

Called Home

In Memory of

**Dr. Stephen
Asiimwe**

Husband, Father,
Friend, Colleague,
Inspiration





HARVARD

Health Services



*“Well done,
good and faithful
servant”*

**CELEBRATING
THE LIFE OF**

**Dr. Asiimwe
Stephen**

A TRIBUTE TO MY HUSBAND, DR. STEPHEN ASIIMWE

Our Life, Love, and Faith Journey

Atribute to my best friend Stephen Asiimwe, known to many as Dr. Steve, but I simply knew him as my best friend, my sweetheart. I honestly need a chapter book to write our Life/Love story, our marriage journey, our parenting journey and our lives of serving our Lord Jesus Christ & serving his people.

I met Stephen for the very first time while he was on his mission trip back to my high school at Bweranyangi Girls' Secondary School. He was introduced to us with his other colleagues among whom was Dr. Michael Kansiime. They were young, very enthusiastic university students, and excited about the Lord's work in addition to ministering to young people then. As the weekend ended, they promised they would keep in touch with us and even send us success cards at our final senior six exams, which was a big deal to a candidate then. With a lot of anticipation in waiting, to our surprise a year later, we all received our success cards from these vibrant young university lads.

When we joined university, they went ahead to look out for us as we all attended St. Francis Chapel, Makerere as our main church. A few months into university, Stephen and I were mapping out our path for our salvation journey as well as pursuing our academic goals. We didn't meet very often until a few years later while at university when we started bumping into each other a little more often in Christian spaces commonly known as fellowships. From then on, we became very good friends, along with a number of his colleagues, the likes of Dr. Kansiime (RIP), Eng. Bena, Aaron Kashamba, and many others.

Whenever we (my friends and I) visited

Stephen in his room at University Hall, I was personally intrigued by his neatness, his warmth & sense of humor. He rarely cracked a joke that didn't leave our ribs cracking. Our friendship grew closer along with a small group of my girlfriends "Always Sisters," as we hung out a lot together on retreats. As adventurous as Stephen was, he invited us on several road trips across the country. A few of the highlight trips were to the Rwakhakha border post, and Mutukula border post where Dr. Michael Kansiime (RIP) had been posted for work after campus. We had moved on to having several outings as a group of friends, like the trips to Jinja for picnics, and I imagine it's from those several group outings that we bonded.

He later went on to ask me to be his special friend as I clearly recall, because we were friends already. I don't remember giving him any answer then, but I knew he had a special interest in me. He was different, very sincere, and loved God passionately. I loved that about him. He later went on to tell me that he fell more in love with me as he watched me worship & usher at St. Francis Chapel as well as my commitment to serve in KAAYM (Kigezi Ankole Anglican Youth Missioners).

Stephen later left university and went to Kagando Hospital and we often exchanged letters and shared emails back and forth until he came back to Kampala and took me out for a date that turned out to be our official date. Whenever he visited the city, we often took walks from Wandegaya to the main city center either to find a unique place to eat at or simply chat the night away, while simply strolling through the night. When we made it official, we communicated to our parents and set our dates for introduction and later the wedding.

On the night after our introduction, we were driven back to Kampala by none other than Uncle Meshach Nuwabine who is a relative on my mother's side. The unfortunate happened after we unpacked and settled into our two-bedroomed

house that we shared with Eunice & Doreen. Towards the wee hours of that morning, clubbed thugs broke into our house and stole most of our belongings. Unfortunately as they broke into my room, I immediately got into shock and became unconscious leaving me non-responsive. The thugs clubbed my head nearly injuring my right eye. By the time they delivered me at the emergency unit in hospital, my eye was literally hanging in air close to a tongue lick. By God's grace, a compassionate visiting Surgeon from Russia called Dr. Peters that was visiting Mulago then took a risk to do an operation on me amidst the prevailing challenges at Mulago Hospital then. My dear Stephen took leave from work and sat by my side together with my parents and nursed me in Mulago for a long time until I was discharged. We had our strong fellowship from St. Francis Chapel led by then Rev. Can. Benon Mugarura Mutana that stood with us every single day I was admitted until I got discharged.

By the time of the hospital discharge, we had agreed our wedding would proceed as earlier planned for 21/09/2002 and the devil must be ashamed for having disrupted my life. I personally had the best wedding of my life and I remember the sermon that day, "When did the miracle happen?" When Jesus attended a wedding in Canan. He changed water into wine but no one knows when the miracle actually happened. What I know with no doubt is that Stephen & I had received our miracle.

Our marriage journey started off as a marathon with both of us working in different places in Bushenyi, but we made each place we were placed in our home, to a point that at one time, we had three homes running at the same time. We found a base home in Bushenyi at Medical Center Mothers Union complex and satellite homes where we worked. We carried warmth & love in each of those homes, shared the little we had, but lived happily.

Two years into our marriage, God blessed us with our firstborn child, Emmanuel Arinda, in 2004. Two years down the road, Stephen finally won the Fogarty scholarship to Case Western Reserve University, Cleveland, OH, that he had applied for several times without success. This was a very prestigious scholarship that allowed him to travel and live with his family. We made the great move to the cold Cleveland and that even bonded us more as a couple and as a family. Our life in Cleveland was memorable. We were blessed with our second baby, Jonathan Atwiine, in 2006. We were blessed with Stephen's Mom visiting us and we built great memories.

Our return landed us in Kampala, Uganda where we settled our young family and started our Couples of Faith fellowship in 2007, after visiting our close friends Drs. Patrick & Fiona Mubangizi who were living in Nairobi then and were part of COF Kenya that inspired us to start our fellowship in Kampala. COF Kenya comprised a few couples like the Murigis, the Mwemas, the Wangios, the Tebetes, the Ndungus, and the Osurs with whom we exchanged visits & fellowshiped in addition to retreating together. COF Kenya has since grown and we have a gallant group of brothers & sisters across the border.

Stephen later got an opportunity to serve with ICOBI in Kabwohe as well as the initiation of Kabwohe Clinical Research Center (KCRC). As we labored through the struggles of a young family that had just transitioned back into the country, Dr. Kansiime became the pillar of our home together with the COF family. We would later on move to Mbarara and settle in our first home that Stephen had asked the now Rev. Dr. Justus Murokore to help us find. We commuted for our daily work in Kabwohe at KCRC for two years moving together in one vehicle every morning & evening, Monday through Friday. In a way, this strengthened our bond as a couple.

We fell in love with Mbarara & decided to make it our home, thus building our first house that has become our home for the last 18 years; it has embraced many fellowships for both the young and old. Shortly after we moved to Mbarara in 2008, we welcomed our third baby boy, Timothy Aine Asimwe. We stayed in Mbarara for 2 years and in 2010, we made our second move to Georgia, USA where we both became alumni of the University of Georgia, with Stephen attaining his Doctorate and I attaining my Master's degree. Athens became our home for five years and we built a very strong community of Ugandans and one at Christian Life Worship Center where we worshiped and served in church. Both our parents (Mr. Sam & Chloris Mpairwe and Mrs. Ruth Sande) made several visits to Athens to spend time with their grandchildren, and the memories created are unmatched. Stephen often spoke so highly of my father and kept telling me he wanted to live a simple but successful life like him.

By our fifth year, we knew we wanted to return home before the children transitioned into higher levels of education. There was no doubt we wanted to build our life in Uganda close to family and the country we love. Mbarara by default became home again and we have enjoyed great fellowship and work-related responsibilities for both of us at Mbarara University and Mbarara Regional Referral Hospital.

A year into our return, we received yet another addition to our family: Krystal Faith Asimwe, whom we welcomed in 2015. It was a blessing to have a baby girl added onto our family and she has brought a lot of joy! Faith and trust in God is what has shaped our life journey. We named our house Faith House because we saw God's hand at every step during the construction.

Stephen was a family man that committed himself to loving me and the children without any reservation. I cannot even recount how many trips we have been on

together for this lifetime that God allowed us to share. He was very intentional at spending time with me as his wife; arranged trips to Canada, Zimbabwe, Egypt, several spots in East Africa, and always made jokes that charity begins at home, therefore we traversed the whole of Uganda discovering all its beauty. He always told me that he loved Kigali and wanted to purchase a condo and move to Kigali because he loved order & neatness, which are some of the qualities I admired in him.

Stephen loved nature and took us on uncountable camping trips. He took time to get away with all and each of his children, allowing them personal time on each of the trips he organized. He was so ambitious and in just a few years when I thought we had both picked interest in hiking and mountaineering, he had summited several mountains and I am yet to go for my first. Mt. Elgon was his first mountain to summit and on return, he exclaimed to me that summiting to the top gave him a glimpse of how heaven would look like. His lessons were very remarkable. He added that the mountain climbing experience was like the journey of life that you walk alone. One has to be determined to keep going, and no matter how difficult it gets, the goal must be achieved. He added that it taught him a lot of resilience, patience, hard work, and so on. Of all the mountains he has summited, Kadam was his favorite and he had since taken his friends over and over again.

As we transitioned from the formal sector to the private sector, we began building what was not only our passion but gifting. We established Omusheshe Eco Park and Nkokonjeru White Cove. At Omusheshe Eco Park where we built cottages, I personally encouraged him to name all our cottages after the mountains he has summited. I couldn't imagine all the thirteen mountains not going down in history. Stephen successfully climbed Kilimanjaro, Muhavura, Rwenzori, Sabyinyo, Meru, Gahinga, Karisimbi, Bisoke, Elgon,

Moroto, Kadam, Napak, and Agoro. I bet as you read this, you probably are wondering where some of these mountains are located. What a good quest he has left for us to search for! I often teased him about adding Kyangyenyi hill which is just in our village home neighborhood and had become a famous spot for all our picnics.

Three years ago, Stephen was introduced to biking and I remember him taking me with him for his first bike viewing as we were escorted by my Uncle Albert Katwire that has been a biker for a while. When he paid off for his first bike, I was in shock about the amount of money he had spent and asked him why we really needed three cars in our household. Initially biking did not rub in well with me until February 2024, when he organized a Valentine's ride to Fort Portal and asked me to ride with him as a pillion. I had no way out and thought I had been guilt-tripped, but for the sake of our marriage, I reluctantly allowed to move with him, however unprepared I was. The longest trip I have had with him was to Lake Kivu, Rwanda on what would be our second Valentine's ride.

I grew from worrying about him on rides to simply committing him into God's hands. We prayed before he set off for every trip, spoke occasionally while he was on his rides, and occasionally he shared a live location on our family group for us to follow the progress of his trip. It's very unfortunate that Tanga would be his last. He had initially invited me on his trip and we had plans to celebrate our anniversary together, but later agreed that I remain home with our youngest daughter since schools had just resumed.

On the night before our anniversary, typical of who Stephen was, he shared heartwarming messages on all our social media platforms. Early that morning of our anniversary, we spoke before he set off for his ride and he told me he wouldn't have network for most of the time. Little did I know he was saying bye to me. The day we made our vows is the same day

the "death do us part" became a reality. I remain with the comfort of the scripture in Isaiah 41:10:

"So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand."

Stephen was a natural mentor, counselor even though he often pushed counseling cases to me saying I had mastered it, I encouraged him and always wanted him to participate. From that time, I realized that his weakness was the fear of pain, death, and any form of unhappiness. He was genuinely a happy man. Music was always playing in our home and whenever he walked in & found the house quiet, he asked whether he was visiting a convent.

I have not met a person that devoted their entire life to hard work and making sure his family was well taken care of. He worked so hard but also played so hard! He occasionally joked that he was past the age his father died, and to him, turning 50 last year, he was already living a bonus life and wanted to enjoy most of it.

We shall miss his sense of humor around the home, in the Home Builders fellowship where we led and mentored the young married couples. He valued family and always put his family first. He was my designer and had such a free spirit to a point that whenever I was undecided on what to wear, he told me "feel free to be yourself; whoever questions, tell them your husband approved." He always did most of my shopping whenever he traveled, showered me and the children with gifts, love, but above all the most precious gift: his time.

He was very open, sincere, and was dressed with humility at its best. Whenever we had a disagreement, he was the first to apologize. Over time, I learned to follow suit, but I must admit that I fall short.

I will always celebrate my sweetheart, the man that was always behind the camera creating memories. We have something

to live by and remember all the great times we have shared. Our children have enjoyed the best Dad. We have trusted God as a family and there's assurance that those who believe in Christ, even though they die, they will live (John 11:25). We have hope that we shall meet again in paradise.

Rest with the angels my friend, my sweetheart. I will keep strong for you and our children, and by God's grace, your family will always shine.

Bye my Love,

Maureen Mpairwe Asimwe



My Son, My Friend, My Inspirer

Dr. Stephen Asiimwe was born at Mulago Hospital at 7 am 16/10/1975. He was 4.2 kg, with a very light skin and lots of black hair. People flocked to 5th floor to admire “a half caste” baby, so they thought. He was a very healthy baby, only to be challenged by measles at the age of 2. He studied well and put a smile on my face with a very good family report. Passed well PLE from Bweranyangi Junior School, joined Ntare school, passed well S4 and joined HSC in the same school, PCB class. He scored an A in biology and emerged one of the best in the country. He was admitted in Makerere University Medical School and became a doctor that blessed the family and mo-

tivated the entire village. He got his Masters from Case Western University Cleveland and PHD also in the United States to make me proud. He excelled in his studies and was focused and hard working through to make me proud. As my son, he loved and respected me and looked to my health all the time. He invited and tagged me along on most of his trips, climbing hills and mountains. He enjoyed sight-seeing and camped on beaches and lakesides. He enabled me to remain happy and relaxed as we drove through national parks, rift valleys, waterfalls. With him I appreciated the Niagara Falls, Canada and USA, one of the wonders of the world. Like me, he was a lover of

nature and sceneries. With his encouragement I visited Victoria Falls in Zambia and Zimbabwe. Together with him we visited Murchison Falls, ziplining over waterfalls. We enjoyed the adventures together. The last I had with him two weeks before his passing was camping and having our meals by the lake Mwamba in Kabarole district. Relaxing, kayaking and swimming on the lake were some of the weekend activities. He made me realize my potential and has been keeping me physically fit by running marathons and promoting tourism. I will forever remember Asiimwe for he was not always my friend, but my inspirer!

Mrs. Ruth Sande

An Unforgettable Legacy of Faith, Service, and Connection

This is one of the most difficult moments I have ever faced; Honestly to speak about Dr. Stephen Asiimwe in the past tense feels unreal. It feels wrong. A part of me still expects his phone call, his reassuring voice, his thoughtful advice, his infectious laughter, and that warm smile that could light up even the darkest of moments.

On behalf of the entire Couples of Faith fami-

ly, I extend our deepest sympathies to his dear wife- Aunt Maureen, children (Emma, Jona, Timothy, & Krystal), family -Jaja Ruth, friends, and everyone whose life was touched by this extraordinary man.

1. Stephen was not just a member of Couples of Faith. He was family. He was one of us. He walked this journey of faith, marriage, friendship, and service with us. We prayed

together, worshipped together, dreamed together, served together, learned together, laughed together, grew together and trusted God together.

2. For many of us, Stephen was part of the very fabric of our lives. When we think about Couples of Faith today, we cannot tell its story without mentioning Stephen. He faithfully served as the bridge that connected us beyond Uganda's borders. Through his passion, commitment, and exceptional gift of building relationships, he strengthened

our bonds with our brothers and sisters in COF Kenya, COF Rwanda, and the diaspora.

3. But today, we do not only celebrate what Stephen did. We celebrate who he was. When I think of Stephen, I do not first remember his achievements, his titles, or even his brilliance. I remember his heart. A heart full of love, compassion and a heart that genuinely cared for people. Stephen had a rare gift of making everyone around him feel important, valued, and loved. He listened deeply. He encouraged sincerely. He corrected graciously. He challenged us lovingly. He was one of those people who never merely occupied space in your life. He left positive deposits in your life. Many of us can honestly testify that we are better husbands, wives, parents, leaders, professionals, and Christians because Stephen was part of our journey.

4. One of the most cherished aspects of our friendship was his special connection with our children, the COFlets. Stephen never considered them “just children.” He saw purpose in them. He saw destiny in them. Whether during our family gatherings, fellowship retreats, outings, or a simple interactions, he would speak life into them. He would ask them about their dreams, their aspirations, their fears, and their ambitions. He would remind them that they were capable of great things and that God had a purpose for each one of them. Many of our children looked forward to seeing Uncle Stephen because they knew they would leave encouraged, inspired, and challenged; and organize special outings for them.

5. We shall never forget the memorable outings we shared together as families. We shall never forget the laughter, the conversations, the fellowship, and the bonds that were formed during those special moments. We particularly cherish the times when Stephen graciously hosted us at some of the facilities under his care. He had a unique gift for making people feel at home. Whether we were meeting for fel-

lowship, relaxation, mentoring sessions, or family gatherings, he took personal responsibility for ensuring that everyone was comfortable, welcomed, and cared for. His hospitality was not an act. It was who he was. His home was open. His heart was open. His life was open.

