters

Pamela and Siblings

SONG BY DJ – Ghost (Justin Beiber)



ORDER OF MEMORIAL

TRIBUTES BY SCHOOL MATES

Tamale International School

Tribute by Nathan Tonlaar

Tribute by Abdul-Mumin Abukari

Wesley Girls' High School (WGHS), Cape Coast

Tribute by WGHS 03 Year Group read by Edith Obodai

Tribute by Diana Asonaba Dapaah

Tribute by Brigid Yirenkyi

SONG BY DJ - See you again (Wiz Khalifa)

Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology, Kumasi

Civil Engineering Class 2008 read by Belbina Sarkodie

Tribute by Daniel Owusu

University of Dundee, Scotland

Tribute by Priscilla and Friends

SONG MINISTRATION by Edith Gertrude Awotwi Pratt



ORDER OF MEMORIAL

TRIBUTES BY COLLEAGUES

BOST Energies

Tribute by Board, Management and Staff

Ghana National Gas Company

Tribute by Management/Company

Tribute by Ghana Gas Senior Staff Association

Tribute by Sadia and Ewurama

WORDS OF REMEMBRANCE from Guests

SONG MINISTRATION by Edith Gertrude Awotwi Pratt

VOTE OF THANKS by Mas'Huda Nayina

CLOSING PRAYER by Tijani Abdul Rahman



Abide with Me

Verse 1:

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Verse 3:

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

Verse 4:

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Verse 5:

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain
shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.



Be Still My Soul

Verse 1:

Be still, my soul! the Lord is on your side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to your God to order and provide;
In ev'ry change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul! your best, your heav'nly friend
Thru' thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Verse 2:

Be still, my soul! your God does undertake
To guide the future as he has the past;
Your hope, your confidence, let nothing shake;
all now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul! the waves and winds still know
His voice who ruled them while he lived below.

Verse 3:

Be still, my soul! when dearest friends depart
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shall you better know his love, his heart,
Who comes to soothe your sorrow and your fears.
Be still, my soul! your Jesus can repay
From his own fullness all he takes away.

Verse 4:

Be still, my soul! the hour is hast'ning on
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still my soul! when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

God Be With You Till We Meet Again

Verse 1:

God be with you till we meet again,
by His counsels guide, uphold you,
with His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Refrain:

Till we meet, till we meet,
till we meet at Jesus' feet;
till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

Verse 2:

God be with you till we meet again!
'neath His wings securely hide you,
daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again! [Refrain]

Verse 3:

God be with you till we meet again;
when life's perils thick confound you,
put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again. [Refrain]

Verse 4:

God be with you till we meet again;
keep love's banner floating o'er you,
smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again. [Refrain]



BIOGRAPHY



A LIFE OF
GRACE,
PURPOSE
& LOVE



BIOGRAPHY

Samira Nayina

"Indeed, to Allah we belong, and indeed to Him we shall return." (Qur'an 2:156)

Samira Nayina, affectionately known as Samie, was born on Wednesday, 7th August 1985, in Libya. She was the firstborn child of Mr. S. S. Nayina and the late Hajia Mase Sulemana. From an early age, Samira displayed remarkable intelligence, confidence, determination, compassion, and an unwavering sense of purpose; qualities that would define every stage of her life.

Samira began her education in Tamale, attending Presby Primary School and St. Gabriel's Primary School before continuing at Tamale International School (TIS). There, she quickly distinguished herself both academically and in sports. She represented her school and the Northern Region in numerous competitions and, in 1999, placed second nationally in the Junior Secondary School Mathematics Competition held in Accra.





Beyond academics, Samira was deeply committed to serving her community. As a member of Holy Cross Parish in Tamale, she served as one of the youngest Mass readers. Her eloquence, confidence, and maturity earned her admiration even at a young age.

As a member of the pioneer graduating class of Tamale International School (2000 Year Group), Samira achieved an extraordinary ten Ones in the Basic Education Certificate Examination (BECE). Together with her colleague and friend, Nathan Tonlaar, she represented the Northern Region at the Presidential Awards for the Best Performing BECE Students. Her exceptional performance further earned her the opportunity to attend a summer educational programme in the United States, an early recognition of the immense potential she possessed.

Although her parents initially had reservations about her moving to Cape Coast for secondary education, Samira remained resolute in her desire to attend Wesley Girls' High School, a recommendation strongly endorsed by her headmistress at TIS, Teacher Eunice, who believed the school would nurture her talents. She joined Ellis House, where she formed lifelong friendships that remained among her greatest treasures.

At Wesley Girls', Samira excelled both inside and outside the classroom. A gifted athlete, she won numerous sporting medals and was eventually elected Sports Prefect. Her outstanding achievements in academics and athletics culminated in her receiving the prestigious **Chinery-Hesse Award for the Best Student in Sports and Academics**, a



fitting recognition for her exceptional all-round excellence.

Samira's talents extended far beyond the classroom. While awaiting admission to university, she joined Diamond FM in Tamale, where she worked as an English newsreader. Her professionalism, eloquence, and natural charisma soon earned her an additional role as host of an afternoon music programme. She quickly became a favourite among colleagues and listeners alike, leaving behind a lasting impression when she departed to pursue higher education.

Although many expected her to study Medicine at Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology (KNUST), Samira chose to follow her own passion. She pursued Civil Engineering, graduating in 2008 with a Bachelor of Science degree. Following her national service with the Department of Public Works and Sanitation of the Kumasi Metropolitan Assembly, she furthered her education at the University of Dundee in Scotland, where she obtained an MBA in Oil and Gas Management from the Centre for Energy, Petroleum and Mineral Law and Policy (CEPMLP).

After completing her studies, Samira joined HM Revenue and Customs (HMRC) in Newcastle, United Kingdom, where she worked for several years before returning home to Ghana.

Back in Ghana, Samira built an outstanding career as a Civil Engineer. She worked with Osam Energy, BOST Energy Company Limited, and later the Ghana National Gas Company, where she became widely respected for her professionalism, competence, integrity, and exceptional work ethic.

More than an accomplished engineer, Samira was an inspiring leader and mentor. She invested generously in developing younger professionals, willingly sharing her knowledge and encouraging others to strive for excellence. She served as Chairperson of the Election Committee and captained the company's women's football team, leading with the same quiet confidence and commitment that characterised every aspect of her life.

Her commitment to professional excellence was reflected in her credentials as a **Project**





Management Professional (PMP) and as a member of the Ghana Institution of Engineering (GhIE). She also served with distinction as the first President of the Wesley Girls' High School 2003 Year Group, a role she embraced with passion and dedication. Despite her many professional accomplishments, Samira measured success not by titles or achievements, but by the lives she touched.

To her family, she was far more than an elder sister. She was a pillar of strength, a trusted confidante, a protector, and the dependable problem solver everyone turned to. She carried family responsibilities with remarkable devotion, always placing the needs of her loved ones before her own. She lovingly encouraged her parents to prioritize their health, personally ensuring they attended regular medical appointments and supporting them in every possible way. To her siblings, she was a constant source of wisdom, encouragement, reassurance, and unconditional love.

To her friends, Samira embodied unwavering loyalty. She nurtured lifelong friendships with sincerity, generosity, and genuine affection. Whether through thoughtful gifts, words of encouragement, or simply being present when someone needed her, she had an extraordinary gift for making people feel deeply loved and valued. Her warmth, infectious laughter, and generous spirit created friendships that will continue to endure long after her passing.

Outside her professional life, Samira embraced every opportunity to learn and grow. She loved reading, travelling, fashion, and spending quality time with family and friends. Never content to remain idle, she continually pursued new interests and challenges. She played tennis and later graduated from the Joyce Ababio College of Creative Design, reflecting her creativity and lifelong commitment to personal development.

Those who knew Samira remember a woman of remarkable brilliance, humility, generosity, courage, and unwavering faith. She possessed the rare ability to lead with quiet strength while remaining approachable, compassionate, and deeply kind. She celebrated the successes of others as sincerely as her own and consistently opened doors for those



around her. Her life exemplified excellence without arrogance, leadership without pride, and success anchored in humility and service.

Her passing came as a profound shock to her family, friends, colleagues, and the many lives she touched. Though her departure was sudden and left an irreplaceable void, her life stands as a beautiful reminder that our time in this world is determined solely by the will of Allah. As Muslims, we find comfort in the words of the Holy Qur'an: ***"Indeed, we belong to Allah, and indeed to Him we shall return."*** (Qur'an 2:156).

Though her earthly journey was shorter than we had hoped, the impact of her life will continue to resonate for generations. She leaves behind a legacy of faith, humility, integrity, excellence, service, and unconditional love. Her life reminds us that true greatness is measured not by worldly accomplishments alone, but by the lives we uplift, the kindness we extend, and the love we leave behind.

As we mourn her passing at the age of forty, we remain grateful for the privilege of having known and loved her. We remain comforted by the memories she gave us and by our faith in Allah's infinite mercy. We pray that Allah forgives her shortcomings, accepts her good deeds, expands and illuminates her grave, grants her the highest ranks of Jannah, and reunites us with her in eternal peace.

Ameen.



TRIBUTES



HONOURING
A LIFE
WELL
LIVED



TRIBUTE BY FATHER

A father's tribute to his beloved daughter

Samie, today I struggle to find words large enough to hold the love I have for you, the pride you brought me, and the pain of losing you far too soon. Forty years was not enough time for a life so bright, so beautiful, and so full of promise. Yet in those forty years, you lived with purpose, courage, kindness, and grace.

You were a smart and caring daughter, and from the very beginning, you gave your parents every reason to be proud - you brought joy, peace, and honour to our home. You carried yourself with dignity, treated your family with love, and always showed deep concern for my wellbeing and the wellbeing of those you loved.

You were an overachiever in the best and most admirable sense. You loved learning, growing, and improving yourself constantly. You never settled for less than what you knew you could become. You pursued excellence with quiet determination, and you taught us through your life that growth is a lifelong journey.

What made you even more remarkable was the courage with which you lived. You did not allow the opinions of others to define you. You created your own path in life, followed your convictions, and walked with confidence in the direction you believed was right. In doing so, you became an example of strength, independence, and self-belief.

As your father, I will always cherish the way you loved me, the way you cared for our family, and the way you made us proud without ever seeking applause. Your life was a gift to us. Your memory will remain a light in our hearts, and your legacy will live on in the lessons you taught us, the love you gave us, and the example you set.



TRIBUTE BY FATHER

Rest peacefully, my dear daughter. Though my heart aches because I can no longer hold you, I thank God for the honour of being your father. You made me proud in life, and you will remain my pride forever!



TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

The Mase Clan

“She is not heavy; she is my sister”

We called you Samie (never Samira). As our clan head, you were an exceptional sister! Tariq and Zaaida, the “Latter day Saints” as you called them, were like your children and Mas’Huda was your twin.

Everyone will speak of how unique and gifted you were, how unbelievable smart you were, how easily and brightly you shone under any circumstance, how effortlessly you left a mark in all spheres of your life. As your siblings, we were very proud of you.

People saw the results of your hard work, dedication and God-given abilities, but we often saw the preparation behind it. Although honestly, you seemed not to need it, you did not take anything for granted. You worked and lived with a sense of urgency. You set your goals and you achieved them. You charted your own path and found joy and laughter along the way. You enjoyed every waking moment – YOU REALLY LIVED!

Today, we look back and smile because everything you wanted to do, you did – and you did it so beautifully!!!

Your traditional name ‘Badzinmi’ which translates into “They don’t know that I know”, - we now understand it better. The world may not have known, but you knew that your time here was short. You pushed people to live and do their best – including us, your siblings and most especially, Tarq! Although we have known you all our lives, we never took your presence for granted.



TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS



40 years on this earth feels like such a short time but you achieved so much that we have no choice but to be happy for the life you lived – and the legacy you have left behind.

We will miss you – walking around the house at 1am because you are a night person, sleeping on half of your bed because the other half had clothes on it, washing your car every Sunday like you worked part time at a washing bay. Whether you were all dolled up with your full glam and fabulous wigs, or bare faced with your curly natural hair in your PPE walking along the pipeline route, you were amazing!

We never dreamt of a day like this – but here we are. We would have loved to grow old together, but God has his ways; and of course, He also wants a Samie in heaven!! A vacuum has been created so deep, we alone understand what you meant to us and the void your absence has created but we know that you, and Maa, have prepared us for this journey and we will make you proud.

We are grateful to call you sister. We thank you for always being there for us, fighting for us, encouraging us, fooling for us and crying with us. If anyone deserves to be in a beautiful place where there is no pain and no sorrow; where there are angels playing music all day, it is you.

Take your rest now, Samie.

