

# Jackie Phillips

6th June, 1924 - 2nd April 2017

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**FUNERAL  
SERVICE**

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P R O G R A M M E





## *Guiding Light Assembly*

Layi Ajayi-Bembe Road,  
Parkview Estate,  
Ikoyi, Lagos.

## *Order of Funeral Service*

of the Late

*Packie Philliss*  
6th June, 1924 - 2nd April 2017

Wednesday 12th April 2017

11.00 am

Pastor Taiwo Odukoya  
Pastor Paul Ameh  
Pastor Sam Okoro  
Pastor Ademola Ademuson  
Pastor Koledola Odurinde  
Pastor Adesuwa Oke-Lawal  
Pastor George Omonubi

## *Order of Service of Songs*

1. Processional Hymn (Interspersed with sentences)
2. Introduction
3. Hymn
4. Psalm
5. Bible Reading
6. Hymn
7. Prayers
8. Tributes
9. Hymn
10. Sermon
11. Announcement
12. Prayers & Benediction
13. Recessional Hymn

## *At the Grave Side*

14. Prayer
15. Hymn for Interment
16. Sentences
17. The Committal
18. Hymns (To be sung during filling of the grave)
19. Benediction



## 1. *Processional Hymn* (INTERSPERSED WITH SENTENCES)

I am the resurrection and the life.  
He who believes in Me, though he may die, he shall live.  
And whoever lives and believes in Me shall never die.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done;  
The victory of life is won;  
The song of triumph has begun.  
Alleluia!

I know that my Redeemer lives.  
And He shall stand at last on the earth;  
And after my skin is destroyed, this I know;  
That in my flesh I shall see God, Whom I shall see for myself,  
And my eyes shall behold and not another.

2. The powers of death have done their worst,  
But Christ their legions has dispersed.  
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.  
Alleluia!

We brought nothing into this world and it is certain  
we can carry nothing out.  
The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away;  
Blessed be the name of the LORD.

3. The three sad days are quickly sped;  
He rises glorious from the dead.  
All glory to our risen Head.  
Alleluia!

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our lord.

4. Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,  
From death's dread sting thy servants free,  
That we may live and sing to thee.  
Alleluia!

## 2. *Introduction*

We are gathered here at this solemn moment to remember the life of our loved one and mourn his death. We do not sorrow as those who have no hope, for our hope is in Jesus Christ who died but rose from the dead and is alive for evermore. So shall those who die in Christ rise from the dead and live for evermore. Let us come with submissive hearts to the Father of all comfort, trusting Him to comfort us. May we be comforted by God's Word, encouraged by the happy memories of our departed, and sustained by the hope of resurrection for all who trust Jesus for salvation.

## 3. HYMN – *Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise*

1. Immortal, invisible, God only wise,  
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,  
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,  
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

2. Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,  
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;  
Thy justice, like mountains, high soaring above  
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

3. To all, life Thou givest, to both great and small;  
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;

We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,  
And wither and perish—but naught changeth Thee.

4. Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,  
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;  
All laud we would render; O help us to see  
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee,

## 4. *Ecclesiastes Chapter 12: 1-7*

Don't let the excitement of youth cause you to forget your Creator. Honour him in your youth before you grow old and say, "Life is not pleasant anymore."

Remember him before the light of the sun, moon, and stars is dim to your old eyes, and rain clouds continually darken your sky.

Remember him before your legs – the guards of your house – start to tremble; and before your shoulders – the strong men – stoop. Remember him before your teeth – your few remaining servants – stop grinding; and before your eyes – the women looking through the windows – see dimly.

Remember him before the door to life's opportunities is closed and the sound of work fades. Now you rise at the first chirping of the birds, but then all their sounds will grow faint.

Remember him before you become fearful of falling and worry about danger in the streets; before your hair turns white like an almond tree in bloom, and you drag along without energy like a dying grasshopper, and the caperberry no longer inspires sexual desire. Remember him before you near the grave, your everlasting home, when the mourners will weep at your funeral.



Yes, remember your Creator now while you are young, before the silver cord of life snaps and the golden bowl is broken. Don't wait until the water jar is smashed at the spring and the pulley is broken at the well. 7 For then the dust will return to the earth, and the spirit will return to God who gave it.

5. BIBLE READING – *1 Thessalonians Chapter 4: 13- 18*

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them, which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others, which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

Reader: This is the Word of the Lord

People: Thanks be to God

7. HYMN – *What a Friend We have in Jesus*

1. What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.

2. Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;  
Thou wilt find a solace there.



## 7. *Prayers*

**Minister:** Almighty God, who had bound together your elect in one communion and fellowship in the body of your Son Jesus Christ, grant to your whole church your guidance, peace and protection, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

**People:** Amen

**Minister:** Grant that all those who have been united with Christ in his death, burial and resurrection, may die to sin and rise to newness of life; that they may live peaceable and quiet lives in all godliness and holiness, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

**People:** Amen

**Minister:** Grant to us who are still in this earthly pilgrimage, and who walk yet by faith and not by sight, that Your Holy Spirit may transform us into the likeness of the Lord, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

**People:** Amen

**Minister:** Grant to those who mourn, especially the family of the deceased, a sure confidence in your Fatherly care; that casting all their grief on You, they may know the consolation of Your love.

**People:** Amen.

**Minister:** Help us we pray, in the midst of things we cannot understand, to believe and trust in your unfailing love. Help us to focus on You, the eternity you offer, the forgiveness of sins, the communion of saints and the resurrection to life everlasting.

**People:** Amen

**Minister:** Help us to have this assurance, that those who died in Christ are not lost. Though their bodies of flesh and blood will decay, they will be raised to life, to live with the Lord forever and ever.

