



REST IN PEACE

Colonel VC

Sunrise: 5th October 1939 ~ Sunset: 2nd March 2023

THE LLSF SCHOLARS

Tributes





I reflect on death because it has robbed us of a man who has rendered tremendous service to humanity. A highly respected servant leader who spent his wealth, health, and his distinguished personality to help in the education of an African child and mankind in general.

There is no single soul connected to Mr. VC that has not benefited from his goodwill gesture and generosity. His contribution to the education sector cannot be overstated. His charity worked while he was alive by hugely involving his lovely spouse Madam Alison, sponsors, donors, and Gilgil community stakeholders, which he did with humility and diligence. Added to that is his steadfastness and kindness to everyone around him. That is exactly the way he has lived his life.

The fallen Hero has led a foundation for people to move forward through selflessness and shelving their differences. Today I describe Mr. VC as A DOYEN whose handwork and selfless service to the African child made him the most generous person that I have known.

I could confirm his humbleness without an iota of doubt as I am a living witness to his humility and generosity. I reflect on the first

time to own my first TIE, I couldn't tie the tie and Mr. VC offered to do it for me. He then fitted the tie on my neck then looked at me with his brave eyes. He said, "Look at you, you look smart and sharp Jackie, go and colour your own life." He then gave me a warm hug with a big smile. For sure, we shall miss your comforting hugs.

Our interaction with him not only gave us a chance to listen to him for inspirational advice as a sponsor of our education but a great man who became a friend, father, and grandfather to many.

Ohh death, you have taken the life of a man so rich with people, hope, wealth, and faith. A man who instilled the spirit of confidence, motivation, ambition, and dignity into the life of an African child. In life we celebrated you and in death, we shall continue celebrating you because your legacy must live on.

REST IN ETERNAL PEACE, COLONEL VC.

Jackline Muturi



This tribute is to honor your memory and celebrate your legacy. You have been an incredible mentor to us.. You have shaped us in terms of career and our lives with your wisdom and guidance. I will never forget the first time we met you. You greeted us with a firm handshake and a warm smile. You asked me about our goals and aspirations. You listened attentively and offered constructive feedback. You taught us that shyness isn't commercial; it only prevents us from reaching our full potential. You encouraged us to be confident and assertive in our work. You have always been punctual and professional in everything you did. You taught us the importance of timeliness and respect. You showed us how to manage our time effectively and prioritize our tasks. You also showed us how to balance work and life. You were always available whenever we needed support or advice. Your warm hug made everything better. You have inspired us with your passion and

dedication. You were always eager to see us learn and scale new heights in our career. You were always positive and optimistic even in challenging situations. You were always generous and compassionate with your mentees. You daily touched lives with your positive energy and passion, and your legacy will carry on for days to come. You have made a difference in this world with your talent and dedication. You have left an indelible mark on our hearts with your kindness and compassion. Thank you for being such an amazing mentor to us. We are grateful for all the opportunities you gave us and all the lessons you taught us. We hope to follow in your footsteps and make you proud.

**Rest in peace, Colonel
Ruth Wanjiru Kariuki**

I received the news on the demise of Col. Harry Vialou Clark, MBE On March 3rd, 2023 with utter shock and disbelief. I realized how at times we can normalize the presence of those who surround us until they bid us goodbye for good and it dawns on us how they influenced and changed our lives. It's when we realize that we are not going to see them again! Col. VC has left us, and he has been buried. But he has left with a piece of each one of the Langalanga Family. And he has been buried with a piece of every one of us.

This is a brief anecdote on my meeting and interaction with Col. VC. And it's not only my story; it's a story that rhymes with the experiences of the majority of Langalanga family members:

I met Col. VC in 2001. I was hopeful, optimistic, and positive that he was all here to grant me a chance in life. A chance not only for me but for my family and community. That he would not only be the highway out of poverty but the only way.

I remember the first time he gave me a compassionate embrace. I was small, shy, and confused. I felt very sheepish, I even didn't know how to behave. I hadn't been hugged before! He held me tightly on his bosom, for close to a minute. I got lost in the abyss of his affection. My hands were tiny, they couldn't go around his back, and therefore they rested on his belly. I could feel how his heartbeats sounded. They were loud! The scent of the sunscreen that he wore is still very vivid in my nostrils. He reflected the symbol of hope. This was the typical way he welcomed and adopted me into his world. And from there henceforth, he became a father to me...and like a father, he acted. A relationship was established, a long-term intimate relationship that was characterized by sheer affection, patience and love.

