



M IN LOVING
emory
Dr. Nathan
IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR.
OMELUORA
84 YEARS

IN LOVING MEMORY OF DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA



ORDER *of* CELEBRATION



Musical Interlude

Prayer

A Life of Service

Veteran Flag Folding Ceremony

Loving Husband and Father

-Remembrance from Dr. Ozobia's
Children

Amaka Ozobia

Ibe Nathan Ozobia, Jr.

Nnenna Ozobia

Remembrance from Colleagues

Musical Interlude

"What a Wonderful World,"

Louis Armstrong

Dinner Service

**Open Reflections and
Remembrance from Family
and Friends**

Vocal Performance - Treva Townes

"The Impossible Dream"

Wildflower Remembrance

Conclusion/Thank You

Chioma Ndubuisi & Family

Obituary

"The moment comes when the great nurse, Death, takes a human, the child, by the hand and quietly says, 'It is time to go home. Night is coming. It is your bedtime, child of earth. Come, you're tired, lie down at last in the quiet nursery of nature and sleep. Sleep well. The day is gone. Stars shine in the canopy of eternity.'" — Rabbi Joshua Liebman

With submission to the will of God and gratitude for a well-lived life, **Dr. Nathan Ibezimako Ozobia, Sr. "Omeluora,"** — beloved husband, devoted father, and dedicated physician. Affectionately known as "Dr. O," passed away peacefully in Las Vegas, Nevada, at the age of 84.

"Dr. Ozobia's unwavering commitment to family, friends, and profession left an indelible mark on countless lives, creating a legacy of service that transcends borders." His impact is defined not only by the many lives he touched but also by the wisdom he shared and the high standards he exemplified. He will forever be remembered for his warmth, kindness, and genuine concern for others.

A Life of Dedication and Love

Born and raised in Onitsha, Eastern Nigeria, Dr. Ozobia was part of the inaugural class of Okongwu Memorial Grammar School in Nnewi, Anambra State. It was during these formative years, that he met the love of his life, **Comfort Ozobia (née Jidefo)**—a serendipitous encounter that blossomed into a love story spanning over 54 years of marriage.



*He was a member of the first class of medical students at **Lagos University Teaching Hospital (LUTH)**, part of the University of Lagos in Nigeria and graduated with distinction in anatomy. This pioneering institution played a significant role in advancing healthcare and medical education in Nigeria.*

*During the **Nigeria-Biafran War**, he courageously served as a doctor, providing critical medical care to Biafran soldiers under the most challenging circumstances. After the war, he and his wife married in Enugu, Nigeria, and soon embarked on a journey to Canada, where he pursued further medical studies.*

IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**

A Distinguished Medical Career

Dr. Ozobia's career brought him to the United States, where he trained at The Harvard Surgical Service at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center (BIDMC) in Boston, Massachusetts. Upon completing his surgical residency, Dr. Ozobia joined the United States Air Force as a major in the Air Force Medical Unit. Given a choice of where to serve, his wife fondly recalls that Nellis Air Force Base was an easy family decision for a young couple eager to exchange the frigid Boston winters for a warm West Coast city like Las Vegas.



When his contract tour ended at Nellis, Dr. Ozobia was honorably discharged from the Air Force (serving eight more years in the Reserves) at which time he made a bold and ambitious decision to strike out on his own and open a solo surgical practice in Las Vegas in 1978. He worked at several Las Vegas hospitals before finding a home base at the county hospital, **Southern Nevada Memorial Hospital (now University Medical Center – UMC)**. Thus began what ended up being a more than 45-year association.

At UMC, he served terms as the chief and vice chief of trauma and was affectionately known as "Dr. O" or "Uncle" among colleagues and nurses. The nurses and staff knew him as a staunch patient advocate who "had their back." His ever-present smile and playful sense of humor often greeting people with his signature joke, "Good night!"—no matter the time of day, endeared him to all.

Dr. Ozobia was board-certified in general surgery (first certified in 1977 and recertified twice). He was also a fellow of the International College of Surgeons (FICS) and of the American College of Surgeons. In 1982, Dr. Ozobia was one of only four surgeons in Las Vegas (and one of nine surgeons in the state of Nevada) to earn a FACS designation.



Dr. Ozobia's contributions had a lasting impact on medicine in Nevada and beyond. He conducted a pre-approval study at UMC's Burn Center that led to FDA approval of Integra, a synthetic skin substitute that revolutionized burn care and skin regeneration. Working closely with Dr. Terry Lewis from the early 1980s, he enhanced burn patient care and played a pivotal role in

expanding the burn center from 10 to 18 beds in 2007. The Lions Burn Care Center became the first and only burn center in Nevada to receive verification, and his contributions were honored during its 50th anniversary.

Dr. Ozobia presented at numerous, **global medical conferences** throughout his career. He performed diagnostic and therapeutic ERCPs (endoscopic retrograde cholangiopancreatography) for 34 years and presented papers at various sessions of the World Congress of Endoscopic Surgery and the Society of American Gastrointestinal and Endoscopic Surgeons (SAGES).



He was also known for pioneering the "**Hepatocytic Quadrangle of Ozobia**," an innovative surgical technique for gallbladder extraction during cholecystectomy procedures. The technique has since been copyrighted and highlighted in multiple medical journals. Dr. Christian Chan presented this groundbreaking technique at the **International Federation of Associations of Anatomists in London** in 2019.

When recalling their presentation, Dr. Chan recounted, "I had the pleasure of presenting with Dr. Ozobia at the 2019 meeting of the International Federation of Associations of Anatomists in London. Over the course of his career, Dr. Ozobia's study of anatomy and drive to perfect the safety of gallbladder surgery led him to develop his own novel description of the surgical anatomy of the gallbladder and bile ducts. His approach divided the region between the gallbladder, bile ducts, and liver bed into four quadrants, with differing key structures being present within each of the quadrants. He sought to provide another method to safely identify the important structures during difficult surgeries. We presented his novel approach to fellow surgeons and anatomists at the international conference, which was well received."

In his personal reflection, "**Prelude to the Final Chapter of My Surgical Career**," he wrote: "I enjoyed my practice, and I am still dancing. I am so happy I am going out with a fist bump."

Dr. Ozobia was a part-time, adjunct faculty staff member of the University of Reno, Nevada and University of Nevada School of Medicine in Las Vegas from 1983 to 2020. He officially retired from practice in 2019 but remained an invaluable resource to the medical community, offering consultations and mentorship to medical residents—a role he cherished as one of his greatest professional achievements.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA

A Man of Many Passions

Beyond medicine, Dr. Ozobia found immense joy in farming and gardening, cultivating fruits and vegetables from around the world. He had a deep love for travel and made cherished memories exploring new places with his family.



