

BOOK OF
Tributes

CHIEF (ARC.) ISAAC FOLA ALADE OFR
SUNRISE: 24TH NOVEMBER 1933 - SUNSET: 18TH JUNE 2021

...his life and times



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 *Tributes*

CHIEF (ARC.)
ISAAC FOLA ALADE

OFR, FNIA, D. Sc Hons Architecture- OAU Ife.

■ SUNRISE: 24TH NOVEMBER 1933 - SUNSET: 18TH JUNE 2021 ■

Compiled by
The Fola-Alade family

SO LONG DADDY ...

Memoirs to Daddy

Daddy, I doubt that you could ever have known that you made this much impact on so many people, even I might have taken you for granted myself because I grew up knowing your persona just as is on a normal day to day. The love that you showed everyone within your sphere of influence in your own most unusual way has continued to be reciprocated in diverse ways by everyone as the endless eulogies keep echoing the same thing about you and all that you stood for consistently, mostly from the most hilarious stories about you too. These amazing testimonies did not just start at your transition, but all through your life. What I find most interesting are the little details about you, people recounting the small things that you have done behind the big pictures that most people see, we saw your down to earth self at home and the real you did stand out all through your life.

I want to thank you for raising us to aim for excellence and not perfection, you took everyone just as we were and you never threw away a bad workman. Your constant prayer most times in Ekiti dialect for those of us under your watch and people that you encouraged was that we should aim beyond your high standards (kare o 'mo de yi, o e ju mi lo, ori re a kan ké 'mo de yi), and I daresay that those pronouncements go a long way even for generations yet unborn. You never settled for less than your expectations, not under any circumstance. Rightly so, if you could have dared to achieve all that you did coming from your humble beginnings. Truth be told, you invested your best in us in your time and resources. I recall that when I was once visiting Sola in London a little while back, as I was relaying your messages to him, I said that, "Daddy said, ...". Little did I know that he held his breath until I finished conveying all your messages to him and then he exhaled. He preached about the sort of reverence he still held for his Dad in his adult age in church the next day, and had to cite the example of how he had held his breath while I conveyed his dad's messages to him and that he was not quite sure of what your message/instructions to him was all about. Oh, the church had such a good laugh.

Daddy, you were the genuine article ... Your life was an open book, you were just yourself and you made no apologies about your own unique style, from your signature dress sense to your wit and humour, the principles that you stood for, your beliefs and ethos, and above all, in all, you truly sincerely wanted the best for everyone around you, so you did your bit as what is known as an "influencer" today as the testimonies continue to reveal layers of your acts of love for mankind. Above all, we were exceedingly glad on the day you gave your life to Christ, under the most unexpected circumstances, Sola leading you to know the Lord during a telephone call in 2010. I recall that you had thought it was all about a church ceremony, and you were pleasantly surprised he could also do this simple task over the phone. You always prayed for us and all who helped you through the evening of your life in gratitude to them.

I can't thank God enough for the immense love and support that your kith and kin, friends and acquaintances all across the country offered, to see you through your twilight years. I am so sure that the prayers that you banked on credit were rewarded moreso by the many tributes

and eulogies that we have been hearing since your transition was announced; this was the beginning of your actual burial. Daddy, your life was just an open book and all the accounts being given about you dovetail into the very same description of you by almost everyone. Need I repeat all that have been succinctly captured by all in the various tributes!

Daddy, you were here, you lived, you loved, and you were naturally creative about all things. I have never forgotten the two hard phrases you said to me repeatedly while I was growing up, “Be resourceful!” and “Use your initiative!” whenever you gave me those herculean tasks and complex assignments to carry out and I am there wondering how to go about them. I have adopted the use of these exact phrases in tutoring my colleagues at work, and so that they understand what “tough love” means, and that mediocrity is not a virtue. You raised the banner for your Ekiti kinsmen especially Aramoko Ekiti at every opportunity that you found. You travelled the world but you always longed to be back home, not to any of your homes in Victoria Island, Ikoyi, Akoka or Allen Avenue, but to your Hometown Aramoko Ekiti, no matter how tough the conditions were, with fuel scarcity, and what have you.

I have to thank God for giving you eighty-seven and a half glorious years to live and experience very many facets of a great life, considering the fact that you were literally a still born baby at birth. You could easily have been named Miracle. The child of peasant parents schooling back then was quite an arduous task to accomplish, working as a houseboy to Canon Mason at Christ's School so that your fees could be paid (he must have impacted great manners and upbringing in you), studying Architecture simply because you saw a gentleman on a certain construction site dressed wearing a pair of short knickers and a short sleeved shirt, and you had to ask what profession he was in, because you only knew about the obvious professions of Law, Medicine, etc. Bisi and I always say that you must have had nine hundred and ninety-nine lives (you had to have more lives than the mere cat). In the 31,983 days that God graciously gave you to live, I will say thank God for everything.

Thank you for everything you invested in me, Daddy . . . your spirit lives on as I have banked great memories of you from the last six decades, most of which are still my guiding principles that often help me to navigate all the good and rough terrains of life today. I recall that you once sent all five of us to learn Typing and Pitman's Shorthand every day after returning from our vacation work in your office in Tafawa Balewa Square while we lived at Allen Avenue, I was then in my third year in Zaria. Of course, the five of us were the most brilliant students in the class being undergraduates at the time. The whole class scene reminded us of the hilarious British TV comedy, “Mind your Language”. To be honest, it was fun. That simple experience prepared us for the life of the electronic life of today. The Computer Centre in the Ahmadu Bello University back then in 1984 was housed in a giant structure that looked like a UFO, little did I know I would one day be using mini computer device applications today. You thoroughly prepared us with lots of life skills.

The Architect in you - You built your own private vault in readiness for your transition over 17 years ago, you also built a small humbling chapel over it at your country home, AKODI

ASIWAJU in Aramoko. You obtained the permission of the Local Government to exhume the remains of our beloved Mum and relocated her therein. I believe that you conducted Arc. Ibrahim Haruna, PPNIA during his tenure as the President of NIA round to view the little structure as you showed it to everyone who visited you in Aramoko with a great sense of accomplishment. We could not understand what you did at the time, now “my eyes” are clearer about your visions. Arc. Mahmoud. J. Faworaja, PPNIA, PPARCON tells us of the story of how you encouraged a British External Examiner while you were both External Examiners in A. B. U. in the seventies to see the values that a final year student had put in a lot of effort for his community in his project thesis titled, “The Last Storage”.

The examiner would have caused this project to fail, but then, you took that spirited effort to explain the significance of death and dying, with how we attend to bereavement in Nigerian parlance to the British External Examiner, who was then convinced about the design philosophy, and the student did actually score a distinction. You got the opportunity to design the befitting National Remembrance Arcade at Tafawa Balewa Square in Lagos shortly afterwards. Today I look at this Vault and Chapel perhaps being one of the smallest structures you ever designed and built and can see how the Architect always emerges in you. Fola Alade Vault and Chapel is the crowning glory of your journey in Architecture, and also your last design.

Like everyone else, I could go on, but I must say my goodbyes as we conclude the plans to commit your remains to six feet below (your popular saying). We all use a lot of your words and expressions today and the grand children too are catching on with their own memories. “So long, mate” as you would say. I have no doubt that you have gone to a better place because we are assured that you are resting in the bosom of our Lord. Till we meet again at Jesus feet. All is well, and like I am sure that you would say at this point and I quote, “No regrets, as God is the Architect of my own fortunes! Carry on mates,” just as you bow out, God being our helper (as you would always say). We thank God for everything. Rest in perfect peace Daddy. You still live on.

Your daughter
YINKA WILLIAMS (NEE FOLA-ALADE).

A TRIBUTE TO DADDY

Hmmm

You can only have one biological father, and I thought that was the only father that I would have. But right from the day we met when I came looking for my girlfriend, I discovered and realized that I could call someone else Daddy and actually feel that he was my father!! So different from my own biological father, and yet fitting the role perfectly.

BOOK OF TRIBUTES

You took me as I was - not a very polite or traditional young man - and you were a father to us as our young family developed. Your support and friendship will surely be missed and as they say, even though ... e ti sin wa de ibi ti eru o ti ni ba wa mo ... we wish you were here!!

Reading your book, it showed throughout that though your career was taken to great national heights, family and living at peace were what you were all about and you surely lived that life. And when it all boils down, that's what we should aspire to and that's the impact you left with us, nothing else is more important. Peace in that nucleus family would bring an overall national peace ... if only more families had that kind of vision.

But the last chapter of your book was not kind to you and all of us and perhaps you did not plan it that way. Perhaps it was one of the lessons that God wanted us to learn. Certainly, that chapter taught us all to be humble and love life and each other while we can, 'cause none of us know how we will go, or when. So many sad moments though even now there are tears close by!

Alas you have gone to rest now. Left the various COVID-19 variants, climate change, insecurity racked world and more for us to unravel. You have done your bit, lived your best and given us what fathers should do, principles and simple rules to live by and for. I couldn't ask for more from any Daddy.

Rest in peace, till we meet again.

Your son
FEMI WILLIAMS

As daddy exhaled his last, I took one deep breath which set me on the reel of a montage of an impactful, inspiring and colourful life. Death had indeed lost its sting, and the grave itself is defeated at its own game. Daddy had a living consciousness of the mortality of mankind; accordingly, he set out to live with a sense of purpose and to be victorious in every way possible.

His entré as a still born baby would set the pace, as he miraculously defied the odds to survive; but beyond mere survival, he was skewed to live well and win. By the time I was born, his score card had recorded 31 years marked with remarkable footprints in the sands of time, enough to last a lifetime for many. His personal narrative of those times was replete with accounts of his alma mater, Christ's School Ado Ekiti, (which I also attended for a while) and his Christian father who he lost at a tender age. It was mainly between these two that the ethos which informed his life's principles and philosophy were hatched, essentially on the mantra which he passed on to us from his own dad, "Remember The Son of Whom Thou Art". With a pile foundation laid on "The Rock that never fails", there were no limits to his capacity, not even by the sky. He built us up as meticulously as he applied himself to his works; with integrity,

excellence, intricate care, conscientious industry and a passion that qualified for the combined honours of both father and mother, yet as a single parent. His penchant for his profession kept him well planned but he was always quick to remind us that tomorrow is never guaranteed.

Growing up, each holiday, there was always a new twist or turn to be discovered on arrival from school, as his creative and restive nature constantly changed the design of our home, perhaps as often as a change of clothes. He wanted me to be an architect by all means possible even though I wasn't science oriented; but being one uncompromising on his civil rights, cause for justice, equity and a good conscience, he was quick to appreciate the value my legal profession brought to bear on him.