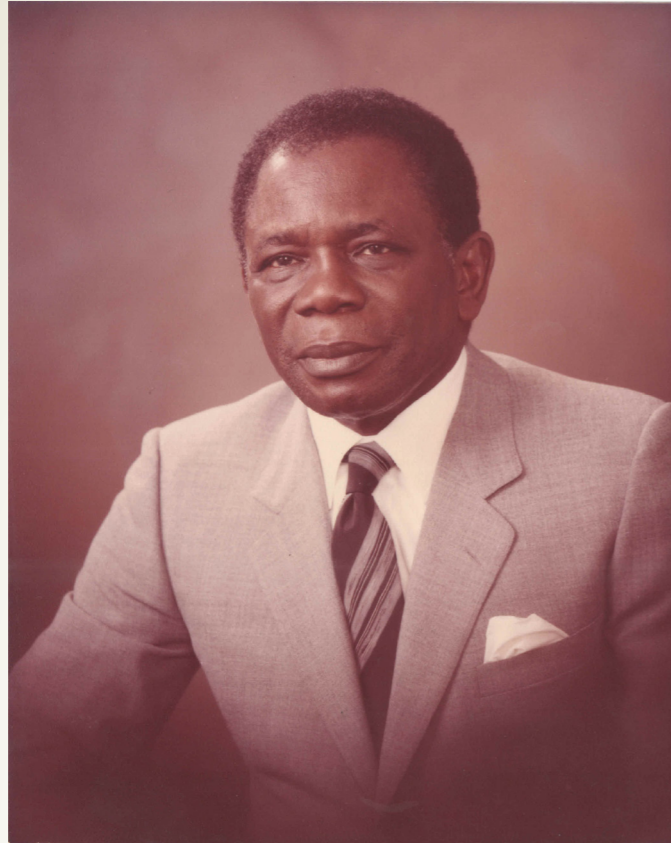
**People:** Amen

**Minister:** Almighty Father, Father of all mercies and God of all Comfort, deal graciously with all those who mourn the death of our brother – his children, relations, in-laws and friends – that in bringing their grief to you, they may have the assurance of your protection and the consolation of your love through Jesus Christ our Lord.

**People:** Amen







## *Tributes to Jackie Phillips*

### **From Fola (Son)**

As you all very well know I am the white sheep in a family of black ones. Like the rest of my siblings, I remember my father telling me that only 2 people in the world will never lie to you - your father and mother.

I shunned some of my opportunities to build a closer relationship with him, to my cost. My joy is that I made my peace with him last year and enjoyed precious moments of helping him in his frailty. My greater joy was knowing that he'd forgiven my shortcomings and I definitely felt all the love I never felt in my youth

Daddy, no matter what, you were very very good and kind in the way you knew best. Father rest in peace; I definitely know that you will.

Bye Daddy

### **From Abiola (Son)**

## *Light & Shadow: a tribute to my father*

I affirm my father's life! There is no need of validation. The provenance of our treasured moments is private and ought to remain so. All I have now are memories and I shall jealously treasure them, guard them, be guarded with them and be guided by them!

When we pay tribute, we bear witness. I bear witness that my father was the instrument by which my siblings and I received nourishment, protection and promotion. He loved and cared for his children unerringly, and acted decisively to rein in any child that drifted from the pursuit of a good education. Replanting me in Ikire – in the flash of an eye – was an experience like no other and the one that defined my going forward! And he was right! From then onwards, reading cum schooling was no longer a source of concern in my life but rather something I warmly embraced. Thank you daddy!

Daddy taught us continuously, educating us at school and at home. He regularly deployed deep and arcane Yoruba sayings and proverbs to further illuminate a lesson in a matter at hand. He never raised his hand against his children, being at the wrong end of his tongue more than sufficed to check any continued aberration. And when the burden of educating seven children weighed heavier than normal, he never let on.

He loved swimming, boxing, horse racing, football and tennis – both table and lawn. He never stopped informing himself on current affairs, local and global, and was always eager to engage. He was a man of good taste, chivalrous at all times and impeccably polite; woe betide you if you forgot your pleases and thank yous!

If you had asked him for a succinct explanation of photography, a profession he practiced for over 50 years, he would have said it is about controlling light and shadow. Now, we bask in his light and are shaded by his shadow.

So, let me cry! If tears are so precious they are rarely shed, who better may I shed mine for.

So, let me cry!

Fare thee well daddy!

**From Laolu (Daughter)**

*Daddy!!*

**My dad, my hero!!**

Apart from my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ he was the first man to love me unconditionally.

What can I say? My dad made sure I had everything I ever needed while I was growing up - material, emotional, financial. He exposed me to the world and all it had to offer and told me I could be whoever I wanted to be.

My father defended and protected me in every way he could and I knew I could go to him if I was ever in any kind of trouble. But luckily I didn't get into trouble!!! Well.....once I overstretched on my credit card while I was in school and he went straight to the bank, paid it off and told them to take their credit card from me....damaged my credit rating for years!!

My dad was very witty and funny. Full of proverbs for every situation. All the Yoruba proverbs I know I learnt from him. One of the last ones he shared with me just a few days before he went to be with Lord was "ti ino o ba ku, pano pano o le lo". Well he has finished his race and the fire brigade has retreated. He has been called home to Rest

The last few years have not been easy. Even though he was bed ridden his mind was as sharp as I have always known it and he knew exactly how much he had in his bank account!! He was a very strong man and bore his challenges with courage. He never gave up on himself and certainly never gave up on any of us. I will truly miss our times together chatting and talking about anything and everything. We loved to watch football and tennis together. If there was a match late at night he would call me to remind me to watch the match and vice versa. The Presidential debates in the US in the last year were evenings he looked forward to and we would discuss them the next day. O how I will miss all those mornings....even though I used to say to him "what is your own with who wins the elections in the US". Well they have come and gone and the US is still standing!

Tuesday was always a date!!

He really couldn't understand what had become of Nigeria and certainly not the naira. He always said 10 naira when he actually meant 1 thousand!!! Well, all that doesn't matter now. He is walking on the streets of gold, no longer bed ridden and full of joy.

There is so much I can recall and recount but it would take me days and lots of paper but I carry them all in my heart.

His trips on the MV Auriel with his fried stew in the Cow & Gate tin for preservation. His trip on the Argonaut aircraft to England in 1948. Trying to unlock his front door in the winter and just couldn't get his hand out of his pocket because it was so cold and a policeman had to come and take it out of his pocket and let him in.

He told me about how he stood in Trafalgar Square and cried the day I was born....hope the joy he felt that day endured for the next 60 years.