YOU KNOW WE WOULD NEVER TRADE YOU, OR YOUR MEMORIES, FOR ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD (inside joke)



TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS



TRIBUTE BY AUNTIE EVELYN (TAMALE)

A tribute to my beloved daughter

"God is our Shelter and Strength, always ready to help in times of trouble. So we will not be afraid even if the earth is shaken and the mountains fall into the ocean depths" (Psalm 46:1-2)

Indeed the earth shook, the mountain fell into the ocean depths and the pillar crumbled, but God is always ready to help in times like this.

Inevitably, death is the end of every mortal being. We did not expect that our too soon a young vibrant lady Sami, full of dreams will depart to her maker with so much yet to accomplish.

In our grief and sorrow, we still thank God for gifting us such a beautiful, elegant intelligent, energetic, outspoken and terrific daughter. God decides and no one can change how long we live on earth. We are grateful for your life on earth.

"God bless you mummy for always thinking about us and standing in for our mother in truth in the way you do, we love you and appreciate you always. May we live to see the end of this year in health and wealth." These were Samira's last conversation we had on whatsapp.

Samira, the year is just half way. What happened! "Your silence is too loud!"

A heart of gold, a beautiful soul's stopped beating. God broke our hearts to prove to us He, God, only takes the best. Sami, our hearts still aches in sadness and secret tears still flow.

Exactly a year ago on the very day you passed, you were in Tamale for Mum's second anniversary. You visited me with Mas'Huda - you brought me gifts. We didn't have time to



TRIBUTE BY AUNTIE EVELYN

talk as we usually did because you had to return to Accra that very day and you insisted I visit you in Accra. Unfortunately, though I'm in Accra today, it is not the visit we planned.

A strong willed person, an achiever, who knew what she wanted, a pillar, so focused, committed and attained the highest her breath could take her right from infancy, Samira never settled for less.

We have lost a portion of ourselves. I shed tears because I miss you.

I shed tears because your absence is so loud Sami, too loud! God I know will give us the strength to keep going. Though you're not here physically, your presence and love is still very tangible.

Your memory lives strong

Your life was a blessing

Your memory a treasure

You're loved beyond measure

I believe Heaven has gained an angel

Samira, Rest well

Tell mum we miss her.



TRIBUTE BY BARBARA & SISTERS

Cousins

Samira, my beautiful cousin and bestie.

I have thought so much about your sudden death. Every day, I ask myself countless questions, and every day I'm left with no answers. Sometimes I even make up answers in my own mind, just to make sense of something that simply doesn't make sense.

Everyone tells me to accept that this has happened. I hear people say, "It was her time," and I find myself asking, "On whose watch?" I know everyone has their own understanding of death, but right now, I don't have one. Maybe one day God Himself will whisper the answer to my heart. Until then, I can't fathom this loss. I'm simply heartbroken.

You messaged me saying, "Look who went into hospital and hasn't returned home, but don't be alarmed, I'll be fine." It has been several weeks now, yet I still find myself expecting your daily streaks, a phone call, a message, something from you. But there is nothing, Samira. You keep moving further down my Snapchat and WhatsApp lists, and somehow that makes everything feel even more real.

We grew up together as cousins in Tamale and reconnected in 2017. We picked up exactly where we left off in primary school. We got on like a house on fire and quickly realised how much we had in common. Over the years we built a beautiful friendship and a deep connection. We laughed, we cried, and we gisted about anything and everything. It is a bond I will cherish for the rest of my life.

You didn't just become my bestie cousin. You became one of Mummy's daughters.



TRIBUTE BY BARBARA & SISTERS

You formed a special relationship with each of my sisters in your own unique way, and each of them carries precious memories of you. Sister Lucy will always cherish the memories you made together and the positive influence you had on her life. Sister Ann will hold on to your long, heartfelt conversations. Mum will miss giving you her constant advice. Eunice will always remember trying to convince you to start your own fashion brand and make her dresses because of your impeccable style and everything you learned at fashion school.

When you visited in May, you were full of life. Eunice even waited for you to arrive before celebrating her birthday. Sister Ann picked you up from the airport, which was not the norm. Sister Lucy made every effort to spend time with us. Looking back, everything about that visit feels different. Little did we know it would be the last time we would see you.

For you, it was meant to be a quick escape from the hustle and bustle of Accra. For us, it was the usual shopping, laughing, making memories, and me complaining about absolutely everything, as usual. Little did we know this would be your way of saying goodbye.

You have left a bitter pill in our mouths, but an unforgettable mark on all of our hearts. This was never how we imagined we would next be visiting you in Ghana.

We have all described you using the same beautiful words: ambitious, inspiring, competitive, kind, generous, intelligent, respectful, and selfless. Every one of those words is true.

I also want everyone to know the quieter parts of who you were.

You were calm, funny, unassuming, cultured, shy, emotional, and introverted. You were an open book to those you trusted. You wore your heart on your sleeve and loved deeply. Your energy was infectious. You carried so much light wherever you went. That beautiful, gentle side of you deserves to be remembered just as much as all your achievements.



Thank you for letting me share some of the best years of your life. Thank you for standing beside me through my darkest moments and celebrating my happiest ones.

You also didn't stay long enough to watch Nathan grow, just when he had learned to say "Aunty." I hope he surprises all of us and grows really tall, just for you.

If you're up there with the Big Man, please tell Him I said He called you home far too soon. Ask Him to comfort all of us, carry us through this grief, and give us the strength to keep going until we meet again.

People often say heaven has gained an angel. In your case, I truly believe it has gained a real one.

Until we meet again, Samira, I will love you forever.

Barbara and Sisters



TRIBUTE BY PAMELA & SIBLINGS

Cousins

"Indeed, to Allah we belong and indeed, to Him we shall return." (Qur'an 2:156)

There are some people whose presence is so constant, so comforting, that you never imagine a world without them. For us, that person was you.

Today, we stand together as siblings with hearts that are heavy, yet full of gratitude. Heavy because we miss you beyond words, and grateful because Allah blessed us with the privilege of sharing this life with someone as remarkable as you.

Although we know that every soul shall taste death and that we are all travelers in this fleeting world, nothing could have prepared us for your passing – it was one of the most heartbreaking moments of our lives - yet Allah had decreed otherwise.

We had so many plans with you. We looked forward to celebrating more milestones, creating more memories, and sharing many more chapters of life together. Yet Allah reminds us that while we plan, He plans, and indeed, He is the Best of Planners. Your sudden departure has further opened our eyes to the reality that this world is only a temporary abode. The Holy Qur'an constantly reminds us to remember our return to Allah and to prepare for it, for death may come to any one of us at any time.

You were never just our cousin; you were our sister, our confidante, our cheerleader, and our safe place. Family gatherings felt complete because you were there. Conversations were brighter because of your laughter. Challenges seemed lighter because of your encouragement. You had a way of making each of us feel seen, valued, and deeply loved.



TRIBUTE BY PAMELA AND SIBLINGS

You were an amazing person who knew exactly what you wanted. Your brilliance was evident in everything you pursued. You worked hard, dreamed boldly, and carried yourself with quiet excellence. Yet what impressed us most was never your achievements; it was your heart. You were kind without expecting recognition, generous without hesitation, and compassionate without limits. You celebrated our victories as though they were your own and stood beside us in difficult seasons without ever being asked.

As siblings, we each experienced your love and companionship in our own unique way. Among us, no one knew that bond more intimately than our sister, Pamela. The connection the two of you shared was one that all of us admired, a companionship built on unwavering love, trust, loyalty, and an unbreakable sisterhood. You were more than cousins; you were each other's confidantes, greatest supporters, and chosen sisters.

As we remember and celebrate your beautiful life today, we invite you to hear Pamela's heart in her own words:

"Allah blessed us with a truly special connection. I was privileged to call you not only my cousin but also my best friend. We journeyed through life side by side, creating countless memories, sharing our dreams, having deep conversations about life, and laughing together until tears filled our eyes. You had an infectious sense of humor, and no one appreciated it more than me. The two of us laughed until our sides hurt, turning even the simplest moments into cherished memories. You loved me deeply, and I never once doubted that. You always had my back. You proudly introduced me to your friends and colleagues, believed in me, and gave me the confidence to become the best version of myself. Those are gifts I will forever carry with me. By Allah's infinite mercy, I was also granted the priceless blessing of seeing you one last time and sharing a final moment with you before you were laid to rest, a memory I will cherish for the rest of my life."

Losing you has left a silence that words cannot adequately describe. There are moments when we still expect your call, your message, your infectious laugh, or one of your thoughtful check-ins. It is difficult to accept that those moments now live only in our memories. You have created a void in our lives that can never truly be filled.



Yet even in our grief, we choose gratitude. We are grateful that Allah allowed our lives to intersect with yours. We are grateful for every memory we shared, every celebration, every conversation, every lesson, every laugh, every tear, and every act of love. We are grateful that you lived your life so beautifully, even though it was far shorter than we had hoped. We also find comfort in our faith. We trust that Allah, the Most Merciful, knows what we do not know. We pray that He forgives your shortcomings, accepts your good deeds, expands and illuminates your grave, and grants you Jannatul Firdaus. We believe, by the mercy of Allah, that this is not a farewell forever but a temporary separation. We pray that one day Allah reunites us in Paradise, where there will be no more pain, no more tears, and no more goodbyes.

Though your time with us was short, your impact will last a lifetime. We promise to honour your memory by supporting one another more faithfully, and living with the same generosity, purpose, and sincerity that defined your life.

As we say goodbye, we do not say goodbye to your legacy. We carry you with us, in our hearts, in our stories, in our prayers, and in the values you left behind. Your life was a blessing, your memory a treasure, and your love is a gift that death can never take away.

Some things cannot truly be spoken—they can only be carried quietly in the heart.

Rest peacefully, our beloved cousin. Until Allah reunites us in **Jannatul Firdaus**, you will forever be loved, forever be missed, and forever remain a cherished part of who we are.

O Allah, forgive her, have mercy upon her, make her grave one of the gardens of Paradise, and admit her into Jannatul Firdaus without reckoning.

With all our love,
Your cousins



TRIBUTE BY PAMELA AND SIBLINGS



TRIBUTE BY NATHAN TONLAAR

I am deeply honored to write this tribute to my dear friend, Samira Nayina, who has been taken from us far sooner than any of us could have expected or imagined. Yet, we must accept that the Good Lord indeed knows best. Samira accomplished so much and was loved by so many during her relatively short time here on earth.

Samira and I first met when we both moved from our respective primary schools to begin JSS at Tamale International School in 1997—almost 30 years ago now. The details of our first encounter are blurry at this point, but I do know that it did not take long for our friendship to develop. We were two skinny kids eager to learn, but with wicked senses of humor. We had a penchant for causing just enough disruption in class with our amateur comedy, much to the chagrin of our teachers.

About 10 years after we had completed JSS, Samira and I were walking through my neighborhood in Tamale when we accidentally ran into two of our former teachers. Their first words were, “You two again?” They quickly reminded us of the side conversations we would have during their classes—especially in JSS 3, when our desks were closer together. We were obviously not very good at hiding our disruption. At the same time, we were both highly motivated students who constantly pushed each other to excel.

Humor was one of the greatest bonds we shared. Everyone who knew Samira knows that her sense of humor was impeccable and that she genuinely enjoyed making people laugh. She could have had an outstanding career in stand-up comedy. During my first year at PRESEC Legon and her first year at Wesley Girls’ High School in 2001, we were reunited when we both received the Presidential Award for the Northern Region. As part of the ceremony, we interviewed for an opportunity to travel to the United States. I was incredibly unfortunate because my interview was immediately after Samira’s. As I stood outside the interview room waiting for my turn, all I could hear was roaring laughter coming from inside. My interview was



an absolute snoozefest compared to hers—I never stood a chance. But I couldn't have been happier for her. As much as we competed, we always rooted for one another and celebrated each other's accomplishments.

Samira was the definition of a people person. She stayed connected with people. I left for the United States after SSS in 2003 and have lived there ever since. Yet whenever I wanted to know what was happening with anyone from our JSS class, all I had to do was ask Samira. She went out of her way to stay in touch with me despite the distance.

While I was in medical school in Chicago in 2007, Samira came to Branson, Missouri, for a summer work program during the final years of her university education. She took a 10-hour bus ride from Missouri to Chicago just to visit me.

That story came full circle almost 20 years later. In 2024, Samira returned to the United States and came to spend a few days with my family and me. As fate would have it, I now live in Springfield, Missouri—just 45 minutes from Branson, where she had worked all those years ago. Her top priority during that visit was to drive to Branson and surprise the woman she had worked for nearly two decades earlier. As soon as I picked her up from the airport, we drove straight there, and I had the incredible privilege of filming and photographing the emotional reunion between Samira and her former boss after almost 20 years. That was Samira. She was deeply intentional about relationships. She never forgot people, and she never underestimated the value of staying connected.