I owe my sporting prowess to him. I was his dedicated sparing partner in squash rackets, every other day for over two decades. We enjoyed playing billiards and snookers together so much that he got a world championship size table for us at home. Just as much, we enjoyed swimming and golfing together tremendously. With daddy there was never a dull moment. He left no room for sadness or despondency, he simply did not have the luxury of time for such unproductive indulgences.

Daddy was for the better part unorthodox and dynamic in his diverse ways, but he surely deployed his gifts and callings to the service of God and humanity through his faith in Jesus Christ.

Though not a perfect man (none of us is), unlike most, in his closing years, he got the rare privilege of the opportunity to take stock and make his peace with his creator. Upon his exit, he had impacted so many lives, that there was no room left behind for darkness, or sorrow.

"But the path of the just is as the shining light, That shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Proverbs 4:18 KJV

Thank you Daddy and good night, as you Rest in the Peace of the Lord that passeth all understanding, till the perfect day at the resurrection.

Your Son,
OLADIPO FOLA-ALADE

TRIBUTE TO MY LOVING AND CARING FATHER-IN-LAW, CHIEF ISAAC FOLAYAN ALADE OFR.

Your love and care for us and your grandchildren was an indication and part of my overall marital happiness. You were a loving and caring father, a mentor to many, very delightful company and a super achiever of your time. The energy and drive with which you did all that

you did is an inspiration to us to keep going and never look back. One of my fondest memories of you is from many years ago when I was expecting Gbenga. It was early in the pregnancy and I had all-day sickness everyday. We had a family function which I had to attend and on the way back I was so sick in the car. By the time we got back to your place in VI, I had already thrown up in your car. You didn't mind but instead showed me so much love and concern that day, dotting over me and you kept asking how I was doing and checking on me every few minutes. That was the first time I saw this side of you. I will never forget that. Thank you, Daddy. Other times when you came to spend time with us, you showered me with such kind words, ever so grateful for any little thing I did. I will never forget. Thank you, Daddy.

I miss your jokes and laughter. I've actually missed those for a long time. You fought so hard and long. Your absence has left a huge vacuum but we are left with our peaceful memories of you which we will cherish forever.

Rest In Peace Daddy till we meet to part no more.

Your daughter-in-law,

OSARHIEME FOLA-ALADE

Dad! You were the bestest daddy, IN the whole wide world! You were not all things to all men, but you meant different things to different people!

To me, You were the world's best SINGLE FATHER Ever!! The Single Father of all Single Fathers! I had no idea what the term single parenting meant until I became an adult. When mum passed on 45+ years ago, you were shattered beyond consolation! It was a destiny-changing experience for every one of us! Yet, You brought us all up in a large family and took absolute and total responsibility for us, and the entire household, immediate and extended. You doted on us like a mother hen. You did not play with us at all, and you were not ashamed to let everybody know that! You were the greatest mum and dad combined that ever lived! I know you would have found mum by now! And, You both must be having a blast playing catch up! You must be so proud looking back at your Legacy!!

I celebrate your legacy! You didn't just leave a Legacy. You lived a legacy. I celebrate the legacy you lived and left, both in Buildings and in People. You were such an amazing and very interesting Architect. Your buildings are iconic, just as you were! Your architecture signature was unique (the archs & semi-circles), your designs are a Masterpiece! What a Legacy you left in buildings! You also left a legacy in people! You built buildings, and you built people also. You were a Person of Value that valued VALUES! You stood for Integrity, Excellence, Honesty, Hard Work, etc. Your Work Ethic was top notch. You were true to yourself and you spoke your Truth, regardless! You taught us that, People Matter. That Relationships Matter. That people must be treated with respect and dignity, regardless of Tribe, Tongue, Race, Creed, Colour, Class, Social Status, etc. You were friends with the maiguard and friends with

the president. You taught us to abase and abound. You were a People-Person, not a People-Pleaser! You loved Nigeria, and Nigerians! You loved people, especially the people of Aramoko Ekiti! - Period! End of Story!

You were a fun-loving, yet principled Disciplinarian! You believed in Tough Love. You were not a “Shouter”! You were more a “Caner”, when necessary! 99% of the time, it was for offences committed. 1% of the time, it may have just been to Reset our Brains! How can I ever forget all the house chores we did every morning, which you personally supervised. Let's not even go near school work. Everyone in the household had something to do, even our friends who were just visiting. No room for faffing around. No room for dulling or idleness. You must be doing something, not just forming busy! You really did not take nonsense from anyone! You expected people to shape up or ship out! No story! Get the job done, and get it done well! Yet, you related with our friends and cracked jokes with them, like they were your friends!

You were organized. You documented anything and everything. Your handwriting and signature were so unique. You had files for everything, especially our School Report Cards! Nepa and Nitel had their own files for inappropriate and inaccurate charges. And you always ensured they were corrected. In fact, All those owing you money, their files are still there, for posterity!

Your fashion style was Eclectic And unique - it reflected your Personality and Attitude! When we said, “dad, this doesn't match”, you would say, “Says Who, and so what”! You liked it, you wore it. Finish! Your favourite cap for a very long time was the Beret! You loved adire, ankara, and anything Made In Nigeria really! I recall this particular brown and beige adire fabric. You got it in excess and made outfits for all of us out of it! The fabric was so much, you even made curtains for the whole house! When you were done, we looked just like the Von Trapp Family in the Sound of Music! But it didn't faze you at all. We didn't understand your unique style for a long time, but I'm certain our children don't understand ours either! All I know now is, “To Each His Own” and everybody will be alright las las!

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It's an open secret that Ekiti People “sabi book”. You loved Education and you educated us well - both in a structured environment and by Exposure. You loved to Travel. You loved road trips within Nigeria and you loved international travel. Almost everything was a teaching moment. In fact, the only way we could get extra pocket money to school was if we asked to buy books!

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You were a SOCIALITE!!! You loved to party! You loved King Sunny Ade. Chief Commander Ebenezer Obey. Sir Victor Uwaifo. And to my surprise, Sir Shina Peters as well. You loved Elemure. You enjoyed good music, good food and great company! You simply loved and enjoyed Life!! And you would say, “Just let me chop the life of my head!” “E je k'in j'aiye ori mi!”

BOOK OF TRIBUTES

You were a sports man, par excellence. You swam, played table tennis, billiards, cricket, badminton, squash and golf! Between squash and golf, you finally loved golf better after so much struggle. You taught us that, In Golf, as in Life, it's the Follow Through that counts"! It will amaze you to know that I am starting to golf now.

Your Sense of Humour was second to none! You were indeed THE FOLA ALADE, The One, The Only Fola Alade. THE Original Fola Alade - any other one is a Counterfeit! You were so proud of WHO you were and WHERE you were from! You captured your essence in your autobiography - REMEMBER WHOSE SON THOU ART!

Thank you, dad, for WHO You Were, and Who You Taught Us To Become. You Came. You Saw. You Lived. You Loved. You Fought. You Conquered. You are Our Champion, Our Hero, Our Icon, Our Legend, Our Legacy, Our Superstar! Thank you! We love you! Your Legacy Lives On! Your exit is so Painful, yet, we are So Grateful! We are privileged to have shared the world with you, and now we are honoured to share you with the world!

Love you so much, dad! And, as one of your friends said, with all due respect dad, "May God Rest Your Restless Soul"!

Regards

BISI SOJI-OYAWOYE (NEE FOLA-ALADE)

A Tribute to My Late Father-In-Law, Chief (Arc.) Isaac Fola Alade, OFR (November 24, 1933 to June 18, 2021)

Dear Dad

I celebrate you, as a wonderful Father, a Father-in-Law like no other, and a Grandfather, not forgetting your impeccable contributions to Nigeria as A PUBLIC SERVANT of repute.

I was privileged, indeed, favored to have been accepted into your family as a son-in-law, to have sat under your wise counsel many times, to have shared quality time with you, and above all, to have had a glimpse of your kindness, your love for community, especially ones' roots, Aramoko Ekiti for you, and the goodwill you extended so graciously to all around you, including me. Even in death, you continue to be my role model and inspiration.

While I pray for God's hand upon your children, it is satisfying to know that your remarkable life's work in service of humanity will truly go on for decades to come.

You're in a better place now, Dad, resting in the bosom of the Lord in eternity.

OLUSOJI OYAWOYE

My dad was more than a dad to me. He was a mogul in many ways. He was also a professional mentor.

He was rugged and bold. He lived with this palpable determination to squeeze every last ounce of life out of living.

I will always be thankful for the influence of one who always did his best, in spite of the formidable odds that were stacked against him.

He taught me to own up to my weaknesses without any sense of guilt or shame. He enjoyed his humanity thoroughly. He was fiercely fearless.

My greatest joy and thanksgiving derive from the decision Daddy made for Christ in his seventies. This gives me great hope and assurance that I will see him again. May his valiant soul rest in eternal peace. Amen

KOLA FOLA-ALADE

He certainly wasn't one of those upon whom you could comfortably and or forgivably foist the "Grandpa" title...

He remained way too young at heart to be conveniently described as elderly, even in his eighties...

He had this adventurous and humorous approach to life that was utterly legendary...

May his soul rest in perfect peace. Amen

DR (MRS) JUMOKE FOLA-ALADE

MY TRIBUTE TO A LEGENDARY DAD

Fathering isn't the easiest job to do, there is no school, formal training, curriculum, or manual to follow. It takes the grace of God to raise good children. Even though we don't have a textbook on how to parent our children, I did have a great example in my Dad.

Outside of my Heavenly Father, my Biological Father has had the greatest influence on my life. My Dad taught me most of the core principles of my life, like: integrity, diligence.

My Father placed a premium on education, exposure (travel) and family. His guiding words to us was that, no matter where you go or what you eventually become in life, "Remember,

Whose Son thou art!” He always reminded us that the most important things in life cannot be bought with money: FAMILY, LOVE, HONESTY, PEACE, LAUGHTER etc.

THANK GOD FOR GREAT FATHERS

I can only attribute my accomplishments so far to the grace of my heavenly Father (God) and the loving guidance of my earthly one. Many seeds are destined to become great trees, but very few ever attain greatness because of improper nurturance and poor climatic conditions.

A DAD WITH A MUM'S HEART

Ever since we lost my mum (I was seven years of age at the time) my father skilfully played the roles of both mum and dad so that growing up without a mum was like the norm. I fondly remember in our growing years daddy would always ensure we had a great time. From very early in life, he gave us the best that money could not buy.

LITTLE RICHES BUT GREAT WEALTH

My father was never outlandish nor extravagant. He was very simple and modest, but he gave us great wealth in exposure— from when we were very little he taught us to swim, ride horses, play golf, snooker and cricket. My dad would not spare any expense to give his children the best exposure he could.

Whenever he could, he would take us across the world or even around Nigeria. These experiences helped to broaden my scope and ventilate my intellect. He built our confidence and always took us along to state banquets, military parades and even on his regular visits to see the head of state.