Col. VC had a way of making each one of us feel special in his presence. The grin on his face whenever we lined up to hug him, and the non-repetitive words he would say into our ears whenever he held us. He never had more special kids than others. The way he would look at me in my eyes made me feel like he was seeing through me.

Col. VC identified each one of us with our names, without missing them.

He identified each one of us with our demeanors,

He identified with each one of us with how we felt in our spirits.

I still remember the grin on his face whenever Alison handed an envelope and other goodies from England from her woven basket to us. This was a family!

Col. VC extremely understood me. Even with the most rudimentary of my folly, he never judged me. He would always look me directly into my eyes and give such un-expected hug whenever I acted silly. None of my aerogrammes went un-replied. I have more than a dozen of our correspondence. Even during his busiest times in England, he still found time to reply to lots of my nonsense. Even when his old age and sickness and fragility, when the only functional organ was his hands, he still replied to my emails.

Col. VC has lived to see the growth and development of a typical African teenager. From a little, clueless poor boy/girl to career engineers, doctors, accountants, teachers, nurses, politicians etc. He has met spouses of some of us and has held high some of our kids, with the same compassion and unwavering love. Have you ever met someone so non-judgmental? Col. VC aced! There wasn't a moment of prejudice or contempt or degradation even at the most trying moments. There was nothing condescending. His heart had a lining of gold.

I will live to remember the following words that have come to make a lot of sense in my childhood:

1; money doesn't grow on trees. And true, money doesn't grow on trees. I need not explain this

2; Shyness isn't commercial. And true, shyness hasn't paid any of my bills so far

We celebrate the life and acts of Col. Harry Vialou Clark, MBE.

May His Soul Rest in Eternal Peace

Josephat Kairuthi



I present my heartfelt condolences to Mrs. VC and the whole family of VC!

The story of my life took a 180 turn in 2004 after meeting Mr. and Mrs. VC at Langalanga. I had just gotten my KCPE results and my family had zero plans of getting me to secondary education.

I remember being driven to Arutani secondary school by Mr. and Mrs. VC with a full package of all that I needed but never ever thought of getting them.

For the whole of first term in school, I had to fight so hard to accept the reality of my life transformation for what VC had made possible. From basic items like sanitary, ALL the text books that I needed and a whole year school fees! I used to fight my tears so hard every time I saw students being sent home for school fees, because I knew if it were not for VC, my education would be just a dream.

Today, I am a qualified nurse, a mother to two beautiful and intelligent children with a lot of hope for tomorrow. I continue to be a mentor in my family and beyond. I am a co-director for a home-health nursing company. I would not ask God for more because He used VC to be my angel and completely elevated me off the ground to a testimony

As a great friend too, he named one of the classes built at my former primary school after me. I am humbled and forever grateful for your kindness. May your soul rest in eternal peace!

Through Mr. VC, I was fully sponsored through secondary education and tertiary education by Emma Davies family. I am forever grateful!

From
Elizabeth Temko



Col H.E. Vialou Clark

Many are the lessons I learnt from you and your life. I will fondly remember and hear your voice mentioning key phrases that you shared with us to shape who we are today: "Shyness is not commercial" a phrase that has made me build skills that has helped me walk every aspect of my life so far. Keep the "BAT (British Army Time)" when it came to keeping time and schedules. Always remember to use the PETS (please, excuse me, thank you, and sorry) when dealing with people. I remember you sitting us down explaining the PETS and repeating this on our Form 1 reporting day. I cannot fully outline here how much these words have worked magic for me when dealing with people, life situations be it work or personal experiences etc. Not forgetting the VC's prayer to mention but a few.

Your care, attention and kindness, your generous and big heart for all. Your sense of discipline, energy and vigour in your goals (we were part of your life goals and we witnessed your agility in making sure that we made it in life too) is something I personally borrow a leaf from. I choose to celebrate your life, for the person you have been to me and hope that your legacy lives on in me, in all of us in the various ways our Almighty God will bless us in.