The days in Dolphin Square when he would eat his apples and Edam cheese. Send you downstairs to buy anything he saw advertised on TV.... I didn't mind because he never asked for his change!!

No expense was too much for a child or for education. While my children were growing up and going to school I came to appreciate how much of a sacrifice he made. All 7 of us had an excellent education and at some point we were all in school abroad. I just cannot get my head around that now. I would ask him how he did it and he would say he wore the same shirt for years but I didn't notice. I am eternally grateful for that value that you did not compromise on. We had to have everything you did not have.

We all have a sweet tooth thanks to daddy!! I still remember the boxes of Smarties he would buy for me to take to school on my birthday. There were always chocolates around him....tins and tins of them. My habit of buying things and stocking up as if war were about to break out soon and scarcity was inevitable came from daddy.



My love of dogs was also acquired from my dad. We always had dogs. Daddy loved his dogs so much he would break down and cry when any of his dogs died...It showed his softer side!!!

I could go on and on but this is just a tribute to a man I loved and who loved me.

Adieu daddy!!

We WILL meet again at the Feet of the Master and great shall be our rejoicing

Laolu

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**From táyọ̀ (Son)**

Once when I was in secondary school I was sitting waiting anxiously for my father with my long shopping list of all the “essential” things I would need for the next school term. He walked into the room, looked at me, and said “You have come thinking it is time to rip off this old man again.” He was, of course, perfectly correct as I knew that I had grossly over-inflated my list. He sat down opposite me and looked at the designer logo on my shirt and asked “How much did you pay for that shirt?” I was totally caught off guard and I dared not give him the true answer as I knew that would automatically mean a severe reduction in my allowance. Before I could think of an answer he said “why pay some ridiculous amount so some French man can stick his name on your chest when a Marks & Spencer’s shirt will be perfectly alright.” At the time I thought to myself that “this old man really doesn’t understand anything.” It was later in life that I came to appreciate what he meant. My father believed in quality. But what he understood very well was that the best quality did not always automatically translate into the highest price. He would be happy to pay any amount for something that really was the finest quality of its kind.

He would also be perfectly happy to have the least expensive if it served its purpose perfectly. This ethos was one that extended to every aspect of his life, both at work and play. Quality is what matters, which is one of the reasons why he became an icon in his profession, because he would never cut corners on giving his clients the best quality service that always exceeded their

expectations. This is an ethos that I have tried to imbibe in my own daily life. And unsurprisingly it has served me very well.

As I went through life I would often hear people refer to my father as a legend, an icon, and other epithets signifying someone of a highly elevated status. The idea of icons and legends always convey distance and aloofness, but to me he was simply daddy. Daddy who emanated warmth and wanted me to be happy. He wasn’t some unapproachable distant person. Of course he had his boundaries and rules that were clearly laid out, but he did everything to make me comfortable and give me the best life that any child could possibly wish for.

As he embarks on his final journey I will greatly miss his warm broad smile. His quick wit. The glint of excitement in his eye. His regaling anecdotes. And stories of the many lessons learnt over a long and full life.

Adieu daddy and très bon voyage. As you journey on you shall forever be in my thoughts.

táyọ̀

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**From Mrs. Ibidun Allison (Niece)**

*My dear Uncle Jackie,*

Or Uncle Enesi or Uncle Eniola; the last two names were those that I heard your siblings, one of them my mother call you as I was growing up. But let me stick with Jackie Phillips as that is the name by which all came to know you.

The first time I met you was in 1947 when you came to Sapele in Delta state where I lived with my parents, Mr. & Mrs. Folakan. You came for a boxing tournament in which you were a contestant. I had never watched a live boxing match before then so i was horrified to see two adults knocking each other so hard. Thank God you won the fight. I later asked my mother, your sister, why you were a boxer and she told me that you were actually a photographer but loved boxing as a hobby.

The second time we met was when you brought Miss Oluremi Ogunbiyi to

Sapele to introduce her to my parents as your wife to be. That was the proper thing to do since you grew up under their watch in Sapele. When you got to Lagos from the age of four in warri and attended primary school there before you went to Lagos, staying at times with my paternal aunt, Mrs. Sopeju, at no. 15 Catholic Mission Street.

And thus began your life in Lagos and Miss Oluremi Ogunbiyi became Mrs. Oluremi Phillips and the rest is history. It was during this visit to Sapele that you suggested to my parents that I come to Lagos for my secondary education. You told us about this special school for girls known as Holy Child College. Trusting your judgement, they gave their consent. I was very happy that I was going to Lagos. I left Sapele in 1953, leaving my parents to sort out how to pay the fees for this special school. Thank God they did and I remain forever grateful.

Staying with you in Lagos was another ball game. There I was, a twelve year old little girl from a small town Sapele, living with a very strict uncle. You were indeed a disciplinarian! You would not even allow me to go to the market since you had a cook and a housekeeper. And I was anxious to see and know Lagos. You only allowed me to go to church on Sundays and attend school activities because I was a day student in my first year. However, the golden rule was that, wherever I went out, I must be back home before the street lights came on, and usually they came on at 7pm prompt. There was no NEPA then, we had ECN, the Electric Corporation of Nigeria and they were effective.

In my second year I went into the boarding house but spent most of my holidays in Lagos, and believe me, the rules at home had not changed and did not change, even after I left Holy Child Ccollege. I complained to friends of my uncle and my parents and they all said that uncle was that strict because he wanted to protect me. I must say that among all my siblings, I was your favourite. You used to say, 'Ha, ibidun okin puro, sugbon o stubborn. O mo amala ati fufu ro dada'

You were very fond of your children. Sometimes you would bathe them yourself and get them ready for school. You pampered them but did not spoil them. You made sure that they all had the opportunity of having a good education.

You used to say that that was all you had to give them. A good education!

We however parted ways briefly when I went to the UK for further studies. Nonetheless, I visited you whenever you came to the UK. When I returned to Nigeria, I had become Mrs. Ibidun Allison and we remained close. Your children sometimes ask me why I am so close to you their father. My answer always was that you are my uncle and you brought me to Lagos. Glory be to God. 'Que sera, sera'. I am thankful.