EDUCATION WAS A PREMIUM

My father always placed a premium on our education and never spared any expense when it was time to buy books or educational resources. He could go as far as selling his car or house to ensure what we required was bought.

MY DAD, MY FIRST MENTOR

My father has always been my greatest model. My work ethic was gotten from my dad—not by any formal training, but by mere observation. I became an early riser and great planner because I saw him wake up in the early hours of the morning (about 5.00/6.00 am) to write at his desk or work on his drawing board.

A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN GREAT WEALTH

We have heard it said that, long after you and your wealth are gone, your name is all that you will really have left. My father has indeed left the greatest inheritance anyone can leave for his children. He has indeed bequeathed a good reputation. His children have walked into homes, offices and various arenas in Nigeria and abroad.

A LASTING LEGACY

My father may be known for many towering structures he designed and built across the nation

and the world as an architect, but what he will be remembered for, by me, are the values and the investments he made in us and the legacy of modesty, generosity and integrity he has left for generations to come. Because of my dad's example at modelling great fathering, my sons have become my greatest investment, not properties, stock shares or bonds.

I learnt from my Father that if you cannot manage poverty, you could never manage wealth. Thank you, dad for not just being a good father, but also a great friend to us.

I will always remember whose son I am.

SOLA FOLA-ALADE

Tribute to Daddy Fola-Alade

Daddy Fola-Alade. You were a father indeed. In private and in the public square, you were a remarkable man.

On the homefront, you were fun loving— laughing easily and often; and straight talking —you were without guile, speaking your mind unreservedly. You were also very generous and open-hearted. I remember padded envelopes full of cash that you'd send whenever you heard I was in Lagos and how on one trip to London you asked what my favourite store was and went there and bought me a beautiful pink trouser suit that I wore for many years. That was so very kind.

In the public square, you were a man of significance and achievement. Hardworking, disciplined and bold enough to excel. Your legacy is a national one that outlives you in the buildings and national monuments that you designed and built; and which many more generations will enjoy. Your name is distinguished and carries incredible favour and grace. We bear it with pride and miss you so much. But we are comforted that it is not goodbye but good night for now daddy.

BIMBO FOLA-ALADE

MY GRAND GRANDPA

First, I would like to thank all our friends and family for the immense and outstanding outpouring of love for our Grandpa, Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade, OFR since he transitioned on the 18th of June, 2021. Everyone has actually made all that he lived and stood for crystal clear and very well worth it.

I miss him now more than ever, but I'm grateful for everything that I learnt from him. The greatness you instilled in me and all of us will remain with us forever and on to generations to come.

The world has lost someone really special.

May Grandpa continue to rest in peace. Amen.

Grandpa's LUMI (OLUMIDE WILLIAMS)

My Grandfather,

The grandfather of all grandfathers! Words cannot begin to describe your impact on us. Your voice is still so loud from the memories you gave us all. The values and principles you instilled in your children have hit us, your grandchildren, and will hit our children and their children to come, as though they knew you personally.

I thank God for keeping you for 87 long years, for only He knew the plan for your life, and saw it through. No matter how prepared we tried to be, the news that your life had come to an end still broke me. Seeing you, holding your hand, wiping your face, helping to feed you, 7 days before you took your last peaceful breath, 7, completion, satisfaction, rest. And the day after you passed away, the 8th day from the last day i saw you, it was a new beginning, for all of us. My mother said on this day, 'this is a new chapter of my life, all of our lives!' Number 7 and 8, completion and new beginning, and you left us at '87'. Thank You Lord.

Thank you for the memories, the lessons, the guguru ati epa, the pounded yam, the ila alasepo, the golf, the architectural vision, the swimming, the swagger, the fashion, the humility, the selflessness.

Grateful for your amazing life.

I miss you. I love you.

Love, Grandpa's Koko (KOFO WILLIAMS).

I found it really difficult to write this. Maybe I'm still in denial and this would make it a reality. Maybe it's the guilt of not spending enough time with you in the end.

I found it hard to see you because I didn't accept how old age seemed to affect parts of you I loved the most. At first, I wanted to believe you'll somehow get better. Then it was just because I honestly couldn't stand seeing you like that.

You were my first role model and the coolest person. I loved visiting you in Muri Okunola and Aramoko, sat on your lap whilst you worked on your projects. I didn't know it then, but you shaped the way I saw people and the spaces they inhabited. My decision to pursue a similar career path was in part down to you. I remember telling you after I graduated, you were still

fairly lucid, and for a brief moment I think you registered and acknowledged me. Probably the only time I was proud of me (even more than the actual graduation).

You set a great example for me. From your work ethic to your routines (golf, swim, pounded yam, sleep, repeat, and the aloe vera....nasty) to the way you carried yourself and treated people. I heard only great things and since you passed it's been constant reminders of the great human you were. I wish I got more years to pick your brain, and for you to guide me through this, but I'm grateful for knowing you, for the legacy you built, and the family you raised.

I hope and pray I make you proud and honour you in anything I do. Thank you for showing me the way Grandpa. Rest "Easy"!

Love,

DAMI SOJI-OYAWOYE

My grandpa was as much fun as you could imagine. A lot of my most vivid memories of him involved a lot of activity; Go-Karting in Lekki, swimming at his old VI house, or learning to play golf with him in Sagamu. He taught us his grandchildren how to live life to the fullest. However, Grandpa showed me that a full life is much more than just fun times. A full life involves a lot of hard work, and Grandpa's work ethic cannot be questioned. He had an undying commitment to his craft and built his career on a legacy of excellence, diligence, honour & integrity in an environment where these qualities were not always the order of the day. His career as a builder was not just limited to his architectural works but in being a people builder. Grandpa created opportunities for countless people in a myriad of ways too many to list here. I am still left surprised when I hear from the most unlikely sources, the massive impact he has had on their lives; even till now.

A full life is being a true pioneer by constantly being fearless, pushing boundaries, daring to go where no one has, and laying solid foundations so that those who came after him are inspired by his illustrious efforts. The fullness of Grandpa's life cannot be completely described without highlighting his commitment to his family. Grandpa spent a large part of his life as a single father. However, this did not stop him from instilling the right values in his children & grand children: Fear of God, Honour, Integrity & Discipline. These values continue to live on as my father adopted these & taught those values to us his children & in turn, I will teach mine same when the time comes. A full life is leaving a good name, solid values and an outstanding legacy to your children and their children so that you continue to live on even generations after you. One of your favourite sayings was "Remember the son of who you are". Rest assured that we will never forget you Grandpa. I'm glad you lived your life to the fullest.

Rest peacefully in God's bosom.

Your Grandson,

ADEOLU FOLA-ALADE

Grandpa was a simple, yet amazing man. Everything I've learned from, and about him, epitomises Dignity and Integrity. He taught me to be diligent in everything, whether it was golfing/swimming with him, house chores, or teaching me how to draw/read architectural plans.

We had a special bond (as he fully immersed himself in life around him). I was his 'bloody rat' because of how cunning I often was around him. I loved seeing if he would notice me moving things around in his study, and he always did.

I will miss you always, grandpa! Thank you for every single memory.

Love from Grandpa's Anji Panji (ANJOLA SOJI-OYAWOYE)

Some of my fondest memories of you growing up were our weekend golfing camps when we came along with our dad to your chalet at the WAPCO Golf Course in Shagamu. Your chefs always took special delight in treating us to some of the finest continental cuisine on the planet. You were always such a charming grandpa and a cheerful giver as your cookie jar never ran empty, but was always well stocked to keep us busy whenever we came visiting. You not only had the sweetest tooth for a grandpa, but obviously nursed the sweetest dreams for our future. Your jovial demeanour inspired me to always keep a positive attitude, no matter what challenges life throws at me. Rest assured grandpa that this principle has helped me immensely in overcoming different challenges in my own course of life's journey. Your active and healthy lifestyle as a sportsman and your love for golf has clearly influenced my own passion for fitness and sports over the years, especially as a footballer, but I'm surely going to include golfing in my sports menu, just for the memory of a loving grandpa like you.

I have always been inspired by how artistic you are in designing your architectural masterpieces. The sheer genius of it for your time is awe inspiring. Your trademark circles and curves in your designs have inspired me to also create my own unique signature in designing my mobile and web apps. I treasure this trait which I share with you. Your legacy of hard work, diligence and excellence has left an indelible impression on me and I hope to pass it down to my unborn children. You always taught us to be proud of the heritage of excellence and integrity that can be found in Ekiti people and that being integrous is far more valuable than any riches the world can offer (Prov 22:1). This I will hold on to. I miss you grandpa, you will forever be in our hearts. Rest In Peace.

Your Grandson,
GBENGA FOLA-ALADE

Grandpa's name was synonymous with care and fun. From weekend swimming trips to his house when wen i was a child to the care he showed for what I ate as a teenager, he was intentional about making sure we all felt loved by him.

Sleep well grandpa, we'll miss you dearly.

Love always,

MOREWA FOLA-ALADE (aka your Toyin)

Grandpa tribute

“Remember whose son thou art” is a phrase I often heard growing up. Growing up, I always heard stories of a unique man, hardworking, innovative, fun loving and jovial, quick witted and wise cracking. A man who adored his family, golf, travelled widely, loved life and lived to the fullest.

Some of my earliest memories are of swimming with my cousins in the pool you built or your trips to England, bringing the family together. You often comically (and prophetically) asked Tola if he was growing taller, which might be why he outgrew me! By the time I was old enough to really inquire about whose [grand]son I am, my only option was to read everything available in the public domain about your life and legacy.

What I found out was that the legacy we all inherit as Fola-Alade's is one of hard work, honesty and integrity. Grandpa was renowned for a job well done and his transparency. This integrity has been evidenced to me on a number of unexpected occasions, when meeting members of the older generation, upon hearing my surname. They always spoke of your skill as an architect and your principles as a man. You give us arguably the greatest gift a patriarch can give— “A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches, loving favour rather than silver and gold” (Proverbs 22:1).

This skill you tirelessly used in service of the nation, innovating the tropical architectural style and building many landmarks. I have come to appreciate your impact more, as I spend more time in Lagos. This flair was present from youth, as one of the pioneer architecture graduates in Black Africa. Winning the Atlas Prize distinguished you among this history-making set. In later life, you were the only black man honoured alongside the President of Malta and bagged 'Man of the Year' awards. Your impact extends beyond Nigeria; in the embassies designed across the continent, the various conferences you spoke at and the academic papers you continue to be cited in. In your lifetime, you were friends and confidants with Heads of States and esteemed individuals. In passing on to glory, the Presidency and Governors acknowledged your lifelong commitment to public service. The same Proverb continues in verse 22:29, “Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mere men.”

Proverbs 27 tells us that “honour does not last forever, nor does a crown endure to all generations” which reminds me to, despite the meaning in our name, ensure that we continue your legacy of love, laughter and living beyond yourself. You will be dearly missed and never

forgotten Grandpa. I will always remember whose son thou art.

