

*Through all the time shared, I believed all had been said  
Abide by your guidance  
though never knowing where it'd lead  
You aid my becoming  
In my eyes I'm led by a giant, I've memorized your steps  
How the ground trembles beneath you  
Due to your presence, we soundly slept.  
You are all our keepers  
Though seasons fade and sceneries change  
This path is ever winding  
Our journey goes never ending forever seeking what we're finding  
So may the world tremble at our steps just as yours till our path  
comes round and we come knocking at your door*

But he said to me, "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness." Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ's power may rest on me.

- 2 CORINTHIANS 12:9

## *Acknowledgments*

Our family wishes to extend our profound and sincere gratitude for the outpouring of love, support, and prayers during this difficult time. Through our cherished memories, **HERMANN** will live on in our hearts forever. May we continue to celebrate his life by living freely and with gratitude every single day that we have the ability to take a breath.

*Arrangements Entrusted to:*

  
BENTA'S  
Funeral Home, Inc.  
630 St. Nicholas Avenue  
New York, NY 10030  
Phone: (212) 281-8850  
Fax: (212) 234-3600

*Celebrating the Life of*



*Hermann Fulbert Touwoli*

SUNRISE: APRIL 10, 1973 - SUNSET: JANUARY 30, 2025

## *Funeral Service*

Saturday, February 22, 2025 • 11:00 A.M.

**BENTA'S FUNERAL HOME**

630 St. Nicholas Ave  
New York, NY 10030

## *Interment*

**KENSICO CEMETERY**

Valhalla, New York

# Order of Service

09:30 A.M.—09:35 A.M. . . . . PRAYER  
PASTEUR ACHILLE LOGON

09:35 A.M.—11:00 A.M. . . . . VIEWING & WORSHIP  
MUSICAL GROUP FRIENDS OF CHRIST

11:00 A.M.—11:15 A.M. . . . . PRAISE & WORSHIP  
MUSICAL GROUP FRIENDS OF CHRIST

11:15 A.M.—12:00 P.M. . . . . EXHORTATION  
PASTEUR LAURE ADE-LOGON

12:00 P.M.—12:20 P.M. . . . . PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY  
PASTOR LAURE ADE-LOGON

12:20 P.M.—12:50 P.M. . . . . LAST VIEWING & WORSHIP  
MUSICAL GROUP FRIENDS OF CHRIST

12:50 P.M. . . . . DEPARTURE FROM FUNERAL HOME  
KENSICO CEMETERY FOR BURIAL

02:30 P.M.—04:00 P.M. . . . . REPAST

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# Obituary

For he was  
An immovable object—committed, principled, and chiseled by life’s lessons.  
And just as well, an unstoppable force—unrelenting, fearless, and imbued with  
relentless vigor.  
Calculated yet unbounded; He stood as a pillar of authenticity. He retained  
complete faith in his internal worth. We hope he now sees that he is also worthy  
of rest because his legacy is imprinted on everyone gathered in this room today.

I write this in bold font because that is how he lived his life. His mountainous voice  
bellowed and spoke life into the world. This voice that echoed throughout our  
personal valleys and uplifted us will now resonate eternally in our hearts and minds.

He was the catalyst, gravitational potential in a human body. He was the seed, the  
root of all exponential possibilities. He was the critical juncture. The key in the  
ignition, the spark plug where the inconceivable could become reality.

This held true professionally,  
in the transformation of his friend’s lives,  
in his manifestations of progress as an immigrant in a new country,  
in his wife’s capacity to persevere,  
and in his insistence that his children have healthy delusion in their potential  
for greatness.

What was in his nature, he nurtured in those around him.

He always needed to stand on his own two feet, even in his final moments. Eventually,  
his body succumbed to the sheer weight and density of his own ambition. However,  
he never fell, he was only lifted to righteousness.

We see him. Not just for our final conversations with him but for his essence, his  
story, and his journey. When you see his face, you remember all the other faces that  
were his. The child and brother who laughed in the village. The devoted father  
helping his children study on the living room couch. The loving husband reading  
his vows at the altar. The friend dancing at the family function. The boy who used to  
dream. The man who always believed.

He was a father. He was a son. He was a husband. He was a brother. A friend. A  
leader. He was a man. Let gratitude and honor come to mind when we speak of  
Hermann Fulbert Touvoli.