Uncle, you had class! You always dressed well and looked good. A professional photographer with distinction. One just needed to see you do what you knew how to do best – taking pictures. If you never went to his studio for a photo session, you missed something as those whom he photographed, whatever the occasion, can attest to. You excelled so well in your profession that you became the official photographer of almost all the heads of state of our country, Nigeria and their cabinet, from the President of our First Republic, Nnamdi Azikiwe and our first Prime Minister, Tafawa Balewa to our military head of state, General Badamasi Babangida. Well done uncle!

But everything that has a beginning must have an end. So God decided to slow you down a few years back so that you could pause and ponder on all your life and prepare yourself to meet your maker. How lucky you are! Not many people are that lucky. And when the time was right, he quietly took you.

I pray that your soul rest in peace. Amen!.

Adieu Uncle Jackie!

Adieu Papa Fola!

Your niece,

Ibidun Allison (a.k.a. Amebo)

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**From Muhammed Umar (Cousin)**

*Tribute to Uncle Jackie Enesi Phillips*

From Him we come and to Him we shall return. Death is a fearful debt that must be paid by every living being. Death is therefore an inevitable end, which must come at an appointed time. When it does, it separates loved ones, it cuts one’s vision, brings sadness, sorrow, and bitterness. It has no mercy, no pity and no shame.

Our father, uncle, brother, Mr. Jackie Enesi Phillips has left us. Though we celebrate a life well spent, we also mourn his demise. As nature has made it such that no matter how old one’s relation is we never wish they die, I was shocked when Biola, his son called me on Sunday 2nd April that we have lost daddy. My first reaction was that, who are we to question the will of the Almighty? Incidentally, I was with Uncle on the 23rd of February 2017 and it felt like one of my usual visits. Each time I came visiting from home, Uncle takes his time to ask after my family, my building project and all extended relatives back home. He was a great human being. He will take me down memory lane. He was always excited to tell me stories of his good old days back home and always wanted to know if some of the historical areas he recalled in Ebira land and Lokoja were preserved. I have so many fond memories with him that I will cherish forever.

The last time he visited home was in June 1986 when he came for the burial of his father Pa Ibrahim Ohieku. Those who came for the burial need not be told before recognizing him as the son of the late father. He was a carbon copy of his father; In fact you will think they were identical twins.

Uncle Jackie, was not just an uncle, but a personal friend. He used to advise me to always be patient, honest and hard working...in his words; these are the ingredients for success. Uncle was a very hard working person and very meticulous. This made it difficult for him to be satisfied by anyone.

Uncle loved education and also believed in following ones passion in life. I still recall an interview he granted Guardian newspaper published on Saturday June 16th, 2001. He said, “Photography is my life. It is my darling. With

photography, I can create things, it has opened my horizon, it has exposed me, it has challenged me, it has made me, given me light, given me life and made me comfortable”. Photography was indeed his passion. It was all he had lived for and he enjoyed doing what he knew how to do best. His only regret was that he never actualized his dream of establishing a school of photography.

Regardless, Uncle lived a successful life. He was a great family man and will be missed by all of us. May Almighty God forgive him his sins and may his gentle soul continue to rest in perfect peace. May we all find comfort in his memory.

Alh. Mohammed Umar  
Cousin,  
Okene, Kogi State.

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**From Folake (Daughter-in-law)**

I remember the very first time I met my father-in-law; it was when Biola brought me to meet his father. Immediately upon setting eyes on him, I told myself that this was what my husband was going to look like in a few decades.

He was charming, engaging and always curious about all that was happening around him, in particular the goings on in Lagos and Nigerian politics. His mind was so acute and his wit so sharp that one had to be on your toes when speaking with him.

He will be greatly missed and his household will not be the same without him. Rest in peace!

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**From Pastor Wale (Son-in-law)**

*Tribute to a Titan - Mr Jackie Phillips*

There is so much to be said about my father-in-law, Mr Jackie Phillips, he was a pace setter in the world of photography and had a very accomplished career having photographed a wide variety of people ranging from King George VI, the father of Queen Elizabeth the II to every Nigerian head of state. He was also an avid sportsman, who in the latter part of his life was more of an observer than a participant, but only a few people know that he became our

national Bantam Weight Champion.

My tribute to him is as his son-in-law. My first real interaction with him was when I went to ask for Laolu's hand in marriage. I entered his office with fear and trepidation but I left not just with a sense of relief, but on cloud nine because I knew that not only had he accepted me, he had taken to me.

He was always kind and generous to me and I can't recall any occasion on which he scolded me or had any sharp words, in fact he often called on me to mediate whenever he had issues with his daughter or any other member of the family.

Jackie Phillips was a strong man and I speak not just of his physique, but of his mental and emotional strength. I saw that strength firsthand when I was among those who broke the news of his daughter Bimbo's demise. He shed a tear, naturally, but I saw his strength of character behind that tear. Bimbo's passing was very painful, but he took it with godly grace.

To my children he was 'Grandpa', especially since their other grandpa had passed when the oldest of them was just two years old. He loved all his grandchildren and in these last two weeks had asked for each of them by name. He was in his element when surrounded by people, especially his grandchildren and always kept them spell bound as he related stories about his travels around the world.

As his only son-in-law I felt quite at home with him, he was kind, he was courteous, and as his friends would testify he was fiercely loyal.

The family has lost a titan, he will surely be missed, but we have the assurance that he rests in the bosom of our Lord.

Wale Adefarasin  
Son-in-law.

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**From Kehinde (Daughter-in-law)**

I have so many wonderful memories of you Grandpa! You always made me feel so special! You treated me like a daughter from day one. I remember the day I met you; you were very warm and welcomed me into the family with open arms! I love the way your face would light up whenever you saw me. In all the years that I knew you, you never got angry with me, not even once!

You took a keen interest in my work and its progress, always asking questions and urging me on, even promising to visit soon. News about every progress I made always gladdened your heart and you never failed to show it.

You cared about the well being of my family and would always ask after every one of them whenever you saw me.

You loved your grand children and sometimes gave me tips on raising them! Girls were special to you. I recall when you first met our daughter Oyindamola; you carried her and exclaimed " Omo lo se se bi yi ".