Eternal Love,

OLUWATONI FOLA-ALADE

Rather sadly, I was not able to see my grandfather as much as I would have liked to. My most potent memories of him come from the time he stayed with us at our home in London for a few weeks. I must have been around 8 or 9 at the time and I remember little, but from the memories I have: I remember him to be a good hearted and jovial man who although sometimes stern, made everybody laugh and lifted the spirits of those around him. He would always make the joke "Tola are you getting taller?". At the time I was very short, but I've since grown to become the tallest in the family.

I now, of course, wish that he was around to see what his comedic words might have brought into existence. These humorous qualities, amongst many other admirable traits, are things which I see prominently in his son; my father. I can tell that he's had a profound influence on him and, from the many stories that my dad tells me and from what I've heard from others, I know that my grandfather was a remarkable and accomplished man who left behind a strong family and a well-respected legacy.

May we thank God for his life and may he rest in peace.

TOLA FOLA-ALADE

What we once enjoyed and deeply loved we can never lose, for all that we love deeply becomes a part of us" - Hellen Keller

Grandpa was a staple of his generation and a beacon to those who followed his work. He was a man with strong principles and an even stronger will, but even so, he was a brother, an uncle, a grandfather, a father, a son. His strong values live on as lessons passed down to his children, and in turn by my father to me. His love for us overflowed into our experiences with him. And this love is what we are left with in his absence. His jovial nature and bubbly character was always a delight and he gave me memories that I will forever cherish as well as lessons that will never be forgotten. It is these lessons and memories passed down that form his grand legacy and that will never be lost to this world, but will live on as a part of each and every one of us.

Thank you, sir, for this grand legacy and may you be received into the glorious presence of the Lord.

Your Grandson,

JESUNBO FOLA-ALADE

I am really grateful for the gift of “Grandpa I.F.A”

I have very fond memories of his interesting dress sense, his knack for curating fun experiences for the entire family and his ability to bond with people—regardless of age, social status or educational background.

Grandpa always seemed to have something to laugh about! When he wasn't listening up for a joke, he would definitely be cracking one. He worked hard, played hard and made an art of refueling with his signature midday naps. No wonder he had so much energy for living, with leftovers to spare.

My foray into golfing as a five year old child was inspired by his infectious love for the sport. He and his golfing gear were almost inseparable. My keen interest in art, design and architecture remind me that God's grace in Grandpa Isaac's life flows on in and through us, his “grandies”.

May his soul rest in perfect peace. Amen

FARAMOLUWA FOLA-ALADE

My grandfather was a great man. He designed many of the architectural masterpieces that dot the landscape of Nigeria with beauty and creativity today.

One of my fondest memories was when I used to visit him and he would always play his music on his boombox.

Words can't explain how much I miss you. It was very frustrating for me to not be able to do anything to make you recover when you were not well. I am glad I still got to spend some precious moments with you, though. I love you, Grandpa! You left an amazing legacy and you will never be forgotten.

ENIOLUWAKIITE FOLA-ALADE

"We had a wonderful grandfather,
And that's the way it will always be.
But take heed, because He's still keeping an eye on all of us,
So let's make sure He will like what he sees." ~ unknown author

Your Granddaughter

JESUTISHE FOLA-ALADE

TRIBUTE TO OUR GREAT IN LAW ARC CHIEF FOLA ALADE

Over thirty two years ago we met our illustrious in-law when our Son Arc Femi Williams proposed to seek the hand of his daughter Arc Yinka (then Fola Alade) in marriage. Our parents Dr Chief Jose Williams and Mrs Olabisi Williams began what became a lifelong relationship with his family. Indeed the Fathers were similar in many respects both being strong men who had achieved many accomplishments in their professional fields of Architecture and Medicine while yet both reaching enviable heights in the Civil Service.

The marriage was sealed at a memorable wedding in Aramoko. This trip which had King Sunny Ade on the band stand and was generously interspersed with pounded yam (real food according to Chief as against rice which was birds food) was a trip never to be forgotten by the Williamses, erstwhile 'Alangba Ekos'. The marriage bore much fruit of children and friendship and companionship between both families. Visits between both families were thoroughly enjoyed with Chief Alade and the Williams regaling the younger ones with tales of their youth. All of Femi's siblings were embraced by Chief as all of Yinkas siblings were embraced by the Williamses. Yinka's sibling, Bisi even bore Grandma Williams name Bisi, so she was a particular favorite of everybody! Even after the death of Dr Jose Williams, Grandma Williams and Chief remained tight friends with both families being well represented on each other's memorable days. The children of course by this time had practically become siblings.

Having lost all four of these excellent parents we want to pay a special tribute to this great man who practically successfully raised his children alone after the early demise of his wife. We want to thank God for the legacy he has left behind. A legacy of honesty, forthrightness, hard work and commitment to friends and family. We pray that his children and grandchildren will continue in their quest for greatness and will surpass even his achievements. We pray for his generations (and ours as we are inexorably linked) that we will continue to be successful in all our endeavours. Most importantly we pray that none of us will miss heaven and that we will all one day (though far away) continue that fellowship in heaven.

Adieu Sir, our great in law, till we meet to part no more!!

FOR FAMILY OF LATE CHIEF DR AND MRS JOSE WILLIAMS

I first met my friend, Fola in October 1957, when he joined the then Nigerian School of Arts, Science & Technology, Zaria the year after me.

He had a joie de vivre that you just had to reckon with! I remember contesting for a position in student leadership astride Fola—Imagine the hubris! The charismatic, larger-than-life colleague of mine of course won hands down. I will never forget how gracious he was in that landslide victory, when I offered my congratulations.

This was the Fola I knew..

Close to forty years later, our paths were to cross again, rather dramatically when Fola came, on behalf our son Kola, to ask for Jumoke's hand in marriage. In his usual mischievous and

boyish way, before I could say “Jack Robinson” Fola was rolling on the floor—agbada an all—insisting that he would give everything to become my in-law!

This was the Fola I knew...

That was how we began another phase of over 30 years of relationship that would bond us deeper than ever, with three beautiful granddaughters to boot.

It is therefore with a tremendous sense of loss that my dear wife and I bid Chief Isaac Fola-Alade farewell. We will miss his witty, jocular and easy-going approach to a phenomenal life. We pray for the sweet repose of his soul, and entrust Yinka, Bisi, Dipo, Kola and Sola and their families to the faithfulness of God Almighty. May the Lord give you —each and all—the strength and wisdom to keep my friend's legacy vibrantly alive. Amen.

CHIEF S.B. FASAN

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE CHIEF ISAAC FOLAYAN ALADE, FNIA, D.SC., OFR

Chief Isaac Folayan Alade, FNIA, D.Sc., OFR who was born on November 24, 1933 in Ekiti was a close and dear friend whom I met when he was in the Federal Civil Service as a super-Permanent Secretary. He was one of the few super-Permanent Secretaries during the Military regime.

He was a highly accomplished gentleman and a pioneer, being a man of many firsts. He was one of the first 4 pioneer Architecture students from the then Nigerian College of Arts & Sciences and Technology (now Ahmadu Bello University) and graduated in 1961. He then bagged a Commonwealth scholarship for his postgraduate studies at the Architectural Association School of Tropical Studies, London in 1965.

On his return home his academic feats translated into nationally acclaimed monuments. As a Fellow of the Nigerian Institute of Architects he designed and supervised many buildings and Projects of the Federal Government, including Old Federal Secretariat Building, Ikoyi, 1004 Housing Estate, National Stadium, all in Lagos plus Nigerian Embassy Buildings in 11 countries, to mention a few of his selected works.

On a personal level Chief Folayan Alade was a charming man with great charisma. His lively and ebullient character gained him many friends, of whom I am one. He was fun loving and young at heart and was renowned for his simplicity, honest and straight talking attitude.

A credible man with great integrity, honesty and knowledge, Chief Folayan Alade, in all my dealings with him, maintained an untainted character. This carried into his work life. As a civil servant he was an incorruptible person. When he retired from the Feral Civil Service in 1979; he had an unblemished record. Significantly, no one ever pointed an accusing finger at him or challenged him for any misdeed.

With such a sterling reputation I was delighted when I learnt that his son, Pastor (Dr.) Sola Fola Alade, had met and desired to marry my daughter Abimbola. This connection took my

already good relationship with Chief Fola, to another level. As in-laws, our friendship grew deeper & our faith lives were strengthened by the marriage of our children who are ministers.

Chief Fola Alade's footprint remains indelible in his service to his country, Nigeria and humanity because of his rare and admirable attributes. He will be sorely missed.

May his gentle soul rest in perfect peace, Amen.

PRINCE (DR) SAMUEL ADEDOYIN

The President has condoled with the family and friends of Chief (Arc) Isaac Folayan Alade, 87, over his recent passing.

President Buhari praised Alade, whose imprint on the nation's iconic structures will continue to inspire younger architects from within and outside the country, leaving a legacy of brilliance and diligence.

The President joins the Nigerian Institute of Architects, Royal Institute of British Architects and Architects' Registration Council of the United Kingdom in mourning the first architect to become a Permanent Secretary in Nigeria, who also served as Pro-Chancellor and Chairman Governing Council of the Federal University of Port Harcourt.

He commiserated with the Government and people of Ekiti State over the loss, believing that Chief Alade's contributions to development of the country in design, building and administration will always be remembered by posterity, particularly the historic structures like National Stadium Lagos, Tafawa Balewa Square (TBS), Federal Secretariat Lagos and Nigerian Institute of Policy and Strategic Studies building in Kuru, Plateau State.

PRESIDENT MUHAMMADU BUHARI - Opera News Online - June 20, 2021

Fayemi mourns Fola Alade's death, Says Ekiti has lost another pathfinder.

Ekiti State Governor Kayode Fayemi has mourned the death of architectural icon, Chief Fola Alade, who passed on Friday at the age of 87 years. Alade, one of Nigeria's most renowned architects, hailed from Aramoko Ekiti in Ekiti West.

Fayemi, in a statement by his Chief Press Secretary, Yinka Oyebode, described the late Alade as an illustrious son of the Land of Honour, an iconic figure in the architectural world who served his fatherland diligently and made Ekiti proud through numerous achievements. The governor described the late Alade as an emulative pioneer and pathfinder, thoroughbred professional and impactful community leader who lived a life of service to God and humanity.

Fayemi, who hailed the contributions of the late Alade to national development, noted that several iconic public buildings in the country such as the National Stadium in Lagos, Tafawa Balewa Square, Lagos and the Nigerian Institute of Policy and Strategic Studies, Kuru, among others, were designed and built by the renowned but now deceased architect.

He added that the much talked-about Master Plan of Ekiti State was designed at the creation of the State by the late Alade whose architectural skills were second to none.