His adventurous spirit was evident in everything he did, whether enjoying Disneyland rides with childlike joy, fearlessly savoring the spiciest peppers, or losing himself in beautiful music. His eclectic taste in music was a passion that mirrored his open-minded approach to life. His vast collection spans jazz, world music, and contemporary sounds—ranging from traditional to experimental. It reflected his ability to find beauty in all forms of expression.

A Loving Husband, Father, and Friend

His greatest pride and joy were his family. He is survived by his devoted wife of 54 years, Comfort Ozobia (née Jideofo), and his beloved children, Ijeamaka, Ibezimako Jr., and Nnenna—the center of his universe. Throughout his battle with cancer, their unwavering support remained his greatest comfort. And, despite the challenges of his illness, he continued to inspire with his humor, optimism, and resilience — teaching us that even in the toughest times, there is always something to be grateful for.



Dr. Ozobia is also survived by his sister, Ethel Onuma; his brothers, John and Samson Johnson; his sister-in-law, May Jideofo; his brother-in-law, Owelle, Dr. Dan Jideofo, and his wife, Ijeoma; along with numerous relatives and friends who will forever cherish his memory.

His legacy is immeasurable—it lives on in the lives he touched, the principles he upheld, and the example he set. As Omeluora journeys to join our ancestors, we carry forward his light, knowing his wisdom will always guide us. Forever in our hearts, your light will never fade, and your memory will be a blessing.

Dr. O forgave all, for all.

Omeluora, je ije gi nke oma. (Go well on your heavenly journey.)

MY ONCE IN A *Lifetime* COMFORT

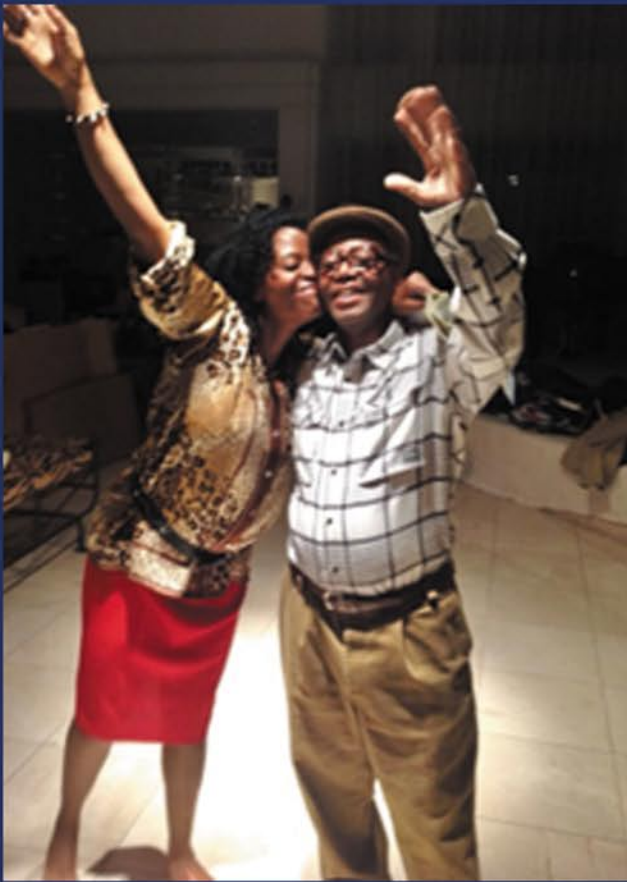


*"Once in a lifetime, to those who are lucky
A miracle happens, you find someone special
Someone to share a history, a whole tapestry
Woven out of love and shared memories."*

POP – My quintessential romantic! It has been the blessing of a lifetime to have found my "Once in a lifetime in you. It is said that a perfect marriage is just two imperfect people who refuse to give up on each other. I thought I would spend the rest of my life with you, but instead I am honored that you spent the rest of your life with me. I have memories in my heart that only I can see. Even though you are physically no longer with us, you are with me always. As the great British poet Emily Dickinson wrote, "Unable are the loved to die, for love is immortality."



For me, because you lived, you will forever resurrect wherever and whenever wildflowers appear in nature, for long before you could afford the price to send fresh cut flowers, you picked and pressed colorful wildflowers into your letters to me as a secondary school student in Nigeria! We have a lifetime of memories that I will feel you in my heart forever. Alas, in order to carry on, I must surrender to God's will and pay heed to the wise words of the great William Shakespeare who wrote: "Do not let your grief be measured by his worth, for then, your sorrow has no end."



MY SHOOTING *Star*

My name is Ijeamaka, which means the journey was good. My parents chose this name to signify that their courageous journey fleeing the horrors of the Biafra civil war culminated in something good. Hope and optimism were some of the great qualities he embodied and were recurring themes throughout his life. Dad was a man of unwavering perseverance and compassion for humankind. He carried his kindness, determination, and humor as both comfort and armor, especially during life's hardships.

My Dad loved shooting stars and sought them out, especially on trips outside city limits. He believed these rare occurrences were signposts from above, God offering divine reassurance during pivotal times in his life. These sightings encouraged him to hold on to the faith and take a leap. One of my childhood memories was his retelling of how he was admitted to medical school. He fatefully read an article in a local newspaper in Ibadan announcing the start of a new medical school in the then capital of Nigeria and asking for applicants to be among the founding class of Medical Students at Lagos University Teaching Hospital or LUTH.

Despite only having one year to finish his pharmacy degree, he took another leap of faith and switched to LUTH, not knowing where his tuition financing would come from. At the time, his father, 78 years old, had minimal finances and could only provide the first semester's fees. Dad had no idea where the rest of his 5-year medical school funding would come from. Yet, he followed his inner compass and began medical school in Nigeria in 1961. As the semester drew to a close, his apprehension grew. A meeting with the dean confirmed Dad would need to pay tuition or withdraw from medical school. His options were exhausted, uncertain if this was the end of his medical education. As if by magic, a sudden flash in the night sky, a shooting star held an auspicious sign -- a nod from above to hold onto faith. Days later, the answer arrived. The Nigerian government decided the founding class at LUTH medical school would be awarded full scholarships.

With his medical education funded and as a member of this inaugural class, he would not have to relinquish his dream. So began his 50-year career in medicine. For Dad, medicine was more than a job, but a vocation. He truly believed in compassionate care, a practice of medicine that seems at odds with today's corporate first approach.

He was a perpetual optimist and never took life's opportunities for granted. This outlook and his sense of humor, which he often used to 'Crazy Ozo sayings', was a formidable armor against the adversities he experienced as a Nigerian immigrant and physician. If we experienced a setback or disappointment, he would say, 'Life is an experiment.' In the laboratory of Life, some things will go well, others may not go as planned, and the key is just to keep experimenting.' There were times Dad endured the ignorance of other, when sadly people let animosity or bigotry erase their humanity. Undeterred, he encouraged us to stay true to our integrity, and in due time, others would 'meet their comeuppance.'

