

**A TRIBUTE TO COMMEMORATE A DECADE  
SINCE THE DEATH OF MRS. VIOLET JOSEPHINE METTA ADJAIE ROBERTS  
AT A SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE, THANKSGIVING AND HOLY COMMUNION  
ON SUNDAY 1<sup>ST</sup> DECEMBER, 2019  
AT BERMONDSEY CENTRAL HALL METHODIST CHURCH  
SOUTH LONDON MISSION  
256 BERMONDSEY STREET, LONDON SE1 3UJ  
BY LAWRENCE DEROSIMI CHAPMAN**

A tribute to commemorate a decade since Mrs. Violet Josephine Metta Adjaie Roberts transitioned from mortality to immortality; impermanence to permanence.

1<sup>st</sup> December, I trust, by no coincidence is a significant date in the lives of both the Roberts family and mine too!

Today is 1<sup>st</sup> December 2019. It symbolizes the 10<sup>th</sup> year since the passing of mama Roberts, as some knew her, others fondly, including myself, as mama Adjaie.

On 1<sup>st</sup> December, 2009, she was finally summoned by Almighty God to the highest service, immeasurable delight and indescribable presence of her Creator.

The 1<sup>st</sup> of December, 1981, saw the devastating and irreplaceable loss; incredulous pain and misery my family suffered, when our home in Freetown, Sierra Leone was engulfed in a mid-morning inferno, which obliterated everything in its wake and path. Our home was no more than rubble and ash, by the time Omotayo in his selfless spirit, whisked me off from my day's activities to their home a short distance from a place I once knew as our family's home.

Mama Adjaie was one of nine siblings, born on the 19<sup>th</sup> November, 1916 to Sybilla and Sylvanus Bultman of Charlotte Village in Freetown, Sierra Leone. Life wasn't the easiest for her growing up, even as a young lady, married and in her endeavour to bring up her children – those days and nights were rough and tough for her.

Her parents, Sybilla and Sylvanus were respectively seamstress and gardener. At an early age growing up within the confines of her parents' home, her enterprising nature developed rapidly. Baby clothes, pillow cases, petit coats (known in our local parlance – krio, as sheme; various types of vegetables, had to be sold to generate income for her family. Songo Village and her local bus station were two regular areas she would ply and sell her wares in support of her parents' will be to financially buoyant and solvent. It was an uphill task for her. Yet, in solitude she bore it with stoic fortitude, in gratitude; gracefully and admirably.

Her sense of responsibility, respectability, reliability, diligence, intelligence, positive pride all shone brightly when as a mother of eight children – 7 boys and a girl, she worked assiduously and relentlessly to educate and provide for them. Her indomitable will; commitment to succeed resulted in the remarkable accomplishments of all her children – all highly and visibly placed in our Sierra Leone diasporan communities overseas, as well as at home in Sierra Leone. What a living testament to an indefatigable lady of amazing skill; many years of experience, fascinating vision superior confidence and exemplary self-worth. Mrs. Violet Roberts loved the Lord. She was God-fearing, prayerful, faithful, greatly devoted to God's word and mission. She was a doyen of church service and organisations within it. Her forte was supporting the church and its institutions in different capacities. As member of Truscott W A M Church, her role as Church Steward, Class Leader, Treasurer of the fund for the poor (Benevolent Fund), representative to the Annual Assembly of the West African Methodist Church Conference in Sierra Leone were just a few to draw from.

Mama Adjaie was regarded as “The Mother Teresa” in her locality. In addition to her own, she fostered Modu, David and Emmanuel. Many nieces and nephews were under her wings and tutelage too. Her generosity knew no bound.

Her generosity unavoidably leads me to her son: Omotayo David Roberts, popularly known within our Sierra Leonean community both at home and abroad as “OmoT.” David Omotayo – is as generous as his late mother, mama Adjaie. He was instrumental the day our home was ravaged by fire, when he got me to their home where mama Adjaie accommodated my family – mother, father, three siblings and myself for about a month until we found our feet again. She never wanted us to leave when my parents volunteered the information then.

Omotayo looked after his mother continuously whilst she was alive both in Freetown, Sierra Leone, her sojourn in the Gambia including 13 years of Civil War in Sierra Leone. She joined Omotayo in the United Kingdom in June 1999. Omotayo was selfless in his devotion and sacrificed so much of his own time and need to ensure his mother had the best time, especially after the crucial years of trauma, during and following the ravages of war in Sierra Leone. He offered her a distinguishable “Home-going” when she passed on at the ripe old and decent age of 93 years, first here in London, finally in Freetown – Sierra Leone.

Could I rightfully and respectfully request all who are so able to be upstanding, as we offer Omotayo a rousing applause in recognition of his ceaseless efforts towards his mother’s welfare, both in life and in death – as evident even today – 10 years on since she left these earthly shores for God’s Heavenly Dwellings.

*(Thank you one and all. You may take your seats.)*

Mama Adjaie’s disposition was of exceptional worth and therefore noteworthy. She was diminutive in stature – a sure reminder of my mother too! Though small in body, she had a big heart, one likened to gold. Her caring nature, her gentleness, peacefulness, kindness, selflessness and self-effacing nature were strikingly commendable. If the world had more of her kind, there would be no grudge, bitterness, selfishness, spite, hate, anger, revulsion and destruction. She was a beautiful woman – inward and outward, the true quintessence of generosity of spirit; selfless and limitless love, beauty at its finest and purest – the very best in all its various forms and on all levels.

As the Hymnist declares:-

Those whose course on earth is o’er  
Think they of their brethren more?  
They before the Throne who bow,  
Feel they for their brethren now?

Saints departed even thus  
Hold communion still with us;  
Still with us, beyond the veil  
Praising, pleading without fail.

*(Sung by the  
Congregants)*

*When we all get to Heaven  
What a day of rejoicing that would be,  
When we all see Jesus  
We’ll sing and shout the Victory!*

Unto such delightful and mesmerizing end, may the worthy soul of Violet Josephine Metta Adjaie and souls of those we also commemorate today; all who have sojourned to the Great Beyond, continue in ataraxy, until the Glorious Resurrection and reunification of all who die in the Lord, subsequently as Saints, to live and reign on our Creator's "Pleasant Courts Above" and within His magnificent and awesome mansions – everlastingly. Amen