6. Stephen was also passionate about healthy living. Many of us remember his passionate counsel on physical exercise, wellness, discipline, and taking care of the bodies God has entrusted to us. He constantly challenged us to live balanced lives. He would remind us that our calling required strength, discipline, and stewardship, not only spiritually but physically as well. Through his example and counsel, many among us adopted healthier lifestyles, became more intentional about exercise, and learned that caring for one’s health is also a form of honoring God.

7. Stephen’s counsel extended far beyond health and fitness. Whenever we faced challenges in marriage, parenting, ministry, careers, business, leadership, or personal growth, Stephen somehow always had wisdom to share. Not because he claimed to know everything. But because he had cultivated the habit of reflection, learning, listening, and seeking God.

8. Stephen was one of the most selfless people I have ever known. He always showed up. If someone was hurting, Stephen showed up. If a marriage was struggling, Stephen showed up. If there was a need within the fellowship, Stephen showed up. If encouragement was needed, Stephen showed up. He gave his time generously. He shared his knowledge generously. He gave his friendship generously. He lived generously.

9. Stephen genuinely cared. His home was always open. His heart was always open. He welcomed people not as visitors but as family. He carried people’s burdens. He celebrated their victories. He mourned their losses. He was a giver of life. Whenever Stephen entered a room, he brought hope, wisdom, peace, and joy.

10. And perhaps that is why this loss feels so painful. We are not only mourning a colleague. We are mourning a friend, a mentor, a brother and a man whose presence made all of us better. The tragedy of his sudden departure has left many of us asking questions that have no easy answers. We had dreams yet to fulfil together, plans yet to implement, conversations yet to have and milestones yet to celebrate. His race seems to have ended too soon. His voice was silenced too early. His seat among us is empty far too soon.

11. Yet even in our grief, we find comfort in knowing that Stephen belonged to the Lord whom he faithfully served. His faith was real. His love for God was evident. His life reflected Christ. And though death has separated us for a season, it cannot erase the impact he made or the memories he leaves behind.

12. Dear Stephen, Thank you for being our brother; for believing in Couples of Faith; for strengthening marriages; for connecting us to fellow believers across nations; for your kindness; for your wisdom; for your generosity; and for your friendship; Thank you for showing us what a life of purpose, faith, love, humility, and service looks like. Your footprints are deeply engraved in our hearts; Your legacy lives in the lives you transformed; Your

memory will remain in every couple you encouraged, every leader you mentored, every friend you supported, and every soul you inspired.

As Couples of Faith, we make a solemn promise that we shall cherish the values you lived for, continue the work you loved, and preserve the bonds you helped establish across our fellowship and families and raise a godly heritage, our children- Emma, Jona, Timothy, and Krystal the beloved.

A great tree has fallen; A bright light has gone out; A beautiful soul has gone home; But the seeds you planted will continue to bear fruit for generations.

Until we meet again in the presence of our Lord, we say goodbye with tears in our eyes, gratitude in our hearts, and hope in our souls. Farewell, our dear brother; Farewell, our faithful friend; Farewell, our beloved Stephen.

You were deeply loved; You will be greatly missed; And you will never be forgotten.

May your soul rest in eternal peace, until we meet again at the feet of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

By Couples of Faith-Uganda (COF-U)

Dr Okaka Geoffrey (Chairman)

A Tribute to Dr. Stephen Asiimwe

From the Couples of Faith Family - Kenya

It is still difficult to believe that you are no longer with us. How do we describe a man who was, to so many of us, Dr. Steve, Uncle Steve, Daktari, brother, friend, mentor, host and family?

Perhaps the name that captures you best is the one you gave yourself: Minister of Enjoyment.

Dr. Steve, you didn't just say you enjoyed

life. You lived it fully and showed up intentionally—with warmth, passion, excellence, humility, humour, a genuine love for people and an ability to connect.

From the early days of COF, when you and Maureen were introduced to us through the Mubangizis, you became an important part of the story of COF Kenya and COF Uganda. From our first retreat in Naivasha, through circuits, retreats, conferences and countless gatherings, you and Maureen were there. Over the years, you became the face of COF Uganda to many of us and helped strengthen the fellowship between our two countries. A true friend of Kenya-though Ugandan by

birth, you became Kenyan at heart.

You opened your home and your mother's to us. You shared meals, laughter, fellowship and family with us. You even shared Mama with COF-K, bringing her along to circuits, including the Mt Kenya circuit and Nyanza. We fondly remember the maize roasting.

That was Steve: generous with his home, his family, his time and himself.

You had a remarkable way of making people feel as though they had known you forever. You were down-to-earth, humble, charming, always smiling and wonderfully sociable. You welcomed people into COF and helped others find their place. You could banter with us, laugh with us and, when necessary, speak your mind firmly.

And then there was your legendary sense of humour.

We will never forget the Mt Kenya adventure. You wanted to see the mountain, but the clouds had other plans. And COF turned that into a joke that may never die: "Does Mt Kenya really exist?"

You loved adventure, especially biking, hiking, running and travel. You were always asking, "Which mountain are you hiking next?" You encouraged others to push themselves, helped with plans and accommodation,

and were the person we could count on to know where to go and who to call. Through biking and your interest in our adventures, you connected with many of us deeply. You also willingly shared your medical expertise with our members when the need arose. Your kindness knew no barriers.

We will miss those WhatsApp conversations, the banter and the encouragement.

We will also remember how deeply you loved Maureen, your children and Mama. Your love for Maureen was loud, broad and proud. It was genuine. You showed us what loving one's wife and building a life together could look like. You cared deeply about your children and parenting, and you were generous with your wisdom—including your memorable declaration that "plastic clogs are not shoes to wear outside the house!". You not only impacted your own children – but ours too. We recognise the mentorship you offered them and the life you modelled for them – they note that you truly enjoyed life.

You took marriage and family seriously. And most of all, God was at the centre of it all, demonstrating what it means to serve wholeheartedly through serving COF-Uganda & Kenya. You honoured our parents and the COF-K Leadership in ways we

cannot forget.

And yet, somehow, you held all of that alongside an extraordinary ability to enjoy life. How did you balance everything including your professional life? That is why your absence will be felt so deeply. COF circuits, retreats and even the WhatsApp group will not be the same. Yet your memories will live on.

And perhaps the best way to honour you is to keep doing the things you taught us through your life: Love God. Love your wife. Love your family. Show up for your people. Make memories. Live fully.

Your words of wisdom echo ever more loudly today: "Enjoy your life to the fullest, especially with your wife.", "to live is to die, and to die is to live". "never think too highly of yourself" Those words will stay with us.

To Maureen, the children, Mama and the entire family: we stand with you. We know that behind the man who gave so freely of himself was a family who loved him, supported him and made room for him to thrive. We honour that.

And when the crowds have gone, the condolences have quietened, and the last human walks out the door, please remember that you are not alone. The COF family will continue to hold you in prayer and walk with you through the quiet days ahead.

Steve, we thank God for the gift of your life. We thank Him for the friendship, brotherhood, fellowship, laughter, wisdom, hospitality, service and memories you gave us – we need countless pages to list them all.

You were truly our Minister of Enjoyment.

And so, even as we grieve, we celebrate you because a life well lived is worth celebrating!

“I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.”
— 2 Timothy 4:7

Fare thee well, Dr. Steve,
Uncle Steve,

Fare thee well, Dr. Asimwe.

Our brother. Our friend.
Our family.

Rest in eternal peace, until we meet again.

Your Life Was a Message: Friendship, Faith, and Family

Hey Uncle Steve, I could write a book about our friendship dating back to our parents' friendship and visits to forming our own friendships and marrying my friend and doing life together. You have always been there for us. Only God knows. I will miss you my brother, my friend! At the Kansiimes', we will miss you so much. You had a relationship with each of your nieces and nephews. You sought out the ones seemingly losing the way and patiently loved them back to their senses. Your life was a message.

The message was cut short. We had picked some lessons, some of which included hard-work, consistency, focus, respecting boundaries, minding one's own business, taking it easy, being dedicated to family and friends, prioritising what needs to be prioritized, self-love, love for nature and adventure, loving and serving God. Simplicity. Easy does it! We shall live by those in your remembrance. You had an open heart. Your desire was to widen the circle of friends at every opportunity. You were a great link between

CoF Ug and CoF Ke. You were respectful and a great listener. Everyone had a place in it. You lived humbly, yet greatly accomplished. I will miss you my friend Stephen, beyond what words can express. I am honoured that our paths crossed this side of heaven. My heart hurts! My sister and friend Maureen, take heart, stand firm in the strength of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is faithful. I Love You and will always be here for you. You are a dependable sister and friend, I hope I can meet you mid-way. Grace abounds. Rest in Peace DR. Steve.

Auntie P

THE GREATEST

Where do I even begin. For as long as I can remember, I have always thought to myself, how can I make him proud? How can I impress him, how can I make him laugh, how can I do better, how can I prove myself to him, and time and time again, I feel this urge to do more, to do better, to be better, I guess that's the kind of impact he had on my life. I looked up to him in so many ways and always wondered to myself, how does he do it, how can he balance so much and still be able to accomplish so many amazing things. I aspire to be just like him, even half as much as he was. The tenacity in his work, his love for the outdoors, his curiosity, his wisdom, his care for others, his mentorship and guidance, his humor, his joy, I could keep going on and on. So much of who he was and the mark he left on this world make this all the more painful. Oh how I am going to miss him so much, the trips we would take, him playing music every morning, us going on runs, the things we looked forward to and just talking about life in general and all the skills and wisdom he left with us. How am I going to keep going on without your guidance. Why did it have to be now. There was so much we still had to talk about, there are still so many questions I have for you, still so much I wanted to

do with you and so much I know you still wanted to do as well. Ecclesiastes 3:1-5 says it all. I am forever blessed and truly favored to have been able to have you in my life. I can't even imagine how I am going to move forward. There is nothing more I want than to come home and see you there. I thank God that I am blessed to be your son and forever grateful for the impact you had on my life, that I will never forget, you ingrained so much into me that I will continue to carry with me for the rest of my life. I know that you would want us to keep pushing on and for us to work hard and succeed in everything we set our minds to, for us to live lives that we are proud of and lives where we are free to do the things we desire to do, just as you felt free while on the open road. Your legacy will continue to live on through us all. I want to promise you this, that I am going to work as hard as I can, do all the things we talked about doing, live a life that I will be proud of and not regret a single thing. I owe so much of who I am to you and I will make you proud of who I become. Thank you so much for being a father that I could rely on, a father I could depend on, a father that I know would never want to see me fall. Thank you so much for the memories, the stories, the journeys and for a family full of love. I hold you in my heart, dearly. I love you dad.



Walking in His Footprints: A Tribute from a Son

Dad

My Father was a great man: medical doctor, physician, scientist, public health specialist, researcher, traveller, nature enthusiast, hiker/mountaineer, biker, and Dad.

The fact that I have to talk about him in the past tense from now on, the fact that I'll never get to talk to him again and so much more that's unfolding and still yet to come makes me feel devastated. However, I know that he would want me to keep moving forward. So that's what I'll do.

He loved traveling and all kinds of adventure, especially mountain climbing and bike riding.

The first mountain I climbed with him was Mt. Meru in Arusha, Tanzania. My brother, my father and I took a plane to Tanzania, and it was my first time to visit the country. We had prepared for the hike in every way possible; food, gear, and the endurance we needed. The most memorable part of the hike was the morning we made our way to the summit of the mountain. It was a very cold and dark morning, but a few hours later, the sunrise brought forth the most beautiful scene I'll ever know. Mostly, because I got to share that breath-taking experience with my Father for my first time. We got to the summit at 7:30am on January 1st, 2023. it was really an experience to remember; he even bought us t-shirts from the hike. After the hike, we had a lot of touring and fun planned and everything we did will remain with me as a special part of my life. Unfortunately, during that time, I contracted covid-19 and so I couldn't travel back with my brother and father. I was a fifteen-year-old all alone in a land far from home and family. even though they left me at the airport, my father never truly left me. I get the same feeling even now; he's passed on

but is still with me. he made sure I found my way to our dear friends' and my second family, the Kihoro's, place in Kenya and then back to Uganda a week later, until I found my way back home to him. All this happened so long ago but thinking about it now, it feels like it was yesterday.

He's a person who valued fitness and loved being active. I can't even begin to count how many medals he has from so many years of marathons, all in his study at home. I accompanied him on at least four of those marathons and even if he's not here to take us anymore, I'll make sure to keep that hobby of his alive in our family.

He was very present at home, setting rules and guidelines the same way he spread love and care not only to his family but also to every around him. his responsibility and morality knew no bounds, I looked up to him greatly and now that he's gone, I hope I can live up to his reputation.

So many people looked up to him too, he had so many friends and a lot of family behind him. To be honest, it was more than I could keep up with at a point, but the reason why he had all that support was because of who he was and what he did during his life. He always worked hard to make sure there was food on the table and to ensure we got whatever it is that we needed. we never lacked because of him; we never wavered because we knew he would be our foundation and our rock.

I remember he used to always tell us "Tick, tick, tick says the clock. whatever you gotta do, do it quick" on more than one occasion did he almost leave me behind because I delayed putting on my shoes or because I ran back to the house to grab a sweater. I never moved with him as much as I should have, but I learned a lot from all the time I spent by his side.

The last trip I had with him was to his favourite campsite at Lake Mwamba Tourist Beach in Kasenda, Kibale. it was a trip we had on the second weekend of the Sep-

tember. In a way, even if I won't be able to see him again for a long time, I'm glad we got to have that trip. I'm usually not extremely outgoing, but I actually talked to him a bit during that trip. I did a lot that I hadn't realized I would be doing for the last time: riding on his bike with him, sharing a tent with him, having a meal with him, swimming in a lake with him, arguing with him and so much more I might never even know. Still, I'm glad. His pickup got a lot of issues on our way back, and looking back on it, I feel like that was God giving us more time to just be together. He dropped me at school for the last time the next day and I saw him when I went back home in the evening. I remember him telling me he was going for his trip and he'd be back in a week, little did I know that was to be the last time he saw me and me, him. The only true regrets I have are not talking to him enough and not spending enough time with him and that he never got to see me as an adult. I'll accept all his responsibilities and dreams that will fall to my mother, my siblings and I. For his dreams are his legacy as much as I am.

He loved reading books, because he was a person who craved knowledge and valued it all the same. I'm glad his hobby of reading books is something I found in my childhood with his guidance, and I know I'll continue to look for and read more books that I know he'd have loved. Who knows, maybe one day I'll even write a book that I'll tell him about when I see him again.

As a basketball player, my father greatly supported me. he bought me my first basketball, paid for the installation of the basketball hoop I have at home, and even though he never got to see me play an

actual game, I'm going to be sure to play every minute going forward with the best of my ability and with him in mind.

I realized my growing passion and talent for art, and even without fully knowing it, my father always supported me. He always had the materials I needed to make my previous, and current pieces. He continues to be my muse, my inspiration and I'll always rely on him and his memory whenever I feel unsure or lost. I painted the entire basketball hoop he bought with my own two hands and the paint he had ready for me. As I pursue a career in art, I'm going to continue to honour him and I'll start by immortalizing him not only in my memory, but also in a drawn portrait of him that will hang in the house he worked so hard to build, the house I grew up in and the house where his memory will forever be cherished whenever I or anyone else looks up at his portrait.

I've been thinking and I realized that he's the kind of person who's going to be as influential in death as he was in life. With that belief, I know that he'll continue to be my anchor and that his character will continue to guide me throughout my life. Even though I was at school as a substitute for the time I should have spent with him, I'm glad I got the 18 years with him that God blessed me with. I will forever be grateful. I know I'll walk with his footprints to guide me, knowing they'll never fade, and I'll continue to follow them until I reach the point where they stop and I'll have to continue them for him. I know I'll travel further than he ever did and be a man like he was. I know I'll see him again someday, and until then, I'll do my best to live a life that will make him proud.

"veniam, videbo, vici pater"

Asiimwe Timothy Aine.

Simple, Authentic, and Intentional

I met Steven through my husband Benon 19 years ago. He brought fun and great adventure into our dating and marriage life. He was a great gift to us. He was simple and authentic. He connected with people of different age groups and had a relationship with each of our

children.

He was one of the few men that my husband allowed me to report him to about anything. We went camping together, my husband and son went mountain climbing together and he gave the family a kayaking experience in Mbarara. Steven was intentional and loved genuinely. He connected us to amazing relationships in Uganda and abroad. We regularly enjoyed fresh

food and mangoes from their farm and even if he lived in Mbarara, we saw him more often than many people in Kampala. Their Mbarara home is our other home that we visited every December.

We are comforted by the fact that He was born again and we will meet him again in glory.

He will be dearly missed.

Diana Bena



Always Real, Always Adventurous

I will always remember the summer when Uncle Steven invited our family to his favorite spot for camping. The whole week in Mbarara was an adventure after adventure, and those memories will always remind me of the kind of person he was. He was someone who was always real with you. He wasn't afraid to tell you the truth, even when it wasn't what you wanted to hear, and it was always followed by laughter too.