Rest well Col V.C.

With love and appreciation.

Elizabeth N. Kung'u

Some tributes are better told than recited, but ours is a true reflection of the General. 18th and 20th of Jan 2014 were the days that we went to Comboni Polytechnic to try our Luck to join 'watu wa mzungu'. After the untold cold shivers, we were welcomed on board with a warm hug from the General (a first for some of us), a firm handgrip, and confident eye contact.

First forward to the day he was joining us for our form one shopping. Colonel VC started unleashing the lifetime lessons we will bear for the rest of our lives. Time management. We were to be at Total Petrol Station at 8 or else!

He also made 'parental visits' during high school. He would come bearing 1000 bob for each of us. Money some of us saved to buy clothing while for most of us, ndio ile pesa mingi tuliwahi shika. The Smyth's would join in and teach us financial management tips. 1k was a lot!

And to whom much is given much is expected. Colonel VC always followed on our grades. He would get upset when our grades were poor.

Then came Feb of 2018 when The General brought Brigadier Nield. He stayed long enough to have the 'lastborn' complete high school. And the General though tired from the much he had done for all of us in this podium, retired a happy man.

In conclusion, I would want to remind all of us of the paramount role he played. The leader. He chose to lead us to be better so that we could help others. And he truly delivered. He went past bloodlines and did better than most of your relatives. May we strive to leave such indelible marks in people's hearts.

May the Colonel VC's soul rest in eternal peace.

Hellen Wambui Wambui



I vividly recall the first time I saw Colonel V.C. up close. He had visited my primary school, and as per routine, he was sent to address that year's candidate. I was among the audience, and as you can imagine, I was ecstatic. You see, that man is a legend where I come from, and being lucky to hear him speak was the stuff of my wildest dreams.

I would be lying if I said I remember what he said because (i) his ascent was strange to my village ears, and (ii) I was struck with awe by his presence. The way Col. V.C. dominated the room was something I had not seen before, his voice reverberating all across, his eyes roaming across the room, making contact with people across...it was an inspiration. He always preached about the importance of first impressions, and the man lived true to his words. That and his famous phrase of "shyness is not commercial." Ask any LLSA scholar around and they will tell he should have trademarked it.

I was determined to do what it took to earn his scholarship, so I dived into my books with a roused frenzy.

I know that every student from the 2010 cohort will share a similar narration of their first encounter with Col. V.C. He was the kind of man you never forget, the kind of man you want to impress, and all this he did with effortless abandon. Everybody wanted to do him proud when he took us under his wing and oversaw our admission to various secondary schools strewn across Nakuru and Nyandarua Counties. It was a unique opportunity that hundreds of our former classmates wished had gone their way. And we understood how lucky we were.

However, what shows what a special man Col. V.C. was the rich and deep relationships he shared with the scholars. If you struggled with Math, he knew right away and suggested measures to improve. If your grades were slipping, he would be there to give you an earful. There was no way anybody was getting astray as long as he was there. And he knew each of us by our names. This is a man who took hundreds of kids under his wings in a career spanning decades, but he knew who Harun Maina of the 2010 cohort was and what would be his best career choice. Astounding.

This man has managed to inspire generations and change the fortunes of many a family in Murindat. Indeed, many stories will be told of an English man who used his reach and influence to change the social and economic trajectories of families and communities in our home place. The legacy that Col. V.C. has created will outlive generations; for as long as we live, our successes are part of his legacy. It doesn't matter what you do or achieve in your life, Col. V.C. saw the seed in you, watered it, nurtured it, and now the fruits belong to him. He laid the foundation of our success, and our success is attributable to him, no questions asked.

Colonel V.C.'s passing has come as a shock to the 2010 cohort. It was so easy and comforting to believe that larger-than-life Col. V.C. would always be around, a call out away, a phone call away, but alas! We are taught that God's timing is the best; all we can do is accept His will.

To Madam V.C. and your family, we cannot pretend to know or understand the loss and pain you are going through. All we can say, and I am sure you will concur with us, is that you were blessed to know and spend a lifetime with a man of Col. V.C.'s caliber. We pray for you that God gives you the strength to accept he is finally resting after an industrious shift on earth. Thank you for sharing him with us, and you are in our prayers.