Grandpa, I am truly grateful to God for almost 30 years of knowing you. You loved me for me! I love you but God loves you best. I am confident that you are in a better place.

Rest In Peace darling Grandpa.

Your daughter  
Kehinde Phillips

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**From Sumbo (Granddaughter)**

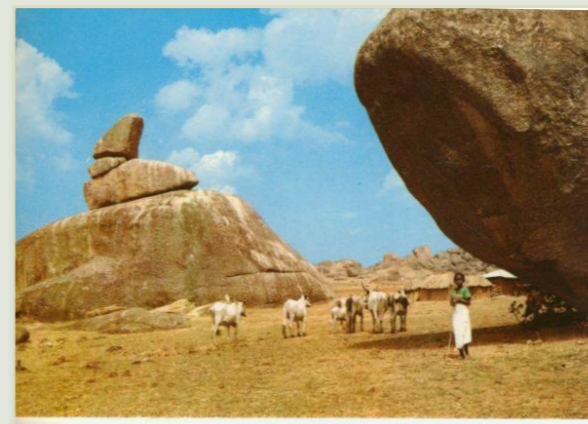
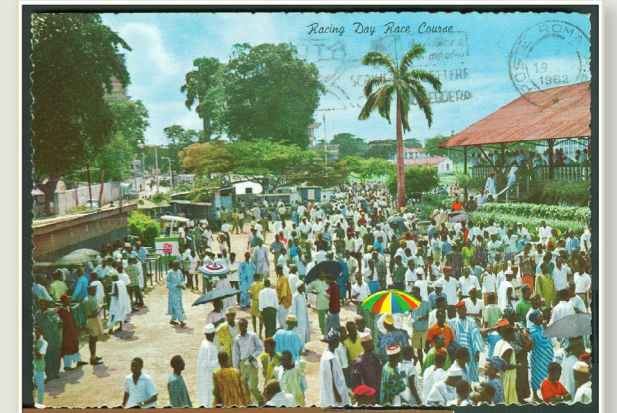
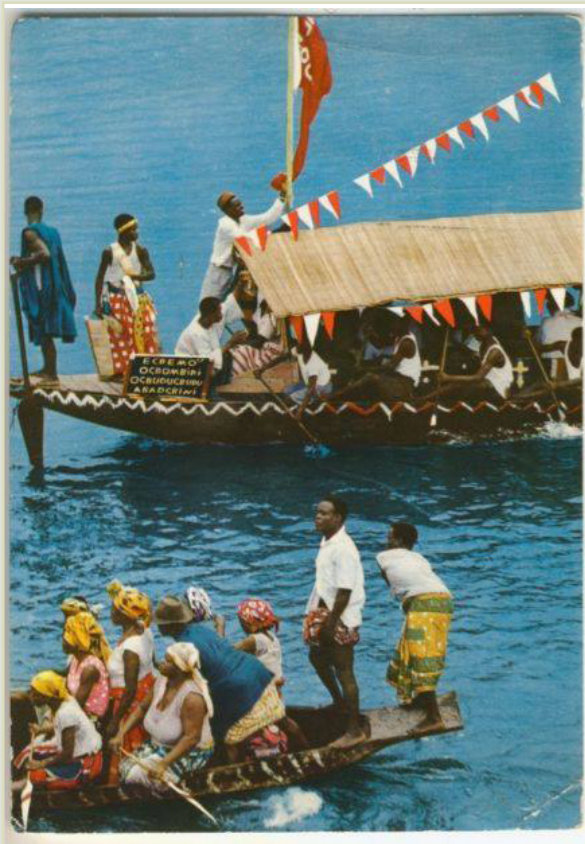
One quite day, the angels came and took grandfather far away. Now that your soul is at rest and your body free from pain, your new life would seem like heaven,

Always in our thoughts no matter where we go, always in our hearts because we love you. Loving you today, yesterday and always from here to eternity

Sumbo Phillips

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**From Ademide (Granddaughter)**

*Grandpa,*

I never thought that when I saw you in December would be the last time I saw you here on earth.

Every single one of my childhood memories of you were with you sitting at the desk in your study while we played under it - I was so convinced that you never left that room (except to go to the studio), and had some sort of super power where you never needed any sleep. It was from that desk that you administered the orders for boxes of Kit Kat to be produced (I mean BOXES - Nestle’s annual revenue would have felt it every time you missed a trip to London). It was also from your study desk that you made sure all of our pool parties were fully catered for. I still can never eat ketchup, because I overdosed on it at those pool parties.

Of course as you got older, you eventually moved from the study desk. But you never lost your wit. You always had something funny to say, some of which have made it into my own catalogue. You would always say about going to London “London isn’t going anywhere, even if you don’t go for 20 years the bus 27 will always run the same route”; about innovation “Oyinbo. - Igba keji olorun ni wan - they’re always creating something new” and one of my favourites “Half education is worse than none - because you think you know when you have no clue”.

Today, I’ll put my #fitfam lifestyle on hold and have one last Kit Kat for you. You will be missed!!!

Ademide Adefarasin

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**From Eyitayo (Grandson)**

A grandfather has a special place within his family.  
 I don’t think of him as gone, I think of him as living in the hearts he touched.  
 He has given us a legacy  
 These are the days to sit, reflect and remember.  
 Life is a blessing, your memory a treasure.  
 May we find peace in your eternal rest

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**From Ademola and Yewande (Grandson and wife)**

Your loss Grandpa is indeed very painful but you ran a good race. Worthy of great celebration. You raised and left behind my mother as well as uncles that are all reflections of the perfect father that you were - caring, generous and supportive.

I have many great memories of you, especially at Elias Close.  
 From ALL of our birthday parties to stealing from your endless supply of KitKat. Growing up a little, I now understand my mum’s need to keep inventory of absolutely everything and Uncle Olaiya’s mastery of hosting.

I love you very much Grandpa and as you rest in perfect peace, may God bless your memory forever.

Ademola + Yewande Adefarasin

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**From Babatunde (Grandson)**

It’s difficult to grieve the loss of a loved one.  
 In the loss of someone special, words are not enough to ease the pain of sorrow.  
 Life is a blessing and everyone leaves memories once they have passed.  
 We share in the comfort that our grandfather is no longer suffering.  
 Thank you for peace, prayers and blessings.

