

Until We Meet Again



Laying to Rest

Bright View Cemetery

8265 Lunsford Road, Warrenton, VA



Repast

The Union at Living Faith Church

10242 Battleview Pkwy, Manassas, VA

Designed with Love for Omo Abifarin

April 25, 2026

Afafranto Productions



CELEBRATION OF LIFE

In Loving Memory of

Omosere Abifarin



April 25, 2026

FORMAL ORDER OF SERVICE

- **Prelude/Family Entrance Song:** Majesty by Michael W. Smith
- **Welcome, Intro and Opening Prayer:** Pastor Gavin Lubbe
- **Opening Hymn:** It is well with my Soul (1st and 3rd stanza)

SCRIPTURE READING

- **First Reading John 14:1-6:** Princess Boateng
- **Second Reading 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18:** David Nnadi

- Life Reflections:
 - Samuel Boateng
 - Nne Edowande
 - Zie Abifarin
 - Deji Abifarin
 - Kunle Abifarin

- Video Tribute
- Sermon Message: Pastor Cathy Morris
- Congregational Song: The Blessing
- The Lord's Prayer: Christine Billings
- Closing Hymn: Great is Thy Faithfulness
- Benediction/Closing Prayer: Pastor Gavin Lubbe
- Family Recessional Song: Sunmisola Agbebi "Owo Oluwa"

Graveside Sermon: Pastor JR Judd

Pall Bearers:

- Esosa Edowande
- Nosa Edowande
- David Nnadi
- John Kwarteng
- Bright Habadah
- Samuel Boateng

Floral Bearers

- Friends and Family

BLESSED AND HIGHLY FAVORED

A Eulogy for

Omosere "Omo" Abifarin

If you ever greeted Omo and asked her how she was doing, you already know what she'd say. Every time, without hesitation, with that bounce in her step and that light in her eyes: *"I am blessed and highly favored."*

By the time this eulogy is over, I hope you will understand just how much courage, conviction, and unshakeable faith was packed into those five words.

Omo Abifarin was born in 1971 in Takoma Park, Maryland, to Emmanuel Konyeshi and Gloria Alile, the fourth of six children, raised in Lagos, Nigeria, in a home rooted deeply in faith and family. As a girl, she was a voracious reader who found her favorite reading spot not in a chair, not on a couch, but up in a tree. That image has always stayed with me, because it tells you everything about Omo. She was never content to stay at ground level. In everything she did, she climbed.

She came to the United States in her college years, settling in Altamonte Springs, Florida with her sisters. And it was there, in 1991, at a young adults meeting at Orlando Christian Center, that a young woman with springs in her shoes walked into a room and I never stood a chance.

I was smitten. Here was this treasure, this force of nature, this woman so full of life that she literally bounced when she walked, as if the ground couldn't quite contain her joy. Somehow, miraculously, she agreed to love me back. We were married in 1995, and I have spent every day since then grateful that she chose me.

In 2000, she gave me our first son, Seun. Deji followed in 2002. And Zie completed our family in 2005. And then Omo did something that revealed the full measure of who she was.

When it became clear that her children needed something more, something better, she made a decision without flinching. She set aside her Project Management career, her education in Management Information Systems, her professional ambitions, everything she had built for herself, and she became their teacher.

From 2007 to 2023, Omo Abifarin homeschooled all three of her sons through high school. For sixteen years, she didn't just teach the boys at home, she became the director of a local chapter of the homeschool program, Classical Conversations. When Omo committed to something, she didn't do it halfway. She did it with her whole heart, and then she found ways to bring others along with her.

And if you think that sounds like sacrifice, you didn't know Omo. She fed the boys physical food and the Word of God in equal measure. She shared laughter as freely as she shared lessons. She was just as excited as they were when a large appliance box arrived at the house, because that wasn't just a box, that was a fort, and Omo would be getting in it.

When her youngest, Zie, was ready to experience his final years of high school in a traditional setting, Omo honored that. She had always followed the needs of her children, not her own convenience, and this was no different. With her boys growing into the men she had invested sixteen years in raising, she turned a new page and walked back into the workforce. True to form, she didn't just step back in, she stepped up. She discovered a passion for cybersecurity, earned her certification, and before long was standing in front of a classroom teaching it to others. She taught Security+ and Network+ before ultimately bringing all of that expertise to Freddie Mac, where she managed issues and risk, because a woman who had spent sixteen years managing the beautiful, blessed chaos of three boys was more than ready for whatever corporate America could throw at her.

But her home and her career were only two of the theaters in which Omo poured herself out.

From the moment she joined Living Faith Church in 2001, she made one thing clear. She was not there to sit in a pew. She was there to participate. She was there to serve. She threw herself into children's ministry with the same totality she brought to everything else. She changed diapers. She soothed crying babies. She made sure that every parent who walked through those doors could sit down, close their eyes, and receive from the Holy Spirit without a moment of worry, because their children were in Omo's hands, and Omo's hands were safe.

There are grown people sitting in this room today whose bottoms she wiped. She would want you to know she considered it a joy.