As a trauma surgeon, he was adept at finding ways to compartmentalize stress and the demanding rigors of his career. His sense of humor also appeared in quirky medical terminology, which bewildered some of his colleagues. For example, what do you say when you encounter an object or situation that is beautifully precise, effective, and quietly efficient?

"PHANTASMOGRYPHICALLY AND PHANTASMAGORICALLY NONBORBORYGMIC!!!"

In the precious moments he had to rest, he found solace in music and his love for vintage cinema on the channel Turner Classic Movies. He had eclectic tastes in music and film. His thousand CD collections included artists from Pink Floyd to Stephan Grappelli, from James Brown to Burna Boy. Movies from Star Wars to Sidney Portier's Lilies in the Field to Humphrey Bogart's Casablanca to Questlove's Summer of Soul. He just loved good storytelling, no matter the genre.

Growing up, he would play music on the weekends, especially Sundays. Music from Nigeria would waft through the air, intermingling with the aromas from our traditional meals, Egusi soup, pounded yam, stew, and plantains. He would play the albums of Nigerian artists Rex Lawson, Felá, and South African trumpeter Hugh Masekela. As the music transported him home, the kitchen was a sensory experience, a cacophony of sound for the senses that somehow was comforting for Dad. Music from the stereo and a movie on the television would compete for his attention, all the while he would be reading from the Sunday New York Times. That's how he liked it. Life was how he enjoyed food, sometimes with dessert and dinner together, because according to Dad 'It all went to the same place'. For him, he viewed Life as a gastronomic delight and to be enjoyed to the fullest because 'you never want to cheat happiness, or you will always be searching.'

One of his favorite movies was the 1938 classic film 'You Can't Take It With You'. The overarching message of the movie, that material wealth and possessions are essentially trivial and that one's true happiness and fulfillment come from love, family, and Life's simple pleasures, resonated deeply with him.

Aside from being one of his favorite comedies, he loved the film because it embodied a core value and philosophy of giving generously to others. He gave unselfishly to others both within the Las Vegas community and back home in Nigeria.

He found ways to help encourage those who were discouraged or under-resourced to find the courage to believe in the potential of their own dreams. That was why mentorship was essential him and why he loved sharing his knowledge with the hundreds of residents he joyfully mentored. He said, 'No knowledge is ever wasted and if you can't take it with you, it should be shared generously.'

Dad personified the Japanese term 'Ikigai' or the reason for living a purpose-filled and joyful Life. For him, it was using his divine gifts as a service to others and other living things. A couple of years ago, an unfortunate lizard became trapped in a contraption and was near death trying to free itself. With surgical forceps and tools in hand Dad methodically and with skillful precision, he worked to free the lizard. The lizard lost its tail but excitedly scampered away, a small price to pay to live another day.

During retirement, he found more time to garden and sit in quiet contemplation. He enjoyed watching hummingbirds and butterflies feed on the plants he specifically bought for them. One day, he remarked that he hadn't seen a shooting star in over a decade.

He was wistful, hoping that one more magical appearance was ahead on his horizon. I, too, shared his wish, thinking perhaps the weight of both could create a miracle. He considered it as a sign that he no longer needed signposts from above and that he had fully realized the purpose God had divinely inspired him to pursue. His motto in retirement was, 'I'm retired and not tired, and I am not on Trauma call.' Meaning retirement was not his sunset; there were new sunrises to pursue and other ways to serve beyond the horizon.

Maya Angelou said, "If you're going to live, leave a legacy. Make an impact on the world that can never be erased." My father did just that. Through determination, grit, and serendipity, he applied his medical training as a force for good. His legacy lives on through the countless residents he trained and others including myself, who were inspired to use their gifts in service of the greater good.

The Bible verse 1 John 3:18 says, "Let us not love in word or in speech, but in actions and in truth." While Dad was not very emotive, he showed his love through his actions and integrity. His paired his actions with loving words of wisdom I still apply to this day. His fatherly advice influenced by the unfortunate tragedies he witnessed at UMC's Trauma Center. During my teenage driving lessons he'd say, 'count to three before accelerating after the light turns red, helps evade drivers running the light' or speeding on the city streets is generally a 'hurry to wait' situation.

I remember one night when I was visiting, I was followed turn by turn. As the car inched toward my bumper, Dad's words comforted me, 'Stay calm, and as soon as you can get to a public street, go the opposite way to a busy area and try to lose whoever is pursuing you'. That is what I did, a tense five minutes later, I was on the freeway. While it took me longer to get back home, I felt Dad was there; his words kept me safe. He always found a way to be present, to care for us, even if he could not physically be there.

And now, I stand knowing you are still here. Thank you, Dad, for the man and father you tried your best to be. While this loss is profound, you are no longer suffering. As you faced your third cancer diagnosis, you leaned on the motto that carried you through your first two cancers, "Don't deny the diagnosis; try and defy the prognosis." That's what you did until God called you home.

The hours by your side, and the helplessness of not knowing how to take your pain or suffering away were heartbreaking. In those excruciating moments, I anguished in knowing I could not be the excellent doctor you were for so many. It was an honor to be a passenger on your journey, which even in the end, I was not ready for. We honor you for forging a path that eases the journey ahead for others like me and is part of the ancestral wisdom that continues to shape and guide my Life's course.

Gone from this earthy world yet forever enduring in memory. For now, I will wait to see you in the recesses of my dreams or the heavenly wink of a shooting star amid the night sky.

Until then,

A FULUM GI' NA ANYA. (I LOVE YOU)
IJEOMA (GOOD JOURNEY)



MY *Memories* OF YOU



My dear father, Dr. Nathan I Ozobia Sr., was the kindest soul one could ever meet. He always worried about other people's needs before his own, a rare trait these days. To Dad, our family's needs always came first, and he did everything to make sure we were all okay, especially regarding medical issues.

During the pandemic, he sometimes accompanied us to make sure we were all vaccinated. Dad was a resonance man! He had so many interests he effortlessly excelled in that I once told him that God must have wired his brain differently!

Dad loved one-liners. He had so many, some of which he framed and hung up on his library wall at home. Some quotes include: "Never let them see you sweat" and "Don't sweat the small stuff," among other one-liners from his favorite movie dialogues. He was an avid sports fan. He loved tennis and used to play with me when I was younger. Above all else, Dad loved soccer with a passion. We have full shelves at home that house his tape recordings of numerous World Cup soccer games he recorded over the ages. Once, when the famous soccer star Pele came to Las Vegas, Dad was on trauma call at the hospital, so he enlisted my older sister to stand in line for hours on his behalf in order to have his picture of Pele signed. That picture became one of Dad's prized possessions. When my younger sister played soccer for her High School, Dad made time to take me out with her to fields at parks after hours to play and give her pointers.