Samira loved her family deeply. She was an amazing sister and was always there whenever her siblings needed her. One of the things that amazed me over the last decade was the depth of the relationship she shared with her father. Samira was a classic daddy's girl. Whenever I came home to Ghana, our plans to meet in the evenings were almost always scheduled around her unwavering commitment to visit her dad after work before he went to sleep. We were either going to meet before daddy time or after daddy time—but there was never going to be any interruption of daddy time. A few years ago, I asked her why she hadn't stayed in the UK after completing her master's degree. Her answer was simple: "My dad missed me." Now, as the father of an almost six-year-old daughter myself, I can only hope that one day my daughter will feel about me the way Samira felt about her dad.



TRIBUTE BY NATHAN TONLAAR



There are simply not enough words—or enough pages—to adequately describe the kind of person Samira was. All I can hope to do is offer a glimpse into the size of her heart and the depth of her character. For almost three decades, we remained part of each other's lives despite the distance. It was a friendship we both treasured and made sure to nurture, no matter where life took us. Whenever I planned a trip to Ghana, other than reaching out to my immediate family, Samira was usually the very first person I messaged once my travel dates were confirmed. We would immediately begin planning when, where, and how often we could meet before I returned to the United States.

It was an incredible three decades of friendship—one that I simply assumed would last another four decades or more. But life had other plans. Even so, I will always be profoundly grateful for the gift of Samira's friendship, even if it was far shorter than I ever imagined.

My heartfelt condolences go to her beloved father, her siblings, her entire family, and all of the dear friends whose lives she touched so deeply.

Thank you, Nayina, as I would often call her, for your friendship, your laughter, your loyalty, and the countless memories we shared. Rest well, dear friend!



TRIBUTE BY ABDUL-MUMIN ABUKARI IDDRIS

There are some people who come into your life as friends, but over time become family.

Samira Nayina, was one of those rare people.

For more than three decades, we shared a friendship that was built on trust, loyalty, laughter, and genuine love. We grew up together, living less than a five-minute walk from each other. Our families knew one another, and from our basic school days through Junior High School, we journeyed through life side by side. We watched each other grow, celebrated milestones together, and remained constant in each other's lives.

Life eventually took us both to Accra. Careers, family, and the demands of adulthood meant that finding time to meet became surprisingly difficult. We would always promise to see each other, yet somehow those plans never materialized. Ironically, it never felt like we were apart. Our conversations were so frequent, so open, and so sincere that it always felt as though we had just met the day before. We spoke about everything—our work, our families, our dreams, our frustrations, and our victories. The physical distance never weakened the bond we shared.

For over a decade, we did not see each other in person. Yet when we finally did, it felt as though time had stood still.

I still remember that call while I was in London.
"I'm told you're in London."

I smiled and replied, "Yes."

Without hesitation, you came with Barbara to the hotel where I was staying. Seeing you again filled my heart with so much joy. We talked, laughed, reminisced, and caught up on years of life.



Conversation flowed so naturally that we completely lost track of time. Before we realized it, it was well past midnight. It felt as though we were simply continuing a conversation we had paused years earlier.

Looking back now, I thank Allah for that night. I did not know it would be our final meeting, but He did.

When I returned to Ghana, you sent me a WhatsApp message that I consider one of the most beautiful messages I have ever received. It was thoughtful, heartfelt, and deeply affirming. It is a message I will cherish for the rest of my life. Today, it has become one of my most treasured memories of you.

Then came the morning of 10th June.

I received a call from your sister, Mashuda, informing me that you were unwell and had been admitted to Nyaho Medical Centre. We all hoped and prayed for your recovery. As the day progressed, we agreed that moving you to UGMC would give you the best chance. Everything happened so quickly that it almost felt unreal.

That night, I went to bed believing there would be better news in the morning. Instead, I woke up to see two missed calls from Mashuda.

The moment I saw them, something deep within me told me that something wasn't right. I immediately called back.

Then came the words I never imagined I would hear.

You were gone.

In that instant, the world seemed to pause. Disbelief gave way to heartbreak. It was impossible to comprehend that someone whose voice I had heard so many times, someone I had laughed with only weeks earlier, someone who had been such a constant



presence in my life for over thirty years, was no longer here.

Sam, your passing has left a void that words cannot fully describe.

You were more than a friend. You were family. You were one of the few people with whom conversations never needed effort, explanations were rarely necessary, and silence was always comfortable. Your kindness, sincerity, warmth, and unwavering friendship made life richer for everyone privileged enough to know you.

I will forever be grateful that Allah granted us one last meeting in London. I will forever treasure your final message to me. And I will forever thank Him for blessing my life with your friendship.

Though your journey in this world has ended, your memory will continue to live in the hearts of all who loved you. Every shared memory, every conversation, every laugh, and every lesson will remain with me.

May Allah, in His infinite mercy, forgive your shortcomings, expand your grave with light, grant you peace and comfort, and admit you into the highest ranks of Jannah, where there is no pain, no illness, and no parting.

Until we meet again, my dear friend.

Rest peacefully, Sam.

إنا لله وإنا إليه راجعون

"Surely we belong to Allah, and to Him we shall return."



TRIBUTE BY BASH, PAM & BRENDA

A Joint Tribute

"Those we love don't go away. They walk beside us every day. Unseen, unheard, but always near. Still loved, still missed, and very dear." - Alex MacLean

Our friendship with Samira began over twenty-nine years ago at Tamale International School (TIS), where four girls found each other and formed a bond that quickly grew beyond the classroom. It didn't take long before our parents became invested too. As we grew up, life sometimes pulled us in different directions, yet we always found our way back home to each other's hearts.

Bash

From the first day we met at TIS, coming from different schools, we quickly became friends, and I am so grateful we did. I still smile when I think about Cape Coast Interco, proudly telling my friends we were close after you excelled in that race. I'm glad I did, because that turned out to be my first and last Interco.

I'll always cherish our trip to Tamale, our countless late-night hangouts, and the sleepovers at my place to complete our gossip arrears. You were always one of the first friends to visit when I fell sick. Even when we had misunderstandings, our friendship always found its way back. I still remember calling to apologize on your birthday last year, and you quietly saying, "Bash, I am sorry too."

Your early morning calls will stay with me forever, teasing me about my weight loss and telling me to gain weight because you missed calling me 'obolo'. Thank you for the laughter, love, care, and unforgettable memories. You will always have a special place in my heart. You will never be forgotten!





Pamela

If indeed Allah had not hidden death from us, man would be anxious all the time. I spoke with you on Monday afternoon, two days before your passing, and your voice was full of life. Little did I know it would be the last time I would hear it.

You were my goto person. We shared deep secrets, and you called on me in your lowest moments. You asked me questions I answered like I was the one who birthed you. You were not only my cousin, but my friend, confidante, teacher, role model, fighting mate, and my support in every difficult task.

Words cannot express my shock when I received Mas'Huda's distress call that Wednesday night. I believe you pulled me to Accra to bid you farewell, because I arrived with a peaceful mind, unaware of the heartbreak that lay ahead.

Truly, this world is temporary, and we should live as travelers on a journey. I miss you deeply. You bonded effortlessly with people and loved wholeheartedly. May Allah grant you Jannatul Firdaus. Rest, my dearest sister and friend.





Brenda

Samira, Bash, and Pamela came to TIS for JSS, and that is how our friendship began. Even when we moved to different cities for SSS, Pamela and I to Kumasi, Samira and Bash to Cape Coast, we stayed in touch and always found ourselves again.

Three of the four of us went to KNUST, and while Sam was in Gaza, she and her blanket spent a generous amount of time in our Suncity room. We shared beds from Suncity to Dansoman, to Newcastle, and back to Ghana, creating countless memories from all the time spent physically together or on the phone.

Sam, as I affectionately called her, was an inspiration, reliable, loyal, and she loved unconditionally. We have watched the World Cup without you. NSMQ starts soon. Your death still feels surreal. You were loved, and you will always continue to be loved. Continue to rest, Meerah*tou idea.

Our Final Words

Across all our memories, one truth stands: Samira gave us laughter, comfort, loyalty, and a friendship that shaped our lives. She was a sister in every way that mattered. Her departure has left a void, but her love remains in our hearts, and the memories we share because she was a part of them.

Rest well, Samira. You will never be forgotten.



TRIBUTE BY WESLEY GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL '03

A tribute in honour of our dear sister, Samira Nayina.

It is with profound sorrow, shock and an immeasurable sense of loss that we, the Wesley Girls' High School 2003 Year Group, pay tribute to our dear sister, Samira Nayina.

Many of us first met Samira in 2001 when we entered Wesley Girls' High School. She was a proud resident of Ellis House and a member of the Science One (S1) Class. Tall, elegant and purposeful, she carried herself with quiet confidence. She possessed a sharp intellect, a quick wit and an infectious sense of humour that could brighten even the most demanding school day.

As the first President of our 2003 Year Group, she laid the foundation upon which our thriving sisterhood stands today. At a time when social media was still evolving, she envisioned bringing us together on WhatsApp and worked tirelessly to reconnect classmates from around the world. When one group could no longer accommodate everyone, she thoughtfully created separate class groups to ensure no one was left behind. Today, hundreds of sisters remain connected because Samira believed that our bonds should never be lost to differences in time or distance.

Under her leadership, we were successfully inaugurated as Old Girls, celebrated our 10th Anniversary in grand style and undertook meaningful projects for our alma mater, including donating enough medicines to stock the school infirmary for an extended period. Samira believed that whatever we did, we should do it wholeheartedly. Our legendary culture of "overdoing" things in the best possible way was a seed sown by Samira Nayina.

inspired generosity in practical ways that continue to define our year group. When one of our sisters urgently needed financial support to save her son's life, Samira challenged us with a question many of us still remember: "What is the value of GH¢100 or GH¢200?"



TRIBUTE BY THE WGHS 2003 YEAR GROUP



She spearheaded the effort with conviction: "It is the cost of braiding my hair, but I am giving it to my sister to heal her son." Inspired by her example, we all followed immediately. That singular expression caught fire as we rallied around our sister's family with love and compassion. Whatever that money meant to us individually, we knew it weighed far more in the collective bid to save a child's life. That spirit of collective care has become the hallmark of our Sisterhood.

You see, Samira always gave us a superior head start. As our Sports Prefect and the reigning champion in the 100m, 100m hurdles, and 200m sprints in Cape Coast from 2001 to 2003, Wesley Girls' sports culture was deeply enriched by her sportsmanship. It was easy to underestimate her; tall, slim, with a remarkably soft look in her eyes. But at the crack of the starter's gun, she flew effortlessly and gracefully toward the finish line, leaving her opponents trailing behind, amazed at her sheer speed. The entire team and the jama squad would erupt into song: "Slim Buster baby, Samira y me lady!!!" You had to be exceptionally talented for the jama squad to create a personalized anthem for you. Driven by that energy, the team would keep the gold medals coming in. All of us gathered here know that this spirit of excellence traveled with her all the days and aspects of her life, Beyond the classroom and the sports field was a young woman whose strength quietly transformed lives.



TRIBUTE BY THE WGHS 2003 YEAR GROUP



Today, as we reflect on her life, we do not remember only her achievements. We remember the laughter she shared, the friendships she nurtured, the encouragement she freely gave, the excellence she pursued, the lives she touched and the legacy she leaves behind.

Samira has taught us, even in her passing, to cherish one another more deeply, to extend kindness more freely, to serve more selflessly and to never take time with those we love for granted.

Samira, our lady, though our hearts are heavy, we choose to fill the silence of your absence with gratitude: for the privilege of knowing you, for the memories you gave us, for the sisterhood you strengthened and for the example you set.

As the hymn reminds us:

*"Praise we the wise and brave and strong,
Who graced their generation,
Who helped the right and fought the wrong,
And made our folk a nation."*

Samira, you truly graced your generation.
Rest well, our first President.
Rest well, our friend.

May the Almighty God grant you peaceful eternal rest and comfort all who mourn you. Though you are no longer with us, your legacy lives on! in the friendships you built, the lives you touched, the sisterhood you strengthened and the love you so generously gave. You will be deeply missed, fondly remembered and forever cherished.



TRIBUTE BY WESLEY GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL '03 - S1

A tribute by the Science 1 (S1) class in honour of our dear sister, Samira Nayina.

It is with deep sorrow, shock and a profound sense of loss that we, the Science One (S1) Class of Wesley Girls' High School, 2003 Year Group, pay tribute to our dear Samira. Her passing on 10th June, 2026, has left us heartbroken, not only because a former classmate is gone, but because our S1 family has lost a sister: one whose brilliance, warmth, great sense of humour and spirit formed part of our shared story at Wey Gey Hey.

For many of us, the news was difficult to comprehend. We are at a stage in life where we still feel there is so much ahead of us: dreams to pursue, friendships to deepen, conversations to continue, laughter to share, and memories yet to be made. To lose one of our own so suddenly and so early has shaken us deeply.