Tunde Phillips

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**From Adeolu (Grandson)**

Grandpa, The Fish, Kit Kat Grandpa, Boxer, Photographer extraordinaire. You lived your life fully, achieved great things and took it all in your stride. Effortlessly gracious, kind and the source of our sweet tooth. Kit Kat was the welcome mat to your study where you would be found without a shadow of a doubt every single time we'd visit. A strong fighter, warrior, both gentle and firm. Never forgotten.

Love  
Adeolu Adefarasin

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**From Ololade (Granddaughter)**

When I think about my first memorable moment with my Grandfather, I could not have been anything more than a 7 year old. A dessert place had just opened up down the road from where we lived and I remember disturbing my dad to treat me to some waffles, but I got a resounding NO!

Luckily for me, he was talking to my grandpa at the time who must have heard me whining in the background. Shortly after "reporting" my dad, I found myself enjoying my waffles. At that age, I remember feeling very loved by him. That love never faded as he always concerned himself with everything about me, from my grades to my new hairstyle.

Love you Grandpa, you will always be in my heart.  
Lolade Phillips

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**From Ladipo (Grandson)**

There is power in Love. There is greater power in the word of God. Rejoice and celebrate for we know where he is.

Love  
Ladipo Phillips

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**From Lola, Mounya and Yeelen (Granddaughters)**

*Dear Grandpa,*

It is strange to say goodbye to someone we will never see again. We wish we could see much more of you.

Rest in peace,  
Lola, Mounya and Yeelen

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**From Oyindamola (Granddaughter)**

*Grandpa,*

I miss you so dearly.

I didn't spend a lot of time with you but I know you would have been so much. Something I really remember is how every time I would come and you wouldn't remember me. I found that very amusing and I loved that about you. Every time we took a picture together, you would also have such a friendly smile that was the best of all. Thank you for being the kindest and sweetest grandpa ever.

Your loving granddaughter,  
Hadassah Oyindamola Phillips

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**From Adegboyega Abidoje (long time staff & companion)**

*Tribute to my Boss, Mentor, Role model, in all, my Father!*

Baba as I fondly called him was and will remain the dearest Boss, Mentor, Role model and Father I ever had. He made everyone feel special and they always thought they were the best. He might have started from humble beginnings but through hard work, he reached the top. Baba was my "Passport" to all the places I never would have dreamed of going, and I met people I could only read or hear about.

God knew that you did not deserve the pain that awaited you, had you stayed on. The intellectual world would talk about your greatness but I will sing your

love of family, friends and all around you. There is darkness in my life now but God doesn't do things by mistake. In due course we will understand and so I will not cry again because you are no more; I will smile because of the beautiful memories I have of you. Proverb 10:7 says "the memory of a good person is a blessing" I will hold on to that forever.

Nevertheless, I know by His grace, the beam in the legacy you left will continue burning. Sleep on Baba, good night Baba, adieu Baba and find peace with God even as you sleep!

Adegboyega L. Abidoeye

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## 9. HYMN – *Will Your Anchor Hold?*

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,  
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?  
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,  
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

### **Chorus**

We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
steadfast and sure while the billows roll;  
fastened to the Rock which cannot move,  
grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!

2. Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,  
When the breakers roar and the reef is near?  
While the surges rave, and the wild winds blow,  
Shall the angry waves then your bark o'erflow?

3. Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,  
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?  
On the rising tide you can never fail,  
While your anchor holds within the veil.

4. Will your eyes behold through the morning light  
The city of gold and the harbour bright?  
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,  
When life's storms are past for evermore?



10. *Sermon*

11. *Announcements*

12. *Prayers and Benediction*

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day our brother Jackie Phillips. We thank you for giving him to us, his family and friends, to know and to love, as companion on this our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith to see in death the gateway for us to be at home with you our Saviour Jesus Christ; so that in quiet confidence, we may continue our course on earth, until by your call we will be reunited with those in the Lord who have gone before, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

Lord Jesus Christ, may the death of our brother Jackie Phillips, recall to us your victory over death. May it be an occasion for us to renew our trust in your love. Give us, we pray, the faith to follow where you have led the way and where you live and reign, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, to endless ages. Amen. O Lord, be merciful to all, especially those who have travelled from far and near to commiserate with the bereaved. Grant them a safe return; bless, guide and defend them. Protect them from perils and dangers of travelling by road or by air. Prosper them in their courses, that they, beholding Your mercy and praising You for Your goodness, may more and more be quickened with a desire for the full enjoyment of their privileges, as fellow-citizens with the saints in Your heavenly household, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

*The Grace*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us now and for evermore. Amen.

13. RECESSIONAL HYMN - *Through the Love of God*

1. Through the love of God our Saviour  
All will be well;  
Free and changeless is His favour  
All, all is well  
Precious is the Blood that healed us;  
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;  
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;  
All must be well.

2. Though we pass through tribulation  
All will be well  
Ours is such a full salvation,  
All, all is well.  
Happy still in God confiding;  
Fruitful if in Christ abiding;  
Holy through the Spirit's guiding  
All must be well.

3. We expect a bright tomorrow  
All will be well;  
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
All, all is well.  
On our Father's love relying,  
Jesus every need supplying  
Or in living, or in dying  
All must be well.



HE CAME, HE SAW, HE LIVED –

## *The Jackie Phillips Story*

Our father, Mr. Jackie Phillips, was the quintessence of the composite man. Fluent in English, Yoruba, Hausa, Igbo and Itsekiri, the life he lived was the dream and promise of Nigeria writ large. His was a life of striving and achieving, no cliff face was too sheer for him to attempt; his limits were the limits of his imagination. He came, he saw, he lived! And we his children and family are immeasurably proud and grateful for the many legacies he has left us. Thank you Daddy!

When Enesi Ohieku was born on June 6th 1924, in Okene in central Nigeria, to Ibrahim Ohieku and Adisetu Onono (Ebira of the Ozi-edo clan), the Southern and Northern protectorates were amalgamated only ten years. He was born into an age in which the men that would shape and spawn the future of the new nation were those able to look further ahead than others, those able to grasp the nettle of opportunity. Mr. Jackie Phillips was such a man.