His love for the outdoors, traveling, camping, and adventure was a big part of who he was. I know those are things his children, Krystal, Timothy, Jonathan, and Emma, will always remember about him and carry with them.

His passing was completely unexpected, and it is difficult to understand that he is gone. My heart goes out to his aunty Moreen, and his children, Krystal, Timothy, Jonathan, and Emma. During this difficult

time, I hope our family can be there for one another, share the memories we have of him, and continue to keep his memory alive. I hope he is remembered for being true to himself, for his faith in Jesus, for the adventures he loved, and for the memories he left behind.

Rest in peace, Uncle Steven. You will be missed, remembered, and never forgotten.

Kacey Namubiru Kakaire

“The Icon of compassion, hospitality and Wisdom.

I first met Steven in 1998-9, when in Midweek service at St. Francis Chapel Makerere, and we were told that he was the son of the Headmistress of Bweranyangye Girls, doing internship. We were with Maureen in the same year and KAAYM (Kigezi Ankole Anglican Youth Missioners) fellowship. Steven wasn't in KAAYM but soon, he stole Maureen's heart. Then we saw Maureen as of another class; “relating with a doctor.”

We later connected while I was working with MUST as he worked with Kabwohe District. I loved Steven! His life was an open book! His convictions were visible in His actions. His love was seen in his endless giving. He was fond of bringing me fresh foods; matooke, cassava and mangoes. One day he brought food, but was delayed at the gate; he got out of the car to open for himself, but forgot to put hand break, and yet was in free gear. The car moved backward immediately, hitting him down, and maintaining his leg under the tire. My neighbour's worker came running to call me. I came and moved the car slightly forward so he could pull himself from under the car. Then I sighed, “How would I have told Maureen?” He told me, “Don't tell Maureen! She will stop me from climbing the hill. Tomorrow, I have a program with my son, to climb the Hill.” Ka Sitaane nikeeshunga, Kaaba nikenda kunzibira kutemba emishozi. I must go!” Trust Steven, when he arrived in the East the next day, he sent me a message, and the conversation that followed in the next few days is here:

10th July 2025

Steve:

Good afternoon. Thank you for saving my life. May God bless you abundantly. The

ka devil has no chance.

Justus: This is an experience we will never forget. One that truly binds our hearts further together. Mukama ayebareeeee.

Steve: Haza am improving. Pain is myee but some kaswelling. But the trip is still ON in Jesus' name.

Justus: You man, you're brave.

Steve: it's God in me.

11th. June 2025

Justus: Kwonka orairegye?

Steve: Mbale safely. Am all sore but strong in spirit.

Sitaane yahemuka. Arrived in Buduuda safely, after close to 600km! despite everything as you know. Isn't God good??

13th July 2025

How are you now?

Mbwenu. Mukama wenka.

Let me settle and call you.

16th July 2025

Good evening Rev. had a nice 70km hike the last few days. The rewards were worth it though. Nice evening.

I don't even know how to thank you for saving my life. Then my leg, no pain whatsoever. Mbwenu, am a living testimony. After what happened, we are back to Mbarara safe.

Justus: The Lord; He is God Almighty. I can't believe No Pain. Saving my life was my obligation. You can't know how much I thank God.

I appreciate the way you give your children great memories.

Steve: Mukama wenka! Asiiimwe.

4th September 2025

Steve: Just conquered this one in Karamoja with Timothy. Stay blessed.

Justus: Congratulations.

Steve: Webare.

On his 50th birthday at White Cov.

We used to have supper together with our families. I didn't know this was going to be our last supper together.

More points to note about Steven.

Steven hated beans. Once, he visited me and immediately after greeting us he asked, "Ninga mwateeka ebihimba?" "No it is chicken" she said. Steven said, "Ahu!"

Steven was developmental and speedy. He married even before his elder brother. He built many houses in Kitojo (home), Mbarara, including a flat he was living in with his family. He always worked hard to enjoy a good quality of life. He literally pushed me to finish painting our house to live in a better place.

Steven treasured food security and therefore was passionate in growing food, and he shared his harvest with friends.

Steven was very open about his marriage in fellowship, helping many to learn. Any fellowship he missed was not as enjoyable. He was a member and eventually leader of Home builder's fellowship in Mbarara.

Steven loved his country. One time he told me, "I have been on the six continents of the globe! I am yet to find a country as beautiful as Uganda." Despite his exposure, he loved to work and live in Uganda.

He did a lot of research and saved many lives through his grants.

Steven loved Maureen and was totally committed to this one woman and one marriage. One day he told me, "I married and finished!" another day he told me, "When I met Maureen, it's like I had met a super human, I asked, "You mean you have been here?" To Steven, Maureen meant his World.

Steven is the only friend that got to know where my wife and I had our honeymoon from. He drove us in his Double cabin,

after carrying our gifts from the party place to our home. Then Bishop Johnson, our chaplain then picked us. And he usually came with a gift for us from America.

Steven, you are a hero, whose legacy in compassion, wisdom, honesty and hard work is hard to emulate!

Farewell my friend, my brother!





How to Live Completely: Laugh, Love, and Explore

To celebrate our dear friend is to remember what it truly means to live life with a wide-open heart. We first met Stephen and his family in 2009. Our families grew incredibly close. We watched our children grow up playing together. They had playdates, sleepovers, and joyful family moments. Stephen was the absolute definition of a happy-go-lucky soul—someone who walked through this world with a smile on his face and an unmatched ability to make everyone around him laugh. He didn't just tell stories; he brought them to life, turning the

simplest moments into hilarious tales. He was a great storyteller and brightened rooms he entered.

But beneath all the jokes and the joyful exterior lay a man of profound depth and devotion. He loved his wife and was devoted to her. The love he had for her was a beautiful thing to witness—she was his anchor, his partner, and the center of his world.

He also possessed a relentless appetite for adventure. He loved to travel, always eager to see what was around the next bend, to explore new places, and to absorb everything the world had to offer. Whether it was a grand journey or a spontaneous road trip, he approached every destination with the wide-eyed wonder of a child.

Above all, his life was

anchored by his deep and unwavering love for God. His faith wasn't loud or preachy; it was reflected in his joy, his kindness, and the way he loved people so effortlessly.

We will miss his laughter, his brilliant storytelling, and the warmth of his smile. But we take comfort in knowing that his ultimate adventure has just begun, and he is resting in the joy of the Lord he loved so much. Thank you, my friend, for showing us how to laugh, how to love, and how to live completely.

Rest well, friend

Hellen Oloya

A Sweet Fragrance and True Quality Salt

Words fail me at a time like this. Asiimwe Stephen is my brother. I thank God for the blessing of a caring big brother and aman with a great name. Asiimwe was a good hearted man who always wished people well and celebrated life thoroughly. He was brilliant, smart, good-looking, witty, very hard working, responsible, loving, generous, a servant leader and full of life. He loved people,

nature and adventure. He honoured God, aman of integrity.

He lived a full rich intentional and distinguished life. He was an inspiration, father and mentor to many. He loved, never holding back. He has served humbly and cared deeply. His death is a great loss to his family, friends, country and the world.

His life has reminded us that children do not belong to only family. He was a beautiful child and we loved him. Asiimwe has been a sweet and pleasant fragrance to every world he occupied, and true good quality salt; making things

better, healing and preserving. His relationships and work are of rare quality and incredibly precious. Uncle Doctor doc has been one of a kind and a rare gem.

As the scriptures say, for your sakes the people of God are always in danger of death at all times; treated like sheep that are going to be slaughtered; but nothing in all creation will ever be able to separate us from the love of God which is ours through Christ Jesus our Lord. Glory be to God, now and forever, amen.

Dr Ann Agaba Muhanguzi.

A Present Heart, A Lifesaving Gift, A Beloved Brother

It is very difficult to accept that Dr. Stephen is no more.

He was so many things to me - my husband's brother, my brother's friend, husband to my dear friend Maureen, and our best man who helped us so much as a couple.

He was a brilliant, all-round

professional - a serious, respected doctor and researcher - who also loved fun and lived life fully.

Twenty one years ago, he delivered my cousin in an emergency C-section and saved both mother and baby. That was Stephen - calm, skilled, and saving lives when it mattered most.

He was a very present un-

cle who knew our children personally, and above all, he loved family. He was very intentional husband, father, uncle and son., making time for his dear wife, children, and mother. always creating programs for family, especially in the festive season, to bring everyone together.

He shared that joy with the world too.

Uncle Stephen. We will miss you so much.

Arlene Mugarura

Thinking Big, Living Fully: A Brotherhood of Passion and Vision

In brief, Stephen was one my best outgoing and big-hearted brother I loved to share life with.

Our lives connected when I was betrothed to my dear Anne in 1999, and her brother, Stephen, welcomed me with brotherly cheer. From that moment, I saw a super encourager. We rarely met but when we did, we went straight to man-to-man talks and of course photographs or “Kodak moments”— in Kampala, Mbarara, or at family gatherings. I am older than him and from a far different background and occupation. He excelled in the medical

career, ventured with bikes and mountaineering and I build tech products and hide veteran military cadre life. We converged in deep PhD research kind, studied overseas (US) and shared in thinking Big and grass-root patriotism. Stephen had a heart more like the Virgin Atlantic founder. We dreamed and acted at our ventures by site walks, always eager to share our latest ventures, chick discovery, indeed real passion for life.

Our friendship grew in the places he loved most: setup places of love experience i.e in the lodges we visited, the motorbikes we reviewed, and the tourist circuits we dreamed of promoting. We ran two annual marathons together in Kasese and hosted his biker's groups at our Tangaara lodge. He promoted our Tangaara Tours and Travel cars. Our

greatest collaboration was just beginning—the Western Uganda Travel Route (WUTRO), a visionary circuit to showcase the best of our country. Stephen was more than a brother-in-law; he was a mentor and an encourager, always pushing me to guide the next generation as he did. He invited us to Couples of Faith.

His legacy is one of boundless energy, deep love for his family, and a passion for his country. I pray I can honour him by mentoring his children and friends, growing the love he planted in all of us. May the Trinity hold Stephen as their own, and may he rest in a peace and love that is beyond our understanding.

May Love endure for Maureen, the boys, Krystal, the mother and all to follow

Dr. Sam Muhanguzi

Prepared in Character and Life: Wisdom Beyond the Classroom

Many will remember Doctor Stephen as a distinguished professional, but to me he was simply a mentor, a mentor who saw us not just as students, but as young people needing guidance.

We met through my friend and fellow student Ruth Kansime, at a gathering after our graduation from Uganda Christian Uni-

versity. What began as a celebration became a precious lesson. For nearly two hours and so, he sat with my colleagues and me, sharing wisdom no textbook could teach.

He told us not wait until you are asked to produce your National ID, driving permit, or passport before securing them but to be prepared now, so you do not panic when the mo-

ment comes. He guided us through managing life after campus, and through the practical realities of handling finances with wisdom and discipline.

He gave us his time freely, speaking not as a doctor, but as father, an uncle caring, honest, and wanting us to stand firm. That is the gift he left us: the understanding that success means being ready in documents, in resources, and in character.

He may be gone, but his

words remain. I will keep them, live them, and carry his guidance forward. Rest well, Doctor Stephen. You prepared us well. You will not be forgotten. My deepest sympathy and respect.

Kusasira Alvin Joel

A Masterclass in Living and Problem-Solving

My encounter with Dr. Asiimwe remains one of the most defining moments of my life. It was on 12th July 2026, the day after our sister Nkamu-siima Ruth's graduation celebration.

We had planned an evening walk to tour the area and see Ruth's first primary school. Along the way, Ruth mentioned she was going to greet Uncle Asiimwe and asked us to wait for her at the gate. We all insisted on going with her to say hello.

Emmanuel welcomed us warmly as we waited, and when Uncle finally came through, his first gesture was unforgettable - a big smile and a hearty laugh that instantly made us, total strangers in his home, feel at ease and at home.

What struck me most was not just the beautiful home, but the man's personality in the beautiful home. They speak of cool uncles and cool fathers - he was that and more. His conversation was articulate, relatable, and laced with a youthful slang that made his message sink deep. He spoke to us not as students, but as young professionals.

His message was not from any university course unit. He told us, "Before you start looking for a job, think about what prob-

lems you can solve in your community. Look at what your community is lacking and focus on creating solutions. That is where your opportunity and income will come from." He was a strong believer in skill development, problem-solving, value addition and opportunity creation. He was open-minded, easily approachable, and refreshingly straightforward with reality. We thought we were just insisting to escort Ruth to say hi to Uncle Asiimwe. We did not know we were walking into a masterclass on how to become conquerors in this world. Dr. Asiimwe, you may not be with us physically, but your voice is still clear in our ears. To us, you are still with us.

By the way, Doctor, I got my passport like you advised. I changed my phone number from my mother's names to my own names. I opened my bank account and I am now familiar with debit and credit cards. I also got my National ID. I may never see you again, but every time I use that passport, withdraw from that bank, register my businesses with that ID, or tell someone "that number brings my names, you can deposit," I will remember you.

Your kindness and genuine teachings made you a hero, even in the hearts of strangers like me. Rest in Peace, Doctor. We thank God for the graceful life He gave you to share with your family and friends.

Until we meet again.

Ampumuza Barham

Living with Purpose, Loving Without Bounds

To someone I've grown up seeing, very cool father, uncle, brother and everything in between. He was such a caring, fun and loving person. From coming from the village with a truck full of all types of food and making sure you never bypassed home without

stopping to leave some. That generally sums up the type of person he was. My friends who met him know exactly what I mean.

I could write a book about how just interacting with him changed my whole perception of life. You may be gone from our sight, but

you will forever be in our hearts. We shall miss you, your smile, your mangoes, your counsel... mahn, we really take things for granted until they are no more. Your death has taught me a lot, but your LIFE taught me even more - to spend time with those we love, doing what we love. Rest easy now

Nkamusiima Ruth

The Coolest Mentor Who Taught Us to See the World

Some knew him as a friend, a colleague, a brother. I knew him as an Uncle. Dr Asimwe was more than just your typical uncle. He was a person who would always check on us when we were around, complain if we didn't visit because of the love he had for us. He was a very funny and cunning person, not to mention cool. I can confidently say that he was the coolest adult I knew. He always knew how to trap you with questions that made you view life from a greater perspective. He mentored us in ways we understood, communicated to us as a friend. He encouraged me to think bigger, to be

unique, always challenged me whenever we encountered each other. I will never forget the smile he always had whenever I met him. He once asked me, "You don't have a national ID? At your big age? How are you supposed to travel? How will you see the world?" He wanted me to know more than just Uganda; he encouraged me to create my own opportunities and take advantage of those available. There is so much to say about the many encounters we had. All I can say is that he always made me feel comfortable and welcome in his home. He loved taking pictures! Every time we met, he would

say, "Ehh, first wait, let us take a picture." I always looked forward to visiting him. No words can fully express the kind of person Uncle Asiimwe was, and all I can say is that I am forever grateful to the Lord for allowing me to be part of his life and know him to the extent that I did. Writing this feels unreal. Heaven has gained an amazing person, and I will forever cherish the memories I had with him.

I love and will miss you dearly, Uncle.

May your soul rest in eternal peace.

Forever in our hearts.

Mukamampire Eistein

A Leadership of True Humility and Caring Service

I joined Dr. Stephen's team at Mbarara University of Science and Technology (MUST) in February 2020, at a time when my role did not require me to interact with him directly on a daily basis. Nevertheless, he welcomed me warmly to the team. He was always willing to listen to everyone and treated each of us with the same warmth and care he would show his own children. He consistently looked out for every member of the team and made us feel valued and supported.

In 2022, I took on a higher position that brought me into much closer interaction with Dr. Stephen, as he became my immediate supervisor and continued to serve as the Uganda Principal Investigator for the research studies I was involved in. I vividly

remember the day my supervisor at the time took me to Dr. Stephen's office to formally introduce me as the person who would be taking over her position. To my surprise and deep humility, Dr. Stephen prepared a cup of coffee and personally served it to me. I was deeply touched by this simple but meaningful gesture. Here was a highly respected and accomplished leader who, despite his position, was humble enough to serve someone who had just joined his team.

Dr. Stephen was incredibly supportive of me throughout my time working with him. He was not only my boss, but also a mentor, a friend, a counsellor, and a source of encouragement. There are so many memories and lessons from him that I could probably write an entire book about his impact on my life.

Dr. Stephen was much more than a boss to me and to many of us. He welcomed us into his family, and through him, we came

to know and appreciate his warm and loving family, who reflect the same kindness and generosity that he embodied. He had a remarkable way of making people feel cared for, respected, and valued.

The Dementia study team and I will deeply miss Dr. Stephen. Personally, I am immensely grateful for the years I had the privilege of working with him, for the guidance he gave me, and for the many wonderful memories we shared as a team. His kindness, humility, wisdom, and genuine concern for others will remain with me always.

May God grant Dr. Stephen eternal rest and continue to comfort, strengthen, and uphold his beloved family during this difficult time. His memory will forever remain a blessing to all of us who had the privilege of knowing and working with him.