From the time we entered S1 in 2001, Samira became part of the life and spirit of our class. She was bright, athletic, witty and engaging: the kind of person who could ease tension and make the pressure of the Science Course at Gey Hey feel a little lighter.

In a school known for excellence, and in a class where hard work was the order of the day, Samira came prepared. We recall with admiration how, on our very first day of classes, Samira had already started reading Biology GAST, a textbook for science students. It was a clear sign of the discipline, focus and determination that would define her journey. It came as no surprise that she excelled academically and went on to pursue Civil Engineering at the Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology.

Yet, for all her academic focus, Samira was an all-rounder, excelling not only in the classroom, but also bringing energy and commitment to sports. Her dedication to sports began from our very first year, when she was drafted into the sports team after our first inter-house competition



We remember how, right from Form One, they sometimes had to give up rest-hour and after-rest-hour learning time for training. While those sessions were not always easy, Samira embraced them with enthusiasm, keeping up with the demands of the sports team as well. We were therefore not surprised when Samira later served as Sports Prefect in our final year, proving that she could find her balance and excel on both fronts: from the science laboratory to the sports field.

Some of the fond memories shared by classmates remind us not only of Samira's brilliance, but also of her kindness. One of our sisters remembers how, in our first year in S1, after one of those entertainment nights when chairs and tables had been moved around and classrooms rearranged, her notebook went missing. Faced with the task of recopying her copious notes, she found help in Samira, who, with her beautiful handwriting, offered to recopy some of them for her. What began as a simple act of kindness became the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Another memory takes us back to our first entertainment performance as Form One girls. After performing the first verse and chorus of one of the popular songs of our time, we had exhausted our dance moves and began to leave the stage to what felt, at the time, more like jeering than applause. In that moment, Samira and another classmate decided that S1 deserved a better ending. In a bold attempt to redeem the class, they went back on stage and freestyled their way through the moment. Looking back, that episode became one of those hilarious S1 memories that still makes us smile.

Beyond our school days, Samira continued to leave her mark in deeply personal ways. For another sister, she will be remembered for the strength and encouragement she offered during a difficult season of ill health. Her calls often came at just the right time, and her words, candid, practical and deeply comforting, became a source of courage. In those moments too, Samira left a mark.

That was Samira: kind enough to help, bold enough to act, thoughtful enough to reach out, and funny enough to make ordinary moments unforgettable.



For some S1 sisters, the memories of Samira remained rooted in our Gey Hey days; for others, the bond continued at KNUST. Ten years after school, some of us reconnected with her when she served as the first President of our year group. Twenty years after school, many others saw her again at Speech Day, not knowing that what felt like another reunion would become their last memory of her.

That is one of the hardest parts of this loss: realising, only now, that what felt ordinary at the time — a conversation, a phone call, a text message, a WhatsApp exchange, a birthday greeting or a smile — was our final moment with her. If we had known, perhaps we would have said more, held on a little longer, and told her more deliberately how much she meant to us.

Samira, your passing has reminded us of the fragility of life, but your memory reminds us of the beauty of a life that touched others. Though you have gone ahead of us, the memories you gave us, the impact you made, and the joy you shared will forever be etched in our hearts.

Though our hearts are heavy, we will fill the void of your absence with remembered joy: the friendship shared, the laughter, the sisterhood, and the gift of having known you.

Rest well, dear Samira.

Rest well, our S1 sister.

Rest well, our Sports Prefect.

Rest well, our friend.

May Allah grant her Jannah and peaceful eternal rest.

You will be deeply missed, fondly remembered, and forever cherished.



TRIBUTE BY THE WGHS 2003 S1 CLASS



TRIBUTE BY DIANA ASONABA DAPAAH

Former Deputy Attorney-General & Minister for Justice; Wesley Girls' High School, '03

'I carry your absence as deeply as I cherish your memory—each moment we shared now a quiet light in my grief. May your soul find gentle rest in the embrace of eternal peace, until love reunites us again.'

My dear Sami,

I boasted about a number of things about us:
That you were the 'Ichanga' and I, the 'Enoma';
That I could beat you in a 100m race.....these were obvious lies recounted each time in jest.

There are some friendships that feel effortless — where you can simply be yourself, without pretence, without hesitation. That is what I found in you. We loved each other in the purest way, and in the presence of each other, we were always completely ourselves.

From our days at Wesley Girls' High School, through to KNUST (where we were engineer and law students respectively and yet 'ex-officio' medical students by reason of our friendships with Drs. Abena Foriwaa Sarpong and Ama Ghunney), we became each other's cheerleaders — celebrating, boasting about, and genuinely relishing each other's successes. We carried that spirit forward, keeping the flame of our friendship burning brightly for over two decades. Through every phase, every milestone, we showed up for each other with pride, joy, and unwavering support, whether physically or in absentia.

You trusted me in a way that both humbled and strengthened me. You would tell others that I am one person you listen to, and that trust gave me a deep sense of pride and responsibility. I will always carry that with me — the duty to remain true, just as our friendship was.



TRIBUTE BY DIANA ASONABA DAPAAH

You were brilliant in every sense — witty, full of life, and radiating a kind of positive energy that brought succour to every heart. A model engineer, a fashionista, intelligent and vibrant — you were a beautiful blend of brilliance and warmth. Being around you was never ordinary; every moment felt alive, meaningful, and joyful.

I will miss our little rituals — the surprise visits to your office, the spontaneous date nights, the lovey-dovey fights, the way we would compress weeks of missed time into one evening of laughter, gossip, and deep connection. Those times together felt like the world paused just for us.

You were the kind of friend I would go to the ends of the earth for — and I know, without a doubt, you would have done the same for me.

Thank you for trusting me with your friendship.
Thank you for the impact of your friendship.
Thank you for the many ways in which you influenced my life.

I loved you so much. I truly hope you knew that. I hope I said it enough.
I am so broken by your death, and I will not pretend to be strong about it.

Now, I grieve. And yet, even in my grief, I hold on to the memories — because they are full, rich, and real. I pray they will bring me the comfort and succour I need in the quiet moments when your absence feels too heavy.

Pray for me, as much as I pray for you that God continues to grant you peaceful rest — until we meet again.

You have made your mark. A brilliant engineer, yes — but more importantly, a remarkable soul whose impact cannot be erased.
Rest peacefully, my dear friend.

You were, and always will be, deeply loved.

Your Adebi.



TRIBUTE BY DIANA ASONABA DAPAAH



TRIBUTE BY BRIGID OFOSUHENE

Bestie, WGHS 2003

"How lucky I am to have something that makes saying goodbye so hard." — A.A. Milne

I never fully understood those words until now. Because saying goodbye to you, Samie, is one of the hardest things I have ever had to do.

I have started and stopped writing this tribute many times because I still struggle to accept that I am writing about you at all. I am still trying to understand how a message from you saying you were going to the nail salon ended with us praying for a miracle that never came.

The events of June 10 remain vivid in my mind. That cold call from Mas'Huda: "Brigid, we've lost Samira." I sat on the bathroom floor and wailed. I could barely breathe. In that moment, the world I knew shifted forever.

My baby girl Sam, you have been part of almost every chapter of my life.

Long before KNUST, I remember cheering you on at Wesley Girls' High School as you ran with determination and heart. Even then, there was something special about you, a quiet strength that would become the hallmark of the woman so many grew to love.

From Wesley Girls to KNUST, life kept bringing us back to each other. I often think about Gaza Block 9, our late-night study sessions, endless conversations, and the dreams we shared. We were ambitious, hopeful, and completely unaware of how much our friendship would come to mean.

After KNUST came Scotland, where we navigated life as master's students, followed by visits between Newcastle and Aberdeen. Looking back, every chapter of my life seems to have a Samira-shaped presence in it. No matter where life took us, we always found our way back



each other.

Somewhere along the journey, friendship became something deeper. You became my best friend.

Thank you for trusting me with your fears, hopes, disappointments, dreams, and vulnerabilities. Thank you for allowing me to be your confidant, your sounding board, your safe place, and your keeper of secrets. That trust was one of the greatest privileges of my life.

We spoke about everything. Work, family, relationships, faith, ambitions, and sometimes complete nonsense. We had conversations that lasted for hours and felt like minutes. We developed our own language, our own unspoken understanding. A look, a pause, a sigh, and we knew exactly what the other meant.

You knew me better than most people. Before I admitted I was struggling, you already knew. Oh, Samie, I miss you.

I miss our random office visits. I miss celebrating every little win, from promotions and new homes to handbags, shoes, and cars. I miss my Snapchat instructor and resident Gen Z translator. No matter how busy life became, there was always a Snapchat from you. Sometimes it was important. Sometimes it was advice. Most times it was complete nonsense. And sometimes it was simply, *"Just another day, another snap."*

How I wish I could receive just one more.

Samie, there is one role losing you has robbed me of playing. I never got to be your Maid of Honour. For years, you monitored my chocolate intake because, as you always said, you did not want a fat Maid of Honour. We laughed about it then, but today that memory breaks my heart. Hidden beneath the joke was the assumption that there would be time, a wedding, a future, and another chapter still waiting to be written.

Oh, Samie. Why have you left me?



TRIBUTE BY BRIGID OFOSUHENE

You constantly pushed me to be better. One of the things I will always be grateful for is how relentlessly you pushed me to write my PMP examination. I delayed, complained, and made excuses, but you refused to let me settle. That achievement will forever carry your fingerprints.

When work made it difficult for you to attend my wedding, you simply decided maybe it was time to relocate to Ghana anyway. Somehow, you made it happen and arrived the night before. That was who you were. For the people you loved, you always found a way.

When my mum was ill, you held me together. You listened, checked in, prayed, and stood beside me through one of the most difficult periods of my life. I will never forget that.

My birthdays will never be the same. Every year brought flowers, gifts, surprises, and your determination to make me feel celebrated. Christmas will never be the same either. You became part of my family's Christmas traditions, and everyone, from my family to my in-laws loved you.

Last Christmas, we laughed about finally accepting that we were getting old. We agreed that instead of keeping up with younger people, we would travel the world, eat good food, and enjoy life.

That dream had been with us for years. From Aberdeen to Newcastle to Elmina to Takoradi to Senchi and, most recently, Morocco in February for my birthday, we travelled, laughed, reminisced, and planned our future adventures. Little did I know Morocco would be our final trip together.

My darling girl, you lived what I call an urgent life. You never believed in postponing joy. Your famous motto was, "If it's not premium, I don't want it." We laughed about it often, but it was never really about material things. You loved in a premium way. You invested in people in a premium way. You celebrated in a premium way. If you loved someone, you loved them fully. Every relationship, every friendship, every act of kindness carried your whole heart.



How fitting that in your short time here, you lived more fully than many people who are given twice as long.

The hardest part is not only losing you. It is losing the future we were still building together.

The future where we would travel the world with our children in business class.

The future where I would be your Maid of Honour.

The future where another Snapchat would arrive saying, "Just another day, another snap."

The future where I would finally give you the surprise I had planned for this Christmas. You never got to see it. I never got to give it to you. And that will remain one of my greatest heartbreaks.

One memory will stay with me forever. On February 5, before I left Ghana, you came to see my parents and said, "You know if I don't come, I won't see them again until Christmas." I still see your smile. I still feel that tight hug. I still hear you saying, "I'll see you this summer."

But that summer never came.

The truth is that I am broken. There are moments when something happens and my first instinct is still to call you. There are jokes only you would understand, conversations only you could have with me, and plans that existed because there was an us.

Every time I remember I can no longer hear your voice, my heart breaks all over again.

Life feels unbearably unfair.

Your buddy, Mr. Ofosuhene, is heartbroken too. The golf practice you planned together will never happen. Your outfits are still here, hunnie.



TRIBUTE BY BRIGID OFOSUHENE



I miss you too much. Yet I refuse to think of you only in the past tense because you remain so present in my life. I still reach for my phone to tell you something funny. I still wonder what your response would be. Some friendships become so woven into your life that even death cannot make them feel entirely absent.

Thank you, Samira.
Thank you for the friendship.
Thank you for the loyalty.
Thank you for the trust.
Thank you for the flowers.
Thank you for the texts.
Thank you for the snaps.
Thank you for the laughter.
Thank you for the adventures.
Thank you for choosing me.

I promise to honour the values that defined you so beautifully – integrity, courage, kindness, humility, and unwavering loyalty.

Thank you for being my best friend.
Thank you for being my sister.

A part of me left with you, Samie, but all of my love remains.

Until we meet again, my dear friend.
I love you. Always and forever.

Your Daleta.



TRIBUTE BY BRIGIDE OFOSUHE



TRIBUTE BY DR. ABENA FORIWAA SARPONG

It has taken me weeks to write the first word of this tribute. A tribute? A tribute for Samira??? No way!