The governor noted that the late Alade was an outstanding Nigerian who was well recognized in his life time including an award as “Man of the Year” in 1978 by Daily Times in recognition of his contributions as a civil servant to Architecture; and a National Honours of the Officer of the Federal Republic (O.F.R.) in 1997.

Fayemi added that Alade's philanthropy was more evident in the donation of an AUTOCAD centre with 20 work stations to the School of Architecture, University of Ife, (now Obafemi Awolowo University) in commemoration of his 70th birthday.

Governor Fayemi said: 'Chief Isaac Fola Alade invested his time, resources and energy on many laudable initiatives that impacted positively on the lives of the people and was always ready to support successive administrations in the state with his wealth of experience and extensive national and global contacts.

'For us in Ekiti, this is a huge loss. Chief Alade was an exemplar, a pathfinder. He represented our very best in Ekiti and made great impact in almost every aspect of life. He remained a source of pride and inspiration to generations after him.

'Though we shall miss his wise counsel and positive disposition to developmental issues, but we are comforted by the fact he lived a good life and left behind legacies of service and honour. He remains our pride in Ekiti.

'Our prayer is that God will grant him eternal rest and comfort the family,' the governor added.

GOVERNOR KAYODE FAYEMI - The Sun Nigeria Online - 19th June 2021

THE EXIT OF AN ICON, A FRIEND AND A BENEFACTOR: CHIEF (ARC.) DR. ISAAC AFOLAYAN ALADE. OFR

Born in Aramoko Ekiti, Ekiti West Local Government, Ekiti State young Fola Alade had his primary school education in St. Philip's Anglican School, Aramoko Ekiti from where he was admitted to the prestigious Christ's School on top of Agidimo Hill Ado Ekiti in January 1946 and passed out in 1957.

He thereafter proceeded to the Nigerian College of Arts and Science (Later Ahmadu Bello University Zaria) where he graduated with flying colours in Architecture. He undertook additional academic courses in Architecture and Structural designs in a number of specialized higher institutions overseas. These prepared him for the world of work that led to his renown, which both high and low in this country exemplify him.

My close association with Fola dated back to 1973 when I assumed office as the Principal of Aramoko District Commercial Secondary School, Aramoko Ekiti. Throughout my eight years and four months sojourn in the school, our association blossomed and the relationship remained very cordial and brotherly. But both of us got flustered and shaken to our very foundation with the sudden death of Yemi, his faithful and darling wife. I was painfully involved in the burial arrangements. This episode created great challenges which Arc. Fola Alade inevitably had to cope with until he died on 18th June, 2021.

Arc. (Chief) Isaac Fola Alade's good upbringing within the Alade dynasty of Isao, Aramoko Ekiti, coupled with the excellent Christian education he acquired in Christ's School, Ado Ekiti grafted in him the attributes of love, industry, humility, fairness, uprightness, and fear of God. No wonder he found it easy to navigate through domestic and social challenges that came his way. His philosophy is clearly expressed in his autobiography titled "Remember the son of whom you are"

He exuded LOVE to all. He remained the central figure within the Alade family and Aramoko Community in promoting economic social and educational development of his people. In return he was conferred with the title of MAYEGUN of Aramoko Ekiti kingdom.

Isaac Fola Alade remains till date one of the greatest architects of international repute whose architectural designs are found beginning from his personal residence and his home town Aramoko Ekiti where he left model markets, a City hall and arcade, and St. Philips Anglican Church with special external design and innovative interior fittings and gallery. He is known to have produced the design of all buildings of the sixteen Local Government Secretariats in old Ondo State, with four of them (Ekiti West Local Government, Ijero Ekiti Local government, Ado Ekiti Local government and Akure Local Government) commissioned before the military handed over to civilian administration.

He designed the Tafawa Balewa Square Lagos and moved the Soja Idumota (Unknown Soldier) there. He produced the design for the Federal Government Secretariat in Abuja, the National Stadium (Moshood Abiola Stadium) Abuja and the National Arcade in Abuja to which he again moved the "Unknown Soldier".

I never saw Fola complaining about the execution of an assignment. He felt a bit worried that he had to move the Unknown Soldier who should be "resting in peace" from Lagos to Abuja. Isaac Fola Alade is known to have been saddled with the responsibility to design and supervise proto-type residential accommodation for Nigeria's Ambassadors in a number of overseas countries, a duty he carried out creditably well.

For most part of his assignment when he got promoted as Permanent Secretary, he remained the only Permanent Secretary who had no Minister to supervise him. He was responsible directly to the then Head of State General Olusegun Obasanjo ... a situation which made his peer group to call him SUPER PERMANENT SECRETARY.

Our iconic architect Chief Fola Alade lived well. He carried his frail body with dignity and modesty. He knew and spoke the LANGUAGE of the various sectors of society and categories of people – from the youth to his colleagues, including the elderly, Obas and Chiefs, military personnel, princes, the clergy. I remember his dispassionate association with Mr. Alade of “Chop-chop” Canteen, Mr Alade owner Paperline and Printing press; Mr. Adegeye and his Adamo Music Band, Tunde Ponle a Prince of Ada, Oyo State, Mr. Niran Aluko of Osun State, Prince Sijuade, who later became His Royal Majesty the Ooni of Ife, Alhaji Rotimi of Omuo Ekiti, Col. Ayo Ariyo, General Adeyinka Adebayo, Brigadier Henry Adefowope, General Alani Akinrinade, General Olusegun Obasanjo, former Head of State, King Sunny Ade, Venerable Ephriam Ogundipe, Archbishop Joseph Abiodun Adetiloye to mention just a few.

“Seest thou a man diligent in his work, he will stand before kings and not before mean men” This is Isaac Afolayan Alade for us. Fola had time to enjoy himself through playing Golf both in Lagos and Ado Ekiti. He loved music and dancing, and working on the Computer. As a family man, he was a devoted husband and loving father. On very many occasions we shared company at his Lagos residence (Allen Avenue and Victoria Island). My wife Joan and I were beneficiaries of his love and generosity. For me personally he was a supportive ally who contributed immensely to my success story as Principal, Aramoko District Commercial Secondary School, Aramoko Ekiti. He was a role model and source of inspiration to my students. The sudden death of Fola's wife remains a painful loss to me and my wife who also departed us prematurely.

I appreciate the role of Yinka and the other siblings in taking care of this rare gem of an architect. May God uphold and comfort Yinka and the other siblings, the family, and those of us left behind to celebrate him.

It is Good night to cerebral and iconic architect, a Friend and Benefactor – Architect (Chief) Fola Alade OFR, MAYEGUN OF ARAMOKO EKITI.

CHIEF (DR.) F. A. DARAMOLA

MY FRIEND FOLA

I first met Fola when we were both admitted, in 1955, as pioneer students of the Nigerian College of Arts, Science and Technology, Ibadan Branch. We pioneer students could not imagine what it would be like starting a Higher School College from scratch but were assured, on arrival, that the government, the colonial government at the time, had put its best foot forward and ensured quality infrastructure and staff, the latter led by the formidable Dr. Hart. We were distributed into single rooms and waited to see what would happen by way of communal life.

Four of us had come from Igbobi College, and so could not be said to be lost in the new environment. But gradually, life was breathed into the new college by products of other elite Nigerian schools who had brought with them the traditions of their schools. We quickly recognized boys from Government College, Ibadan, and Government College, Ughelli and immediately decided that we must have a cricket team and a soccer team. But Fola was special. Not only had he come from another elite school, but his school, Christ's School, Ado-Ekiti, had had special relations with Igbobi, which made bonding with him so much easier. Canon Mason, Fola's Principal at Christ's School, had been our English Master at Igbobi and had taken with him the traditions of Igbobi. Besides, Fola had brought personal attributes of his own which enlivened life at the college generally. He was a self-assured, outgoing individual with a terrific sense of humour.

After two years, the pioneers parted ways, those who had followed A Level courses heading to universities at home and abroad, while future professionals like Fola headed north to the Zaria Branch of the same college to be pioneers all over again in the new Department of Architecture, a profession in which Fola was destined to make unforgettable contributions to the national life.

For a few years we lost contact with each other, but when we reunited, it was as if we had never parted. The old Fola was still there, complete with *joie de vivre*. I soon got to know of the enormous contributions he had been making to the national landscape. He had been having the time of his life, but had done so without calling undue attention to himself. We saw each other as often as his schedules permitted. I saw him at his Victoria Island residence before he got disenchanted with the place; and I saw him at his exquisitely designed residence at Aramoko, where he had a fish farm which regularly supplied fish to his kitchen. At either place, reminiscing went on till the early hours of the morning. Fola was full of zest for life and a matching energy.

Now that he is gone, I pray that God will grant his restless soul richly deserved eternal rest in His bosom and bestow on his wonderful children His comfort and everlasting care.

PROFESSOR AYO BANJO, CON, NNOM, FNAL
Emeritus Professor of English Language, University of Ibadan.

TRIBUTE TO A RARE GEM - ARC. FOLA ALADE

Arc. Fola Alade was an outstanding achiever in his profession. Also, he was our great benefactor at the inception of our school (Federal Government College, Ijanikin, Lagos).

I knew Fola first in 1954 when I became a G.C.E. A' level student in the Nigerian College of Arts, Science and Technology, Ibadan (now defunct). He was also a student, but he was a year ahead of me. At the end of our course, he moved to Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria and I moved to the University College, Ibadan.

The next time we met was in 1978 January when I became the Principal of Federal Government College, Ijanikin, Lagos. The school was founded on 2nd October 1975 with grossly inadequate physical facilities for the students. We had to share the same compound with a Lagos State Secondary School. We had our own classrooms, laboratories, dining room and girls' hostel but the boys had nowhere to sleep. So the search for one started. Being a Federal Government Institution, we had an offer of a temporary sojourn in the Satellite Town where there were newly completed houses yet to be allocated to prospective owners. The Federal Officer in charge of this Federal Government project was Arc. Fola Alade.

He generously allocated many houses to us and our boys were comfortably settled. To complement his effort was Engineer J. O. Eseka of the Federal Ministry of Works and Surveys. Promptly he mobilized his workforce - Carpenters, Plumbers, Electricians, etc to make the houses comfortably habitable. GOD BLESS THEM BOTH.

Our boys enjoyed residing in the area for a couple of years. Then suddenly, to compound our problem as lodgers, some soldiers just decided that those houses being occupied by our boys belonged to them. So, they simply came and threw out all our boys' belongings - clothes, beds, books, etc. They were not courteous enough to inform me and discuss this issue with me before such an action was taken. I came in that fateful morning and found "hell let loose". Completely disturbed, I had to rush back to Lagos to inform Arc. Fola Alade and Engr. J. O. Eseka. Promptly, Fola left all he had to do and followed me with Engr. Eseka to the Satellite Town. He immediately allocated another set of houses which were chosen by me with his permission. Engr. Eseka quickly mobilized his workforce once again and got the houses habitable at the end of that same day. One can only imagine the great relief and joy that this kind consideration of Fola brought to all of us. Our boys enjoyed this place in peace until they moved to their permanent site in Ijanikin at the end of 1979/80 Academic year.