Atwiine Flavia

Dementia study, MUST

My Role Model, Best Friend, and Hero

My father was a wonderful man and arguably lived a complete life. My relationship with him grew from knowing him as my protector, my confidant, to someone I call my role model, and my best friend. We have gone through a fair number of trials together, him guiding me and holding my hand through, every step of the way. Notably, my career choices (and now values that I hold dearly) have been shaped by the experiences that he, intentionally or not, put me through. To these I truly treasure, and my prayer that I keep close. In recent years, the adventures we have had together have been and forever will be part of the defining moments in my life, from the mountains we've conquered to the lands we've traversed. If he were still here, I would be hearing a "get on with it!" if I'm to go on rambling about the past. But beyond no doubt will the lives he has impacted remain the same, better yet taking on his

unique traits that defined the communities around him. The persistence, the incredible foresight, undeniable hard work and the spirit to keep on, even with no one standing beside. I will miss my father. I will really miss you daddy. Your roots will continue to grow, and a mustard tree will indeed be evident. Your memories you shared so wholeheartedly with us all will continue to invigorate and inspire. The stories will live on. The only thing I can do now is thank you for being the raw, unfiltered, loving you.

Rest in eternal peace daddy.

Arinda Emmanuel Nsiimenta

Full of Life, Indestructible in Our Hearts

Uncle Stephen was a man I greatly admired. Just like him I wanted to be a doctor who rode a motorbike. Although they were around the same age, he was nothing like my dad. He loved to go on adventures. Whenever we went to visit him, we had to do something, you could never be bored with Uncle Stephen around. Of

all the people I know and knew he was the most full of life, he was so indestructible I didn't think this would ever happen. Once when he was visiting us, he heard me and my mom joking around about climbing a mountain. We were saying that she couldn't manage it. He insisted that she could. He decided that he would take me and my dad to climb Mount Mughinga. We thought he was joking but he was actually serious. Climbing that mountain was one of the

most fun things I have ever done. He was always teasing us and joking around. You could count on him to always add his hilarious opinion. I still can't believe I am speaking about him in past tense. Though I miss him and don't understand why this had to happen, I am comforted knowing that he is with our Lord in Paradise and that I will see him again. May his soul rest in peace.

Amara Abenaitwe Bena

Refusing Boredom: A Life of Faith, Adventure, and Connection

I first met Dr. Stephen in 1998 through our mutual friend, the late Dr. Michael Kansiime, right after I returned to Uganda from two years of studies abroad. At the time, Stephen was a medical student living in University Hall at Makerere University. Our friendship truly blossomed during his internship at Mulago Hospital. He became my main source for Christian

music, faithfully copying tracks onto cassette tapes for me, and he warmly introduced me to his family and friends.

It was a season when we were both looking for life partners. Since I was one of the few friends with a car, he made sure I was included in all of his adventures! I fondly remember a trip we took to Lwakhakha on the Kenya border with

Maureen and Pamela to visit Dr. Kansiime. We underestimated the distance and nearly ran out of fuel on the way, but thankfully, Dr. Kansiime had enough fuel to get us back safely.

Dr. Stephen was a truly fun-loving person who introduced my family to camping, mountain climbing, and kayaking. He always knew the best spots to relax and enjoy. Unsurprisingly, his passion for nature led him to set up the Omusheshe Eco Park in the hills of Mbarara—a sanctuary for families to enjoy. He simply refused to

entertain boredom and always had a new adventure lined up. Spending time with his family became our December tradition, and we had already planned our trip for this year.

Beyond his love for adventure, Stephen was deeply passionate about his

family. He was intentional about building meaningful relationships and lasting memories with his wife and children, both individually and together.

We will miss him dearly, but we take comfort in knowing he is in safe hands in heaven, a place where there is no sorrow

or pain because he put his faith in Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior.

We continue to pray that God comforts and strengthens Maureen and the children during this difficult time.

Benon Bena

My Hero, Forever in My Heart

Before daddy's death, he was such an awesome person. He took me on trips, climbed mountains with me and cared for us all.

I liked the way he told people about God, like we as a family must stay strong and remember that Daddy is in a better place and that we should have

faith in God and know he is coming again to judge the living and the dead. We must trust each other. I love you forever Daddy and always.

Asiimwe Krystal Faith

Investment in a Lifetime: A Friend, Mentor, and Guide

I first met Stephen in 1992 in Senior Five at Ntare School. Looking back, meeting him was a major turning point in my life and that of my extended family. I came from remote Bitereko, in what is now Mitooma District, from a humble family. Stephen was brilliant and from a well-refined background, yet remarkably down-to-earth and able to relate to anyone. He decided that this young, largely unknown chap was worth investing in.

At Ntare, boys from humble backgrounds were sometimes called "Banyankole." I could not afford many things including reading materials and pamphlets, but Stephen freely shared his, including examination marking guides. He encouraged me to focus and read.

He also introduced me to his family. His mother was Headmistress of the famous Bweranyangi Girls School, where I spent holidays enjoying meals, lighting and reading facilities, with even a maid to look after us. For a boy from Bitereko, this was another world. It was also where I saw a flush toilet for the first time. Stephen patiently taught me to sit on it, not stand on it, and how to flush it!

I passed S.6 and was admitted to Makerere University Medical, Uganda's most competitive medical schools. I became a doctor in large part because of Stephen. At medical school he supported me academically and socially, drawing me into discussion groups and even teaching me how to properly apply blue band to the round doughnut of bread after I had smeared it all over the small loaf!

Our friendship continued through work. I followed him to Bushenyi Medical Centre, Kitagata Hospital and later Health Subdistricts. When he went to America for his Master's and PhD in Epidemiology, I had been admitted for Obstetrics and Gynaecology and loved clinical medicine. Then came

Stephen's candid question: "Do you want to see women's py or money?" I reconsidered, dropped Obstetrics and Gynaecology and followed his lead into Public Health. Once again, Stephen changed the direction of my life.

We married, had children and our families became closely connected. Stephen and his wife became godparents to our firstborn, Rukundo Mark.

Stephen was a strategic thinker about living a full life despite financial limitations. He encouraged me to develop a hobby for retirement and showed me the joy of adventure, biking and responsible enjoyment. He taught me that you could explore, sleep in a tent and create priceless

memories without breaking the bank.

He advised me to buy an affordable Honda NC 750. I secretly declined and was still saving for a top-of-the-range GS 1300, partly to fulfil a promise to my wife, to buy her a bike. I had not yet bought it, so I joined Stephen and the bikers on their trips in my car. My wife loves bikes and loved welcoming Stephen and his fellow riders whenever their routes brought them our way.

On Wednesday, 16 September 2026, she welcomed and flagged off Team Tanga. That was the last time we saw Stephen.

I choose to remember Stephen with gratitude and a smile: the brilliant

boy from Ntare who saw something in a young man from Bitereko; the friend who shared his books, family and opportunities; the colleague who shaped my career; and the husband, father and biker who taught us to live simply and enjoy life responsibly.

Stephen, you invested deeply in people, including me. Your legacy of love for family and God, humility, perseverance and strategic thinking will live on.

Thank you, my friend. Ride well, my brother. Wherever you are, may there be a good road, a good motorcycle, a comfortable tent and, knowing you, a carefully planned route.

Rest well.

Dr. Wilberforce Owembabazi

A Bond Beyond Words, A Friendship Forever

We do not know where to start because we have struggled to believe that you are no longer with us.

Words cannot adequately express the pain of losing you. You were not only a brother and a friend to us, but someone whose warmth, humour and friendship became part of our family.

We will forever cherish the wonderful times our families shared together; the laughter, conversations, meals, visits, celebrations and the many unforgetta-

ble moments we enjoyed in Nairobi and Mbarara.

The great moments we shared in our house. This was home to you. You did not only bring your family, but even your friends, the Bikers. Those memories are now treasures we shall hold close to our hearts.

Your laughter, your humour and your unique way of making people feel at ease will remain with us. Even as we mourn, we cannot help but smile when we remember some of the good times we shared.

Stephen, you have left us far too soon, but the love, friendship and memories you gave us will never leave.

We promise you, we shall always check on Maureen, Crystal, Jonah, Emmanuel and Timothy. We are Family and your absence shall not change this fact.

Rest peacefully, dear Stephen. Until we meet again.

With love and deepest sympathy,

Milka & Cyrus Murigi

Taesha & Natalia

Unwavering Loyalty, Warmth, and Quiet Strength

When Stephen married Maureen, my wife Barbara's cousin, all I expected to get was a brother-in-law. What I did not expect was that I would also gain one of the absolute best friends of my life, who has been reliable and highly dependable.

Stephen was not just family by marriage or just a name on the family tree, he was a brother by choice and by heart. He had a rare ability to walk into a room and instantly make it warmer, lighter and filled with laughter. Whether we were planning our usual family gatherings especially the Masaka farm retreats, sharing a quiet conversation or just laughing over something completely trivial, being in his company was always a privilege.

Stephen had a lot of good

qualities but what I admired the most about him was his incredible loyalty. As a husband to Maureen, he was a deep lover, supportive husband and endlessly devoted. As a father, he had a niche for boy child mentorship which he extended not only to his biological sons but also to all those boys that came his way.

As a Christian, he loved God and was a preacher by character. On the 9th of August, 2026, whereas he was guest preacher on St. Peter's Day at All Saints' Church Mbarara, I was a chief guest on fathers' Union Sunday at Nganwa High School.

As a friend, Stephen was a person you would call at any time knowing he would answer without hesitation. He carried himself with a quiet strength, a grateful spirit and a brilliant sense

of humor that strengthened our friendship. He was developmental, loved nature and outdoor activities.

The news of his death was akin to a rude sound of a gunshot. His passing leaves an undeniable, quiet void in our family and in my daily life. But as we say goodbye, I choose to focus on the immense gratitude I feel.

I am profoundly grateful for the years we have shared, the inside jokes, the deep talks and the steady unwavering friendship he gave so freely.

Behold, how good and pleasant it is when brothers dwell in unity (Psalm 133:1).

Rest in Peace, my brother and friend. You served God and His people and your footprints will remain visible in our lives. Your legacy of kindness will live on forever in us.

By Ronald Oine Esq.

A Pillar of Support, Wisdom, and Endless Love

Uncle, you have rested, rest in the LORD.

I have a lot to say here, but I will rest my case in the LORD. You have lived your life with us, you have done it all for us in thick and thin,

childhood to adulthood and you have rested. Memories recorded keep talking, but we shall let you rest in the LORD.

Since childhood, you been not just an uncle, but my friend. We sailed through together, taking me here and there for small but interesting trips. It is unbearable that I am writing all this when your eyes cannot read them.

You knew how much I loved you, I remember how we talked a day before and again in the morning when all was well.

You have been a great pillar in my life because we moved together even when I went to campus, and got an opportunity to share a home with you. I cannot forget your loving heart in good and tough times, your wise counsel

and insights that whenever I could look at your face or hear your wonderful voice, I would feel alive again. It didn't matter whether you were angry with me or not as long as it still was you.

We didn't stop there, but carried on everyday even

to my day of marriage. It is hard that it has stopped here, but wherever you go, I'll be loving you for a friend that you have been in my life.

We will be missing you always, loving you but we pray for your eternal rest

and shall always share the love that you left with us with Mummy and my cousins Emma, Jona, Timothy and Krystal for our entire lives.

Rest with angels, Uncle.

Viola

Leading with Joy, Generosity, and Faith

When we think of Stephen we see the happy person, always open.

We remember the generosity, the surprise hoot at the gate with matooke or mangoes. Hip jumping up the pickup and unloading the stuff himself.

Hosting us at home, white Cove, Omusheeshe.

Always flowing with ideas

for every activity. How shall we have the Home Builders end of year activity without him?

Being who he was, when the couple joined Homebuilders, his leadership spirit kept unfolding. Slowly, he took on responsibility, taking us at higher speed and taking us to greater heights.

As an old couple, we slowly let go because we felt

safe as Christ was at the centre of the leadership. He was chairing the end of year get together event committee. We were waiting for him to return from the trip to call a meeting. The God who had other plans will take care of his family in everything.

*Amos and Mabel
Twimamasiko*

*Mbarara Home Builders
Coordinators:*

Stripping Off Titles: A Mentor Who Taught Us to Love and Lead

It is with an extremely heavy heart that I write this tribute following the heartbreaking loss of our dear friend and mentor, Dr. Steven Asiimwe.

My wife and I joined the Homebuilders Fellowship only five months ago, not knowing what to expect. But from our very first day at Omusheshe, Dr. Steven made us feel welcome, valued, and genuinely loved.

What touched us most was how he stripped off all the big work titles and simply became a friend, a father, and a mentor. He had a rare ability to make people feel at home. He genuinely loved people, and that love was evident in the way he welcomed, encouraged, and cared for those around him.

In the short time we knew him, he became much more than a fellow mem-

ber of the fellowship. He became someone we could look up to, learn from, and share life with.

One of our last conversations with him remains particularly dear to me. He encouraged us, as men and heads of our families, to do everything within our ability to ensure that our families are well and cared for. Those words now carry an even deeper meaning, and I will forever cherish them.

His sudden passing has shaken both my wife and me so deeply. It is difficult to comprehend that some-

one who welcomed us so warmly and had become such a meaningful part of our lives is suddenly no longer with us.

Dr. Steven, thank you for showing us that true greatness is not only found

in the titles we carry, but in the lives we touch and the people we make feel loved.

Thank you for your friendship, your wisdom, your fatherly guidance, and the love you showed us.

Though our time with you was short, your impact was profound.

Rest in peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Tinye John

Home Builders Fellowship

A Lifetime of Shared Chapters: Beyond Friendship to Family

Some people come into our lives as friends, but with time, they become family. Dr. Twice Stephen Asimwe was one of those rare people.

Our journey with Stephen goes back many years, to the days when he was still in primary school with Michael. What began as friendship grew into a bond that carried us through so many seasons of life.

When Stephen returned from Cleveland, he stayed in our home, and those days became part of the beautiful memories we will forever treasure. We travelled together, explored places, shared adventures, laughed until our stomachs hurt, smiled through happy moments and cried through difficult ones. We shared dreams, fears, disappointments and victories. There was a depth to our friendship that words can hardly capture.

Stephen and Maureen became part of our family in a very special way. We were godparents to each

other, and what a privilege it was to walk alongside them through their family journey. We watched them welcome each of their children into the world. We celebrated their milestones, watched their children grow, and even witnessed some of them leave for university.

We have seen life together—not just the beautiful photographs, but the real life behind them.

We have laughed together, cried together, worried together, prayed together and celebrated together. We shared so many adventures, conversations and ordinary moments that, looking back now, seem extraordinarily precious.

Stephen, you leave us with a mountain of memories and a huge space in our hearts.

Your medical title, achievements and everything you accomplished in this life will certainly be remembered. But for us, what will remain most deeply is the man we knew—the friend,

brother, husband, father, godparent and companion who walked with us through so many chapters of our lives.

It is difficult to accept that we will no longer receive your call, hear your laughter, share another adventure or sit together discussing life's many uncertainties.

But we are grateful.

Grateful that God allowed our paths to cross.

Grateful for the years.

Grateful for the friendship.

Grateful for Maureen and the children.

Grateful for every journey, every conversation, every laugh and even every tear.

Stephen, you were loved. You are deeply missed. And you will never be forgotten.

To Maureen and the children, we pray that God surrounds you with His comfort and strength. May the beautiful life you built together become a source of courage in the days ahead. May you always remember how deeply Stephen was loved and how many lives he touched.

We mourn his departure,
but we also celebrate the
extraordinary gift of having
known him.

Rest peacefully, Stephen.
Until we meet again,
With love, gratitude and a

lifetime of memories.

*Doreen and Michael
Tumusiime, Angel, Michelle,
Matthew, and Micah*

A Legacy of Fatherly Love, Guidance, and Promise

Uncle Stephen, the Lord is with you.
The Lord is with you.
Emma, Auntie Maureen,
Timothy, Jonathan, the
Lord is with you.

Uncle Stephen was a father to me. He always spoke to me and the others as his own. He always made sure that he shared all the things that he wished he had for his children to us, the COFLETS. I think Uncle Stephen was the most genuine, passionate person I know... All I remember are memories, memories of energy, time, money, effort, heart, passion, love, for years to take care of us as COFLETS.

The COF has brought us to a beautiful family, led by a beautiful soul that was Uncle Stephen. And sadly he has to go to heaven. It is very sad. I only remember passion. The last time I was in Uganda, I had a short visit to my grandparents in the village, he made sure that I passed by his place for at least a night and he took care of me. He ensured that we had a good time, like every other time. He ensured that he talked to me about everything a man should

be. And this wasn't just once. It has been years of fatherly care.

He has ensured that we, COF have had fun, we have traveled places. He has been very adventurous and he has brought us along with the adventures. And it's tough to hear that he's gone.