When I was old enough to learn how to drive, Dad made time after hours to take me to empty parking lots, where he taught me the basics before I enrolled in driving school. He always worried about how I drove to make sure I would be able to manage against some of the reckless drivers on the road. My Dad loved nature. He cultivated a luscious garden in our backyard, which he attended to, which brought him so much joy. He also loved birds. Once, he and my older sister were able to attract a rare bird to his garden with a plant he researched. It brought him so much joy the day he saw the bird appear in our backyard. When I was younger, Dad worked practically round the clock as he took trauma and burn calls at UMC hospital. However, once he retired, he was determined to have as many life experiences with my sisters and me as he could. He loved movies, so he shared many movie nights with us. I will sorely miss my weekend shopping trips to ethnic supermarkets and buying Nigerian and other ethnic ingredients that Dad used to make delicious dishes. He was a great cook, and he used a lot of spices in his dishes. He loved to spice up his dishes with ghost pepper, also known as Bhut Jolokia.

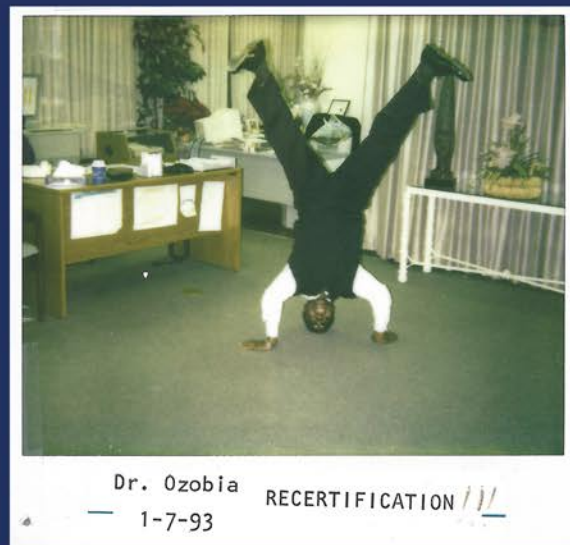
IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**

Whenever he made his specialty stew, he would use one or two pods of bhut jolokia and he would try to assure me that the stew wasn't going to be too spicy if the spices were cooked down. Unfortunately, after once burning my mouth, I learned the hard way that no amount of "cooking down" was going to tame those bhut jolokia peppers!

Dad loved music; jazz was his favorite genre, and Louis Armstrong was his all-time favorite. His favorite room in our house was a room he called his techno-mystical chill room. He made sure he equipped it with the best speakers he could afford. I remember when Dad started a CD collection with the ambition to collect one thousand CDs, but once he started, he kept going until he lost count! Dad also loved technology, especially Apple products. He owned every iPhone Apple brought to market. He also had a passion for words and concocted new words he often used, using root words from the medical field. A sample of them are: fantabulous, cocabulous, fantasmogriphically and phantasmagorically nonboborimic!!

Dad had a unique sense of humor. Sometimes he greeted people with good morning or good night no matter the time of day. This, of course, left some strangers aghast, but that was my Dad's odd humor, and I'm sure everybody he worked with will attest to that. When Dad was younger, he celebrated important milestones by flipping and standing on his head. As he got older, it took quite convincing to talk him into stopping because it had become too dangerous for his neck.

After Dad retired, he more than made up for his years of absence from home and the family during his busy private medical practice. He engaged in as many life experiences as he could with me and my sisters. This included numerous movie nights and going out to dinner. I will sorely miss those outings now he is no longer with us. I am sadly coming to terms with the fact that my weekends are forever changed without my Dad, but I will think of him every weekend with love, emptiness, and aching in my heart.



Dad made friends with people regardless of their status. He was generous and kind to the quintessential "average Joe": our pool guy, landscaper, and mailman. He made friends with all of them. I remember that after he retired, Dad was known to sometimes sit in his favorite chair in our kitchen, where he would gleefully announce our mailman's arrival, usually around noon on weekdays.

Everything my Dad did, he did with intense passion. I recall the period when he fell in love with hamburgers, and he tried countless kinds until he finally settled on the Inn and Out burger, which he called the "healthy burger!" Then there was a period when it had to be McDonald's fish filet plain with a vanilla shake!

During the later part of his life, Dad experienced several health challenges where he could have lost his life, but God brought him through until his last illness. My Dad never had a cat for a pet, but he valiantly survived multiple cancers that our family sometimes teased him by suggesting he shared the trait cats had with their proverbial nine lives. Consequently, I was hoping he would survive the last bout of cancer that took his life. In spite of it all, my family is blessed to have had him until the age of 84, although we would have loved to have had him in our lives much longer.



Dad, your absence leaves a hole in my heart, but the beautiful, loving memories you left me with bring me peace. I am very proud of the life of service you lived and your love for humanity. I am proud of your resilience in the face of adversity. You left me and my sisters with noble values to cherish and emulate. I will cherish your memory every hour of every day for the rest of my life. You left a vacuum never to be filled: There no longer will be your gentle, loving punch on my shoulder and the "Hey Guy" you used to say to me.

Goodbye Dad, you were one of a kind!

Your son,

Nathan Ibezimako Ikenna Ozobia Jr

IN LOVING MEMORY OF DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA



REMEMBERING *Daddy* BY NNENNA OZOBIA

You were there for my first breath. What a gift it was to enter the world with you as my father. And what a privilege it was to be there for your last breath—reminding you of what a gift it has been to be your daughter.

I once heard a quote by Canadian physician Gabor Maté that stuck with me: “It may be said that no two children have exactly the same parents, in that the parenting they each receive may vary in highly significant ways. Whatever the hopes, wishes or intentions of the parent, the child does not experience the parent directly: the child experiences the parenting.”

Today, I celebrate the parenting I received from you, Dad—you leave behind not just memories, but a legacy of heartfelt love.

Others knew you in different ways. I knew you as the father who made countless quiet sacrifices—the one who worried more than you let on, whose years of trauma call experience left you with a heightened sense of caution: “Wait a couple seconds after the light turns green,” “Don’t forget the alarm and the blinds,” “Be careful with the ladder. Don’t use it alone.” And yet, you were also an adventurer and experimenter, with an infectious laugh and signature dance moves. You lived by the words: work hard, play hard.

You were a steady presence, always quietly shaping the person I’ve become. You were one of my favorite people. And there were so many things I loved about you.

I adored your sense of humor and playfulness. You were self-deprecating and never took yourself too seriously – often calling yourself a “bushman.” Even at your sickest, you would joke with various care teams and ask for “chicken milk.” I would play along. “Now where do you get that from?” one person asked after a confused stare. We immediately started cracking up and let her in on the joke.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**

You never lost your childlike wonder. After I moved back from Northern California, I would sometimes enter the kitchen and see you transfixed on something outside. One time, you said “They’re back.” And it was a beautiful, bird murmuration. You marveled each time and took a picture that remains on our kitchen wall. And then there were the stories of the times you saw a shooting star. They were meaningful to you. I hope I also see one before I die. I have no doubt if I do it will be a sign from you.