We will all be ever grateful to Arc. Fola Alade for playing a vital role in the development of our school, by giving professional advice from time to time. So also can we confidently believe that "When the Saints go marching in, Arc. Fola Alade will be in the number". May the Good Lord In his infinite mercies grant you Fola eternal rest and shine Perpetual Light on you. AMEN.

"Didun ni iranti Olododo". Continue to rest in Perfect Peace in the Bosom of our Lord Jesus Christ. ADIEU!!!

By

Adebisi Adedoyin KAFARU (Mrs.)

Principal Federal Government College

Ijanikin, Lagos (January 1978 to August 1980).

CHIEF ALADE 1933 - 2021: MAN OF INTEGRITY DEPARTS

Erin wo Ajanaku sun bi oke (the elephant has fallen and is lying down like a hill) is the way we herald the death of a great man in Yorubaland.

At the age of eighty-seven, Chief Fola Alade lived a long and professionally satisfying life, achieving incredible feats, designing hundreds of houses, institutions and monuments on local, state, national and international levels. In the process, he left legacies and memorials for which he will be eternally remembered. These monuments say a lot about him but what would be most remembered by those who knew him are his *joie de vivre* and his persona which manifested whenever he arrived anywhere where one or two people were assembled.

His attitude and happy go lucky, carefree character were always on display effortlessly wherever he was. The man simply had presence. Whether one loved him or not, one could never ignore him, he seemed to dominate his environment positively.

He started his earthly journey in his native Aramoko in Ekiti. Aramoko may be a small town but it is regarded as a very important town in Yoruba history and cosmology. To be regarded as "Omo Alara" (child of king of Aramoko) connotes royalty of the highest order in Yorubaland.

From Aramoko he went to the famous Christ's school Ado- Ekiti, a school which in colonial Nigeria was built on the ethics of hard work and integrity which were native practically to Ekiti people with their pleasant culture of sharing the little they had and totally untouched by the greed of commercial communities of coastal towns. On top of this was built Christian fortitude, forbearance, love of God and fellow human beings. These were not abstract concepts to Fola Alade and his cohorts. They could see them in the lives of their teachers both local and foreign who were totally devoted to their duties and the transformation of the lives of the wards put in their care. In those days, the students were incredibly young and they seemed to have been rushed through primary schools in their villages and then billeted on the salubrious Agidimo hills under the watchful and kind eyes of white missionaries from the United Kingdom, one of whom was Cannon Leslie Donald Mason who was Principal most of the time Fola Alade was in Christ's School.

It was in this school that the ebullient, artistic and extroverted character of Fola Alade developed. He was a sportsman playing soccer, which was one of the few sports the school

could afford. His lifelong friendship with some of his mates was forged in the classroom and on the soccer field. He had a flair for outdoor activities which the narrow academic and restricted curriculum in the school did not encourage.

He left school in 1951 as a tall, almost skinny teenager and he and his school colleagues drifted to Ibadan where they picked up jobs that were available in government and in the few commercial institutions available in the city. Some of his friends drifted to Lagos but Ibadan with the presence of the University College and the Nigerian College of Arts and Science, some kind of a preparatory Advanced level college before university admission, offered more attraction for ambitious young men in the early 1950s. It was from Ibadan that he entered the Nigerian College of Arts and Science from where he decided to study Architecture, a field for which he had no prior knowledge.

Apart from the study of ordinary level and not the additional Mathematics, which by his self-confession he was not too fond of, he was very far removed from the study of Architecture. After his stay in Ibadan he had to proceed to the Zaria branch of the Nigerian College of Arts and Science where professional courses in Architecture and Engineering were offered. He graduated as one of the pioneer Architecture graduates in West Africa in 1961.

He joined the services of the Western Region and practiced Architecture in Ibadan and was sometimes moved around to provincial headquarters in Western Region of Nigeria. He completed his post graduate training at the Architectural Association School in London in 1965 as a Commonwealth scholar. He returned home and for the next 40 years worked as an Architect in the Western Region before joining the Federal Service as a Resident Architect in the Ministry of Works and Housing after a brief stint as a Resident Architect at the Lagos City Council in 1967.

He was the first registrar of the Architects Registration Council (ARCON) in 1969. He became the Chief project Architect in 1972 and Director of Public Buildings in 1975. In 1976, he became the first Architect in Nigeria to be appointed a Permanent Secretary (Projects). The story of this appointment is worth telling as contained in his memoirs *"Remember Whose Son Thou Art"* (2005).

General Olusegun Obasanjo, the then Head of State who had just taken over the headship of State after the brutal assassination of General Murtala Muhammad, was confronted with the problems of housing the much ballooned Nigerian military after the civil war. He therefore sought out Alade for help. In his characteristic, sometimes funny way of approaching a deadly serious issue, Obasanjo asked Fola Alade if he knew "...a mad man who could help him build barracks rapidly to house poorly accommodated soldiers". "This mad man must operate out of civil service rules not shackled by memos, bureaucratic rules and carrying files around for approval thus delaying matters of national urgency".

Fola Alade told the Head of State: "I know no such mad man" to which Obasanjo then responded "you are the mad man". This was how his appointment as Permanent Secretary

(Projects) was announced. As expected, Fola Alade delivered his assignment with panache, grace, efficiency, flair and integrity, building army barracks all over the country before Obasanjo handed over government to the civilian Government of Shehu Shagari who did not have to worry of disquiet about accommodations from the army.

Fola Alade retired from the Civil Service in 1979 and went into private practice establishing the firm of ALADE ASSOCIATES in 1980. Throughout his public career, he designed several educational institutions, the federal secretariats in Lagos and Abuja, the National Arcade in Onikan, some Nigerian embassies abroad, the Institute of Policy and Strategic Studies in Kuru among several monumental and legacy projects. He had also served as Chairman of the West African Portland Cement Company. He later served as Chairman of the Governing Council and Pro Chancellor of the University of Port Harcourt in 1991 and Chairman of Governing Council and Pro Chancellor of University of Ado Ekiti (1999 to 2000).

A grateful country honored him with an OFR (Officer of the Order of the Federal Republic) in 1979. He was a prophet honored at home when he was conferred with the title of Asiwaju of Aramoko, Sobalaju of Ido Ekiti while his in-laws at Awo Ekiti where his wife Yemi hailed from honored him with the title of Bobagunwa.

As a sportsman he enjoyed swimming, playing golf, lawn tennis, badminton and squash. He was a member of Ikoyi Golf Club and whenever he was at home in Ekiti which was often, he played golf at Ekiti Golf Club which he supported financially. He was very active in the affairs of his Alma mater, Christ's School Ado Ekiti and Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria. He was an artist in truth and indeed and loved dancing and music and sometimes designed his own clothes.

Unfortunately he lost his darling wife Yemi, a princess from Awo who bore him highly successful children, Yinka, Dipo, Bisi, Kola and Shola two of whom are fellow Architects like their father and one a lawyer and another has taken to business while the baby of the family is a cleric who was called to God's service after studying Medicine in the University of Ibadan. Chief Alade was my brother Kayode's classmate in Christ's School and soul mate until my brother passed on rather prematurely in 1995. The two were like twins buying the same kind of cars and numbering them in sequence with their Ekiti famous plate numbers. They were each other's best men and by coincidence having the same number of children two each following their parents' professions and the others spread out into business and law.

I am not sure they planned this but they must have felt short-changed by their government service and hoping their children would do better than them materially. Chief Alade's generation of Ekiti men by dint of hard work and dedication blazed the trail of western educational advancement in Nigeria as told to me by no less a person than Professor Chike Obi in a discussion I had with him. I knew Chief Alade as anyone would know his older sibling and I was a beneficiary of his kindness and generosity whenever I visited him at home in Lagos, Aramoko and when he was studying in London in 1965.

He was always gracious to me and treated me like an old brother would treat one, advising and admonition and chastising when necessary. He was a typical Yoruba man who loved his local food, attire, dance and he was also a Renaissance man, at home anywhere in the global metropolis of London, Paris, Washington or New York. Even though he had not been well for some time, his death has left a void in the lives of everyone who knew him.

Professor Ayo Banjo, former Vice Chancellor of the University of Ibadan who was his classmate at the Nigerian College of Arts and Science in Ibadan six or so decades ago, in private communication with me said of Chief Alade “....He was so highly gifted and endowed with a lot of energy... He and I were pioneer students of the Nigerian College of Arts and Science, Ibadan from where he transferred to the Zaria branch. It was at Ibadan that we struck up a close friendship which was to last for about 70 years. His passing has been a great blow, and I wish his restless soul well-earned eternal peaceful rest”.

I shared this restless bit with Bisi his daughter and she said “What a perfect description of my father I couldn't have put it better”.

Sun re brother Fola. You ran a good race and I believe a crown of glory awaits you in the great beyond.

By PROFESSOR JIDE OSUNTOKUN in THE NATION NEWSPAPER

A TRUE IROKO FINDS THE TURF-TRIBUTE TO ARCH. FOLA ALADE.

The evidence that Nigeria needs redemption is everywhere. It's not normal that pigmies exit and their cohorts shout us deaf about the great exit of an icon but we cannot find what they built and the lives they touched. Yet Irokos fall in the forest and the Forest Ranger feigns deafness, as if Bandits are waiting to kidnap anyone who gives away their position with a cough.

This paradox of the Nigerian condition kidnapped my faculties when a true Iroko, builder of Architectural complexes, and of men and women, and of the Nation, waved goodbye, with the same gentle dignity he lived a life of impact, and I did not hear the expected thunderous roar from those he served so diligently, for so long, in several roles.

Even though I was out of the country when Chief Fola Alade took his last curtain call and bowed deeply for the last time on this side of the great divide, I expected his impactful life, with the glow of his accomplishments would have generated a thunderstorm of salutes. Even with the show of his works so glaring, and still breathing so stoutly in facilities large and small, edifices quaint and monumental, and lives big and small, our failing to acknowledge true greatness persisted. It was normal to assume that the rumble in the jungle, as the strike of the earth by the great branches of the Iroko, with the passing of Architect Fola Alade, if not as earth shaking as Alli/ Foreman rumble in the jungle from Zaire in 1974, should have been loud enough that I should have felt the tremors of praise from Chicago where I was. Is it

probably because we failed to pay enough regard to history, or is it because we banned it's being taught in schools that this generation should respond to such a landmark as a farewell wave by so grand a personage, notwithstanding the tempering of the grandiose state of his standing by the deliberate humility of his mien, and so does not seek the attention. One of our earliest and foremost Public Sector Architects, he left his imprimatur on buildings around the then Federal Capital of Nigeria, Lagos, and beyond into the country.