To Emma and the children, to Auntie Maureen, I love you. I have been a son to Auntie Maureen. I have been a brother to Emma, Jonathan, Timothy, and Crystal. I feel part of your family because of how your father treated me. And I would love you to know that you can reach out to me. Your father has talked about a time such as this, and unexpectedly, it's hurting, but it has to happen. I know God has a plan, and it is all for good. And all I can say is that we shall lead unto his promise that he said; that we should stick together, we should work together, and I am here for you. Just know that. I'm gonna try my best as a son, as a brother, to be there for you guys. And if anything goes on your life, just reach out to me. I'll try my best. I'll do my

best, with God being my help.

I know that it's a tough moment. I want you to please put this to God. Please put it to God. God has a reason. It's dark, but it is... there is a reason, which is all good, which is all love. He is all love. He is all love, please. And I want you to know that you're loved. He loves you. He has given you strength. As a fellow brother, I would love to help you in supporting your dreams and everything. I know that life after this seems dim, and I want to be there for you. I want to support. I want to help.

Thank you, Uncle Stephen, for taking care of us, for doing your part. You have been a father figure. You have been a mentor. You have shown me what it is to be consistent with love, to ensure that you can do what you feel is good for us consistently at your stage. There are things that I couldn't realize, but now I realize as I grow as an adult. And as I grow, I notice more and more about how you loved not only your family, but others and me, with the same fatherly love.

I know that you're in heaven, and we shall meet

there. And I am going to show up or take all those lessons, all those advices into action. Thank you very

much. And I know that you're in a safe place. I love you.

*Darren Taremwa
Architecture Student,
Harbin University, China*

The Most Alive Person: An Inspiration for Life and Manhood

Oh Uncle Steve, the most alive person I knew. You really lived a life I admire, well established and settled. You taught me how to be a man in the times I was

practically living with you in Mbarara.

I will not forget the marathon we went for and the first time I got a ride on your bike. This is not

something you have words for that can properly describe how heartbroken I am.

You truly were an inspiration to me. Rest in Peace, Uncle Steve! You will deeply be missed.

Love,
Lemuel

A Journey of Firsts: Experiencing Life Through Love and Adventure

I am beyond glad and honored to have been part of his life adventure.

Uncle Stephen gave me one of my best memories in 2024 when we toured Northern and Western Uganda together. Our road pictures — the “one leg up” and “point to the mountain” poses — will forever remain in my heart.

He gave me so many

firsts: my first kayaking experience in August this year, my first ferry ride at the Uganda-Sudan border, the first time I saw a gourd plant, my first 10km race, my first SAT exams and study-abroad applications. So many experiences.

He was the first uncle to book cows for my Kuhingira. He also offered kind words and wisdom during that 2024 adventure in my

S6 vacation, guiding me on adulthood. I am forever indebted to him.

“Life is made of experiences,” he always said — and I can truly say I have experienced life through him.

Rest well, dear Uncle Stephen.

Lots of love,

*Agatha Kabeera,
your beloved first niece*

Authentic, Loving, and Unforgettable: A Tribute to Stephen

Stephen was someone whose presence was never easy to overlook. He had a strong personality, a good heart,

and a genuine concern for the people in his life. He was the kind of person who would check on you, encourage you, share his

thoughts freely, and always have something to say that could either make you think or make you laugh.

What I appreciated about Stephen was that he was always himself. He spoke his mind, stood by what he believed in, and cared deeply about the people

who mattered to him. Behind his strength was a very caring person, and I saw that in the way he loved his children, the way he spoke about them, and the hopes he had for their lives and futures.

There are so many ordinary moments and conversations that I never imagined would one day become memories. That is what makes a loss like this so difficult. You think there will always be another opportunity to talk, laugh,

catch up, or see each other again. His passing came far too soon, and accepting that he is no longer here is not easy.

Stephen leaves behind pieces of himself in so many people. Most importantly, he leaves behind his children, who will continue to carry parts of him with them throughout their lives. My heart is with them and Maureen as they face the loss of someone who can never be replaced.

Stephen, I am thankful for the years we knew you, for the conversations, the laughter, and simply for the person you were. Your life touched more people than you probably realized, and your absence will be deeply felt.

May God receive you into His eternal rest and give strength and comfort to everyone mourning you. You will forever be remembered with love.

Agnes Kakaire

A Bond Across Families: Cherishing Memories and Active Living

I'm so grateful that our families were able to cross paths and that I had the chance to know you. One of the greatest blessings that came from

that was getting to know Jonathan, who has become like a brother to us over the years. He has brought so much light into our family.

My favorite memory of us is when we went hiking in Uganda to see the park that was being built. When I think of him, I will always remember how much he encouraged us to live life fully and stay active. May he rest in peace.

Patience Mbakire Kakaire

Living in the Moment: The Life, Leadership, and Passion of a True Pioneer

Dr. Stephen, dead! Like really? I'm still in denial. It has failed to sink in. I'm just like a little boy whose favourite movie star cannot

just die. How? Why? He was like Superman! I'm sorry but I'm terribly confused and I have failed to even attend the vigils. That house, that home was always filled with his presence, his beaming smile, standing at the balcony welcoming you in. "No, please don't remove your shoes, just get in."

"Please go straight to the dining table and help yourself to a cup of tea and some bites" Hospitality at its finest. Whenever he

came from his garden over the weekend, he carried food items for friends and he would invite us saying, "There are some goodies at the Faith House, first come first serve..."

Homebuilding was his passion. Thursday evening was clearly marked on his calendar for homebuilders fellowship. He never missed except if he was out of the country. Even then, his apology came a week prior to his absence. My wife and I met Dr.

Stephen in homebuilders fellowship in 2014. We have known him since. When the bigger group was divided into smaller groups of about 3 couples by the Life Ministry team, we were given the responsibility to invite other couples and in so doing, grow the homebuilders ministry. Dr. Stephen and Maureen became leaders of homebuilders Nkokonjeru. They understood the assignment and that fellowship has grown over the years. I have witnessed Acts 2:42,47 in practice. This is largely attributed to Dr. Stephen's leadership.

He loved nature and preserved the environment. Omusheshe Eco Park and

even his home are testament to this. In an era where land clearing for settlement purposes is the order of the day, Dr. Stephen preferred to preserve indigenous trees and plants, shrubs, and canopies for the beauty of it. His dream for the Eco Park was that in future, medicinal plants for research would be obtained from that park.

He loved adventure. He had probably climbed all the mountains in East Africa including the great Kilimanjaro. He always kept his fans posted on his adventurous tours. He introduced his children to adventure and whenever the boys were home, he would ride with one or two.

His new found passion was in biking, a sport he has been doing for the last 5 years. Sadly, this caused his untimely end. Only the brave die once! Stephen was a brave man who wore his heart on his sleeve. He lived, he loved, he laughed. He did not postpone living. He lived in the moment and in a moment he was gone! In a flash, he was out of this world, riding on the wings of Angels to his eternal dwelling place.

Fare thee well my friend. I can't believe I'm writing about you in past tense! Till we meet again.

Rogers Ankunda

MY CHILDHOOD FRIEND, BESTMAN, DR. ASIIMWE STEPHEN'S CANDLE BLOWN TOO EARLY!

OMG! it's too hard to take-in; even the idea that you can die at such a time, when, Myself, My Family, Your Family, Uganda and the World needed you MOST!

To even think that we should, onset baptise you, without water and god-parents an extra name, Pre-fix, the late is very disturbing!

Just know it is hard to write this. How do I even write a goodbye to you my childhood friend, since 1985

[P.5] at Bweranyangi BPS, together at Ntare School for six years [1988-1994] where we both championed Christian values, served together at Chapel and Scripture Union. We cherished spirituality, academic excellence and leadership; at a time when the school had been devastated by the 1986 war, strikes and teasing was at its peak. A school with no water and the only option was bathing at Rwizi at Maryhill end and carrying brown water 4Km to school

for at least washing plates; and together with you and colleagues like Brig. Namanya Johnson, Hon. Dan Kidega, Michael Baketunga, Asiime Ambrose, John Musinguzi, Muragije Rodgers, Awich Polar, Kagumire Abel, Gen. Sabiiti Mzee, Late Kansime Michael among others, we decided to take a transformational leadership approach that changed the school outlook in character, discipline and brand. When I served as Deputy HP, you served as Health Prefect.

You will remember that as a result our efforts and discipline, the school withheld our application to join other schools like Budo, Namilyango etc for A-level! We

obediently returned to the Den and set a new record!

Fast forward, I can't imagine, losing you my wedding bestman, my contemporary mentor, confidant and trustee of our values and assets.

Steve, you gave me your lone daughter Kristo as a godfather! For sure, I will do all within my means together with the other Godparents to ensure Kristo becomes a powerful, professional woman of God!

You have been the mentor of our children, a home builder, co-founder of our Universal Families and Friend's club [UF&FC] as

well as Couples of Faith [CoF] - an East African families Christian outfit among others....

Anyhow, my brother Steve, you have gone too soon. When you get there, kindly tell God to truly stop taking very good and very useful people like you.

We shall for ever miss your professional touch, your international brand, fellowship, your travel memoirs, your coordination expertise, networking, multi-tasking capabilities, leadership, development, health tips, counselling and above all your gift of friendship which made an ever present help in times

of need.

For sure, life will never be the same without you Dr. Steve! You have left behind a powerful Legacy!

Psalm 116:15, assures us that "Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of His Faithful Servants"

Rest well with Angels! Faithful Servant of God - My brother Dr. Steve, Till we meet again at Resurrection.

Yours,

Eng. Kenneth Kaijuka
CEO, National Housing and Construction Corporation

Hope There Are Trees in Heaven": A Legacy of Nature, Adventure, and Family

You found Joy in nature and adventure, a spirit that taught us that love for family and adventure can travel the same Journey. The seeds you planted in all of us will grow and bear fruit and Your Testimony will live on for generations to come.

Rest well, Big Brother. "Hope there are trees in Heaven"

Davis

A Legacy of Purpose, Light, and Selfless Service

Dear Dr. Asimwe,

You were one of the most selfless and purposeful people we have ever known, a true source of motivation

to many.

Your life was impactful, you had a big heart, and the way you guided and lifted others will never be forgotten.

Thank you for the wisdom, and light you shared with us.

May you rest with the angels and may your beautiful legacy continue to live on.

The Muhweranes

A Beautiful Witness: Faith, Family, and the Hope of Heaven

C harles and I are devastated. Stephen was so special and kind. He and Maureen were the perfect couple. He was a wonderful friend,	:	father, husband, and, most importantly, a beautiful witness for our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. He will be missed here on Earth but we look forward to seeing	:	him again in Heaven. We love the Asiiimwe family.
	:		:	<i>Brenda & Charles Terry</i>
	:		:	<i>Christian Life Worship Center, Athens, GA</i>

An Enduring Influence: Mentorship, Guidance, and Legacy

W e mourn the sudden passing of a cherished colleague and mentor. His guidance and dedication touched many lives and	:	though our journey with him was cut short, his influence will continue and live on through all those he taught and inspired.	:	Dr. Stephen, you will be deeply missed, but your legacy will remain with us. Farewell, dear Sir.
	:		:	<i>Dr. Prossy K. Bibangambah</i>

Fearless, Intentional, and Full of Life

I still can't believe I am writing this. How could death defeat him?

If I had been asked to write a list of people who would probably die in the next 20 years, Stephen's name would never have appeared anywhere. Never. He was strong, fearless, intelligent, informed — so alive, so full of life. He was one of those people you think will live forever.

But God knows best, and we surrender to His will, even with broken hearts.

Stephen lived his life like a man who knew he had to do all that he had to

do and then sign out. He loved hard. He was intentional about everything. He advised without fear or favour — he said it as it was, whether you liked it or not. And that was one of the things I admired most about him.

He was a health freak — oh, his comments on my weight didn't move me an inch, but I know they came from a place of love!

He loved our sons. He made time to eat with them and talk to them. He poured into the next generation.

He had no place for mediocrity. He loved clean, neat spaces. He gave credit where credit was due. He acted way older than his age, with wisdom beyond

his years.

We shall dearly miss you, Dr. Stephen wa Maureen. You have left a hole that will never be filled.

To Maureen and the children — we are with you. We are truly, truly shocked and heartbroken, but we are here. We love you. We will not leave you. Stephen's love will continue to live through us.

Rest well, our real man. Rest well, Stephen.

Forever loved,

Barbara Oine.











Massachusetts General Hospital

Founding Member, Mass General Brigham



DIVISION OF GENERAL INTERNAL MEDICINE

Decision Sciences Center

DGIM Administration

John D. Stoeckle Center for Primary Care

Tobacco Research and Treatment Center

MONGAN INSTITUTE

Clinical and Translational Epidemiology Unit

Practice Evaluation Center

Health Policy Center

Solutions Center

Tribute from Massachusetts General Hospital

To the family of Dr. Stephen Asiimwe, friends, colleagues, and all gathered in his memory

It is with profound sadness and a heavy heart that I send this tribute on behalf of the leadership, faculty, staff, trainees, researchers, and collaborators of the Massachusetts General Hospital Center for Global Health in Boston, Massachusetts, USA. We join you in mourning Dr. Stephen Asiimwe, and we do so with deep respect, affection, and gratitude for the life he lived and the many lives he touched.

We were deeply shocked and devastated by the sudden passing of Dr. Stephen. The news of his death has left our community grieving, alongside you, the loss of an extraordinary colleague. Stephen was a

cherished member of our team, a leader in the movement for global health equity, a friend, a mentor, and a brother-figure. His absence is felt not only in our work, but in the relationships, conversations, and shared purpose that he helped nurture over many years. A feeling of heavy loss pervades the Mass General Hospital Center for Global Health today, where Stephen's photograph features prominently on our walls, just as his work, wisdom, and camaraderie were so prominent in our long-standing collaboration in Mbarara, Uganda.

To Stephen's wife, Maureen, his children,

his family, his friends, his colleagues, and all who loved him, I extend my deepest condolences and the condolences of the entire Mass General Hospital community. Please know that we are holding you in our thoughts and prayers during this profoundly difficult time. Although words cannot ease the pain of such a loss, we hope there may be some comfort in knowing how important Stephen was to us, how deeply he was loved and respected, and that Stephen's influence and impact reached far across the globe. Dr. Asimwe was an accomplished physician-scientist, epidemiologist, and public health specialist with two decades of experience in health systems, medical research, and disease prevention. His career reflected a deep commitment to strengthening health systems, advancing rigorous research, and improving public health in Uganda and beyond.

Dr. Asimwe began collaborating with investigators from the Mass General Center for Global Health in 2009 on the development of an HIV pre-exposure prophylaxis trial. He then joined the Mass General collaboration in 2015 as a Principal Investigator of an important study in Uganda and South Africa to support HIV treatment and policy. From the very beginning, Stephen distinguished himself through his exceptional leadership, unwavering commitment to scientific excellence, and deep prioritization of the communities he served. He brought wisdom, integrity, and compassion to every aspect of his work, earning the respect and admiration of colleagues in Uganda, in the US, and around the globe.

Building upon that foundation, in 2018 Dr. Asimwe was selected after an international search to be the Program Director of the MGH Global Health Collaborative, providing essential leadership in furthering the partnership linking Mass General Hospital with Mbarara University of Science and Technology and Mbarara Regional Referral Hospital in Uganda. During his tenure, Stephen was instrumental in advancing the Collaborative's mission of caring for

patients and communities and advancing research and education. His leadership in the flagship Uganda First Mile Program contributed to tremendous impact on improving patient care and health outcomes by increasing skills among nurses and doctors, building the capacity of faculty and nurses to mentor and train others, establishing specialty care, and bringing care into community health centers throughout southwestern Uganda.

Stephen was instrumental in advancing many areas of our shared work. I cannot overstate how important his partnership and collaboration were to me personally, as well as to our collective ambitions of achieving 'health for all'. One example stands out to share - his dedication to the construction of a special pathogens unit in Mbarara Regional Referral Hospital, with an oxygen-generating unit, during the COVID-19 pandemic. Stephen's adaptability through the crisis of COVID-19, his hard work, persistence, and charisma in attracting other donors to contribute to the project, and his deft navigation of the local issues and regulations for a new construction project were nothing short of remarkable. In recent years, Stephen spent time advising our MGH Global Health strategy, collaborating as a Principal Investigator on many research endeavors, and pushing us to keep our minds on decentralizing our efforts and focusing on communities. His wisdom and counsel have been invaluable to me personally, as well as to our entire Mass General-based community of practitioners, scholars, and students.

The measure of Stephen's contributions cannot be captured in titles alone. More than 50 members of the Mass General Hospital community gathered when we heard the awful news and shared countless stories of his impact on each and every one of us. He served as Principal Investigator, Co-Investigator, mentor, advisor, and collaborator on numerous research studies that advanced knowledge and improved health outcomes. He taught

Harvard Medical Students, and Mass General trainees. He was a passionate advocate for community health and believed deeply that research should serve the needs of communities and improve people's lives. He inspired generations of researchers and health professionals by demonstrating that scientific rigor and community engagement must go hand in hand. Many among us had the privilege of learning from Stephen firsthand. He shared his knowledge generously and celebrated the achievements of others with genuine joy. His leadership was marked not only by excellence but also by humility, kindness, and an extraordinary ability to bring people together. Stephen spoke constantly about his family – his wife and children being a source of pride and joy.