Col. V.C., thank you for taking a risk and changing our fortunes. You may be gone from our lives, but your name and legacy lives on, from our hearts, through our mouths, and to the world.

Go well, Col. We will surely meet someday, in a better place, in happier moments.

©Cohort of 2010

Oh Colonel VC, God's own gift to mankind!

Evans Njuguna





I first heard of Col. VC, or simply VC as most people would refer to him in the year 2000. I was a candidate for the Kenya Certificate of Primary Education (KCPE) exam in Kipipiri Primary School, Nyandarua County, bordering Gilgil. Rumor had it that this 'Mzungu' (white man) was sponsoring young, bright, and needy children with their secondary education. I was one of them. We lived in poverty since my early childhood and to worsen the situation my father was involved in a car accident that incapacitated him from his casual mason jobs in 1998. I worked hard and passed this national exam with flying colors (537/700 marks). I met VC at Green House in 2001 to try my luck. I didn't get the scholarship and so I re-sat my KCPE in Kamahia Primary School to meet the one requirement I had missed on my first try- graduate from one of the primary schools in his panel. I was the best in the zone with 402/500 marks this time. But I missed the scholarship, again! The rules had changed. One had to have studied in these qualifying schools for at least two years. The news was devastating, not just for me but for my mother who had walked miles with me on that material day!

Fast forward to February 2003, VC would reconsider my case and award me the scholarship after close to two terms out of school. On this day at the Langalanga junction, I saw the emotional side of this towering Briton that would easily pass for a tough unemotional soldier. He shed tears on my back as he gave me this warm, tight, and long comforting hug that I would love to get so many more times during the scholarship. He took me back to Nyandarua High School and in a year's time he promoted me to the school's 'Mzee' (elder) in his witty efforts to help me regain my confidence. And the magic worked because I became one of the three most powerful captains in the school before passing my Kenya Certificate of Secondary Education (KCSE) in 2005.

Later, we would work under his mentorship to start the Langalanga Scholars Association and the Langalanga Scholarship Professionals Association, both of which I have served as a leader. Through his example of servant leadership, I have been involved in many leadership roles in my academic journey, career, and the larger community.

He had a soft, less formal, side too. His jokes cheered us up even when our problems were hovering over us. He always found a way to bring out the best in each one of us. He knew us by

names and our different personalities. 'Kuja hapa mukora' (loosely translating to come here tough boy), he would summon one of the hard-headed scholars while laughing jokingly. 'Look me in the eye, shyness is not commercial!', he would tell another timid scholar. Overall, he made sure to balance tough and tender love. We had a father in Col. VC, and I will miss seeing him during his Kenyan visits.

Today, I am a Finance Manager at a multinational company. I have worked in white color jobs for nearly a decade and a half. I have helped all my 4 siblings get a better life. I have relocated my parents to a permanent house, in a better location. I have helped 3 bright and needy girls get through secondary school. I am a father of three beautiful daughters who attends some of the best schools in Nairobi. All thanks to the good work that Col. VC did here in Kenya, for me and many more of my peers that would have ended up in the vicious cycle of poverty. Now the cycle in my family is broken and through the projects and contributions that the scholars continue to champion in society, a whole community will continue to benefit from and experience the legacy of Col. VC. Indeed, he may be physically gone but his spirit and legacy lives within and with us.

Col. VC had immense love, respect, and admiration for his wife, Alison. She has always been by his side during all this good work. She has been our mother. The one to whom we sought help when VC was hard to approach, especially when we broke his rules. She has been more of an external, complementary memory for VC, especially during his last few years. His extra pair of ears when his hearing worsened during the past few years. Blessings to you Alison VC, we love you! To VC's children, dad had love and always mentioned you in his speeches and talks. He considered you highly and believes that you are always making the world a better place. May you continue impacting the world positively.

I will always remember VC as, among others, a kind, loving, selfless, firm, decisive, courageous, and inspiring leader, philanthropist, and father figure.

**Rest well, Colonel VC.
With love,
Julius Kinyua Kamau.**





Colonel VC was a game changer for my life and my entire family. He gave me my second parents John and Ann Isherwood am forever grateful.