Sami and I first met at WGHS, but our friendship truly blossomed in university. She was studying Engineering and I, Medicine. Our bond grew naturally because Sami shared a room with Ama and Audrey — my mates from Med School — and with Esi, my dear friend from S4 in WGHS. She was the 'non-medical student' who was present at every medical school event. I cannot pinpoint the exact moment we became so close. It just happened, effortlessly, like it was meant to be.

We didn't speak every day, or even every week. But whenever we did, time stood still. Our conversations were filled with laughter, warmth, and that quiet understanding that only true friends share.

In the few WhatsApp groups we had together, we always saw things similarly. The moment an "interesting" comment was posted, I would slip into your DM and without a word, we'd flood each other with the same emojis — usually the ones for uncontrollable laughter.

Sami, you grew quiet after you lost your mother. We spoke less, but the love never faded. In May 2026, God blessed me with two gifts at the airport — seeing you and boarding the same flight to London with you. Yes, the flight was delayed, but we didn't mind. We sat at the boarding gate and talked for hours, catching up like no time had passed. I didn't know it would be the last time. I remember on the flight realizing I had checked in my toothbrush and toothpaste. I texted you in a panic before departure. You, in Business Class, and I in Economy, you replied instantly: "Don't worry, I did the same." And we laughed about this too.

At baggage claim in the UK, I teased you about how everyone had to wait in the same place



regardless of class. You laughed so hard, and then you handed me a small bag. Inside was the toothbrush and toothpaste they had given you in Business Class. You said, 'Foo your husband will be waiting at the airport, you need this more.' Oh Sami!!

Sami, you didn't prepare me for this. I only realised how precious our friendship was after your demise. Your passing has left a deep shock in all our hearts. It is hard to accept that you are gone.

"Wo wuo ashi me paa" — but we trust that God knows best.

Rest well, my dear Sami.

Love,
Fozy Wozy



TRIBUTE BY KNUST CIVIL ENGINEERING '08

We are in utter shock and pain that you had to leave us so suddenly, Oh Samira!

Most of us got to know you in August 2004 when we begun our BSC Civil Engineering journey at KNUST. You were so affable and endearing hence you quickly made friends with almost everyone in the year group which had a large class size of nearly 200 students.

You were that bridge between the dominant male population in the class and the comparatively fewer female members of the year group. You brought us together by forming study groups which you actively participated in. You were a natural at building bonds and friendships and we all loved to be around you. You always had something funny to say and we knew we could be ourselves when we were with you.

Throughout the 4 years we spent on KNUST campus, we grew together academically and strengthened the bonds we shared with you. The friendships didn't end after our civil engineering program. We continued engaging in diverse ways through further education and in professional spheres.

We were happy to see you excel professionally in the Oil and gas sector and although our mutual adulthood responsibilities did not give us many opportunities to hang out and spend time together, we carried the footprints of the impact you made in our lives in our hearts. And when we saw you post on LinkedIn, Insta or Facebook, we were proud to be part of your journey. You were a bubbly and vibrant soul who lived life fully with joy and warmth.

We have lost a dear friend who always went the extra mile for her tribe. Testimonies have been pouring in from your classmates whose lives you touched. From travelling in the snowy Scottish Highlands to attend your friends' master's degree graduations, to going all the way to Houston Texas and London to see your dear friends you made in KNUST.



TRIBUTE BY KNUST CIVIL ENGINEERING '08



We miss you so much Samira Gloria Nayina. Rest in perfect peace our dear friend until we meet again. Life is indeed fleeting, like flowers that bloom in the morning and wither by evening.

Teach us Lord to number our days, that we may gain a heart of wisdom, Ps 90:12..



TRIBUTE BY DANIEL OWUSU



Some people come into our lives quietly, almost unnoticed. Then there are people whose presence becomes so woven into the fabric of our lives that imagining life without them seems impossible.

Sami, you were that person for me.

I have started and abandoned these words more times than I can count because every sentence forces me to accept a reality my heart is still refusing to believe. I have searched for words worthy of you, I've discovered there really aren't any because some losses are too enormous for language. Perhaps that's because grief was never meant to be explained, it was only meant to be felt.



How do you write about someone who was never supposed to leave?

How do you say goodbye to a person whose number you still instinctively want to call whenever something funny happens, whenever life gets difficult, or whenever you simply want someone who understands without explanation?

We all live as though tomorrow has been promised, until one day tomorrow arrives without someone we love. And suddenly the world becomes a place we no longer recognize.



A few mornings ago, driving to work, my thumb moved down my call log, looking for your name, before my mind caught up with my hand. I remembered I couldn't call you. It was such a small thing, a habit, a reflex, but it undid me completely. That morning I understood that it isn't the big moment that breaks you. It's the ordinary ones you never prepared for. I understood that grief isn't simply missing someone, it is muscle memory. It's reaching for a person who no longer answers. It's wanting to share good news with the one person who always celebrates with you and realizes that an entire part of your daily life has disappeared. And no one prepares you for that.

You and I shared a story that few people understood. Once, we fell in love, but life had other plans and that chapter came to an end. But somehow, what remained was something even rarer, a friendship that refused to die. A friendship so particular that almost no one else could see the shape of it. We built that ourselves, you and I, and we guarded it like something precious, because it was.

Many people believed that when love ends, everything else must end with it. I used to think that would be the story people told about us: that we tried, and it didn't last. But that's not the story. The real story is that even after love, we stayed. We proved them wrong. We chose respect over resentment, loyalty over bitterness and friendship over pride. Because underneath everything, the friendship was the truer thing. It was always the truer thing.

You become my confidante, my sounding board, my greatest critic yet my loudest cheerleader. We spoke almost every day. Some conversations lasted minutes, others hours. We discussed life, faith, work, family and dreams. Other times we laughed until we could barely breathe over things that made absolutely no sense to anyone else.

Our long conversations in the car are some of the fullest hours of my life — jokes tangled up with the most serious things either of us had to say, and somehow both mattered exactly as much. You had a way of making ordinary moments unforgettable. Looking back now, I realize it was never really about the conversations. It was always about you.

You are that friend. No ifs, no buts, no conditions I ever had to meet. Just love, plain and



TRIBUTE BY DANIEL OWUSU

whole and undiluted. I have never met another person with your sense of fairness, your refusal to let your own feelings distort what was right. You led without needing to be told to. Tough, determined and unshakeable in a way that made the rest of us feel steadier just standing near you.

You possessed one of the rarest qualities any human being can have, you were genuinely good. Not good when people were watching. Not good when it was convenient. Just good.

Your kindness had no audience, your generosity expected no applause, and your loyalty came without conditions. If you loved someone, they knew it. If you called someone family, nothing could make you abandon them.

You gave pieces of yourself away every single day without ever asking for anything in return. You were beautiful, but your beauty wasn't just what people saw, it was what people felt after spending time with you. You made people feel important, worthy and heard. That is a rare gift.

You were funny, Sami, very funny.

I admired so much about you. Your courage, resilience, confidence, honesty and objectivity. You could look at the most emotional situation and somehow find fairness. You refused to compromise your principles.

You wore your heart on your sleeve, and somehow that never once made you weak. You shone your light for the people who had lost theirs.

You were intentional about your people. No matter what life put on your shoulders, and it did put plenty, you never once stopped showing up. You protected fiercely and loved without half-measures, and everyone who called you theirs walked around feeling a little more certain of themselves for it. That was you. You couldn't love a person quietly if you tried.

You carried yourself with style and grace, and your smile could genuinely light a room —



TRIBUTE BY DANIEL OWUSU



but everyone who knew you also knew not to mistake that warmth for softness. You stood firmly for what you believed, and you were kind without ever being a pushover. That balance, tenderness on one side and steel on the other, is such a rare thing to hold in one person. It's what made you unforgettable, and it's what I miss most, because I don't know anyone else built that way.

In moments like this, you would have been the strength. That was always your role, without either of us naming it.

Your passing has left a space that will never really close in the lives of everyone who loved you — and there are more of us than you ever let yourself believe, Sami. If love alone could have saved a life, you would be here. Because you were loved deeply, completely, unconditionally.

You left footprints on so many hearts, and mine carries some of the deepest.

Thank you for every conversation. Every memory.

Thank you for trusting me with your friendship long after our love story had changed.

I don't know why your journey ended here. I don't know why someone so full of life had to leave so soon. Those answers belong to God.

So this is not goodbye. It cannot be. Because people



TRIBUTE BY DANIEL OWUSU



like you never leave, you simply become part of the hearts you helped build.

Rest well, Sami. Thank you for the laughter, the lessons, the nicknames I never wanted and now can't imagine living without, and the loyalty that never once wavered, not even in our hardest days.

Your legacy will go on living in every single life you touched.

*Rest peacefully, Samiski.
Rest, my dear friend.
Thank you for remaining
Sleep well, Miski*

**Love always,
Your G!!., Agya Wusu.**



TRIBUTE BY PRISCILLA & FRIENDS (DUNDEE)

Where do I begin?

Even as I write these words, my heart refuses to accept that I am writing a tribute to you. I keep hoping that somehow this is all a bad dream—that someone will call and tell us there has been a mistake. Your passing has left a void that words cannot describe, a wound that only God can heal.

Indeed, "**A gem has fallen.**" A precious soul has been called home far too soon, leaving behind broken hearts and countless unanswered questions. There are people we meet in life, and then there are those who leave footprints on our hearts forever. You were one of those exceptional souls.

Why you? Why now?

Those are the questions that echo in our hearts every single day.

I often find myself going back to the very first day we met. It was under the strangest of circumstances. A friend, who did not even know you personally, had asked another friend to find someone who could help me when I arrived in Dundee to begin school. I was simply handed your phone number and told, "Call Samira when you arrive."

I arrived in Dundee on a freezing January morning, completely overwhelmed. Somehow, I failed to call you. Instead, I wandered around the city the entire day, trying to find my bearings before eventually checking into a small bed and breakfast for the night.

The next morning, at about 6:00 a.m., I finally gathered the courage to call you. The moment you realized I had spent the night alone; you were genuinely worried.

Samira... The worry in your voice still rings in my ears.



Without hesitation, you asked me to come over immediately.

I will never forget seeing you standing outside your room at Seabraes, still in your pyjamas, waiting for me. Anyone who has experienced the bitter cold of Dundee in January knows just how freezing it can be. Yet there you were, thinking only about making sure a complete stranger was safe.

That was who you were.

You welcomed me into your tiny room without a second thought. You shared your little Seabraes bed with me, made sure I was fed, and throughout my stay, cared for me as though I were your own younger sister. You even arranged for me to move into the room next to yours so you could keep an eye on me and make sure I was settling in well. Who does that for someone they have only just met?

Only someone with a heart as generous and selfless as yours.

Samira, your kindness was effortless. You never waited to know someone before showing them love. You gave without expecting anything in return. You made people feel seen. You made people feel they belonged. You had the rare gift of making people feel at home. Your concern for others was genuine and constant.

No matter what you were going through, you always found a reason to smile. Even during your own difficult moments, you somehow managed to make everyone else laugh. How could someone so full of life leave us so suddenly? Some of my happiest memories will forever be the ones we created in Seabraes.

We would tease Jane—the Chinese lady in our flat at Seabraes—who struggled to pronounce her own name in a way we understood. We laughed endlessly because none of us could pronounce her name properly, and for the longest time, we all called her "Gin," completely convinced that was her name, until it was almost time for us to leave Seabraes that we finally learned her real name through an interpreter. Every time I remember that story, I can still hear your laughter—loud, genuine, contagious laughter that filled every room.



And then there were our shopping adventures.

Samiski, you knew exactly how to convince me to follow you anywhere. Sometimes all it took was the promise of Nando's or KFC, and suddenly we would find ourselves on another journey.

Who travels all the way to Perth just for window shopping?

We did.

We walked into almost every shop, laughing so much that people stared at us. We were often the only Black people in town, and the curious looks we received from people only made us laugh even harder.

Those moments seemed ordinary then. Today they have become treasures that I hold close to my heart because they are all I have left.

Samiski...

Why did you leave without saying goodbye?

There were still so many conversations left unfinished. So many dreams yet to be fulfilled. So many laughs still waiting to happen.

Your friends are still searching for answers that simply do not exist.

Dayo, Mayowa, Norbert Pali, Modibo, Muye, and all your Dundee Nigerian friends are still calling your name. They are waiting for you to bring your famous jollof rice and those delicious grilled drumsticks that brought everyone together. They cannot believe you are gone.

Neither can we.

Alui, Peter, Darison, Mansur, Lara, Emefa, Fawzy, Jennifer, and so many others remain in



complete disbelief. Each of us keeps hoping that somehow this is all a terrible mistake—that any moment now you will walk through the door with that beautiful smile, ready with another joke to lighten the atmosphere.