Beyond his professional accomplishments, Stephen was a multi-talented person with a passion for Uganda, and a passion to share Ugandan culture. He regularly accompanied our community members on hikes, walks, trips to the countryside, nature explorations and dance and musical appreciation activities, helping us deepen our cultural connections to the place where we have developed strong ties. When the First Mile Program came to a close and we celebrated its achievements while commiserating its ending, Stephen danced all night long with more than 100 collaborators and colleagues, allowing none of us to finish the project in sadness, focusing instead on the possibilities for the future. He will be remembered for his warmth, charisma, friendship, and humanity. He built

lasting relationships across continents and cultures, leaving a profound impact on everyone fortunate enough to know him.

We honor a life dedicated to service, learning, mentorship, and the advancement of health and well-being for others. While we mourn Stephen's loss, we also celebrate the remarkable legacy he leaves behind: a legacy of scientific excellence, compassionate leadership, deep partnership, and enduring service to communities.

Dr. Stephen Asiimwe's achievements will endure through countless individuals whose lives were touched by his wisdom, generosity, and leadership; through his scientific achievements, his writing and papers; through the scholarships he facilitated, the people he mentored, and through the public health work that will continue because he believed so deeply in the dignity, health, and well-being of every community he served. His legacy will live on through his beloved wife and children.

May his memory be a blessing, may his family and all who loved him be comforted, and may his legacy continue to inspire future generations. We will never forget the profound impact that he has had on all of us.

With deepest sympathy,

Louise Ivers MD, MPH, FIDSA, FASTMH
on behalf of the

Massachusetts General Hospital Center for Global Health

Boston, Massachusetts, USA

Steve My Friend, The Music Goes On

Tribute by Eng. Nicholas Rukundo Rwendeire

Life is a mystery, a God's masterpiece. The great school Ntare School created a life experience in 1986–1990. I found life changing memories at Ntare School that redefined my life especially socially and academically. The epitome of this was through life long useful networks that have shaped my life in numerable ways.

Through Sam Mugarura my classmate, I was introduced to this rather stern but handsome light skinned boy with quite a bright face who then was teased as Step Hen because he spelt his Christian Name as such. Stephen then quickly overtook his brother in looking out for me, sharing escapades at Rebikona and Rwizi and the superglue that has the last say, Jesus Christ, through Scripture Union and Church of Uganda Chapel at Ntare School. From there we formed life long bonds of friendship and comradery.

Stephen (I preferred to call Steve), then grew into my survival kit, making lonely moments memorable through walks and conversations and sometimes even in Dance and music (we loved the same genres both Christian and Old School Country, Soul, Reggae, and Congolese music). We together kept away from Socials (dance and dancehalls – Sabena then was a catch and glamor for our age but very illegal to Kasiragye Francis, our then Headmaster), but on one occasion we went for the movies at Masengo via Kajogo and narrowly missed Baino (Commerce Teacher) and Sebishwi (History Teacher) on their return from a bottle or two in Kajogo.

He introduced me early to his great Mom, a serious lady (then she wouldn't smile like now, she was very serious and laughter limited, teaching me raising young boys deprives you of sweeties of kindness and smiles, but later we went out with mom and even danced with her and enjoyed big bursts of laughter that would alert you alas twakura).

Later in life, after an eventful campus life and memorable moments at Lumumba Hall with Sam, Michael Kansiime (who I bet received him so warmly there, KB I am hearing from afar), John Musinguzi, Magezi Fred, Michael Baketunga, Kacuma, Bakeihahoki Asimwe, Musimenta Kyaks, Rev Mwesigwa-RIP, Nzana Desmond and Frank, Julius Nkwasure, Masiko Chief Elinathan my roommate, Rugambanengwa Humphrey and Silencer, Evangelist Moses Kasaza and a host of other Lions and Lumumbists even our young brothers, we again met in the cradles of creating manhood through Marriage and Holy Matrimony. I tied the knot first (not that I was only older but even maybe greedier).

Interestingly my wife Doreen had a string of rather chubby and very naughty (in a useful way) girls, amongst them a petite Black Beauty with shining eyes. Haza nahati taine nshonga...

It's then that a spark for this blonde left Steve fazzled in love, sometimes making wild suppositions of outings and teas and birthdays and room parties (not to mention the benching stints).

In a short time Steve came to me and said, "Nick, I want you to be my best man." I said it's a good idea but our sizes are diametrically opposed, then the pot had started an office in my lower belly and the grey hairs were settling like dew on my fore (now it's literally resident everywhere, even at the equator).

He added, "I have another great soul, Dr. Atwine, who wasn't as greedy as you are; he can make up for your demeanor (and oh boy was he and still is a handsome dude). But you will be legal liability."

We stormed Bweranyangi Cathedral in our great numbers (though I was almost late) and after had a sumptuous reception, but memorable of all when the girls tied us in their small prisons, the achievements were celebrated with a new dance style called shuffle (it's then I knew my wife had a PhD in this particular dance). Aunt Mo, as she became fondly called, then became an intricate weave of inseparable family, not born of blood but of the blood which saves.

Then in comes Steve with a rather interesting proposition: "Nic, you don't have a fellowship. We started one centered on our history as OBs and I want you to join Couples of Faith." Eeeh nti bagyenzi Steve wakwatwa ota there is KAAYM. He quipped that this one has VIBE, as we would call it now.

Without my approval, in full Zulu style attack through my wife, I was enrolled in this fellowship of friends and there I met some I knew closely and others I knew there like Geoffrey and his dear wife.

Steve made life a park of adventure. One time he took me and a team of others to Sipi Falls for a young couples retreat to learn how to treat ourselves to the delicacies of marriage we had preserved long. He took me to Bwindi to see my relatives albeit in tourism stints, and also took my children rafting on the Nile (nkabeshaara oramanya engineer takayereka obwooba) and many others. Yabeire atakantweire America ndabatura oomwepanko gwabo na Visa.

THE VIRTUES OF STEVE

1. Loving Deeply: Steve had no hate button like others (maybe me inclusive). He loved frankly, telling you your ills with a smile but letting you know how to overcome them and praising you where it's due.

2. Hardworking: The deep history of losing a loving father and having a no-nonsense mother gave him an agile character of resilience. Steve had the best harvests that he shared so generously—another default value.

3. Truthful: He had a hard spine of truth. If it rubbed against your guilt it would bleed profusely, but if it brought you thought, you would get liberation.

4. Adventure & Fun: Steve was as if knowing the shortness of his clock; everyday was a gift, something not worth missing, as Jennifer Rush sang in one of her ballads. Together with his family they had golden moments of love tagged with a silver lining of mother. The cost of these lost moments may outweigh the war in Iran (representing our hearts especially his own).

5. Music and Melody: Steve loved music and had a collection. Many times he would play ballads so sweet and in big volume, then Maureen whose penchant love for gospel and small volume would beg for volume and gospel. When the vibe of Reggae or Congolese music played we would find ourselves in the sway and sharing memoirs of when we first heard such ballads.

6. A Christian Deeply Pious: Very recently he shocked the hell out of me. He came with his notes typed, "I am preaching at Fathers Union service." I said, "Ha Steve, hati watandika." His next sermon was in the New Jerusalem after the Tanga debacle. But Steve loved Jesus, followed Him passionately, and was more a "see me live" person than a "hear my words" person.

7. A Truly Family Man: From his Kitojo folklore to the White House tribe, Steve was intentional, caring, and personal. He added us to this family and loved us the same. He will surely be missed.

THANKSGIVING

1. Mother, the great Mom of our times: I knew your womb hurts yet again, but the value you got you will never forget. Thank you for bringing forth and raising such a great man.

2. Our parents in Kyeitembe: You were loved passionately and Steve was very fulfilled na beauty weye. We appreciate you and I thank you on his behalf.

3. The Asimwes: Auntie Mo, it's a painful separation but a glorious testimony. Sometimes ending well is a far cry; that is not one you own. You enjoyed the thrill, celebrated the love, and God blessed it not with only one but four of the tribe. God will raise you from this and a nation will be... He is FAITHFUL. My children Emmanuel, Jonathan, Timothy, and Princess Krystal: Dad was a gift, a great one. God gave us him and He has a plan. What seems bleak today will rise with the glory of the Saving Son. Use the moments of His legacy, what he taught you and what he worked hard for you to build a legacy of His name reverberating His goodness. We are together in this; we will never be him, but we shall stand tall with you in the storm as in the sun. Trust God.

4. Family & Friends, the Bikers: We savored the love, exploited the person, drained on his gifts, and here we are celebrating a legacy. Steve was a unique gem who spread love; let us love intentionally in his memoir, let his legacy never end. The bikers, as you know I had pledged to join you, but even Thomas got second thoughts— not because the statistic was by my Best friend, but the size I have is as big as the fear and small faith, but now you are family; those that stay will remind us of the passion he had.

5. Our Lord God and Great Father: I am one such orphan. My father's debut ended at 59 years when I was in S4; Mr. Sande (Steve's Dad) also didn't see old age at 41 years when Steve was in S2. One thing is true: He is a faithful God and will preserve you. We thank Him however short. God, we needed Steve in our lives. His life spelled Yours in a life of want and despair for Your love; You have taken, You will restore and give. We are counting on You, our Rock of Ages, for the years to come. The future we don't see in the present we live because You have been our rock in times past. ALL GLORY TO YOUR NAME.

STEVE MY FRIEND, THE MUSIC GOES ON.....

SHINE ON IN LIFE HERE AND BEYOND.....

Eng. NICHOLAS Rukundo Rwendeire

A Gift to the Universe

Rest with the Angels dear friend, our hearts are broken, you left so quickly. No, you didn't have to. We needed you here with us longer. You were such a great man of God and great human being, you were great at everything. You were the hospitality king the selfless heart that gave without stop-

ping.

You wore your heart on your sleeves and stayed humble and meek. Your service beyond self, your kindness, your care and your attention to detail left everyone you came in contact with amazed. Your crazy jokes that even in such pain they make you laugh and cry at the same time. Thank you for being a gift to the universe and for gracing us with your presence. Getting to know you was

a gift. The classic man, the myth, the legend. You lived you loved you laughed with utmost grace and joy. You were a man after God's own heart. You lived a statement "What would Jesus do?" Perfectly.

The only scars in heaven are the hands that hold you now. Rest well Dr. Stephen you will surely be missed on this earthly life.

Carol Ankunda

A Friend Who Made Us Better Friends

Dr. Stephen Asiimwe as known to many. A dedicated doctor, community organizer, loved the Lord, loved the church. A loving father and husband, son, brother. To many of us he was Stephen, a friend. A friend who made us better friends, we became better friends with each other because of Stephen. He lived life, loved people, laughed. Stephen will be missed dearly.

Dr. Michael Muzoora



“Ohh Namesake!!!!”

Uncle Steven would shout the moment he sees me. Instantly, I felt at home whenever we would meet.

Going to Mbarara would mean a new adventure added to life.

The runs, the hiking, the camping, all courtesy of Uncle Steven. Fun was definitely guaranteed at Cof!! I loved his energy and the life he brought into every room.

May You rest with the Angels, Uncle Steven!!

Asiimwe Noela.

An Example to Each of Us

Uncle Stephen was a man who honoured God and was a great example to each of us.

He taught us to work hard, take care of ourselves, keep fit and healthy.

He was a really adventurous man, loved to tour and travel, definitely enjoyed the bike travels along with his crew.

He encouraged us to keep in touch with each other as the CoFlets, went ahead to create a whatsapp group for that and continued to give us advice there.

It's really sad that his journey on earth has come to an end, too soon.

In everything we give thanks to God. We thank God for his life.

May his soul rest in peace.

David Okaka





We gather today in gratitude and quiet reverence to honour the life of Dr. Steven Asiimwe a scientist, a teacher of wisdom, a man of quiet strength, and a faithful servant of God.

Dr. Asiimwe lived a life marked by purpose and principle.

As a Global Health Consultant, he dedicated his professional gifts to healing, research, and the strengthening of health-care systems in Uganda and beyond. Yet those who knew him will remember that his greatest influence was not only in the clinic or the research centre, but in the way he lived and taught others how to live.

He modelled five enduring principles that shaped both his character and his counsel.

First, humility.

Drawing from Proverbs 22:4 and John 5:30, he taught that humility is a core virtue, dependence on God, respect for others, and the quiet path that leads to true blessing. He never sought the spotlight. He simply did the work and pointed others toward the Source of all wisdom and strength.

Second, hard work.

He often quoted Proverbs 14:23 “All hard work brings a profit” alongside Proverbs 10:4, Colossians 3:23, Acts 20:35, and Psalm 104:23. For him, diligence was not optional. It was an act of worship

and a practical expression of responsibility.

Third, wisdom.

He reminded us that wisdom is the God-given capacity to understand and apply knowledge. “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom” (Proverbs 1:7). Wisdom, he taught, produces good conduct, the steady, thoughtful life that blesses others.

Fourth, support.

From Galatians 6:2 he drew the call to “carry each other’s burdens.” He lived this principle by walking alongside colleagues, students, family, and friends with practical help and quiet encouragement.

Fifth, living with love and respect.

These were not abstract ideals. They shaped his daily choices and the counsel he offered those who listened.

Beyond these principles, Dr. Asiimwe shared practical wisdom that many of us still carry:

- Live within your means, ideally within 80 percent of your income.
- Guard your health deliberately: eat well, drink well, sleep well, and protect yourself from unnecessary stress.
- Seek to solve a problem, meet a need, or fulfil a worthy desire.
- Build multiple streams of income: salary, real estate, stocks, intellectual property and digital products, and subscription-based services.
- Start small and remain humble. Evaluate honestly and stop what is not working.
- Understand that saving more is equivalent to earning more. Saving is a deliberate choice. Family heads must be intentional, and every member of the household should be involved. Let your wife be a partner in stewarding resources. Choose your lifestyle carefully and minimise wasteful expenditure.
- Pursue financial literacy and sound money management.
- Value education for five essential reasons: to learn to read, write and count; to learn to socialise; to learn to communicate in public; to gain a vocational skill; and to acquire financial literacy.
- Cultivate patience.
- Honour the Ten Commandments, especially the command to honour your father and mother.
- Live positively.



- Love your wife with tangible devotion, hold her hand, sit with her, walk with her, and never leave her behind.
- Stay physically fit.
- Take timekeeping seriously.

These were not merely words he spoke. They were the pattern of his own life disciplined, generous, grounded in faith, and oriented toward the well-being of others.

Dr. Asiimwe leaves us a legacy of integrity, practical wisdom, and quiet faithfulness. He showed us that a life lived in dependence on God, marked by hard work, guided by wisdom, sustained by mutual support, and expressed through love and respect, is a life that continues to bear fruit long after it has ended.

To his family, we offer our deepest sympathy and our shared gratitude for the gift of his example.

To all of us who learned from him, may we continue to walk in the principles he taught with humility, diligence, wisdom, support for one another, and a commitment to live well.

Rest in peace, Dr. Steven Asiimwe.

Your work remains. Your wisdom endures. Your example still speaks.

Pison Kukundakwe.

Home Builders Fellowsip,

Mbarara



The Light He Gave Us Remains

A Farewell to My Dear
Friend and Brother,
Dr. Stephen

There are some losses for which words simply cannot capture the pain.

Today, my family and I mourn the loss of a dear friend, colleague, and brother, Dr. Stephen.

Stephen was an amiable gentleman—warm, generous, adventurous, and always a joy to be around. His office at Massachu-

setts General Hospital's Global Health Research Office was just two floors above mine, and it was always a pleasure to see him. What began as a professional friendship became something much deeper. Stephen became family.

He would often visit me and my family, sometimes with Maureen. Our children loved listening to their stories about Uganda—the people, the places, the culture, and the adventures. Stephen's love for Uganda was contagious. My eldest daughter, Kaitlyn, was especially excited about accepting Uncle Stephen's

invitation to spend part of her medical-school global-health experience in Western Uganda.

I never imagined that those plans would become memories before they ever happened.

And perhaps the most painful realization for me is that I will never again make that airport ride to pick up one of the greatest friends and brothers I have ever known.

Just before his journey, we exchanged messages on our "Asimwe-Mutyabule" family chat, talking about his 24th wedding anniversary, exchanging pleas-

antries, and expressing the hope that we would celebrate together.

We did not know those ordinary messages were becoming our last.

We did not know Stephen was saying goodbye.

If I had known, I would have told him how much his friendship meant to me, how much my family loved him, and how grateful I was that our paths had crossed.

Stephen lived with a spirit of exploration and adventure. Tragically, it feels as though his candle has dimmed while pursuing that very passion.

But although his candle has gone out, the light he gave us remains.

It remains in Maureen and his family. It remains in his colleagues and friends. It remains in my family, and especially in Kaitlyn, who will always remember an Uncle Stephen who encouraged her to explore, to learn, and to experience the world.

To Maureen and the entire family, our hearts are with you. We pray that God gives you strength, comfort, and peace during this unimaginable time.

Stephen, my dear friend and brother, your journey ended far too soon.

I will miss your visits.

I will miss your stories.

I will miss your laughter.