The last of 10 children and an only son, Enesi (the greatly sought after and much loved child) left the familiarity of home at the age of 8, travelling the country with a much older sister (who had no children) and her husband, a travelling staff with UAC. Daddy spent time in various UAC trading entrepots including Lokoja and Warri, before berthing in Lagos in 1942 at the age of 18. He initially moved in with an older sister already settled in Lagos and soon immersed himself in a city that from that point onwards was the only home he knew till his passing on Sunday April 2nd 2017. He lived a life of daring, flare and determination.

Daddy was extremely strong and resourceful and took to boxing at a gym shortly after getting to Lagos. He became an accomplished boxer – a knockout specialist – and was a bantamweight champion of Nigeria. It was during that time that he took the ring name – Jackie Phillips (the Jackie telling of the upper cuts he used “to jack up” his opponents). The name stuck!

He was also an avid swimmer and as a young man was a member of the Ejanla Swimming club in Lagos. Swimming remained a lifelong passion of his up until he was about 80. Every day, getting up early, he would go down for a swim. He was apprenticed to a Lagos photographer, Milton Macaulay. It was during this time that he started to conceive of the possibility of photography as a profession. He secured a scholarship from what was a predecessor of the British Council to study photography in the United Kingdom.



He left in 1948, studying Photography at the Regent Street Polytechnic in London from 1948 to 1951. His programme of studies included aerial photography and later on, after completing his studies, in 1952 he attended a course on large format photography in Munich. That would prove a prescient decision for a nation moving towards independence and still mindful of the need to record the progress of major infrastructural developments. Over a period of five years in the early 60s, Jackie Phillips Photos created a visual record of the construction of the Kainji Dam

In 1951, after his graduation, he was assigned to cover the Festival of Britain by the Home Office. Later, he worked in Fleet Street with the Daily Mirror, honing skills that would serve him well on his return to Nigeria. The late Alhaji Babatunde Jose was also apprenticing with the paper at the same time. Upon his return to Nigeria he was offered the job of Chief Photographer for the Daily Times which at that time was part of the Daily Mirror stable. The salary on offer was £360:00 per annum. It was not an inconsiderable sum in the early 1950s but daddy politely declined and counter offered that he would instead supply photographs to the Daily Times freelance. The management of the Daily Times could not believe what they imagined was his temerity. It was in fact not temerity; it was a manifestation of the confidence he had in himself, to leverage what he had learnt. Daily Times at that time chose not to retain a Chief Photographer and relied on Daddy's freelance arrangement.

He started with the most basic work, covering football matches and weddings, developing the pictures in his VW Beetle (with black cloth affixed to the windows) and returning to the stadium and church as the case might be to sell the photographs before the end of the match or wedding. That self same Beetle car was at the centre of an incident that stayed with him. He arrived at the Cathedral Church Marina in his Beetle to cover a wedding. As he and an assistant alighted and started to take their equipment, one of two women – obviously guests given how they were dressed – hissed and said, “Kini aiye

yin di, photographer na o nwa moto” (“what is this world coming to, even a photographer is driving a car”).

He threw himself into his work and was soon much in demand amongst discerning social and political circles. The resident expatriate community in particular often retained him for official and social events. To this day, in homes across the length and breadth of the country, there are aging photo albums that bear testimony to the degree to which Jackie Phillips bestrode Nigerian photography for half a century; peerless through to the end of the twentieth century.

The catalogue of those that sat in front of his lens reads like a Who is Who of Nigeria during its birth pangs and at birth. He photographed Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, the Sardauna of Sokoto Sir Ahmadu Bello, Chief Obafemi Awolowo, Emperor Haile Selassie, Muhammadu Ribadu, Chief Okotie Eboh, M.T. Mbu, Alhaji Ishiaku Rabiyu, Alhaji Shehu Musa, Justice Adefarasin, Justice Onyeama, Justice G.B.A. Coker, Justice Lambo, Justice Eso, Justice Adebisi, Justice Odesanya, Justice Anyaegbunam, Odumosu – Jesu Oyingbo, Chief Yemi Lawson, Chief Chris Ogunbanjo, Chief Michael Ibru, Chief Adeniran Ogunsanya, Chief Ola Vincent, the Ohinoyi of Ebira land, Alhaji Mohammed Sanni Omolori, the Alaafin of Oyo, Oba Adeyemi, Nigeria's first High Commissioner to the United Kingdom, Alhaji Abdulmalik, Ambassador Abdullahi Atta, General Yakubu Gowon (he took his official wedding photos) and General Ibrahim Babangida, to name but a few.

He was recalled to Nigeria by the UK government to cover Queen Elizabeth II's visit in 1956. Earlier on, in England, he had taken the photograph of the Queen's father, King George VI. He never stopped reinforcing his knowledge and know-how, attending courses on new developments, especially in portraiture photography in California. The things he saw being done convinced him that he

had to establish his colour photography studio in Lagos, once again raising the bar for Nigerian photography.

A fellow Nigerian photographer, Don Barber, in an interview a few years ago, said thus of Jackie Phillips:

*“By my rating he is one of the best in the world, in the class of Ian Coats and George Gerber, photographers with the seal of British royalty.”*

Barber went on to say that if daddy had worked in Europe or America, he would have been a Royal Photographer, remembering that even here in Nigeria, he once photographed Queen Elizabeth II, and earlier on in the United Kingdom, photographed her father, King George VI. Barber went on to say in his interview that Jackie Phillips was the only photographer at that level he would want to work with as a Photographer’s Assistant. He added:

*“My disappointment is that I did not succeed to work under him and collect a handout note and essential tips from a master, instead he gave me a lot of advice and that was it. He said if I had spent even one day in his studio, it would have been a dream come true.”*

Daddy loved his Alsations, his Mercedes Benz sports cars, his water sports and horse racing. He had a string of Alsations, a few of which were called Bob. He loved playing with them and hurt a lot when any passed or had to be put down.

The Mercedes KL 4242 was his weekend treat in the 60s. In the 70s, after collecting LAB 1991 from the Mercedes Benz factory, he took it for a spin on the Autobahn and then on to London, before eventually shipping it out to Lagos. Then there was the black one he used in London. Each was lovingly cleaned and cared for every weekend.