A role model who taught me to be confident. I remember him reminding always "Rachael shyness is not commercial" I became confident and dared to serve humanity in humanitarian world. I feel great fulfilment serving the most vulnerable through health services.

I believe and trust that Colonel VC was very pleased with all the Langalanga scholars fraternity. My hope that we made him proud!

May VC soul rest in eternal peace
From Rachael Wanjiru Kamau

When we first met, I was young, naive, very Bright but the future looked bleak, gradually we became very good friends. I celebrate your life, today and forever. You lived your purpose, gave us education without any limits and equipped us to face the world. We are here because of your selflessness and generosity without a measure. Your name will forever be inscribed in my heart in bold.

Heaven gained an angel.
Jane Wambui Njenga.





Over 23 years since December 2000. When I first met Colonel VC on a sunny afternoon at Karunga open-air market. The air of hope was breathed into my life.

Before receiving my KCPE results my future was pegged on two options.

- i) My results will be good very good to acquire a scholarship at Starehe boys Centre. This required that I score 560 marks out of the possible 700 (It is an impossibility from a village school) or
- ii) Acquire a space at Karunga open-air market where my mother was a greengrocer seller.

Since I missed the Starehe boys' option with 28 marks, I had already embarked on my second Option where a mzungu in a Green Land rover visited and ignited my journey towards a better life. I could hardly express myself nor face my would-be destiny helper on the face and he released one of his golden statements that have kept me inspired to this day: Shyness is not commercial.

In the four years that followed, despite my naivety and lack of exposure, I brushed shoulders with children of the middle class and the who is who in the country. This was in one of the best provincial schools in the country. I wore the best school shoes and got new school uniforms at will. Not forgetting pocket money at the beginning of each calendar year. I got all the textbooks that I needed and did not know how it felt to be sent home for school fees. All this was courtesy of a mzungu who was neither my relative, my neighbour nor my government representative.

Everyone would expect that with all the above privileges, I should then emerge the best in my secondary-level education. Unfortunately, this was not the case. Colonel VC had always insisted that we needed to qualify for admission to university in the regular program to be guaranteed of his tertiary support. Probably the way our first ever scholar Hosea Ndungu and some of the beneficiaries in the second-year cohort, Githinji Wokabi and Duncan Kanya had done.

Despite falling below his expectation, Colonel VC would continue giving us his tender smile and tight hugs. Re assuring us that we are destined to a bright future not only for ourselves, but our families and society through us.

He took his time and took us through a series of interviews and career talks with people in the market industry, the likes of Arun Datta until we settled on alternative college courses. I was lucky to join Strathmore University for a CPA course that helped me earn some money to sponsor myself for an undergraduate course.

The fatherly, Colonel VC followed up my performance and gave me all the necessary support until I was through with the course. One day he asked me of what would be my plan after college and drying up of the monthly upkeep kitty and I naively responded that I will go back to the village and be sending CV's from the village. He asked me for a copy of my CV which I have kept to this day and after looking at it.

He requested that we sit and work on it with him. Looking at what I had shared,

I would not employ myself if I received that kind of a CV.

My first employment contract was through his interventions after several invitations for interviews some of which were through his interviews. (I obviously got exposure and confidence and moved to other employments with time)

Key lessons from my interaction with Colonel VC.

i) Leave the world a better place than you got it. He has lived his life through empowering us through education and raised the education standards of our society. He changed the narrative that education was optional to education is a must.

ii) Selflessness-All the work done for us have no benefit to him a person, yet he sacrificed his time, resources and energy to work tirelessly to ensure we have a bright future. Most of the time, not meeting the expectations or just complicating things for him. But did not get tired. He did this with great passion and interest as shown by his ability to know the over 200 scholars by name, recall where we schooled and our families.

iii) The above plus calls for integrity, honesty and hard work are just but a few things that I have learnt from my interaction with Colonel VC.

He was truly God's gift to mankind and has gone back to the creator having planted several seedlings of the good deeds that will keep spreading in our society now and forever.

Fare thee well Colonel VC.

Tribute from Michael Kariuki Kabuthia awarded scholarship in 2001





Rest in Peace

MBE Colonel Henry Ernest
Vialou Clark