She graduated from the church's Bible school, and what that gave her was not just knowledge, it was confidence. Confidence to stand up and preach the Word of God with authority.

She moved from children's ministry into the SOZO ministry, where she helped people encounter the love of God in a personal and transforming way. She had a gift for exposing the lies that had been quietly shaping people's lives, and then replacing them, gently and powerfully, with the truth of what their Heavenly

Father actually thought of them. She did not do this from a distance. She did it up close, with her whole self, the way she did everything.

And alongside her dear friend and sister Francesca Boateng, she co-founded SpeakWell, a program dedicated to coaching teenagers and young adults to find and use the power of their own voices. Because Omo knew that a voice, once unlocked, can change a life. Hers had. And she wanted that for every young person she could reach.

When you were around Omo, you felt it. There was a shift in the atmosphere when she entered a room. Not because she demanded attention, but because she brought something with her. Joy. Faith. Warmth. A word of encouragement that landed exactly where you needed it. She had an instinct for finding the person in the room whose faith was running low, and quietly, powerfully refilling it.

She also had, I must tell you, an absolutely wicked sense of humor.

Deji will tell you that one of her constant refrains was, *“Always aim to be five minutes early. If you’re on time, you’re five minutes late.”* Project manager to the end.

But even better than that, and Deji, I know you’ll back me up on this, was the way she would begin a sentence with *“Oh, you guys know I always say”* and then follow it with something she had absolutely, demonstrably never said before in her life. She would deliver it with complete confidence, and somehow you just went along with it. Because it was Omo.

And then there were the times she would begin a thought, pause, go completely silent, and simply never finish it. She would drift off mid-sentence, lost somewhere in her own mind, perfectly content, leaving the rest of you waiting for a conclusion that was never coming.

And then there were the names. If you were one of her boys and you heard her call out, you learned quickly not to answer until she landed on the right one. Seun. Deji. Zie. She would cycle through all three before she got to you, completely unbothered, because she knew exactly which one she meant, even if her mouth was still working it out.

Each of her boys had his own private language with her. Seun, her firstborn, will tell you that whenever the two of them found themselves alone together for more than a minute, she would look at him and say, *“I love you, Seun. You know that?”* Every time. Without fail. And Zie will tell you that she would look at each of her sons, one on one, and speak this over them: *“You’re highly favored in everything you do.”* She didn’t declare that as a wish or a hope. She

declared it as a fact, the way she declared everything she believed. Because that was how she loved. Fully, personally, and by name.

Omo Abifarin is survived by her devoted husband of thirty years, Kunle Abifarin; her three sons, Seun, Deji, and Zie Abifarin; her mother-in-law, Ayodele Abifarin; her sisters, Dr. Stella Nnadi, Nne Edowande, and Adesua Ojumola; her brother, Emmanuel Konyeshi; her sister-in-law, Bunmi Abifarin-Morgan; her brothers-in-law, Muiyiwa Abifarin, Dr. Yemi Oyeniyi, and Dr. Israel Emmanuel; their spouses, Rudolph Morgan, Cameo Abifarin, and Deaconess Yemi Oyeniyi; her sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law on her side, Samantha Konyeshi, George Edowande, and Ope Ojumola; her beloved nephews, Michael Konyeshi, David Nnadi, Nosa Edowande, Esosa Edowande, Ayooluwa Justin Ojumola, and; her beloved nieces, Zara Konyeshi, Olivia Abifarin, Grace Abifarin, Ronke Morgan, Kunmi Morgan, and Ayomide Ivie Ojumola; her cherished cousins; and her sisters from another mother, Francesca Boateng, Grace Yum, Christine Billings, and Sarah Safreddo.

She was preceded in death by her parents, Emmanuel Konyeshi and Gloria Alile; her beloved brother, Chimdike Konyeshi; and her father-in-law, Ayotunku Abifarin.

And now, if you will allow me, I need to speak to her directly.

Love,

You did a wonderful job. You gave me unspeakable joy and happiness. You blessed our lives with your grace. You gave me three strong men who will be your forever legacy. You raised them in the fear of the Lord, covered them with your love, and invested your time, energy, and every resource you had to make sure they would succeed in this life.

Even at the end, in pain, you found the strength to look each of your sons in the eye, and tell them that you loved them and that you were proud of them. That is who you were. That is who you will always be.

Thirty years is not enough. But I will cherish every single day, and will be forever grateful, forever grateful, that you chose me to love in this world.

There is one more thing I need you to know about Omo.

For thirteen years, she carried on a private battle with breast cancer. Most of you did not know. She chose not to publicize her struggle. She refused to allow a diagnosis to become her identity, or to change the way the world saw her, or the way she moved through it. It was not denial, please hear me clearly, it was *faith*. She believed, with every fiber of her being, that the Word of God was true, that His promises were everlastingly faithful, and that the manifestation of her healing

would come. She did not put her trust in what she could see. She put her trust in what she knew by the Word of God.

Even if privately she was in pain, she would still look you in the eye and tell you her truth:

"I am blessed and highly favored."

She meant it. Every time. That was not a performance. That was not pretending. That was a woman who had decided that even when the physical realm did not align with the Word of God, she would choose to believe regardless.