But perhaps the hardest part is accepting that I will never again knock on your door early in the morning, mischievously interrupting your dawn study sessions just to tease you. I will never again call you to ask for one of your countless favours, knowing you would never hesitate to help. I will never again lovingly scold you over the decisions we made or share those heartfelt conversations we always had during your time at BOST and Ghana Gas that only we understood. Those ordinary moments, which I once took for granted, have now become the memories I cherish most.

The pain of losing you is immeasurable, but so is the gratitude of having known you. Thank you for your friendship. Thank you for your kindness. Thank you for opening your heart and your home to a stranger who became your sister. Thank you for every laugh, every meal, every adventure, every act of generosity, and every memory you have left behind.

You lived a life that mattered—not because of how long you lived, but because of how deeply you loved.

And though our hearts are shattered today, we hold on to the promise in Scripture:
"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit." (Psalm 34:18)

May the Lord grant you eternal rest, and may perpetual light shine upon you.

Until we meet again, Samira Nayina.

Sleep peacefully in the arms of your Creator.

You will forever be loved, forever be missed, and never be forgotten.



TRIBUTE BY PRISCILLA & FRIENDS



TRIBUTE BY WALLACE DUODU

MBA Mate, 2011, University of Dundee, Scotland UK.

*Some people pass through life like a gentle breeze,
Bringing comfort where there was silence,
And light where shadows once remained,
A heart wrapped in kindness,
You are one of those rare souls,
Today, I remember a good soul, that lived pure to right the wrong.*

Samira was much more than a friend to me—she was like a sister. We shared a memorable journey together during our MBA studies at the University of Dundee in Scotland during the 2010/2011 academic year. Those years were filled with learning, friendship, laughter, and unforgettable experiences that I will forever cherish.

One of the things I will always remember about Samira was her vibrant personality. She was full of life, always wearing a warm smile that could brighten even the gloomiest day. She had an incredible gift for bringing people together, especially through her love for cooking. Her delicious Ghana jollof rice became a favourite among the African students, and I was always one of the fortunate beneficiaries. Those meals were more than just food—they were moments of joy and a comforting reminder of home while we were thousands of miles away.

Our friendship was built on mutual support and respect. We complemented each other academically in a special way. I enjoyed helping her with finance and accounting, while she, with her engineering background, patiently helped me understand the engineering concepts and technical aspects of our programme. Our study sessions were not only productive but also filled with humour, encouragement, and a shared determination to see each other succeed. Looking back, I realise those moments strengthened a friendship that would endure long after graduation.



TRIBUTE BY WALLACE DUODU

We were all excited to return home to Ghana after completing our studies, and it was especially fulfilling to see each of us begin our careers in the energy sector. Every once in a while, we would reconnect to compare notes, share our professional experiences, and reminisce about the wonderful memories of our journey together in Dundee.

One memory that now holds a very special place in my heart is the last conversation I had with Samira, about two weeks before her passing. She excitedly told me that she had enrolled in another Master's programme at GIMPA. In her usual warm and encouraging way, she said she wished I were on the programme with her so that we could once again learn together, just as we did during our MBA days at the University of Dundee. Little did I know that this would be our final conversation. Looking back, those words have become even more precious to me. They reflected her enduring love for learning, her appreciation of our friendship, and the special bond we shared over the years.

It is difficult to accept that someone so full of promise and life has been called home so suddenly. While we grieve her departure, we also celebrate a life that was meaningful, impactful, and beautifully lived. The memories we shared, the lessons we learned together, the laughter we enjoyed, and the friendship we built are treasures that death can never take away.

Though our hearts are broken, we take comfort in knowing that Samira's legacy of love, friendship, generosity, kindness, and excellence will continue to inspire us. She will forever remain in our hearts, and her memory will live on through the countless lives she touched.

May the Almighty God grant you eternal peace, comfort your family, and give all of us the strength to bear this painful loss. Rest well, my dear friend and sister Samira.

*Your dear friend,
Wallace Duodu*



TRIBUTE BY BOST ENERGIES LIMITED COMPANY

A tribute in honour of Samira Nayina by the Board, Management & Staff

"He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the former things have passed away." Revelation 21:4 (NIV)

It is with profound sorrow and heavy hearts that we bid farewell to our beloved sister, colleague, friend, and partner, **Samira Nayina**.

From the day you joined the BOSTenergies family until the time you moved on to pursue new opportunities, you left an indelible mark on all who had the privilege of knowing and working with you. Your warmth, kindness, infectious smile, and genuine concern for others made you an exceptional colleague and an even more remarkable person. You had a unique ability to uplift those around you, offering encouragement and strength whenever it was needed most.

Samira exemplified diligence, professionalism, and excellence in her work. She approached every responsibility with commitment and integrity, consistently setting high standards for herself and inspiring those around her to do the same. Whether in the office, at corporate events, during team activities, or at our cherished birthday celebrations, your vibrant personality, joyful spirit, and contagious enthusiasm brought life and laughter to every gathering.

Although your professional journey later took you to Ghana Gas Company, you never ceased to be part of the BOSTenergies family. You stayed in touch, celebrated our milestones, checked in on colleagues, and remained part of our family. That was who you were, someone who treasured people and invested in relationships. Your sudden passing has left us shocked and heartbroken. It is difficult to come to terms with the reality that someone so full of life has been taken from us so unexpectedly.



TRIBUTE BY BOST ENERGIES LIMITED COMPANY



While we mourn your loss, we remain grateful to God for the privilege of having shared part of life's journey with you. Your legacy of kindness, dedication, humility, and friendship will continue to inspire us for years to come.

Though your earthly journey has ended, your memory will forever remain in our hearts.

Rest peacefully, dear Samira.

May the Almighty God grant you eternal rest, comfort your family and loved ones, and give all of us the strength and grace to cherish the beautiful memories we shared until we meet again.

Farewell, Samira. You will always be remembered, always be missed, and forever remain a part of the BOSTenergies family.



TRIBUTE BY SOLACE ANNAN AND NADRAT SIITA

This year has brought more heartbreak than we ever imagined but losing you has shattered us in ways we can't even begin to explain. This grief is heavier than we ever thought we could bear.

"There are some people who walk into your life as colleagues but somehow become family. They become more than friends, they become sisters, confidantes, and an irreplaceable part of your journey." That was who you were with us, Samira. What began as a working relationship blossomed into a beautiful sisterhood that we will forever treasure.

"Hajia," as Solace affectionately called you, and you without fail, would respond, "Gasiya Dominga." Such a simple exchange, yet it carried so much warmth, familiarity, and love. Today, those words echo in our hearts, bringing tears to our eyes because we know we'll never hear you say them again.

One of Nadrat's favorite things about you was the way you told stories. You had an extraordinary gift for turning the simplest moments into unforgettable memories. We remember how you would tease her about not being able to relate to being a big sister. Then, with that beautiful smile and your infectious laughter, you would tell her about how your little sister, Mas'Huda, would come to your classroom during break, calling out, *"Sammi indiibo!"* The way you narrated that story had her laughing every single time.

Before long, *"Sammi indiibo"* became your thing. Every time you two spoke, one of you would say it even before you start the conversation, and you would both burst into laughter. It was such a small ritual, but it became one of those precious moments that defined your friendship.

It is difficult to come to terms with your absence Samira. Our heart is heavy knowing that we can no longer hear your voice, listen to your stories, share our conversations, laugh over our inside jokes, or simply enjoy the comfort of your presence.



TRIBUTE BY SOLACE ANNAN AND NADRAT SIITA

The pain of losing you is profound because what we shared went far beyond friendship, we shared a sisterhood!

You had a remarkable way of bringing joy wherever you went. Your kindness touched everyone around you, your warmth made people feel welcomed and valued, and your laughter was contagious, aw so contagious. You made life lighter for those around you, and your beautiful spirit left an imprint on every heart you encountered.

Though you are no longer physically with us, the memories we shared will remain forever etched in our hearts. We will treasure every laugh, every conversation, every story, every tease, every gossip, every piece of advice, and every moment we shared. We will especially miss saying, "*Sammi indiibo*," and hearing your laughter on the other end of the phone or you shout Gasiya Dominga every time there was a phone conversation or when we met.

You will be greatly missed, Samira, our friend, our SISTER. Thank you for the priceless gift of your friendship and for the countless ways you enriched our lives. Your beautiful spirit will continue to live in the hearts of all who know and love you.

As painful as it is to say goodbye, we take comfort in knowing that love never truly dies. You will live on in our memories, in our laughter, and in every story that reminds us of the incredible person you were.

Rest peacefully, our sister, Rest well, until we meet again, you will forever be loved, forever missed, and never FORGOTTEN.

Goodnight baby girl.



TRIBUTE BY SOLACE ANNAN AND NADRAT SIITA



TRIBUTE BY GHANA NATIONAL GAS LTD. COMPANY

A tribute to the life and legacy of Samira Nayina

"Indeed, we belong to Allah, and indeed to Him we shall return. They are those upon whom blessings and mercy from their Lord descend. And it is they who are rightly guided." Surah Al-Baqarah (2:156-157)

Some people come into our lives and our workplace for only a season, yet leave footprints that time can never erase. Their presence lingers in the stories we recount, the lessons they leave behind, and the lives they touch. Gloria Samira Nayina counted among those rare people.

Today, our hearts are heavy as we honour the life of a treasured colleague, a respected leader, a trusted friend, and our dear sister. Even as we mourn her untimely passing, we thank God for the priceless gift of her life and for the privilege of having shared a portion of our journey with her.

Samira joined Ghana National Gas Limited Company on 1st March, 2019 as Assistant Manager, Pipelines and Stations, in the Office of the Chief Executive Officer. From the outset, she distinguished herself through professionalism, diligence, technical competence, and a firm devotion to excellence. Dependable and deeply committed to duty, she earned the respect of colleagues and the confidence of Management, culminating in her promotion to Manager.

On 1st April 2025, she was appointed Manager, Pipelines and Stations at the Tema Regulating and Metering Station (Tema RMS), a responsibility she adopted wholeheartedly and discharged with distinction until her passing.

To Samira, leadership was never about being in charge; it was about shouldering



responsibility, speaking up when it counted, and looking out for others.

This was evident when the Chief Executive Officer, Ms. Judith Adjubah Blay, visited Tema RMS shortly after Samira assumed responsibility there. With confidence born of competence, she spoke candidly and respectfully about her team's needs and the operational environment. She showed remarkable technical knowledge, advocated passionately for her team, and sought no personal recognition; only the support they needed to perform at their best.

Her sincerity, courage, and practical understanding of the work left a lasting impression. This earned her the confidence and admiration of the Chief Executive Officer, who instantly granted her direct access, a privilege she honoured with integrity, professionalism, and a deep commitment to finding solutions. Through her steadfast advocacy, meaningful improvements in working conditions at Tema RMS were realised, reflecting a leader whose greatest measure of success was the well-being of her team. Such was her character.

It affirmed what many of us already knew: she was a leader who inspired trust through integrity, honesty and sincere care for others.

Self-assured without arrogance, assertive without disrespect, and fearless without losing her humility, Samira had a distinct ability to speak difficult truths with wisdom and grace. A proud daughter of Wesley Girls' High School, she personified the values of excellence, discipline and service, yet stayed humble, open and refreshingly authentic.

Those privileged to work with her commonly struggle to describe her in a single word. Fearless. Witty. Honest. Loyal. Supportive. Articulate. Charismatic. Energetic. Hardworking. Inspiring. Each description reveals a distinct facet of an extraordinary woman, yet perhaps the word that best captures our collective sentiment is simply irreplaceable.

Her contribution extended well beyond her technical responsibilities. As Chair of the Football Association and a former formidable striker herself on the women's team, and as





GHANA NATIONAL GAS LTD. COMPANY

the Elections Committee Chair of the Ghana Gas Senior Staff Association, she devoted herself to initiatives that strengthened relationships across the Company and fostered a genuine sense of community. She believed a workplace should not only deliver results but also cultivate friendship, encouragement, and care for one another.

She also possessed a remarkable gift that brought joy to many of us.

Hand Samira a microphone, and a programme instantly comes alive.

Whether compering Christmas celebrations, other staff events, or the Gas Challenge, she fascinated audiences with effortless eloquence, quick wit, and captivating humour. She did not simply host programmes; she created remarkable experiences that colleagues still smile about today. Her warmth had the ability to put people at ease, and her laughter brightened every gathering.

She was equally passionate about energising the next generation. As one of Ghana Gas' female engineers selected to mentor Junior High School students in our host communities, she spoke candidly about growing up in Tamale as "a very ordinary girl" whose curiosity often tested her parents' patience. With characteristic humor, she reflected on the lessons those experiences had imparted to her before encouraging the young girls present to believe that where they come from should never determine how far they can go.

If an ordinary girl from Tamale could become an engineer and a leader at Ghana Gas, then every child, regardless of background, could dream just as boldly. She urged them to embrace Mathematics and Science without fear, reminding them that perseverance, courage, and faith could open doors beyond imagination.