He enjoyed water sports and was a good swimmer and water skier. He was

the second Nigerian member of the Lagos Motor Boat Club; the first was an Honorary Member, the Prime Minister, Alhaji Tafawa Balewa. After becoming a member, Balewa suggested to daddy that he become one as he would better appreciate that kind of thing. The PM joked that daddy was in the same profession as the man who had married Princess Margaret (Armstrong Jones, a photographer and the future Lord Snowden) so he would fit right in with the Boat Club. Daddy turned out to be the thin edge of the wedge, wasting no time in opening the Boat Club’s doors to his Nigerian friends. He owned a beach house at Ibeshe that he went to every weekend and he would often be seen skiing up and down the lagoon side of Ibeshe, as well as up and down Three Cowries Creek, in front of the Boat Club.

He also enjoyed horse racing which, in season, was a regular feature of the Lagos social calendar on weekends. He owned a share in a particularly successful racing horse in the 60s called Malaria, and on several occasions won a pretty penny on Malaria.

He partook in many Eyo festivals; specifically, he was a member of the Adimu Orisha play group for several decades. He on occasion shared a story of the then leader of his group, the late Justice G.B.A. Coker, looking up Nnamdi Azikiwe Street from Tinubu Square and saying to his Eyo foot soldiers, “Mi o le ri Idumota” (“I cannot see Idumota”). This was a thinly veiled directive to clear a path of everyone from Tinubu Square to Idumota, as the crow flies.

He was also a member of the Yoruba Tennis Club and the Island Club. Though he visited the Island Club frequently in the early 60s, he was a strict teetotaler, he neither drank nor smoked. He used the clubs to network and in the case of the Island Club, additionally to indulge his passion for snooker.

He had exquisite taste and was particular about his dressing: those made-to-measure business suits and pinstriped three-piece suits worn with a pocket square and a pocket watch. He appreciated the fine things of life and had an



excellent eye (oju inu) for architectural lines. Everything he did, he did with panache.

In everything he strove to be the best. In his photography and in his studios, his pioneering production of Nigerian postcards, his establishment of the marketing and sale of greeting cards as a viable business, his restaurant, his construction company, the provision of quality finishing to the print trade, in all of these there was always a touch of class.

His love and care for his children knew no bounds and drove him; he was determined to cement the breakthrough he had made and, mantra-like, never stopped saying that the only true legacy he could leave any child was a good education. From crèche to university, he passionately sought out the best he could for his children; no child was denied opportunity “even if I have to sell the shirt on my back”.

In an era in which the idea of Nigeria sometimes seems under siege, his early life was suffused with hope for the country and girded by the belief that the future of Nigeria would be bountiful. Later on, he struggled to reconcile those aspirations of his youth with the nation’s despair in the evening of his life. The Jackie Phillips story is one of heights attained, despite the odds, a lesson in perseverance, fortitude and daring. We are all crumbling clay so we are all flawed. It is in our ability to rein in our flaws and rise to the fullness of our potentials that we paint our life’s story. The Jackie Phillips story is still being painted in the odyssey of his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, and beyond. Daddy is the fountainhead that enables us and he magnified and multiplied our horizons, incomparably.  
Thank you Daddy!







Daddy and his wife-to-be at photography training in London.



Jackie Phillips Photos Ltd. 1964 Christmas Party  
on January 1st, 1965  
(third from right on the back row)



Daddy (far right) at Bimbo's christening. Laolu (far left),  
Tayo (in front of Laolu), Olaiya (front center)



Daddy (second right) arrives from the U.K. with his wife, Oluremi (second left), Fola  
holding her hand, Biola holding his leg and Laolu in the cot (centre).

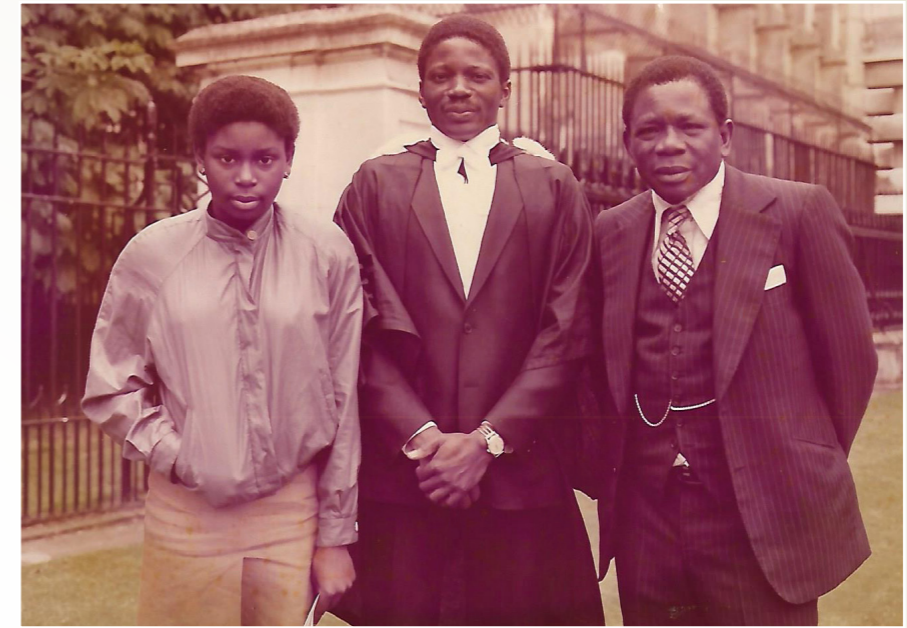


Daddy in his office





Daddy



Daddy at Biola's graduation with Bimbo (left)



Daddy preparing something in the kitchen of his apartment in London.



Daddy outside the apartment building in which he lived in London.





Daddy



Daddy with Olaya at his traditional wedding in Agbor.



Daddy with Laolu and Adeolu (center) in London.



With cousin Muhammad Umar visiting from Okene, 2016.



Daddy with Ademide (center), Ademola (right) and Adeolu (left)



Daddy with Laolu and Olaya