I’m grateful you taught me soccer and helped me improve my skills – coaching me individually and in youth leagues. And I remember when the two of us attended one of the professional soccer games at Stanford Stadium for the FIFA World Cup. You made sure we fit in time to walk around Stanford’s campus – not knowing I would return there two years later and eventually complete my undergraduate degree.

I loved how you found joy in movies. I smiled when I learned how you and a close friend used to sneak out of your medical school quarters after curfew in Nigeria to watch American movies. Some of my favorite memories include sitting with you and watching an oldie but goodie.

I loved how much you valued education and improving yourself. In more recent years, I started calling you “The Silver Scholar.” Aside from the demanding, continuing education required for physicians and surgeons, it still amazes me that you considered pursuing a doctorate in anatomy. Even though it didn’t work out, you continued to keep your knowledge fresh on your own terms. I loved how you used to say, “No knowledge wasted!” I loved how much you cared about helping others through your vocation and in your personal life. I still remember when you invited us to watch you do surgery. When it was my turn, it was like our private, bring your daughter to work day. I left convinced medicine was not my calling. But I also left convinced about how cool you were! My dad – the surgeon! My brilliant dad. I knew someone who could do what I watched you do was special.

I also know you weren’t raised thinking you were special. I know you had a childhood marked by early abandonment and trauma. Yet whenever you recounted the pain, you also recounted the relatives who were angels to you and helped you survive. You made a choice to not be resentful and to use your upbringing to fuel achievement and cultivate humility and gratitude.

You had many, what you sometimes called, Crazy Ozo sayings, like “phantasmagrypically, phantasmagorically, non-borborygmus” (essentially “quiet efficiency!”) And there were so many mornings I would see you and, instead of saying good morning, you would say “Another day in paradise!” I later found out Phil Collins wrote that song to encourage compassion for people who are often overlooked by society. Your recitation of the phrase was as a subtle and constant reminder of how precious it was to wake up another day with the privileges I had.

You were generous and gave more than most would ever know. And even when people overlooked it—or expected more without appreciating what was already there—you didn’t close your heart. Your generosity was like dropping stones of kindness into a still pond. You may not have seen every ripple in your lifetime, but they will continue long after you’re gone.

I loved how brave you were. You survived the Nigerian civil war and helped save lives before leaving the country. And you survived a near drowning here at home that was truly a miracle. It still amazes me how you fell into our pool with your clothes on in the winter and then found a way to swim down to the floor and crawl your way up and out.

Maybe having you for as long as I did should fill me only with gratitude. But it’s still difficult. Because above all, Dad, I just loved YOU — as you were, in all your imperfections. Author David Kessler says: “Our grief is as unique as our fingerprints. One person’s loss finds them at the bottom of a pit of pain. Another sees death as a prompt for meaning, action, and forward motion. It’s how we react to death that makes the difference between suffering and resilience, and between trauma and transformation.”

Right now, my grief is still full of tears, which come, uninvited, over the smallest things. I miss talking to you. I get flashbacks from the nearly year-long journey of appointments, cancer treatments, and hospital stays – and the intense, final stretch of months constantly by your side. I also remember the precious time in between—striving to remain present amid uncertainty.

I’m not yet in the place where I can turn this loss into something transformative. I wish you were still tooling around in your garden, experimenting with planting new things, and taking breaks to watch the hummingbirds and butterflies and bees zoom by. I wish you had more time to finish your books.

But I’ll get there. I’m glad you’re no longer suffering. When I’m ready, I’ll let meaning guide me. I’ll use my life to reflect the goodness you gave to yours. I’ll use that space to lead with the same heart you showed me.

I love you, daddy.

As long as we speak your name, you shall live forever.

Nnenna



WE *Remember* THEM

SYLVAN KAMENS & RABBI JACK RIEMER

At the rising sun and at its going down; We remember them.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter; We remember them.

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring; We remember them.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer; We remember them.

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn; We remember them.

At the beginning of the year and when it ends; We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live, for they are now a part of us as We remember them.

When we are weary and in need of strength; We remember them.

When we are lost and sick at heart; We remember them.

When we have decisions that are difficult to make; We remember them.

When we have joy we crave to share; We remember them.

When we have achievements that are based on theirs; We remember them.

For as long as we live, they too will live, for they are now a part of us as,

We remember them.

ETHEL ONUMA

Tribute



In deep sorrow, I mourn my beloved brother; Loving, generous and kind, may you forever rest in peace. Until we meet again.

My heartfelt sympathy goes to his wife Comfort, daughters Amaka, Nnenna, and son Ibe Junior.

Your Sister Ethel, Niece Ifeoma and Nephew Chuka



IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**

In **LOVING MEMORY** *of* *Dr Ibe Ozobia*



"BROTHERS BY BIRTH, FRIENDS BY CHOICE, BOUND FOREVER BY LOVE AND LAUGHTER."

Ibe was more than just my brother – he was my close companion in life's great conversations and greatest joys. We shared a love for soccer, politics, and science, often debating, learning, and laughing together. Whether it was a thrilling match, a world-shaping event, or a fascinating discovery, we saw the world through lenses of curiosity, passion, and humour.

His presence was a reminder that life is meant to be lived with enthusiasm, wit, and an open mind. He had a way of making the serious seem light and the ordinary seem extraordinary. His laughter was infectious, his insights sharp, and his heart full of warmth.

Though he is no longer here in person, his spirit lives on in every match I watch, every debate I engage in, and every moment of wonder I encounter. He will always be a part of me – forever missed, forever loved.

REST IN PEACE, MY BROTHER.

Samson – on behalf of the Johnson family

A DESERVED TRIBUTE *to a* DISTINGUISHED FRIEND *and* IN-LAW

I write with great respect in honor of the late Dr. Nathan Ibezimako Ozobia., who passed away in February 2025. He was married to my senior sister, Comfort Ifeyinwa Ozobia (née Jideofo).

To me, "Doc," as I called him, was a rare breed—a compassionate trauma surgeon who was always ready to answer the call of duty. He was my very good friend, a mentor, and a reliable ally. The amazing goodwill he shared meant the world to me. He was always at ease with those he communicated with, a kind and generous human being.

Dr. Ozobia was a man of character, strength, and integrity. His service in the US Air Force left an indelible mark on him, shaping his dedication, strength of character, and unwavering commitment to mankind. He remained ready for challenges beyond his daily life, and his sense of duty never faltered. As the head of the Jideofo family in Uruowelle, Alor, Anambra State, Nigeria, my experience with Dr. Ozobia, as my brother-in-law, was a gift of a lifetime. I will always miss him dearly. In the affairs of men, we greatly enjoyed the beauty and character of such a fine gentleman. He was always generous, avoiding negative comments about others. The sadness of his demise fills my heart, and I wonder if I will ever meet a man like him again.