In many ways, that message reflected the life she lived. She believed in people, believed in potential, and believed in lifting others as she climbed.

As we reflect on her life today, we recognise that her greatest legacy cannot be measured by the positions she held, but by the people she encouraged, the colleagues she



supported, the teams she strengthened, the young lives she inspired and the many hearts she touched.

The work she loved will continue. The Station she led will continue to serve. The programmes she so beautifully compered will continue to be held. Life at Ghana Gas will continue, as it must.

But it will never quite be the same.

There will always be an empty chair where a treasured colleague once sat, a beloved laugh we long to hear again, and a voice we wish could speak just one more time. Yet even in our grief, we take comfort in knowing that while death has taken her from our sight, it cannot erase the example she leaves behind.

On behalf of the Board, Management and Staff of Ghana National Gas Limited Company, we extend our deepest sympathies to the Nayina family and to all who mourn the loss of our dear Samira. We pray that Allah (SWT), in His infinite mercy, grants you strength, comfort and patience during this difficult time.

Our dear Samira,

Thank you for serving our Company with excellence.

Thank you for standing up for your team.

Thank you for making us laugh.

Thank you for encouraging us, inspiring us, and reminding us that true leadership is measured not by position, but by service.

We count ourselves blessed to have called you one of our own.



Though your race on earth has ended, your example will continue to guide us, your smile will remain in our memories, and your legacy will live deep in the hearts of all who had the privilege of knowing you.

As we bid you farewell, we pray that Allah (SWT), the Most Merciful, forgives your shortcomings, accepts your good deeds, grants you peace and light in your resting place, and admits you into Jannatul Firdaus, among the righteous and those who are nearest to Him.

Inna lillahi wa inna ilayhi raji'un. Indeed, we belong to Allah, and indeed to Him we shall return.

Rest in Allah's eternal mercy, dear Gloria Samira Nayina.

May Allah (SWT) grant you Jannatul Firdaus and make your memory a lasting source of inspiration and blessing to the Ghana Gas family. Ameen.

You will forever remain a treasured member of the Ghana Gas family, and your memory shall continue to be a blessing to us all.



TRIBUTE BY GHANA GAS SENIOR STAFF ASSOCIATION

It is with profound sorrow and heavy hearts that the Ghana Gas Senior Staff Association pays tribute to our dearly departed member, Ms Samira Nayina, whose untimely death has left an irreplaceable void in our Association and in the lives of all who had the privilege of knowing her and working with her.

Though her life was cut short at a young age, she lived with purpose, dedication, and an unwavering commitment to service. She was an active and passionate member of the Senior Staff Association, always willing to contribute her time, ideas, and energy to the growth and progress of our collective cause.

During the 2022 - 2025 Council period, she served with distinction as the Chairperson of the Elections Committee - a role she discharged with exceptional integrity, fairness, diligence, and professionalism. With the Association having one of the most challenging elections in its history, her leadership was instrumental in ensuring a transparent, credible, and peaceful electoral process, earning the admiration and respect of both colleagues and members of the Association.

Beyond her official responsibilities, she was known for her warmth, humility, and friendly disposition. She related to everyone with kindness and respect, inspiring confidence and fostering unity wherever she served. Her willingness to support others reflected the values that define true leadership and selfless service.

Her sudden departure is a painful reminder of the uncertainty of life. While we mourn the loss of a vibrant colleague whose potential was far from exhausted, we also celebrate a life that made a meaningful impact within the short time she was with us. Her contributions to the Association will remain an enduring part of our history, and her legacy of commitment and service will continue to inspire future generations of members.



TRIBUTE BY GHANA GAS SENIOR STAFF ASSOCIATION

On behalf of the Executive Council and the entire membership of the Senior Staff Association, we extend our heartfelt condolences to her family, loved ones, friends, and all who share in this great loss.

Though she has departed from our midst, her memory, her service, and the positive impact she made will forever remain in our hearts.

May her gentle soul rest in perfect peace.



TRIBUTE BY THE ELECTION COMMITTEE (GHANA GAS)

In Loving Memory of Our Chairperson, Ms. Samira Nayina

There are people whose presence commands attention, not because they speak the loudest, but because they lead with wisdom, integrity, and quiet strength. Ms. Samira Nayina was one of those rare people.

Today, we stand before you with hearts filled with sorrow, yet also with profound gratitude. Sorrow because we have lost an extraordinary leader and colleague; gratitude because we were privileged to have known her, worked with her, and witnessed the remarkable example she set.

As Chairperson of the Election Committee, Samira accepted a responsibility that demanded courage, impartiality, patience, and resilience. She carried that responsibility with uncommon grace. She understood that every decision she made would affect people, and she never took that responsibility lightly.

Throughout the nomination process, the campaign period, and the elections themselves, she remained steadfast. She was firm when firmness was required, fair when fairness was tested, and compassionate when emotions ran high. She never allowed personal interest to overshadow the principles of justice and transparency.

When an election petition emerged, many looked to her for direction. It was a defining moment. Uncertainty filled the air, opinions differed, and expectations were high. Yet Samira never lost her composure. She called a series of meetings with the General Assembly, patiently explaining the committee's decisions, the reasons behind every action, and the path forward. She answered difficult questions with honesty, listened respectfully even to



opposing views, and reminded us all that true leadership is not about pleasing everyone—it is about doing what is right.

Those meetings reflected the very essence of who she was. She did not hide from challenges. She confronted them with courage. She did not silence differing opinions. She listened with respect. She did not allow pressure to compromise her integrity. She remained faithful to the principles she believed in.

Working with Samira was a lesson in leadership. She taught us that strength does not have to be loud. She taught us that fairness is not weakness but courage. She taught us that difficult decisions should always be guided by truth rather than convenience.

Today, as we reflect on her life, we realize that her greatest achievement was not simply overseeing an election. Her greatest achievement was earning the confidence and respect of those she served. That respect was not demanded—it was earned through her honesty, humility, dedication, and unwavering commitment to justice.

It is heartbreaking that the voice that reassured us during difficult moments has fallen silent. The chair she occupied now sits empty. The meetings she once led have become cherished memories. Yet even in her absence, her influence remains. Every time we choose integrity over convenience, fairness over favouritism, and unity over division, we will be honouring the legacy she leaves behind.

To her beloved family, we cannot fully comprehend the depth of your loss. We only know the remarkable leader we knew because you shared her with us. Thank you for allowing her to serve with such devotion. We pray that God grants you strength, comfort, and peace in the days ahead.

To our dear Samira, thank you.

Thank you for leading with courage when others hesitated.

Thank you for standing firm when the path was difficult.

Thank you for listening with empathy, deciding with wisdom, and serving with honour.



TRIBUTE BY THE ELECTION COMMITTEE (GHANA GAS)

Thank you for reminding us that leadership is not about power, but about responsibility.

Your work among us may have ended, but the values you lived by will continue to guide us. Your example will remain a benchmark for all who will serve after you. Though death has taken you from our sight, it can never erase the mark you have left on our hearts.

May the Almighty, whom you served in your own way through honesty, justice, and compassion, welcome you into His eternal rest. May He comfort your family, your friends, and all of us who mourn you today.

Sleep peacefully, our Chairperson.
Sleep peacefully, our colleague.
Sleep peacefully, our friend.
Your race has been run with dignity.
Your duty has been faithfully discharged.
Your memory will forever be cherished.

Farewell, Ms. Samira Nayina.
May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace.



TRIBUTE BY GAS LADIES ASSOCIATION

There are some losses that leave us searching for words, and the passing of Samira is one of them.

Samira's sudden departure came as a shock to all of us. It is difficult to come to terms with the loss of a young lady whose life held so much promise.

She was an exceptional professional, intelligent, eloquent, witty, diligent, and deeply committed to excellence, I can go on and on. Samira approached every assignment with utmost seriousness, dedication, and a strong sense of responsibility. She never settled for mediocrity.

Her constant quest for knowledge inspired many. Her curiosity, initiative, and unwavering work ethic distinguished her in every space she occupied.

Beyond her professional achievements, Samira possessed a rare spirit. She was thoughtful, humble, and always willing to contribute her bit. Her kind is indeed rare, and the void she leaves behind will not easily be filled.

Many of us will forever cherish the memories we shared with her, especially during her appearance on the Gas Ladies "Hot Seat". With grace and confidence, she told us about her journey, her aspirations, and the values she held dear. She inspired many of us, particularly the younger women, to pursue excellence, embrace continuous learning, and believe in our potential. That conversation remains etched in our hearts as a testament to the remarkable woman she was.

Though her time with us was far too short, Samira's impact will endure.



TRIBUTE BY GAS LADIES ASSOCIATION



We will miss her brilliant mind, her eloquence, her dedication, her initiative, and her relentless pursuit of excellence.

Above all, we will miss her presence, her warmth, her professionalism, and the quiet excellence she brought to every room.

Our thoughts and prayers are with her family, friends, colleagues, and everyone whose life she touched during this incredible time on earth. May we all find strength and comfort in the beautiful memories she leaves behind.

Rest peacefully, Samira.

Your light shone brightly, your purpose was meaningful, and your memory will forever remain in our hearts. You may be gone from our sight, but you will never be forgotten.



TRIBUTE BY GAS HOUSE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

Today, we gather with heavy hearts to honor the life of a remarkable leader, an exceptional woman, and a true pillar of the Gas House Football Association.

She was more than a leader she was the heartbeat of our association. Her vibrant spirit, unwavering dedication, and genuine passion for football inspired everyone who had the privilege of working with her. She believed in the power of the game to unite people, build character, and create opportunities, and she gave her all to ensure that our association continued to grow.

Her energy was contagious. Whether organizing activities, supporting players, encouraging officials, or championing the development of football, she carried out every responsibility with commitment, excellence, and a smile. She led with courage, served with humility, and treated everyone with kindness and respect.

Her passing leaves a void that words cannot fully express. Yet, her legacy will continue to live on in every match played, every young talent nurtured, and every success achieved by the Gas House Football Association. We will forever remember her as a woman whose love for football was matched only by her love for people.

On behalf of the entire Gas House Football Association, we extend our deepest condolences to her family, friends, and all whose lives she touched. We pray that Allah grants them strength, comfort, and peace during this difficult time.

Though you have left this earthly field, your impact will forever remain in our hearts. Thank you for your selfless service, your vision, your passion, and your unwavering commitment to Association and Ghana Gas at Large.



TRIBUTE BY GAS HOUSE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace. You will always be remembered, deeply missed, and forever celebrated.

Farewell, Samira (Ginjha). Your legacy lives on.



TRIBUTE BY SADIA & EWURAMA

A tribute to a dear friend/ sister-in-law.

To my dear Samie, this is one of the hardest things I have ever had to write.

You were such a generous, intelligent, and kind-hearted person with an amazing sense of humor. One thing I always admired about you was your generosity the way you spoke. You had such a beautiful command of words, and I would often joke that I had “stolen” a new phrase or expression from you because you always had a unique and thoughtful way of saying things.

I remember when you were transferred to a new station. We were all worried about the long drive you would have to make every day. But just a few weeks later, you called me, full of excitement, saying how grateful you were for the transfer because you were learning so much and genuinely enjoying your work. That was you—you always found a way to embrace new opportunities with a positive spirit.

Whenever a day passed without hearing from you, I would text to check on you. Your usual reply would always make me smile: “I’m fine o, just busy pushing gas.” You truly lived your life with purpose and dedication.

You were an exceptional human being who cared deeply for others and treated everyone with respect. You were a woman of principle, and once you believed you were doing the right thing, nothing could make you compromise your values. That strength and integrity are qualities I will always admire.

One thing that gives me comfort today is knowing that I showed you love, stood by you, and supported you while you were alive, even during the times when others did not understand you.



TRIBUTE BY SADIA & EWURAMA



I am grateful that you knew you were loved, appreciated, and never alone.

So, was your insistence that I meet you at Shepherd's Bush on 16th May 2026 your way of saying goodbye? I am so grateful that, despite how busy I was, I made the time to come. That memory has now become one I will treasure forever.

Your strong, Ewura Ama, is broken. The Powerpuff page has been silent and empty without you. We miss your laughter, your wisdom, your messages, and your presence more than words can express.

We love you dearly, but Allah loves you more.

Rest well, my Sam Sam. May Allah, in His infinite mercy, forgive your shortcomings, widen your grave with light, and grant you the highest place in Jannatul Firdaus.

Until we meet again, In shaa Allah.



TRIBUTE BY ATHINA

Some people come into our lives for a season, but leave a mark that lasts a lifetime. Samira was one of those rare people whose kindness, loyalty, and genuine heart made everyone around her feel seen and valued.

I had the privilege of working with Samira, but more importantly, I gained a wonderful friend in her. She was not only diligent and dedicated to her job but was also someone you could always count on for encouragement, candidness, laughter, and unwavering support.

