

Very kind and loving nun.
I remember her french accent.
At some point she had
to repeat herself for us to understand
bambi.... Her 'explain more'
sounded more of
French than English...
Her perfume made her smell so rich
and you could easily trace her location by it.
I can't forget her springy walk, of course.
May her soul rest in eternal peace.
Our deepest condolences to
the DMJ and her entire family.
Edigold Monday

She
had such poise
and
showed us
the religious life can be
elegant stylish and chic!


Prof Betty

Whenever I think of Sr. Marie José, the word "enigma" starts rolling in my head. She was more of a fairytale character. I think she is one of the extremely few teachers that never punished any girl. She made us behave without punishing us. She never sent anybody to the kitchen to peel because of shouting. She just never caught anyone. Her perfumes could be "heard" from miles away. I have the fondest memories of her. One time she asked me to take her books to the convent. She offered me tea and biscuits. She asked me whether I wanted roasted groundnuts but she said it in Kirundi because it seems she didn't know the name in English. I naturally said no because I didn't know the meaning. Later when I joined university, I made friends from Burundi. The first question was "what's ekiyoobe"? I was told it meant groundnuts.


My new friends from Burundi found my question strange.

I told them the story. They laughed. By the way, they all knew the Baranyanka family. Since then I decided to learn Kirundi. Sr. Marie José spread her elegance over us like a bird pollinating all the plants around. She carried herself with self esteem, dignity and love. She passed over some particles of those qualities to most girls. We are so blessed to have been taught by people like her. I believe that people like Sr. Marie José don't die. They move to other parallel galaxies. May Sr. Marie José life be celebrated by us and other generations to come and as long as the school exists.

Felly Mbabazi



MOGA
fraternity
sends our
deepest
condolences to
DMJ Sisters



Sr. Marie Jose was ever smiling,
soft spoken and kind.
If you did not understand
in class, she would explain
and repeat until
you all understood,
yes, she was patient with us.
And cannot forget her trademark
nice perfumes,
she was never without
wearing a perfume and
elegantly smart always.
May our Marie Jose
Rest in eternal Peace.

Eunice Duli



It is amazing,
to see this picture
of Sr. Marie Jose,
changed but yet
still the same.
She was always
the picture of regal
elegance. Simple
but classy. Her
influence to many of us
may not have been so
obvious at the time,
but none theless
it had been lifelong.
May all the blooms
in heaven embrace
you with showers
of their sweet fragrance.

Mary Mabweijano

Aww she rested Maama shongye! May the angels travel with you to the heavenly gates as Jesus, Mother Mary and Joseph await your arrival. You served and dedicated your whole life to the holy family here on earth, I hope they welcome you to the heavens too. You were warm, were kind and you were a mom even though you never had children of your own, you had us the many girls you raised as teenagers for 9 months of each year for so many years.

We wanted to be like you, we looked up to you as a woman should carry herself and dress and smell. Mbweni Allen, you have reminded me of her and how we used to get on her nerves but how she never gave up on us! I remember her first line she told us to read on the first day she taught us religion and told us to open the Bible. Some of us, that was probably the first time I ever read the Bible. To this day - that line never leaves my head.

"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God and the word was God". Now trying to teach this to make sense to a teenager - good luck. But she made it all make sense.

I never listened to what she said because I was busy admiring her wear of the day up and down as she walked the aisles. She was regal and not just in her family but in person. She had this aura about her yet so humble. You just knew she was different. She was very classy, had fashion taste and to me, she was one of those ladies I aspired to look like. And boy

did she smell great. Now if you want to know how that was refreshing, try being in Mbarara in the dry season without deodorant let alone perfume. And she was very beautiful - as a child you wondered why a person would give up her beauty, royalty and all the prestige that comes with that to be a nun. A unique special woman who has a larger calling to society and to young girls. That's why. I know for one that I am grateful for her service, dedication and for opening my eyes on how to live with God in my life everyday which I still do. She made me understand the Bible in such a simple but deep way and for a child that was an accomplishment.

God be with you MJ and God lead you to eternal rest. peace and love

Lydia Katabaazi

Bambi Sr Marie Jose. My image of her was still of the 80s. But I can still trace her young version in her older one. Her trademark perfume worked for us the naughty chatter boxes. When she was on duty she could 'catch' nobody in mischief as we smelt her perfume just as she stepped out of the convent! By the time she reached class her perfume would have long quietened us into good girls. I am sure she thought Maryhill girls were angels. My other vivid memory is her first lesson of RE.

She said "change is a butterfly". I struggled to get meaning out of it; got even desperate because I was failing to understand the connection of change & ☒.

Until she wrote this on the blackboard: Change is a fact of life. This I can never forget.

She also wore very nice jewelry. Bambi Sr MARRHI (as she pronounce Marie) Jose, rest with Jesus. You taught us about Him & cemented our foundation in faith. Go shower heaven with your lovely scent.

Rosemary Kemigisha