My dear "Ibeh," you have run a good race, and you have everything to show that you served your Creator wonderfully. Your memory will forever linger in the hearts of all who worked with you. For me, I thank the Almighty for giving us a man like you. You have left us, but you will remain with us every day of our lives. I must console my senior sister for the loss of this great man and for all the comfort she shared with him while he was alive.

I pray that the Almighty God, in His infinite mercy, receives his soul into His blissful garden.

"Adieu, Ibeh. Adieu, my great friend." Your picture will forever be in my heart.

Sincerely,

Dr. Dan Jideofo,

Head of Jideofo's Family.



IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**

My Esteemed **UNCLE IBE HAS GONE**



I have known **Dr. Nathan Ibe Ozobia**, I fondly called Uncle Ibe, for over 50yrs. The first time I met him was when he came to meet the Jideofo family members in Enugu to formally declare his intention to marry my beloved sister-in-law, Mrs. Comfort Ifeyinwa Ozobia (nee Jideofo).

Dr. Ozobia was a wonderful, amiable, unassuming, multi-talented, caring and patient consultant surgeon. He was over-generous and used his wealth and profession to live a life of love and service to humanity. To Dr. Ozobia, every human being – poor or rich – should be treated with respect and never be looked down upon. He never left anybody in need without helping to meet the need and giving hope. That is why back home we call him “OMELUORA” meaning GENEROUS TO EVERYBODY.

Uncle Ibe’s sense of humor was extraordinary. He was a playful, jolly good fellow whose rib cracking jokes brought laughter and smiles whenever he was around. I must confess that on two occasions Uncle Ibe and his wife invited my husband and I to Las Vegas were the most fun-filled vacations I had.

I benefited a lot from Dr. Ozobia’s medical knowledge through his free advice and regular discussions with my Nigerian doctors to ensure I got the right treatment for any illness reported to him.

My Uncle Ibe, you are highly loved and valued. Though you are gone we still have you around because in our house we see your numerous gifts gazing at us. We love you!

May God receive your humble, gentle, kind Soul in Eternity. Farewell. Je ije gi nke oma.

REST IN PERFECT PEACE, AMEN. from
Florence Ijeoma Jideofo

IHEUKWUMERE – EZIGBO MMADU A NAA

DEAR SISTER COM,



My heart aches with the news of Ibe's passing. I can only imagine how deep this pain must be for you. If it were up to him, I believe he would have stayed—because of his deep love for you and the children. But when it is God's time, we have no power to change it.

The love you and Ibe shared was truly something rare and beautiful—something I've never seen before. Honor him by carrying the name he so lovingly called you: Ifeyinwa. He called you that from the

the moment he knew you, and he never stopped. That name is a song of love—sing it with your life.

I know the pain of Ibe's passing is felt not only by you but by your children, your family, and all of us who loved him and were close to you both. Please hold the children close—remind them that their father loved them deeply and that his spirit lives on in each of them. May they grow up strong in his memory, guided by the values and love he poured into your family.

I pray that God gives you the strength to carry this heavy burden and find peace and comfort, especially for your children. May He wrap you all in His arms and carry you through this storm.

Though I cannot be with you now, in God's time, I will come to see you again. Please know that my heart is with you always.

With love and prayers,

**Your sister,
May Jidefo**

MY BEST FRIEND

I am saddened that my best friend has departed. I have known him since 1976 when we both met accidentally in the exam room in Vancouver, Canada. We have been friends since then (until his passing). Las Vegas has lost a great trauma surgeon. Ibe until he retired was one of the longest serving surgeons at University Medical Center in Las Vegas. He was a great surgeon as well as a compassionate and excellent teacher to the residents. He encouraged me to come to Las Vegas. He gave me his office in North Las Vegas free of charge for nearly 8 months. Ibe was the founder of the Nigerian Association in Las Vegas. The first meeting was in his house. He helped many Nigerian physicians in Las Vegas, and without the help of Dr. Ozobia, they would not be practicing today. Ibe Ozobia was a good family man. He has had only one wife and has been married for many years. He has produced brilliant, hardworking children, which any Nigerian would be proud of. After we met in Vancouver, he visited me in Los Angeles County Hospital, where I was doing a fellowship in trauma. He visited me in Louisville, KY, where I was doing a hand surgery fellowship. Since moving to Tampa, he and his family have visited me many times. So, I am talking about a man that I know so well, and know his character. He was the best man in my marriage. I will miss our discussions in Nigerian politics, in African music, and about foods and restaurants. Thank you so much for your time and allowing me to speak about one of the most important people in my life. – **DR WABARA**



DR CHRISTIAN CHAN TRIBUTE

Dr. Ozobia was a dear friend and mentor to me. I'm very blessed to have trained under him and to have spent time together outside of the hospital as well. He was a skilled surgeon and a wise clinician, but most importantly he was a good man. I believe that the manner in which you treat patients is a reflection of one's character, and it was clear to all who interacted with him in the hospital that he was a man of great integrity. He treated everyone with the same dignity and respect, whether they were colleagues, patients, or students. As his resident I knew that if I called he would answer and that if I really needed him he would show up. I could always trust that he would do the right thing and that he would be there when it mattered. He touched many people over the course of his life, and I believe I speak for all who worked with him when I say that he will be sorely missed and his many life lessons forever cherished. **CHRISTIAN**



IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**

LEAVES *of* GRACE, ROOTS *of* LOVE

A Tribute to My Brother, My Friend Dr. Nathan Ozobia



“Naked I came from my mother’s womb, and naked I will depart. The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; may the name of the Lord be praised.” (Job 1:21)

Dr. Ozobia used to jokingly tell me, “We are all gradually heading toward our graves.” A timeless truth indeed. I still can’t believe he’s gone—a humble, kind, selfless, and compassionate man.

In 1989, my ex-wife and I, with our two little children at the time, bought our first home. Dr. Ozobia, obviously very happy for us, said, “We have to plant some trees.” Because of his busy schedule at the hospital, I didn’t expect him to be actively involved in making that happen. Yet, within a day or two, he called from the hospital and said he’d be coming after his last case so we could go get some trees. Of course, he knew exactly which types of trees to get. Later, with shovels and pickaxe in hand, we both dug and planted the trees—the children too little to help. As if by design, one of the trees he planted still stands tall and strong, a living memory of him. I recall the neighbors even called it “Dr. Ozobia’s tree.”

Dr. Ozobia was more than a friend—he was like a senior brother. I will never forget the countless memorable moments we shared: the Thanksgiving dinners at the old house, before he and Comfort built the new one; the sound of all the children running around; and his steady stream of advice and wisdom, which I will miss dearly. After a very stressful divorce, when I was living alone in an apartment, he constantly checked in on me. Later, my older sister’s husband from Ghana joined me. He got a job outside of Las Vegas—a considerable distance away. When Dr. Ozobia found out I was driving him back and forth in addition to working full time, he grew concerned that I might get sick, especially coming off a stressful period. He asked me to come and get his expensive two-seater Mercedes-Benz for my sister’s husband to use, so I wouldn’t have to keep making the drive. I objected. I remember saying, “Your Mercedes-Benz? No way!” But he firmly replied, “Richard, your life is worth more than a car.” He made sure I took the vehicle. Who does that? It was a truly compassionate, selfless, and caring act—one I will never forget.