And I will deeply miss that airport ride that I thought we would have again.

Rest peacefully, Stephen

Your candle may have dimmed, but your light will remain in all of us who had the privilege of knowing and loving you.

May your soul rest in eternal peace-

Dr. Richard Mutyabule, Dr. Evelyn Mutyabule, Kaitlyn, Zoe and Matthew Mutyabule, Boston USA



A Tribute to My **Brother** and **Friend, Dr. Stephen Asiimwe**

I first met Stephen in 2010, when he had just joined the University of Georgia as a PhD student. What started as a friendship gradually grew into a close brotherly relationship that connected not just the two of us, but our families as well.

At the time, Stephen had three boys and I had three girls. Over the years, our children grew up knowing each other, and our families became increasingly close. Stephen even entrusted me with one of his sons, whom I had the privilege of co-parenting in the United States up to date! That experience made

our bond even more special.

Stephen was not just a family friend. He was my brother, mentor, and a source of inspiration through many journeys in life. I will always be grateful for his friendship, his wisdom, and the many memories we shared.

To Maureen, the boys; Emmanuel, Jonathan, Timothy and the girl Krystal, my heart goes out to you. I extend my deepest condolences to the entire family. We have lost a dear brother and friend, but his love, friendship, and legacy will remain part of our families forever.

Rest well, my brother Stephen. You will be deeply missed and forever remembered. Stephen was not just a family friend. I will always be grateful for his friendship, his wisdom, and the many memories we shared.

To Maureen, the boys, and the girls, my heart goes out to you. I extend my deepest condolences to the entire family. We have lost a dear brother and friend, but his love, friendship, and legacy will remain part of our families forever.

Rest well, my brother Stephen. You will be deeply missed and forever remembered.

*Dr Robert Kakaire ,
Watkinsville Georgia.*

A Glorious Light Has Ebbed Out

So swift and tragic a glorious light has ebbed out. Unbelievable!! Soul and nerve wrecking! An indescribable ache of immeasurable proportion weighs so heavily on us getting to terms with the loss of our beloved friend.

Yes Stephen was not only a friend but a brother to us and an uncle to our children. He was a person of

high intent in all he did. He looked out to us. He fondly always come to our home with gifts - "emishenga". You were so special.

He was a professional who has left an indelible mark in the annals of the medical professional. Gone too early, at his prime in his service to the country, family, the great circle of friends and the church, he will be missed.

To Maureen, Emmanuel, Jonathan, Timothy and Christabel, Maama Ruth and the greater Sande family, we pray you find

strength in the love you had for him. Be comforted that his love and memory of him, shall never pass away. God shall abide with you. In humble submission to God's will for Uncle Stephen's life, we pray that God Almighty comforts you. We share in the deep sadness regarding his passing.

May God the Almighty who never changes abide with us all and grant our beloved Uncle Stephen eternal repose.

*Aaron and Matilda
Kashamba*

Open, Unafraid, and Wise

I first met Stephen in 2008 when my wife Prim and I had just moved to Mbarara. They were staying in Ruharo and we attended a Home Builders fellowship in their home. They were still newlyweds then. We admired their home, but what struck me most was his honesty — he was open and unafraid to share his struggles. He taught us not to pretend.

He was then working with KCRC in Kabwohe, before he left for further studies in the US with his family.

Years later upon his return, he joined the Global Health Collaborative at MUST as Program Director, where I served as Administrator under him. Working under him was a season of great growth. He challenged me professionally and encouraged me to enroll for an accredited course in Research Management and Regulation, at a time when I was strongly considering joining full-time ministry. He would tell me, “Ezra, you need to position yourself in the world of research.”

Our children have schooled together. I remember one day at Ntare School, when I was struggling to carry a metallic

case for my son, he pulled me aside and said, “Ezra, have you given him pocket money? Never do everything for your son. When will he grow?” That wisdom stays with me to this day.

Stephen blessed us many times, not once, not twice, bringing us emiyembe.

He also invited us to Omusheshe when it was just starting.

I will always thank God for the gift of his life and friendship to our family.

May the good Lord grant eternal peace to Stephen.

Rev Ezra Turinawe. GHC Family.

From Mentee to Dear Friend

It is with a heavy heart that I write this tribute to Dr. Steven Asimwe, a former mentee whose life was tragically cut short.

I first met Steven in 2009, when he joined the PhD program in Epidemiology at the University of Georgia, where I was a Professor of Epidemiology. I had the privilege of serving as his second mentor and watching him grow as a scholar, researcher, professional, husband, and father.

Steven was a jolly, driven, and brilliant man. He had a

wonderful sense of humor and a personality that made it easy to connect with him. Behind his laughter and easygoing nature was a deeply serious and ambitious scholar. He was clearly an academic in the making—curious, intellectually gifted, hardworking, and determined to make a difference through his work.

But Steven was much more than an accomplished scholar. He was a man who deeply loved his family. He was devoted to his children, whom he loved so much, and he was a loving and model husband to his beautiful wife, Maureen. His love for

his family was evident and was an important part of who he was.

What I remember most about Steven was the combination of his brilliance and his big, kind heart. He could engage thoughtfully with complex academic questions, yet never lost his warmth, humility, or sense of humor. He had a remarkable sense of humanity and treated people with kindness and respect.

Our relationship did not end when he completed his doctoral studies. We maintained close contact over the years, and Steven would visit us almost every year. What began as a

mentor-mentee relationship grew into something much more meaningful. Steven became a dear friend, and I came to know and cherish him not only as a scholar I had mentored, but as a valued member of our extended family and someone whose presence brought great joy to our lives.

The professors and colleagues at the University of Georgia College of Public Health, particularly in the Department of Epidemiology and Biostatistics, and the Ugandan community in Athens, Georgia will always remember Steven for his brilliance as a student, his sense of humor, his humility, and his genuine love for everyone around him. He was the kind of person whose presence brought people together and whose absence will be deeply felt.

As a mentor, one of the greatest joys is watching a young scholar develop, gain confidence, and begin to find their own voice. Ste-

ven was on that journey. He had so much potential and so much more to contribute to epidemiology, academia, and the communities he cared about. It is heartbreaking to think that his journey was cut short.

I am especially saddened for Maureen and their children. They have lost a husband and father who loved them deeply. Those of us who knew Steven can only hope that, in the years ahead, they will find comfort in knowing how much he was loved, respected, and admired by those whose lives he touched.

I am grateful that our paths crossed in 2009 and that I had the opportunity to be part of Steven's academic journey. It was an honor to be his mentor, but even more meaningful that, over the years, Steven became a deeply dear friend. I will always remember him with great affection, gratitude, and pride.

My deepest condolences go to Maureen, their children, Steven's extended family, friends, colleagues, students, and all those who loved him.

Rest in peace, Dr. Steven Asiimwe. You were a brilliant scholar, a loving husband, a devoted father, and a genuinely good man. Your life was far too short, but the love you gave, the people you touched, and the legacy you leave behind will endure.

Dr. James Oloya, DVM, MSc, PhD

Senior Epidemiologist & Section Manager

Surveillance and Evaluation Section

Office of Safe and Healthy Communities

Division of Prevention and Community Health

Washington State Department of Health

And Former Professor of Epidemiology, University of Georgia

You've Made Every Day Count

Dr Steven, thank you for embracing us as Maureen's close friends/sisters, and being intentional about our relationship over the years.

I will remember your wholehearted devotion

to your family, and your protective love for Maureen and the children.

I will remember the lessons woven through your simplicity and reflective depth, your candour and the meaningful conversations that

compelled us to look beyond the obvious and embrace life with curiosity and purpose.

You've made every day count...now you rest in heavenly peace.

Christabel Rutabingwa, Rwanda

Until We Meet Again, Stephen

Until We Meet Again Stephen

“For here we do not have an enduring city, but we are looking for the city that is to come.”

Hebrews 13:14

Our dear friend Stephen, you were jolly, warm, and kind.

Your joyful heart and beautiful smile were infectious.

You were a friend who never failed to reach out, no matter the distance or passage of time. You genuinely cared for us and labored to stay in touch and check in, over the years.

We will always remember this about you.

We fondly remember the Ankole coffee from your home Sheema, that you mailed to us on one of your visits to the US. And hosting us in your home in Mbarara a few years ago.

Our hearts are grieved, we are at a loss for words. Yet we know that you are now with your Lord and God in your eternal home.

Maureen and the children we extend our deepest condolences. May our God and Father comfort, strengthen and sustain you today and always. You remain in our hearts and

prayers.

Rest peacefully, Stephen.

Through Christ, we hold firmly to the promise that one day we shall meet again

In our eternal home,

Where there will be no more separation,

No more tears, and no more death.

Until that glorious day, dear friend,

Rest in the everlasting arms of God.

Farewell for now, Stephen.

Until we meet again.

*John and Yvonne Lubia
(Indiana, USA)*

A Life of Strength, Character, & Hope

The sudden passing of Dr. Stephen Asiimwe is a deeply painful loss to his beloved wife Maureen, the children, the Sandes and Mpairwe families, friends, colleagues, and all of us who knew him.

He was an accomplished medical doctor, highly educated, gifted in many ways, and a man of great strength and character.

Beyond his professional achievements, he was helpful, generous, dependable, and deeply devoted to his family. His life touched many, and his absence leaves a profound void.

To Maureen and the children, and to the entire Sande and Mpairwe families, we pray that you will find strength in the unfailing arms of God. The Scriptures remind us: “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble” (Psalm 46:1).

May God’s presence sustain you when words fail us and when the grief feels overwhelming.

We are reminded that we grieve, but not as those who have no hope (1 Thessalonians 4:13). Our hope is in Christ, who declared: “I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believes in me, though

he were dead, yet shall he live” (John 11:25).

May the Lord comfort Maureen, the children, and the entire family; give them grace for each day; and surround them with His peace that surpasses all understanding (Philippians 4:7).

Stephen’s earthly journey has ended, but the love he poured out, the lives he touched, and the memories he created remain. May we learn from them and emulate them.

May Stephen rest in peace with the Lord”.

*Forever in our hearts; Dr.
Enoch Bigirwa & Family*

A Fire to Honor You

Steven wasn't just a brother-in-law he was my friend, very adventurous and very health minded especially when it came to me..he very invested in seeing that I lose weight.... And be the healthiest version of

myself, we have been on that journey ever since and now more than ever I will keep that fire burning and be healthy for me but also to honor the one person that really cared about my health not only physically but also mentally

Rest well dear friend you lived your life to the fullest I plan to do the same especially go on a hike..

Miss you forever

Carol Bashie

Forever Loved and Deeply Missed

Rest in peace Uncle Stephen It's hard to put into words how much you meant to our family and the people around you. You were always so caring and had a way of making the people around you feel loved. You'll be deeply missed and forever loved. May you rest peacefully.

Tacey Kyasuba Kakaire

A Grip of Love and Laughter

I'm sad about losing uncle Steven. He was great uncle to me Jonathan and Johana. He used to make us laugh hard when-

ever he came to visit us. We always had good time with him. I'll miss the handshakes he used to give to Jonathan and i. Where he would squeeze our hands hard and we would try to squeeze back or break from his grip. I wish I had

gotten to see him the few times he came to America to visit, it would have been nice to see him again. May he rest peacefully in heaven with our lord.

Josiah Okello writing from Georgia USA

Tribute to my brother Dr. Stephen Asiimwe

A brilliant doctor, researcher, mentor, adventurer, and family man.

As I write this tribute, tears are flowing freely down my cheeks.

Dr. Stephen Asiimwe was not just my elder brother;

he was my true friend. Ever since we established our homes and raised our families side-by-side here in Mbarara starting back in 2007, our bond grew beyond brotherhood. Knowing he was my big brother, I always naturally let him take the lead—and what a leader he was. We shared so much of our lives together.

To the world, he was a distinguished physician, an epidemiologist, and a respected mentor who

gave so much to health and science. But to us, he was simply "Doctor"—a man who prioritized family above everything else. If Dr. Stephen ever had to choose between a long-planned, high-profile community event and a simple birthday party for a family member, you never had to guess where he would be. Family was his absolute first priority.

He had an extraordinary spirit—a deep love for adventure, for nature, and

for capturing the beauty of the world. Stephen saw magic in the everyday. He would pause to photograph anything: a single flower, a forest trail, a sweeping valley, a majestic mountain, or a quiet sunset. He knew how to slow down and truly look.

Stephen loved my children deeply. He didn't just visit; he would come over, pick them up, and take them out for weekend getaways and camping trips, creating memories they will treasure forever.

He was my mentor, my father figure, my most honest critic, and my biggest cheerleader. Stephen challenged me constantly to live life, not just to survive. He used to tell me, "Africans don't know how to live life—they only care about work, work,

work!" Of course, Stephen himself was an incredibly hardworking man, but he insisted on the vital importance of taking time off. He taught us to step back, explore nature, reflect, and drink in every drop of this short human existence.

He truly lived what he preached. He embraced adventure right to the end. Recently, he acquired a big bike, and I had the incredible privilege of riding with him and his son, Timothy. The three of us rode together for over 100 kilometers across the countryside. That was my very first ride with him—and tragically, my last. As we rode, I remember thinking to myself, "Maybe I should get a bike, too..."

My heart is painfully heavy today, but in the midst of this sorrow, I find peace

knowing that Dr. Stephen passed away doing what he loved, surrounded by adventure, and in a happy mood.

I have lost a brother, a mentor, and a true friend. But I hold tightly to the faith that this earthly life is not the end. There is eternal life ahead, and I know without a doubt that I will meet him again.

Until that day comes, I make a promise to you, my brother: I promise to live life. You taught us that life is not measured purely by how long we live, but by how deeply and impactfully we touch our families, our friends, and the world around us.

Rest in peace, my brother.

We will never forget you, Dr. Stephen Asiimwe.

Sandibiri Peter, Brother.

A Bastion of Wisdom and Guidance

We are deeply saddened to learn that you are no longer with us. Thinking back on our days together in Georgia, I am endless-

ly grateful for how you mentored me through grad school. You were a true bastion of wisdom—possessing a brilliantly sharp mind that challenged me to think deeper and grow. I always admired the profound love you had for your family, and you will be dearly missed.

To Maureen and the kids—you are in our thoughts and prayers. May the Almighty flood your hearts with comfort and peace during this season. Isaiah 26:3

Dr. Allan Kizza

Snellville, Georgia, USA

A Legacy of Faith, Mentorship, and Family

It is still hard to comprehend that you are gone so suddenly, but the legacy you leave behind is vast and deeply felt. When we first arrived in the USA, you were the one who welcomed us with open arms, guiding us and helping our family settle into a completely new life.

Beyond your immense kindness, it was a profound honor to minister alongside you in the

church, where your faith and devotion were always on display. You lived your life as a true role model—a deeply loving father and a devoted husband whose family was always your greatest pride. I will always cherish the privilege of watching your boys during the summer, witnessing firsthand the incredible, respectful young men you and your wife raised.

Professionally, your relentless work ethic and passion for research, especially your dedication to vulnerable populations, sparked a fire within me. You enhanced my own passion for research—a passion that I still hold

incredibly dear to this day. Thank you for being a mentor, a brother in Christ, and a foundational part of our journey. You left us too soon, but your impact will live on in our hearts and our work forever. Rest in peace.

To Maureen, Emma, Jonathan, Timothy, and Krystal—we love you, and please remember we are here for you anytime, whether here in the USA or when we visit Uganda.”

May the Lord uphold you all in His righteous right hand. Isaiah 41:10

*Dr. Florence Kizza
Snellville, Georgia, USA*

More Than Our Parents' Best Man

IN LOVING MEMORY OF UNCLE STEVEN...
Although we did not

get to meet very often the times we spent with him are memories we will always hold close. I remember when we had a sleep over at his house and we were welcomed warmly and we had the best night of our lives. I

wish we had more time but we are grateful for the moments we had. Uncle Steven you will always be remembered as our parent's best man but our UNCLE. MAY YOU REST IN PEACE

Atwiine Ahumuza

A High Bar, A Brother's Inspiration

Dr. Asimwe is the 2nd born in the Wilson Sande family while I am 6th. Being 8 years my senior, I have had the privilege of benefiting from his brotherly/fatherly mentorship. This wasn't unique to me, it was his passion to see others grow and thrive in life.

Having lost our father in 1993 when I was just 9 years old and studying in Primary 4, having much older brothers in Samuel Mugarura & Stephen Asimwe was quite reassuring. I had very good and immediate examples to look up to. At that tender age, I had barely just started to know my father and he passed away.

Stephen set an example of hard work, smartness, being organized, being God fearing and deeply loving of people and supportive of our mother (Mrs. Ruth Sande). I vividly

remember a luncheon our mother organized in 1994 in honor of Stephen just before he went to start his undergraduate studies in Medicine at Makerere University. I figured out that if my brother could make it, I could as well excel and make my future life worthwhile.

Apart from our mother, it was Stephen Asiimwe, Samuel Mugarura & Michael Kansiime (RIP) who occasionally visited and encouraged my brother Sandibiri Peter and I while undertaking our secondary school studies at Ntare School (1996 – 2002). While still in secondary school, I clearly recall once in a while visiting Stephen in his room at University Hall at Makerere University. These were moments of profound inspiration – if he could make it, I could make it.