As young people with limited interest and exposure to Architecture we still used to be able to look at a Federal building and see, feel, and almost smell a Fola Alade touch. But many of my friends were not as lucky as I was. I actually got to know the man and to enjoy his delightful charming and warm company. One of the first things that struck me when I heard of his departure, at the age of 87, was a word association with the man, his legend, and his reality, which unveiled the person behind the persona. The words tumbled out without effort; decent, jovial, straight in your face frank talker, dignified, draped in integrity, unbound by age, tribe, or tongue. Not many who served at senior positions, superintending building development, and construction, at a time we were in a construction frenzy so loud the importation of cement for the purpose created a cement Armada, and made the wait to berth at our ports a multiple month affair, would finish into modest dwelling as Chief Fola Alade did.

I met him when his Allen Avenue home was like building a house in Sangotedo on the Lekki-Epe Axis, today. He seemed happy enough living there when many of his subordinates found themselves homes in Ikoyi and Victoria Island. Even in his simplicity, he created the Fola Alade brand. His dress sense was avant-garde and unique. Whenever I saw him in his Beret and Boy Scout neck-tie, I was usually reminded of Pablo Picasso. Clearly, his Zaria School Artists contemporaries at the Nigeria College of Arts Science and Technology, that was precursor to Ahmadu Bello University would be green with envy at his fashion sense. With a little touch of the eccentric to his fashion statement Architect Fola Alade must have made the Zaria nobels of the Arts school slightly envious of this Zanny Architects gear up.

Even at that, he would prove to be the disciplined Federal Permanent Secretary, the first from his stock, playing John the Baptist for current day NIA President, Architect Sonny Echeno who is Permanent Secretary in the Federal Ministry of Education? As I scope the problems of today's Nigeria, I realize that more than 80 percent of the problems flow from simple matter of not finding leaders who can engage objectively with strangers, people they do not know but manage to build preconceptions about. As Malcolm Gladwell notes, in his book on Talking To Strangers, this problem has dogged humanity throughout history. With Chief Fola Alade who talked easily with strangers, that was not an issue. I had a group of American friends, who were his neighbours on Allen Avenue. With them, and strangers both American and Nigerian, we spent many pleasant moments. There was hardly a dull moment with this pleasant and simple icon who could make you laugh and cry at the same time. Surely Peter Enahoro (Peter Pan) was right to write that you 'galta' cry to laugh. This patch of God's Real Estate will surely miss Architect Fola Alade, the Chief of esteem

and profound dignity who had a common touch and universal appeal, yet was simple to the end.

We urge safe travels past the many rivers and hills on the way to the gate of paradise and the escort of bubbly angels. Farewell.

PROFESSOR PATRICK OKEDINACHI UTOMI, Founder, Centre for Values in Leadership

WE FARE THEE WELL, ARC. CHIEF ISAAC FOLAYAN ALADE, FNIA, RIBA, D.SC, OFR

This morning, I woke up to some terrible news. Chief Arc. Isaac Folayan Alade, a person I consider a father, a mentor and a boss has changed address! Yes, Fola Alade did not die, he only transited from time to eternity! Our loss, heaven's gain, he has transited and taken his place, inside of heaven with the angels and within its glorious space. To some like me who were lucky early in our professional career to have passed through his tutelage, he was someone who hugely shaped our view on life, work, and a lot of other issues of life. Hardly had I ever met someone as equally impressive, smart, and grounded as Chief Arc. Fola Alade. It is a very common occurrence in careers and professions like ours to have mentors and role-models who shape our intellect, interest, and perspective to life in general. Baba Alade did just that.

An illustrious son of Aramoko-Ekiti, Pa Fola Alade, had academic trainings through St Phillips Elementary School, Aramoko Ekiti (1940 – 1945), Christ's School, Ado Ekiti (1946 – 1951), Nigerian College, Ibadan - now University of Ibadan (1957 till 1961). He eventually became one of the four (4) pioneer Architecture graduates of the Nigerian College, Zaria (now Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria) before completing his post-graduate programme at the Architectural Association School of Tropical Studies in London (1964 – 1965) on a Commonwealth Scholarship. Chief Isaac Fola Alade, rose through the ranks of the civil service to become the Chief Architect at the Federal Ministry of Works from 1968 till 1973, and then Director of Public Buildings in 1975 before he later became the first Architect to be appointed as a Federal Permanent Secretary in 1976. During this obviously hectic period in his profession, he served as the General Secretary of NIA, and was the first Registrar of the Architects' Registration Council of Nigeria (ARCON).

“You carve your name on hearts, not tombstones. A legacy is etched into the minds of others and the stories they share about you.” And indeed, Pa Alade did engrave his name in our heart and our social fabric in gold. Among many other physical landmarks of national value like The Twin Federal Secretariat, Ikoyi – then the largest building in West Africa, Nigerian Embassy buildings in fourteen countries (within and outside Africa), Prototype Federal Secretariats in

all the then nineteen State capitals in Nigeria, Re-design, and conversion of Tafawa Balewa Square Complex, Nigerian Institute of Policy and Strategic Studies building, Kuru, Plateau

State, among many others too numerous to catalogue. His involvement in the designs and supervisions of these edifices is a testimony to his fulfilled career as a master-builder.

Baba's demise is a personal loss to me as a protégée and son; but much more to the entire architecture family in Nigeria and the world over at large. His exit will obviously leave a gap too wide to fill. I on behalf of the entire body of architects condole with the family of our departed sage as we all wait to give him a befitting celebration to mark the passage of a star of his status. The family has lost a patriarch, Aramoko has lost the *Maiyegun* of Aramoko, Architecture has lost an icon, and the nation at large have lost a very rare gem!

If indeed to live in the heart of those you love is not to die, then, we are assured that you live on – in our hearts and through your works. Pa Arc. Chief Isaac Folayan Alade, Nigerian architecture family fare thee well and we pray, into paradise, may the angels lead you.

Adieu Papa, from your *Diipo!*

ARC. (SIR) GABRIEL OLADIPUPO AJAYI, FNIA, *President, ARCON*

"A TRIBUTE TO ARC. FOLA-ALADE (FNIA)"

It is a great privilege and honour for me to write a tribute in honour of such a great man as this. Arc. Fola-Alade was a colossus in so many ways. In Architecture, in Sports, in the Civil Service and in the Academia. I met him many years ago through his darling daughter, Yinka Williams, (my sister from another woman).

Although he was a jovial person, he took the profession of Architecture very seriously. He always showed interest in what we were doing as an Institute. He also encouraged us to be on top, and to be the best.

When it comes to sports, he was a legend. He played Table Tennis, Squash, Lawn Tennis, Soccer, Cricket, Golf and Swimming.

He was a very traditional man, and inculcated the love for his homeland in his children. He was a disciplinarian, a no nonsense man. But he was very loving and gave the best to his children, whom he had to bring up singlehandedly, early. He made adequate provision for his family and ensured they got the best education.

His work in the Built Environment is enormous and they speak of his tenacity for details and excellence. He was a great man and we shall miss him greatly.

We pray that the family he has left behind will remain United even after his demise. We know he will always remain in our hearts. We are assured that we will meet at the feet of Jesus to part no more.

May his gentle and kind soul rest in peace, and may God's light perpetually shine on his path and ours.

Good night sir, for a while.

ARC. (MRS.) O. A. EJIWUNMI FNIA, PPNIA

TRIBUTE TO LATE ARC. CHIEF FOLA ALADE, OFR.

'Tall, dark and lanky, exuding confidence and intellectual depth'. That was my first impression of Fola Alade when I first met him in 'Chings' (our cafeteria), in 1964 as a first year student at the prestigious AA, (The Architectural Association School Of Architecture), the oldest School of Architecture in the world, and known as the Oxbridge of Architecture, still to this day. I was the first ever Nigerian student to have been admitted into the AA on scholarship. I remember Fola Alade approaching me and saying, "hallo young man, I understand you're from Nigeria?" To which I said, "yes, originally, but I'd been in the UK since I was eight years old". He then asked more questions about my family, where were my parents, to which I replied "my father is a British Government official in Malaya, (now Malaysia), but my mum lived in Lagos". Late Fola Alade was in the Post Graduate Tropical School of Architecture, under the famous Professor Otto Koenigsberger who was the world's leading authority on Tropical Architecture in those days. The AA Post Graduate Tropical School of Architecture was only for those who had already graduated after five years study in architecture, and had a high compliment of students from tropical countries including Ghana. Naturally the post graduate students were older than the undergraduate students and some had been lucky enough to have already experienced Architectural practice, like late Arc Chief Fola Alade, prior to coming from their respective countries. They were all invariably foreign students. Late Arc Chief Fola Alade had graduated from the Nigerian College of Arts Science and Technology (now Ahmadu Bello Univeristy) in Nigeria before coming to the AA Post Graduate Tropical School in London. I was fortunate to have met him again around 1978 when I returned home, and set up my practice Towry - Coker Associates in 1976. He had left FMW&H as the Director Public Works, to become Permanent Secretary Special Duties manning the Armed Forces Development Projects (AFDP) from 1976. Much later I witnessed his prodigious delivery of Architectural works, such as the Federal Secretariat, Ikoyi, (now abandoned), and the various Federal Government Guest Houses along Bishop Oluwole Street in Victoria Island. Arc. Chief Fola Alade was a keen golfer and it was always a pleasure to exchange banter with him whilst waiting to tee off on hole one at the Ikoyi Club Golf Section, in his later years. In his book, 'Remember Whose Son Thou Art', I was privileged to have been mentioned on page 164, as well getting a commendation from him. That to me, is one of the most important references such a great man, could have bestowed on someone much younger than himself, and something which I'll cherish for the rest of my natural life. It was a privilege to have known you, Arc Chief Fola Alade, OFR. Rest in Perfect Peace, sir.

DR LANRE TOWRY-COKER. FRIBA, FNIA, MA LAW (UL), PHD.

TRIBUTE TO A DISTINGUISHED ACHIEVER

'Seeth a man diligent in his works, he shall stand before kings and not before mere men' is a holy quote which tells us whom you- Architect ISAAC AFOLAYAN ALADE was. You were Architect Emeritus with a high sense of executive responsibility in Government as a permanent secretary and a social giant in the scheme of things. All these qualities permitted your life to give a fulfilled life pattern.

As a tall, robust and brave social personality, you touched the lives of many more, especially in the area of your professionalism.

Three affinities bounded us together after your exit from Christ School, Ado-Ekiti and from Government College, Ibadan. With many more from Christ School, a strong and formidable relationship emerged when we all met Ibadan early in the 1960s.