Then there were the horrifying moments—like when he called to tell me he had fallen into the nearly frozen swimming pool at the house and had almost drowned. I remember telling him, “God isn’t ready for you yet.” Another time, after a hectic day at the hospital, he came home only to be nearly killed by a robber. He told me he was still getting out of his car when the gunman fired at him at close range. Miraculously, he was not hit. That incident made the nightly news. Again, I remember telling him, “God is not ready for you yet.” I said it several times over the years. But this time, God was ready for Dr. Ozobia, saying—as in scripture— “Son, you have fought the good fight, you have finished the race, and you have kept the faith. Come home now.”

In the early morning of February 14th, at around 1:00 a.m., Dr. Ozobia’s wife, Comfort, called me. In a calm voice, she told me that Dr. Ozobia had breathed his last breath. Reflecting on his life, I think of the scripture that says, “By their fruits you shall know them.” Dr. Ozobia lived a fruitful, godly, compassionate, selfless, and deeply caring life. He fulfilled scripture. He cared for others as he cared for himself.

May he rest in the perfect bosom of Abraham.

— Richard Hutchful

IN LOVING MEMORY OF DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA

Honoring A LEGACY OF LOVE AND GENEROSITY DR. NATHAN OZOBIA

Dr. Nathan Ozobia was truly a towering figure among men—a rare soul whose presence graced this world with unwavering compassion and generosity. He possessed a profound understanding of the essence and value of family, far beyond the grasp of most. His heart knew no bounds, and he extended care and kindness to all who crossed his path.

Together with his beloved wife, Mrs. Comfort Ozobia, Dr. Ozobia exemplified selflessness. Their generosity knew no limits, and their home became a sanctuary for those in need. My family was privileged to be among the many who benefited from their warmth, hospitality, and financial support. Their door was always open, and their hearts even more so.



In both prosperous and challenging times, Dr. Ozobia stood by my family. His unwavering presence and readiness to lend a helping hand have left an indelible mark on our lives. The legacy he leaves behind is one of love, compassion, and community—a legacy that continues to inspire and uplift us.

I extend my deepest gratitude to Dr. Nathan Ozobia for his immeasurable contributions to all who were fortunate enough to know him. To those of us who had the honor of calling him “Uncle,” his memory will forever be cherished.

May he rest in eternal peace.

**Gratefully Yours,
Nikki Washington**

IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**

COMFORT, NNENNA, AMAKA, & IBE... FAMILY AND FRIENDS,

We gather today to celebrate the extraordinary life of Nathan Ozobia, an individual whose journey was too brief, yet remarkably inspiring. When reflecting on the years Nathan spent with us, we are reminded of the profound impact he had on so many lives and the rich legacy he leaves as consolation to his beloved family. For 40 years, Nathan dedicated himself to the noble profession of medicine, serving as a gifted emergency room surgeon with a commitment to healing and saving lives that was unparalleled. His skill and expertise were matched only by his compassion and empathy for his patients. He believed in the power of medicine and the lifelong adventure of learning, continuously seeking knowledge to better himself and, in turn, better serve those around him. Nathan was a brilliant intellectual – with an insatiable curiosity that inspired not only his colleagues, but family and friends alike. He touched countless lives professionally & personally throughout his extraordinary lifetime. But make no mistake, Nathan was more than just a talented surgeon. Dr. Ozobia was a devoted family man. As a loving Husband and Father, he cherished every moment spent with family. Together, he and Comfort created a warm, welcoming, and nurturing home filled with love and laughter. His children were his pride and joy; and, he instilled in them the values of kindness, perseverance, along with the importance of pursuing one's passions.

After meeting here in Las Vegas in 1980's through our wives, Nathan and I connected easily and our families socialized often. We discovered that we shared many things in common. **Among these:**

- - Our dynamic, clever, most fashionable wives as treasured life partners
- - A focus on Family – Comfort and their three prodigiously talented Children were his Center, his very Heartbeat.
- - a passion for Jazz... Music resonated deeply within him and offered refuge, a source of joy, and a reminder of simple pleasures. With music genres as in Life's aspects, Nathan was open-minded, listened astutely, and embraced all.

From noble lineage, Nathan had an unerring sense of duty, was humble, and understood his responsibility to give back to others – the true embodiment of the Ibo honorific, Omeluora. He was a good friend, always willing to lend an ear or offer support. His relationships were a testament to his character – built on trust, humor, loyalty, and genuine compassion. As we bid farewell to Nathan today... Let us remember him not only for his incredible accomplishments; but, also for the warmth he brought to our lives. May we each, and all, carry forth his legacy of compassion, curiosity, and love – embracing the many lessons he taught us.

Rest in peace, Nathan Ibezimako Ozobia. You will be deeply missed, but your ebullient Spirit will live on forever. Respectfully,

Lonnie Smith, Jr.

Sheryl Smith –Rodriguez & Tony S. Rodriguez

IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**

A TRIBUTE TO DR.

Ozobia

Two white doves are shown in flight, one on the left and one on the right, positioned below the large stylized name 'Ozobia'. They are flying towards the right, with their wings spread wide.

Dr. Ozobia is more than just a highly skilled surgeon—he was a mentor, a role model, and a person who leaves a lasting impact on those who have the privilege of learning from him. His dedication to his craft was evident not only in the precision of his work but also in the kindness and patience with which he guided aspiring young minds.

Two of my children had the incredible opportunity to shadow Dr. Ozobia during their high school years, and the experience was truly transformative for them. His willingness to teach, his passion for medicine, and his unwavering commitment to excellence inspired them in ways that will stay with them for a lifetime.

In a world where true mentorship is rare, Dr. Ozobia stands out as someone who invested in the future, shared his knowledge and wisdom with the next generation. His impact extended far beyond the operating room—he shaped lives, instilled confidence, and nurtured dreams.

We are deeply grateful for his generosity of spirit and for the invaluable lessons he imparted. The world needs more healers like Dr. Ozobia—both in skill and in heart.

Thank you, Dr. Ozobia, for all that you did. My family is forever grateful for all that you did for my kids.

—MAY CRUZ

IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**

ENGR & MRS AFAMEFUNA DANIEL JIDEOFO

As we thank God for the life of my uncle, Dr Nathan Ibezimako Ozobia Snr, we remember the indelible marks he left in the hearts of all of us who he touched positively. He was an Omeluora indeed as he lived out that title by being a remarkable pillar of support in helping both his nuclear family and his various extended family members.