In 2002, Stephen brought a wedding celebration to our home in Kitojo. I recall that my other brother (Sandibiri Peter) & were so overjoyed that we couldn't help but burst out in dance when the DJ played a certain track at the wedding reception. I was in Senior 6. What an inspiration.

Being the 6th born, I was under pressure to excel in my studies and also go to university on government sponsorship just like my 5 elder siblings. I also desired to relieve part of the financial pressures on our widowed mother. By God's grace & hard work, I too made it to university on government sponsorship.

But Stephen kept setting the bar too high. I learnt from his example that getting married in Church was the right thing to do, in honor of God, your parents, your spouse and oneself. I too married in a church wedding in 2010. At the time, Stephen was pursuing Masters studies in the USA. He requested me to adjust the date of my wedding so he & family could be a part of the celebration, we did. I will never forget the lunch-time counselling session Stephen and his dear wife Maureen took my fiancé Alexandra and I days before the wedding. It was at Piato Restaurant in Kampala. My wife and I still refer to the invaluable advice they gave us:

1. Honor God with your marriage
2. Love each other deeply and commit to one another no matter what
3. Belong to a God honoring marriage support group such as a marrieds fellowship
4. When married, family comes first. Always put your family first in any decisions you are to make

Soon after my wedding, Stephen challenged me to go back to school. In his own words, "Albert, you may not be in Kampala for long. Make use of every opportunity you have in the City." I took on the challenge and enrolled for a Master of Business Administration course in Makerere University in 2011. I attribute this qualification to Dr. Stephen's inspiration. Without his inspiration, I don't think I would have ever pursued it.

When Stephen and his family returned to Uganda, he frequently made travels to Kampala and my family was privileged to host him and his family every so often. The late night chats, the meals, the photography and his deep presence were very meaningful to me, to my wife and to our children. He always travelled to Kampala with his pick-up truck loaded with food stuffs; Matooke, Cassava, Mangoes to mention but a few. Being that my home is located in Kireka-Bbira, near Busega, I was always privileged to receive the first and lions share. When we travelled to Kitojo, Sheema for Christmas, he always challenged "the Kampala people to always return with manufactured goods" since he from upcountry would bring us farm produce.

There is so much I could write about my brother Stephen, but time and space fail me.

I feel privileged to have you for a brother; a very responsible, loving, hardworking, caring and inspirational brother. Proverbs 10:7 says “The memory of the righteous is a blessing....”, I will always be blessed to recall who you have been to me, to our family, to our nation and to our genera-

tion. Rest well in Christ Jesus and with the angels and the saints. Say hello to dad and all our loved ones that are long gone.

Your brother,

Albert Mucunguzi

Dr. Steven Asiimwe – My Brother and Friend

Some people come into our lives as friends; others become brothers without ever being bound to us by blood. Steven was that brother to me.

He was older than me, and in many ways I found myself walking in his footsteps. I admired his character, his attitude towards life, his love for his family and, above all, his deep love for Christ. My father often spoke of Steven’s father and the close friendship they shared. So, long before Steven and I

became friends, our families were already connected. When we eventually became close, we discovered that our fathers had been close friends. It felt as though their friendship had quietly passed something on to us.

Although Steven was older, he never made the distance between our ages feel important. Somehow, we became brothers and equals. He listened to my dreams, and I admired the dreams he carried for himself and his family. Steven was intentional about friendship; when he gave you his friendship, he gave it wholeheartedly. His love for his family was unquestionable, and he believed deeply that God had a purpose for them. He saw

himself as a candle of destiny a light called to guide and illuminate the lives of those he loved.

His sudden death in a motorcycle accident leaves a silence that words cannot fill. But I choose to remember Steven not by how he left us, but by how he lived: with faith, purpose, love and friendship.

Steven, I walked in your footsteps, but somewhere along the way, you became my brother. Your journey on earth has ended, but the light you carried remains in all of us who knew and loved you.

Rest in the peace of Christ, my brother and friend. Until we meet again

*Kenneth Nyehoora
Mugumya*



A Rare Gem and a Holy Jealousy

We are profoundly honored and deeply proud to be associated with the family of our beloved Dr. Asimwe.

On the 23rd of July 2026, our neighbor warmly invited us to attend a weekly Thursday evening fellowship. Having been married for approximately ten months at the time, we had been actively searching for a Christ centered, godly community to join and grow with spiritually. That evening, we found one, and instantly felt that we belonged. We belonged because of the incredible warmth, grace, and open arms with which Doctor and his wife welcomed us into their fold. They shared with us how they had been an integral part of the Home Builders Community for over 20 years, speaking passionately about how much they loved and appreciated how the fellowship had flourished over two decades.

We vividly remember returning home after that very first fellowship, unable to stop talking about Doctor and his wife and the beautiful, inspiring bond they shared. Right after that gathering, Doctor had personally approached us, welcomed us to the group, and encouraged us to make fellowship a regular habit. Showing a level of genuine care that was typical of his compassionate nature, he also inquired about an issue with Timothy's voice and promised to recommend to a consultant specialist. That thoughtful gesture marked the true beginning of our journey with the Home Builders Community.

Although we have only known Doctor for approximately two months, having shared in four fellowships together, his presence left an indelible impression on our hearts. We remember so clearly most of what he shared. When he spoke, everyone listened, he simply had that extraordinary presence about him. Looking at him, we couldn't even guess his age; he was fit,

so full of vibrant life, so deeply filled with knowledge, spiritual depth, and wisdom.

We recall one particular fellowship hosted by the Musiime family. Doctor didn't speak much during the main discussion topic of the day, but as was his custom, he gave the closing remarks. He spoke gently about how mobile phones were distracting us from true spiritual connection, stepping out continuously during fellowship to answer calls. It was a habit we were personally guilty of, but for some reason, that day his message registered deeply in our hearts. Perhaps it was the sincere and compelling way he explained it. From that day onwards, we stopped carrying our phones to fellowship. For those two or so hours, it was just us, God, and the meaningful conversations going on. Though our minds feel jumbled with grief right now, we know that whenever we truly focus, all his timeless lessons and messages come flooding back to us.

Doctor was truly a jolly, joyful man. He was everything that "love thy neighbor" represents. He was the embodiment of true community, overflowing generosity, and the love of Christ and the Church. He was a genuine, upright man.

Mr. Musiime mentioned how deeply heartbreaking it is that we only got to experience Doctor for such a short time, and that is precisely why it is so hard to believe he is gone. It genuinely felt like we were just at the beginning of a long, shared journey, a journey of learning from him, walking with him, and breaking bread together.

We deeply admired how much he loved his wife and his family. We cannot even begin to comprehend the immense pain they are feeling right now. While we have lost a cherished friend and mentor, they have lost a father, a husband, a son, and a brother. If he had such a profound impact on us in just two short months, we can only imagine what he meant to those who were privileged to share most of his life with him.

All we know and can say is that Dr. Asiimwe was a family man first and foremost. He loved God deeply and faithfully; he was a top-notch professional, a dedicated husband, a loving father, a devoted son, a caring brother, a respected colleague, a loyal friend and an inspiring mentor. He will be dearly and irreplaceably missed by the multitudes whose lives he touched.

We have truly lost a rare gem. We feel a holy jealousy toward the heavens that are about to have him for eternity.

MAY YOUR SOUL REST IN ETERNAL PEACE, DR. ASIIMWE

Nahabwe Timothy & Beinomugisha Winnie

Home Builders Community

Tribute to Uncle Asiimwe

Always Loving You, Uncle, you have rested, rest in the LORD. You have lived your life with us. You have done it all for us in

thick and thin, childhood to adulthood, and you have rested. Memories recorded keep talking, but we shall let you rest in the LORD.

Always loving you, always praying for your eternal rest.

@your loving Viola and Hilda.

Thirty-Two Years of Genius, Joy, and Genuine Friendship

Thirty-two years ago, our paths crossed at Makerere Medical School with a tall, confident, and smiling young boy from Ntare School. Moving in a tight circle with friends like Brian Kamugisha and Wilberforce Owembabazi, Stephen carried himself with an unmistakable presence. Once some of us managed to infiltrate that circle, we never looked back.

Stephen was a gregarious soul whose social battery was always full. He was also a medical genius,

capable of explaining complex topics so simply that anyone could understand. He single-handedly made our passage through medical school a piece of cake. He was sharp, hilarious, and fiercely honest—always calling a spade a spade.

Above all, Stephen was the epitome of a family man. Alongside his wife Maureen, he was completely hands-on in raising Emma, Jonathan, Timothy, and Crystal. Whether they were camping, hiking, or road-tripping in his famous Toyota Hilux and camper trailer, he always made sure his family—and his Mum—were right there with him.

He lived life out loud. He inspired and mentored us to run, hike, and stay fit, jokingly warning us that

trying to keep up with his escapades would make us “dizzy.” He was the life of our medical school group chat, breaking the silence with updates on his Tanga trip or introducing us to “frggie,” his beloved bike. Even the day before he passed, he was online, keeping us close.

Stephen was a man of many talents, from medicine to transforming garden calabashes into art for Omusheshe Eco Park. He had a rare gift for being everywhere at once.

We are privileged to have shared thirty-two years with him. We have lost a part of ourselves, and we feel his absence deeply.

Stephen, thank you for allowing us to do life with you.

Dr Faridah Sekalala.

A Tribute to Dr. Steven Asiimwe

A Vision of Love, Warmth, and Family

My wife and I are devastated by the loss of our mentor, Dr. Steven Asiimwe

He lived life simply and daringly, yet what stood out most was the deep care he showed for his family. Though we

only knew him for a few months, it felt as though we had known him forever.

I once shared with my wife how much we should strive not merely for financial success, but to build a family filled with the same love, warmth, care that the Asiimwes so beautifully embodied, even in their

later years.

The Lord gave us Dr. Asiimwe, and now He has taken him home.

Thank you for the lasting impact you left on our lives.

With deep gratitude,

Mr. & Mrs. Ainebyoona Derrick

Home builders fellowship

SOUNDS OF GOODBYE - DR. STEVEN ASIIMWE

Iwish I had never known you, because it's hard to come terms with the reality of your departure, what began as a simple working relationship at GHC unexpectedly grew into a deep bond of love, friendship and trust.

Attending our wedding in style where you presented a small wishes card with words

“ May your hearts continue to find joy, friendship & laughter in your days & years together “

together with a note of USD 100 inside. That gesture expressed the true depth of your love.

Your love without limits made every one that got lucky to ride with you on this journey of life feel loved in equal measure. Life is indeed a mystery & the price we pay for love is grief. I will forever be grateful for the love; guidance you exerted onto me & will carry them with me always.

You did what loved most, believed in it & impacted society that remembers you today in the shortest distance, time & space. But the impact leaves the fruits of your love with us at the same time your departure wounds within. We have to release you onward to your next life. But as

you ride on it may you find peace beyond what you shared with us on earth.

As dark night sweeps down, our hopes remain that you made everything real, beautiful in its time. May the world remember your name even when the dust from your bones is long gone.

Goodbye my friend Dr. Steven Asiimwe.

May you find peace as you ride beyond this life &

may you meet mercy on the gates of heaven



A Safe Space, A Purpose- Driven Life

Reflecting on the journey of life with Stephen from our campus days to date gives me the fulfillment of a life well lived- a purpose driven life demonstrated in all his escapades. I found him a well- meaning man, exuding a warm welcome any time, any day; looking

out to genuinely support one when he was able to; and even if he were not able, he still went the extra mile and connected you to the one that could help you to succeed- never holding back!

In Stephen 's company I enjoyed a safe space of a simple yet highly accomplished man. Perhaps the most memorable is his love for nature including mountain climbing, nature walks, and am glad

it birthed the Omusheshe Ech Farm whose nature walk I immensely enjoyed for it is uplifting and heart-warming. I will miss his genuine love, humor and hospitality.

Indeed, Stephen lived a full life- loved is family and friends, the community, the bike rides, health runs, playing golf, hosting and visiting people. He lived and loved! I will cherish his legacy forever!

Jenny Etit Okaka.



Tribute to Dr. Asiimwe Stephen

My brother, I knew that as long as I was alive, you too would be alive with me until I was rudely shocked to learn that I had no control over that. It was God's secret not mine and it was wrong for me to attribute immortality to you. Now I understand better with regret that I should have maximized the precious opportunity of life together with you. Even in death, you will always remain my brother. Grateful to God for creating you as I knew you. You were accessible, I counted on you for help when I needed it, you were present with me when it mattered, your thoughtfulness and generosity demonstrated that I was important to you.

While you were my younger brother, you took turns to be my older brother. You led and I followed later, being first to marry, own a car, land, build a house to mention a few. Your brevity in decision making and taking responsibility for those decisions was an inspiration and good example to me. I thoughtfully chose you as Bestman at my wedding because I many ways I knew I would depend you, learn from you and benefit from your life example. Thank you for the good advice, emotional and physical support I benefited from you. Our inherent differences in character and personality were points for mutual respect rather than a barrier to our bond as brothers. I will remember you for loving to live and enjoying the beauty of life. You were brilliant, a high achiever and at the same time, embraced the simplicity of life, humble, disciplined, focused in life, and visionary. You uniquely impacted people with your wisdom, honest in speech and actions, and desired that others would be uplifted up in their quality of life. You gave yourself and time to your family and prioritized them.

You demonstrated your faith in God through your commitment to the fellowship of believers. It's difficult to summarize a lifetime of relationship with you in text that is deleted back and forth, but importantly, nothing will ever delete what is written in my heart because of what you were to me.

May God grant you the gift of eternal restful peace until the day of the resurrection when we shall meet again in eternity, where the sting of death will never separate us.

1 Thessalonians 4:14. For we believe that Jesus died and rose again, and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those have fallen asleep in him.

Sam Mugarura

A Tribute to Uncle Dr. Asiimwe

It's one thing to leave, knowing well that you shall return sooner or later. It is quite another to know that you have left, never to return.

Uncle Doctor, you were not just my husband's brother; you were a parent, a friend, and a guiding light. You and your dear wife Maureen welcomed us, my husband and I into marriage and chose to show us the way. You led by example. You made marriage seem like a hot cake that everyone should have a taste of, even when, at times, it tasted more like bitter lemon.

How can I ever forget that you paid our honeymoon bill? How can I forget how you stood by us in the hospital as we welcomed one of our sons, your godchild? And what about those difficult moments, those trying times, and the countless other memories that can only remain locked away in the deepest chambers of our hearts? You were there. You stood with us. You pulled us

out of pits we might never have climbed out of on our own.

And then, the cheerleader that you were! You constantly encouraged us never to give up and celebrated even our smallest victories. So humble were you that I still remember how you enthusiastically picked up a brush and joined us in scrubbing our house as we prepared to move. You did not merely supervise; you got involved, ensuring that the house was left spotlessly clean. What a rare soul!

When we were hungry, you fed us. When we were happy, you rejoiced with us. When we struggled, you stood with us. You made life seem so simple, so beautiful, and so livable.

Yet, you were no ordinary man. You spoke with greatness, and every word you uttered carried weight. Your words were rich with wisdom, insight, and counsel. You had a way of making one see beyond the present and believe in the possibilities that lay ahead.

Through your ventures, you opened our eyes to the world, its splendour, and its beauty. Through you, we came to appreciate just how beautiful this world can be.

You never settled for less. Complacency was never your thing. You pursued everything you did with passion, zeal, and determination. You were a man who believed in doing things well, and you inspired those around you to strive for more.

Indeed, you were a letter written to us by God Almighty, reminding us of what it means to live a life of purpose, generosity, and impact. Your life was a testimony, and your love was a gift we shall forever cherish.

But wait, Uncle Doctor, could there have been moments when you, too, needed

us? Were there times when you longed for someone to tell you, "I am sorry," or simply reassure you that all would be well? Did you ever need someone to pat you on the back, encourage you, and remind you that you, too, could make it? Were there moments when you silently hoped someone would show up, but no one did?

Forgive us for the times we may have taken you for granted, assuming that because you were always strong for us, you were strong enough for yourself. Perhaps we forgot that even the strongest shoulders sometimes grow weary, and even those who give the most need to receive love, comfort, and encouragement.

Pardon us, Uncle Doctor, for the moments we may have failed to see your needs because we had grown accustomed to your strength and generosity. We hope you knew how deeply you were loved and how profoundly your life touched ours.

As I reflect on your life, I choose to see you as God's humble servant, a man who, like all of us, needed His grace and favour. For all your greatness, you were still human, dependent on the mercy of the Almighty. And so, with a heart that is both broken by your departure and comforted by faith, I entrust you to the God you served.

I believe that the Lord God, in His infinite mercy, has granted you His promised gift of eternity. I pray that He receives you into His everlasting rest, where pain is no more, tears are wiped away, and peace never ends.

You came, you loved, you gave, you lifted, and you left footprints that time cannot erase.

Rest well Uncle Dr. Stephen.

Olivia Sandibiri