Samira's strong dedication and positivity towards everything made her excel in anything she put her mind to, from being a sports prefect, to being the WGHS 2003 year group president, the president of the Ghana Gas football association, Rotary club president, and becoming a member of the Ghana Institute of Engineering, she always stood forward, took up challenges and excelled.

Sami had a remarkable ability to make others feel seen, supported, and encouraged. She mentored, inspired, and believed in people, often before they believed in themselves. She has, on countless occasions, gone out of her way to raise funds in support of promising young professionals to attend a conference or partake in a similar opportunity. During my time in graduate school, I would call her complaining about a difficult assignment or something I was struggling to understand and after a lengthy pep talk, I'd end the call feeling like the smartest person on earth and that I could do the impossible. Sam was that emergency contact who would be there to offer advice, life experiences, encouragement, support and even try to ease your anxiety by making light of the situation.

Samira had a fearless and can-do spirit which was highlighted during our first women's soccer tournament at work. Sam was one of the players for our team and had never played soccer but did not let that stop her. She got a ball, went home and had her little brother teach her a few



basics. She embraced the challenge, practiced relentlessly and in no time, became the team captain and the president of the football association earning admiration amongst many in the company.

Another memory that I will treasure forever is one that speaks volumes of her generous heart. She noticed I was living alone and did not do much after work. One day she stopped me and asked, "Why do you always go back and stay in your apartment alone after work? Don't you get bored?" She said; "Come take tennis lessons with me. It'll be better use of your idle time after work. I'll pay for your first month's subscription, and I have a spare racquet you can use." This was how thoughtful she was.

She carried herself with grace, strength, diligence and humility, and her presence was truly a gift. I will always cherish the conversations we shared, the memories we created, and the friendship we built. Her legacy is one of kindness, diligence and love—a reminder to all of us to treat others with the same warmth, respect and compassion that she showed every day.

Even though our hearts ache because she is no longer with us, I find comfort in knowing that her life mattered. She left this world better than she found it. Her legacy lives on through every person she encouraged, every life she touched, every act of kindness she showed, and every example of courage, diligence and service she set.

Rest peacefully, Sami, our big sis. Thank you for your friendship, your generosity, your unwavering belief in me, your wisdom, the laughter and the countless beautiful memories we created together. You were deeply loved, and you will be deeply missed. Though your time with us was far too short, your impact is everlasting.

Until we meet again, may the Almighty keep you safe in His bosom. Your light will continue to shine in all of us who had the privilege of knowing you.



TRIBUTE BY ATHINA



TRIBUTE BY TIMTONI

There are goodbyes that break your heart, and then there are goodbyes that leave a part of you behind. This is one of them.

Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that I would one day be writing a tribute to you. I always believed there would be more time, more conversations, more laughter, more words of wisdom, more moments to tell you how grateful I was for everything you had done for me. I never imagined a day would come when I would have to accept a world where I could no longer hear your voice.

As I sit down to write this tribute, my heart struggles to accept that I am writing about you in the past tense. It still feels unreal. How do you say goodbye to someone who became such an important part of your life? How do you thank someone who changed your life so profoundly? How do you put into words the emptiness that follows the loss of someone who was not only your boss but your mentor, your mother away from home, and one of your greatest blessings?

The truth is, I don't know if words will ever be enough.

You helped me secure the opportunity that became the foundation of my career, but what you gave me went far beyond that opportunity. You gave me an opportunity that many only hope and pray for. You believed in my abilities, trusted me with responsibilities and gave me the confidence to grow into who I am today. Looking back now, I realize that your belief in me was one of the greatest gifts anyone has ever given me.

But what made you extraordinary was that your care did not end with work. You cared about me as a person. You never treated me as just another coworker. You treated me like your own child. You cared about my future, my happiness, my growth, and my well-being. You taught me



lessons that no university, no textbook and no workplace training ever could. Through your wisdom, I learned that true leadership is not about power, it is about service. It is about lifting others, believing in them, correcting them with love and celebrating them without expecting anything in return.

You did exactly that for me.

You were patient when I made mistakes. You corrected me without making me feel small. You encouraged me when I was overwhelmed. You celebrated every achievement as though it were your own. Even on difficult days, your words somehow had the power to calm my fears and remind me that I was capable.

To many people, you were simply a boss at work or a friend they were fortunate to know. To me, you were family.

There was something so comforting about knowing that no matter what happened, I could always come to you. Your office was never just an office, it became a place of reassurance, wisdom, laughter and hope. Walking in with a troubled heart and leaving with peace became something I experienced so many times because of you.

I never imagined there would come a day when I would long so deeply to hear you call me "Hajia" or "Timmy Tim" just one more time. I would give anything for one more moment to hear your voice, to see your smile and to experience that warmth that always came with the way you called me.

There are so many things I wish I had said.

I wish I had thanked you more often.

I wish I had reminded you how much your kindness meant to me.

I wish I had found more opportunities to tell you that the woman I was becoming was, in so many ways, because of your influence.



I wish I had told you that you made work feel like home because you were there. Most of all, I wish I had known that one day our conversations would end so suddenly. If I had known, I would have held onto every word a little longer.

Today, as I reflect on your life, I realize that your greatest achievement was not the position you held or the work you accomplished. It was the lives you touched. It was the people you encouraged. It was the hope you gave to those who had almost given up. It was the love you showed so effortlessly. I count myself incredibly blessed to be one of those people.

Because of you, I became more confident.

Because of you, I became stronger.

Because of you, I learned what genuine leadership and compassion truly look like.

Your absence has created a silence that words cannot describe and the workplace will never be the same.

Although my heart is heavy with grief, I choose to be grateful. Grateful that Allah allowed our paths to cross. Grateful that I experienced your kindness. Grateful that I was mentored by such an exceptional woman. Grateful that I knew what it felt like to have someone believe in me so wholeheartedly.

Thank you, Madam Samira.

Thank you for changing my life.

Thank you for believing in me.

Thank you for every opportunity, every lesson, every correction, every prayer, every encouraging word, every smile and every act of kindness.

Thank you for loving your "Timmy Tim."

I pray that wherever my journey takes me, I will carry your values with me. I hope to extend to others the same grace, patience, generosity and encouragement that you so freely gave to me. That will be my way of honoring the remarkable woman you were.



TRIBUTE BY TIMTONI

Though your voice is now silent, your lessons will continue to speak.
Though your hands no longer guide me, your influence will continue to lead me.
Though I can no longer see you, your love will forever live in my heart.

You were one of Allah's greatest gifts to my life and losing you has left a space that no one can ever fill.

Rest peacefully, my beloved Ginger.

Until we meet again, I will forever remain your grateful "Timmy Tim."

May Allah forgive your shortcomings, accept all the good you did, illuminate your grave with His mercy, grant you peace beyond all imagination, and admit you into Jannatul Firdaus.

Ameen.

Inna lillahi wa inna ilayhi raji'un.



TRIBUTE BY CHINWE

Samira, I don't know where to start.

This photo was taken the last time we saw each other in Accra in 2015. It's actually the only photo I have with you, and somehow it's the best because it captures exactly how silly we were together.

I am so grateful we stayed in touch over the years, sharing funny and embarrassing stories about our lives. If I had known the last time we texted this year would be our last, I would have called.

I have so many memories of your time here, and I am grateful for them.

Rest in peace, my friend. Wherever you are, I hope you are having fun, making a little trouble, and that it's better than Earth.

I'll miss you.

Chinwe



TRIBUTE BY APPEKI

A Letter to My Omoo: Mama SamSam...Our Last Conversation

I still remember the very first day I met you. You sat in that corner of the office, almost like it had been reserved just for you. If you were not dressed in one of your beautiful suits, Josephine was wrapped around you. There was always a cup of tea, coconut water, a little snack, or something to nibble on beside you. Sometimes it was your elegant wig, other times your sleek natural hair. Every person who walked through that door was met with your glance sometimes a smile, sometimes that serious look that made people think twice before speaking but then you would quietly return to your work. I often think back to the day you found out I didn't eat breakfast. You looked at me in complete shock and asked, "You what?" I said, "I don't eat breakfast." Looking back now, I truly believe that was the moment you decided I was yours to look after.

People who only knew you from a distance saw strength. They saw discipline, confidence and a woman who took no nonsense. But those of us who were blessed to know you saw something much deeper. Beneath that strong exterior was one of the softest, kindest and most generous hearts I have ever known. You gave without counting the cost. If someone needed something and you had it, you gave it. You made people feel seen, heard and important. You had a way of making everyone around you feel special, no matter who they were. You were an exceptional engineer, an incredible leader, a phenomenal football captain, but above all, you were an extraordinary human being.

People often say grief is the price we pay for love. I never truly understood those words until I lost you. Now I do. I keep asking myself the same questions every single day. Why? Why you? Why so soon? Why Samira? I ask God. I ask myself. I ask questions I know may never have answers. I know God gives and God takes away, but my heart still struggles to understand why He called home someone so good, so loving and so rare.



TRIBUTE BY APPEKI

You taught me so much without ever standing in front of a classroom. You taught me that if something is worth doing, it is worth doing well. You taught me honesty, excellence and integrity. You taught me to be stronger than I believed I could be. Whenever life became difficult, you reminded me, 'If everybody is against you and you have me, then you have ten thousand people.' You called yourself my one-man soldier, and you lived those words every single day. You stood by me when I needed someone. You believed in me when I doubted myself. You took my hand when I first joined Ghana Gas, and somewhere along the journey, you stopped being my colleague and became my sister.

Even now, I still find myself picking up my phone and opening our chat. I still send you Snapchat streaks before remembering you can no longer send one back. I still want to tell you about my day. I still expect a voice note. I still expect you to call me 'Apekki.' It is so hard to accept that I cannot simply call you anymore. I cannot let you go because my heart still believes you will answer.

There are so many things I still wish I could tell you. I wish I could send you flowers again because I know how much you loved them. I wish I could tell you to come home because I have a box of the wine you love waiting for you. I wish I could make you breakfast, prepare your Milo,, remind you to eat lunch, send you fruit when you were not feeling well, or simply sit with you and talk about life. I wish I could hug you one more time. I wish we could make just one more video together. Most of all, I wish I could tell you that you never stood alone that you had me, my family and everyone who loved you. I wish I could tell you all of this, but I am met with silence every time.

Every morning begins with a few moments of normality. Then reality returns, and I remember that I have to live the rest of my life without you physically here. That thought still feels impossible. I still cannot believe I am writing a tribute for you. You were my sister, my second mother, my safe place, my greatest cheerleader and my person. I miss you more than words can ever express . I keep asking myself the same question: Where do I put all the love I still have for you? It didn't disappear when you left. It stayed. Every bit of it. I just don't know where it belongs now. Perhaps I will spend the rest of my



TRIBUTE BY APPEKI

life giving it away in the way you taught me, through kindness, honesty, excellence, loyalty and respect. That way, a little of you will continue to live in everyone whose life I touch.

If love alone could have kept you here, you would have lived forever.

Thank you for loving me so deeply. Thank you for choosing me. Thank you for always being there for me, for being the Big Sister I never had, for being my Omoo. You were deeply loved, you are deeply missed, and you will never be forgotten.

Wo y3 me nua ankasa.

Nyame mfa wo nsie yie.

Da yie, Samira Nayina!



TRIBUTE BY JEANETTE (GINGERJEAN)

Samira always rooted for GingerJean. She believed in us, chose us, and proudly recommended us to her family, friends, and colleagues.

Our very first order at Ghana Gas came through her trust and support. She opened doors for us and became part of our journey in a way I will never forget.

You were more than a friend. The kindness you showed to me, my family, and GingerJean will remain with us forever.

I still remember sharing my dream of building a corporate office with you. You encouraged me, believed in the vision, and constantly asked if I was still working towards it. Your faith in me gave me the confidence to keep going.

Today, that corporate office stands as a reality. I only got to share the news with you over the phone, and you promised you would come and see it. We moved in, and just two weeks later, you were gone.

Life can be so fragile and unexpected. Yet, I find comfort in knowing that you made a lasting impact on my life, my family, and GingerJean. Your generosity, encouragement, and unwavering belief in us helped shape our story.

I will miss you dearly, Ginger. Thank you for believing in us, supporting us, and giving us the privilege of knowing you. Your kindness, encouragement, and unwavering support will never be forgotten.

Until we meet again, rest peacefully, my dear Samira.



GALLERY



FOREVER
IN OUR
HEARTS





























THANK YOU



On behalf of our entire family, we extend our heartfelt gratitude to everyone who joined us today to celebrate and honor the life of our beloved, Samira.

Your presence, prayers, kind words, and unwavering support have brought us comfort during this difficult time. Whether you traveled from near or far, sent messages of condolence, offered assistance, or simply stood with us in our time of grief, your kindness has been a source of strength and encouragement.

THANK YOU!