Though his passing leaves a void in our lives, we take comfort in the memories, lessons, and love he shared with us during his time on this earth. We are ever grateful for all the physical, emotional, professional and other supports he gave to our father when our father went through multiple eye surgeries and health challenges.

Uncle was more than just a family member; he was a compassionate, kind, loving and generous pillar of strength who made us feel valued.

His protracted illness may have weakened his body, but it never diminished his spirit. Even in his darkest moments, he remained a beacon of hope and optimism, teaching us that even in the toughest times, there is always something to be grateful for.

***Rest in peace, dear uncle (Omeluora).
Your memory will be a blessing to us all.***

CHUDI JIDEOFO & FAMILY

It is with great displeasure that I write this tribute to share my heart felt condolence with the Ozobia family. Uncle Ibe, you were a great philanthropist that touched so many lives positively including mine.

Every moment I shared with you while visiting Las Vegas and as we discussed and walked the Strip, you always shared life experiences that reflected the need for one to always stay humble, generous, happy, peaceful and thankful for every opportunity that life presents to us.

These ideals have been resonating in my head as I navigate through life challenges and has really shaped the person I am today.

I'm still trying to come to terms with that you have left us but you will never be forgotten and the memories of you will still continue to live with me forever.

All I can say is "Thank You" for all you've shared with me and "Thank God" for sending you to be a blessing to us and mankind.

Praying for God to give your entire family the fortitude to bear this irreparable loss and may your soul continue to rest in peace. Amen

IN LOVING MEMORY OF DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA

MY DEAREST *Uncle*



Words cannot describe how much you are missed since you have returned to the Lord, who is the giver of life and blessed us with you. Your life was not always a bed of roses and yet you ran your race with integrity, diplomacy, magnanimity, and excellence, and for that we salute you with praise of “well done.” You also mastered the virtues of kindness, wisdom, altruism, and peacemaking; it informed everything you did and along the way inspired others to know there was a different way.



I will always remember your curiosity of the wonders of world, love of endless genres of music, nature, gardening, science, and a limitless range of subjects. I recall adventures like going to Utah to catch an eclipse or a visit to Venice Beach in my tweens. Your hospitality, positive energy, and generosity made every experience with you special.

I thank you for making a difference in the life of my family and I, the world around you, and for always caring, being that listening ear, beacon of light, and wanting to help others. I appreciate you always making the time to show up and supporting me in key moments and challenges of life. Last summer when I consulted you about my health issue, despite your own illness, you cared and helped me navigate it. Your thorough guidance and expertise helped place me on the path to healing. It's hard to believe that while personally in the throes of a serious illness you continued caring about others apart from yourself. This is one of countless instances of your ever-present generosity, valuable knowledge, and great compassion.

You are forever in my heart and continue to inspire me daily. Until we reunite, I rest in the promise of John 16:22: “Now is your time of grief, but I will see you again and you will rejoice, and no one will take away your joy.”

Ijeoma.

Nkechi Ndu

IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**

IN LOVING *Memory* of **DR. NATHAN IBE OZOBIA**

We thank the Creator for Dr. Nathan Ibe Ozobia—for the skills, knowledge, and wisdom He bestowed upon him.

He was a friend, a brother, and an uncle.

Ibe, you used your gifts to heal, to comfort, and to advise in times of ill health, adversity, and difficulty. The generosity of spirit which you possessed in abundance will never be forgotten.

You intervened to heal—even when you were not on duty.

Our family benefited deeply from your abiding love and kindness.

We thank you for all you did to make our lives better.

You were truly a doctor's doctor.

We thank you for the amazing life you lived for others.

May you continue to rest in peace in God's loving arms—until we meet again.

Adieu!

The Charles and Chinwe Okeke Family



ONE *of* ONE

By Ijele Chioma Ndubuisi



In the quiet sanctuary of farewell,
I sat beside you, Omeluora.
Even in your final hours, you radiated the
dignity that defined your life.

We give thanks to God
Who guided your journey and shaped your
days with purpose.
You were a peacemaker—mending rifts,
reuniting family, healing hearts as you
healed bodies.
A life of service. A heart of compassion.
Touching others with empathy, kindness,
and grace.

Your wisdom came not just from books,
But from lived experience, deep listening,
Reverence for those who came before,
And belief in the promise of what could be.

In your eyes, we saw our heritage, our
resilience, and our future.
You saw people not only as they were, but
as they could become.
You reminded us of our purpose—even
when we lost sight of it ourselves.

We're grateful for every shared moment—
Your smile, your quiet strength, your open
arms.

You were curious, audacious, adventurous—
From roller coasters to eating fiery peppers,
Old movies (sound off) to music-filled days.
You embraced life with joy and wonder.

As you journeyed on, you were wrapped in
our love,
Carried by prayers, memories, and
enduring gratitude.
Stories from colleagues, students, friends,
and family
Weave together the rich tapestry of your
life.
Your legacy lives on—in every life you
touched,
In the values you upheld, in the light you
leave behind.

Beloved uncle. Irreplaceable elder.
Your essence transcends time.
You've joined the stars now,
And we carry your light forward.

This is not goodbye—
It's gratitude. A thank you.

Omeluora—one of one.
Irreplaceable. Eternal.
Je ije gi nke oma.
Rest in peace. Amen.



Don't grieve for me for now I'm free,
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard him call,
I turned my back and left it all
I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work or play
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I've found that peace at the close of day
If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Ah yes, these things I too will miss
Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish for you the sunshine of tomorrow
My life's been full, I've savored much,
Good friends, good times, my loved one's touch
If my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief
Lift up your heart, rejoice with me,
God wanted me now, He set me free.

Anne Lindgren Davison

Appreciation

The family of Dr. Nathan Ibezimako Ozobia, Sr. (Omeluora) wishes to express our deepest gratitude for the outpouring of love, prayers, and support during this time of loss.

Your kind words, visits, calls, and messages have brought us great comfort and strength. We are especially thankful for the many stories and memories shared—they are a testament to the remarkable life he lived and the countless lives he touched.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to the doctors, nurses, and caregivers who attended to him with compassion and dignity. To those who visited during his final days—your presence brought immense peace and comfort, both to him and to us.

As we celebrate his legacy of service, compassion, and wisdom, we are reminded that love endures beyond parting. Thank you for standing with us, honoring his memory, and helping us carry his light forward.

**With heartfelt thanks,
The Ozobia Family**

<https://www.online-tribute.com/dr-ozobia>

IN LOVING MEMORY OF DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA



I have fought the good fight,
I have finished the race,
I have kept the faith.

Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness,
which the Lord, the righteous Judge,
will award to me on that day—and not only to me,
but also to all who have longed for his appearing.

2 Timothy 4:7–8 (NIV)

IN LOVING MEMORY OF **DR. NATHAN IBEZIMAKO OZOBIA, SR. OMELUORA**