That is her legacy. That is what she would want you to carry out of this room today.

Not grief alone, though grief is right and grief is real. But faith. The stubborn, bouncing, joy-filled, room-shifting, never-sitting-in-a-pew faith of a woman named Omo, who was, and is, and will forever be,

Blessed. And highly favored.

Omosere Abifarin. Beloved wife, mother, teacher, preacher, servant, friend.

Forever in our hearts. Forever in His hands.

Kunle Abifarin



SONGS FOR THE MEMORIAL

It Is Well with My Soul

Song by Horatio Spafford and Philip Paul Bliss

When peace like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul
It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, o my soul!
It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul

Great is Thy faithfulness

“Great is Thy faithfulness,” O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.

“Great is Thy faithfulness!” “Great is Thy faithfulness!”
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided—
“Great is Thy faithfulness,” Lord, unto me!

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

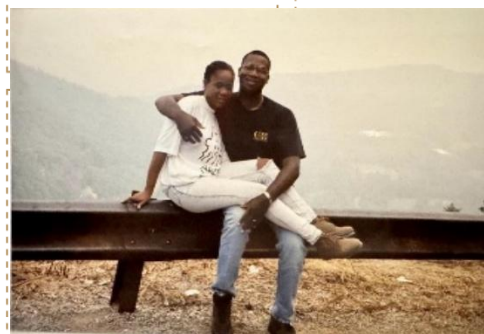
Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!



A LIFE IN PICTURES



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TRIBUTES FROM CHILDREN

This turn of events does not feel completely real to me yet. My mom was my rock. While the way I interact with my brothers and father has become more layered and complex with time, talking with Mom was always straightforward. She was the kindest person in our nuclear family. It was not even close. And I know I am not the only person who thinks so: In the week following her departure, our house was filled with visits from old acquaintances and distant relatives, illustrating how many lives she has touched.

Paul Oluwaseun Abifarin

TRIBUTES FROM CHILDREN

It's difficult for me to even compress how I felt about my mother into a tribute. What I can say for certainty is that she was the best mother I could possibly ask for. What's so amazing about that statement is that she wasn't born "the best mother I could ask for." It wasn't a title that was bestowed upon her through some magical means, and she didn't wake up one day as the perfect mom either. It was intentional, and it was a choice. Looking back at the phases of our life together, I can distinctly remember how our relationship as mother and son shifted, grew, and bloomed over the years.

As I grew, she was growing alongside me. As I matured, so too did she. And looking back now, I realize how much she actually changed for her family. This isn't to say something ridiculous like "When I was a child, she wasn't really a good mother." Make no mistake, her love for me and my family had always far surpassed abundance, but she chose to lay down more and more of herself for her family, and I KNOW that my relationship with her only became so strong because she intentionally embodied acceptance towards me.

Mom, thank you for accepting me at my stupidest, my lowest, and my most irreverent. Your gentle correction has undoubtedly forged me into a son I knew you were proud of. You inspired me to live without regrets, and I feel peace knowing that I walked that out in our relationship and held nothing back from you before you went on ahead to be with the Father. I thank God for your life, and I thank you for submitting my life to Him. To a mom that wore many hats, mother, teacher, spiritual backbone, and finally a friend; rest easy and save some of the glory of God for the rest of us.

Jedeji Abifarin



TRIBUTES FROM CHILDREN

Some of my earliest memories of you were the long school days that we spent learning a new subject. Correction, the long school days you spent patiently helping me understand how math worked. Learning new concepts would never come quickly to me, and many times I would get frustrated. So frustrated that Dad would have to momentarily step in to give me a scolding.

All these years, I always thought you did this because Dad tended to have a more disciplinary nature and could scare me into learning my times tables better than you could. But recently I have realized that the intention was never to scare or punish me. Yes, at times I would be rude, and that was never tolerated. But the real reason my dad would step in was to communicate to me that Mom was and always has only been trying to help me, and that I should not take that frustration out on her. Because although it could take me hours to get the concept down, there were hours that you would sit with me patiently until I was a master of my craft.

I am going to miss how incredibly patient you were through every endeavor. Only you could have a love for me so pure and precious.

I love you.

Chigozie Abifarin

NOTE OF GRATITUDE

To our family, friends, and the many generous souls who have poured out your love and support during this incredibly difficult time,

Thank you.

Over 60 of you rallied together with such overwhelming generosity to ensure that every need surrounding Omo's homegoing arrangements was met. Some of you I know well, and some of you I don't, but I hope I have the chance to meet each and every one of you so I can say thank you. If we don't meet, I want it said here how much your support has carried me through this very difficult time.

I am overwhelmed, humbled, and forever grateful for the loving kindness you have shown to our family. You gave, you prayed, you called, you came to visit, you prepared meals, you checked on me, you checked on the young men, and you showered us with such love! This is a gift I will carry in my heart for the rest of my life.

May the Lord return to you everything you have sown into our family, pressed down, shaken together, and running over. May your generosity be met with abundance in every area of your lives.

With a grateful heart,

Kunle, Seun, Deji, Zee