1. You came from Ara-Inoko LGA, and I from Ifero L.G.A sharing a common boundary in Ekiti State.
2. You were two years ahead of me in employment in the Department of Architecture in the Western Nigeria Government Ministry of works of Ibadan.
3. We became beneficiaries of the In-Service-Training as Architectural Assistants in the above Government at the Nigerian College of Arts, Science and Technology, Ibadan; but got relocated to Zaria Branch in about 1955.

At Zaria College (which later became a University) Arc Alade led the formation of the “Pirate Club” due to lack of social activities in the college. This Club transformed into a much larger social Club called “Yelwa Club' which received the boost of both academic members of staff and personalities from places like, Jos, Kano, Kaduna cities.

In the early 1960's 'Ekiti Parapo Club” was inaugurated in Lagos and led by Arc Fola Alade and those of us who came together from our various employments. The Club was a rallying points for the progress of Ekiti State elites.

I was one of your trusted friends. I and my professional practice supported you in Government projects where required. You also recommended us to organisations requiring professional services in Architectural services.

I was about the only one in the group who was (still is) a pioneering S.D.A Church Elder in Nigeria, especially in Lagos State. I was automatically ruled out of all Saturday social activities. Arc Fola Alade stood in for me when and where necessary.

I and another close friend paid you a few visits at your sick-bed only to know that you did not recover, that left only a few number of the foundation friends to mourn your transition. However, the legacy you left behind shall remain indelible on the sand of times.

Good Night Great Friend

ARCHITECT (ELDER) ADEBAYO O. AFE

TRIBUTE TO MY EGBON

Arc. Isaac Fola Alade has a guiding “motto” of his life journey; “remember whose son thou art” – “ranti Omo eni ti iwo ise”. The “motto” is one that should be adopted by aspiring youth. There is no greater advice than this as I am a beneficiary of the wise injunction.

“Egbon” as he had always been to me a leader; one who led aright in thought, word and in deed. Those of us who became pioneer architects of the Zaria School of Architecture knew him, the first to qualify as an architect – professional through the school and as the first Registrar of Architects under the Architect's Registration Council of Nigeria (ARCON); the designer of the iconic Federal Secretariat building, first built in Lagos then in other parts of the country.

As a student in the Zaria school, Fola maintained a rather debonair nature that attracted him to all of us students that believed in the equality and brotherhood of Man. He had no airs about him and believed in a freedom that enabled a free association of staff and students. This motivated him into founding YELWA club which dominated the social life of the Zaria school and created a platform for the social interaction of staff and students.

I was one of the members of the club and we all submitted to the leadership of Fola Alade.

Egbon, you will continue to live in our hearts and God bless the legacy you left behind.

Adieu, my dear Egbon.

PROFESSOR E. A. ADEYEMI

CHIEF ARC. ISAAC FOLA-ALADE - A FAREWELL TRIBUTE

It was a steaming hot, harmattan hazed afternoon at Offa, the year, 1954, still like yesterday, when Kehinde, your beloved junior brother, persuaded me to escort him to meet his brother who was on his way to Zaria at the railway station. It was instructive for me to notice the bond of friendship between you and your mates, Uncle Guy Otobo, as I usually address him years later. Oyelude and a few more I can now not remember their names. You all gave us money, bread, sardine and admonished us to face our studies squarely. You were on your way to Nigerian College or Arts Zaria where you started your life sojourn in architecture. We were in Form One at Offa Grammar School. Even after we left secondary school and faced our separate professions, you never elevated us beyond “Eyin omo wonyi” roughly translated “you these kids”!!!

Even after the tragic loss of Kehinde, you never ceased to be my big uncle on which I can heap my mess. My entire family became yours and lots of my friends, Adegbite, Eludoyin etc, all grew up to trust that Uncle Fola will know what we should do!

I took you into confidence that I was leaving the army after I weighed the devastating consequences on morale of the army I knew, of the first and second coup d'état both of which I missed. You prevailed on me to stay put. The bargain was for you to build me a small house in Yakoyo with my life savings, which amounted to 7,500 pounds Sterling. I handed it over to you and I met a beautiful house at Yakoyo with a swimming pool and tennis court at the end of the war, parading your unique signature pillars, still a marvel to behold till today. Alas, that type of trust, care, dignified honesty and professional pride has disappeared from our daily life.

I dared not ask you what the cost of all your trouble could be. By the way, the little I know about reading and interpreting, even criticizing architectural drawings, I learnt under your

tutelage and that of 'Gbeke Osunkoya. I remember how deftly you handled the tedious and urgent task of building accommodation all over the country for the whole Armed Forces after the war. It was a feat, a testimony to your power of organization, professional competence and unquestionable probity. Above all, you demand the same from all around you, no cutting corners and no calling a spade a shovel! Your children imbibed “ranti omo eni ti iwo se” and they thrived in your footsteps.

Your family, friends, those in your charge at work and your club mates all weigh the same in your dealings. You simply will contribute whatever is necessary for everyone to achieve.

You lived your life your own way, served your country, your profession, Aramoko, Ekiti and all your associates with love, vigor and dignity.

You asked for Omowale three times within a minute of our last conversation. She wishes you a deserved rest in the bosom of your Maker.

Fare you well, our dear unforgettable uncle 'Fola. May your soul Rest in Peace and may you see the face of your Maker.

IPOOLA ALANI AKINRINADE, GCON, CFR, RCDS, FSS, Yakoyo

TRIBUTE TO LATE CHIEF ISAAC FOLA-ALADE, OFR

The home call of Chief Fola-Alade was devastating news to me and to most people that had close contact with him. He lived to a ripe old age and remained actively committed even in his twilight years to the progress of his people.

Chief Fola-Alade belonged to the distinguished class of Nigerians that efficiently handled the Country's affairs in the 1960s, 70s and 80s. These were dedicated, thoroughbred individuals that left indelible legacies in the Civil Service and other Professions during those years. Chief Fola-Alade did not only excel in his profession as an Architect but was the first from that profession to be appointed a Federal Permanent Secretary. During his lifetime, he achieved a lot more in other spheres of human endeavour.

I had the opportunity to be close to Chief Fola-Alade when I served with him on the Committee that worked on the creation of EKITI WEST DIOCESE (Anglican Communion). Chief Fola-Alade was the Chairman of that Committee. To the Glory of God, the project was a huge success due mainly to the astute leadership provided by Chief Fola-Alade. All the members of that committee attested to his Dedication, Discipline and Hard Work at the conclusion of our assignment.

While on earth Chief Fola-Alade served God and his fellow Humans with all his talents. It is our prayer that his soul will find a place in Paradise.

CHIEF SAM BOLARINDE, (Father of Ekiti West Diocese)

TRIBUTE - LATE CHIEF ISAAC FOLAYAN ALADE, FNIA, D.Sc, OFR

The late Chief Fola Alade, OFR could be described as an illustrious son of Nigeria based on his remarkable contribution as a Nigerian Civil Servant. He was a leading architect of his time and his contributions to Nigerian architectural landscape could be described as second to none. His designs were original and unique including Tafawa Balewa Square (Remembrance Arcade), Lagos, and the Federal Secretariat, Ikoyi.

My contact with Chief Alade and his family dates to over 50 years ago when I moved to Glover Road, Ikoyi. Paying tribute to Chief Alade would not be complete without reference to his late wife, Mrs. Eunice Olayemi Alade who used to bring their children to my house for medical care. I became a family friend and physician to his family. Late Mrs. Alade was a very caring mother and owned a nursery school which one of my daughters, Kareemat, attended. Chief Alade loved Kareemat so much that he took care of her whenever she was in the nursery school at that time. Late Chief Alade was very warm and welcoming and despite the age difference between us he related with me as if we were age mates. He used to take our children along with those of other close friends in Ikoyi to swim at Ikoyi Club because he loved sports very much. He encouraged interaction between our children. I recall that he encouraged me to eat Iyan whenever I visited his family at their Adeyemi Lawson Ikoyi residence.

During the Muslim Eid festivals, Chief Alade used to join us his Muslim brothers at the after Eid prayer gathering at Mr. Kekere-Ekun's (an architect and fellow graduate of Ahmadu Bello University Zaria) residence on Nnamdi Azikiwe Street, Lagos. When his wife died in 1976, my wife and I attended the funeral at Aramoko, Ekiti State. Over the years our relationship has grown from friendship to family.

Indeed, Nigeria has lost a national treasure. May the soul of Late Chief Isaac Folayan Alade, OFR rest in perfect peace. Amen.

DR. MYI SALAMI, OON, MBBS, MPH, FMCPH

ADIEU! GREAT GENTLEMAN AND ACHIEVER!!

The shocking news of the demise of the Iconic Arc. Fola Alade hit my Family, my Band and I, like a "Rocket from the Blues".

Though it has been written in the Scriptures,.... "And as it is appointed unto Men once to die, but after this the Judgment". (Heb. 9:27 (KJV)). Yet, the transition of this great Man who chose to tread the path of honour in his entire lifetime, still left Family, Friends and Associates broken hearted, despite attaining a ripe age, thus leaving all with no option than to accept the "Will of the Almighty".

In his lifetime of achievement, Arc. Fola Alade impacted the lives of many that included my humble Self, my Band - "The African Beats" and touched the lives of many in his immediate Community, in Aramoko - Ekiti, Ondo State, Ekiti State and indeed Nigeria as a whole. It is

on Record that Arc. Fola Alade was the Pioneer Architect of Ondo/Ekiti States and he became a Role Model to the New Generation Architects and as well the Pride of his people. Arc. Alade was never found wanting in the Social Circle, well loved by both the Young and the Old. The admiration of this erudite and amiable gentleman transcends the shores of Nigeria. A Family Man with unparalleled love for his Family, brought his Children up in the way of the Lord.

Arc. Fola Alade will surely be missed.
May his gentle Soul Rest In Perfect Peace. Amen.

DR. SUNDAY ADENIYI-ADEGEYE (MFR) - KING SUNNY ADE

**AN ELEGY TO MY BELOVED UNCLE, CHIEF (ARC.) FOLA ALADE, OFR
(1933 – 2021)**

The vicissitudes of life make it questionable,
Its glories and laurels, an irresistible allure,
Beckoning with the promise of popular praise,
Of ease, and of personal comfort on all sides.
Fascinated, a life time only pursuit it becomes,
In a rat race where none ever breasts the tape,
An endless struggle, till, like fire, all breath's out.
Unreal, life's ephemerality and spasms, make it,
Its end, lonely and cold, makes it mere vanity,
Like shadows that fade as the day dawns.

But would the Maker's purpose mere vanity be?
No; here lies my cherished uncle, by the English,
But my big brother, by our culture in native Aramoko,
Whose life's an antithesis to the thesis of vanity,
That the true purpose of life smears and hides.
Who knew Fola Alade and would fail to see
An architect of unassailable international repute,
Yet humble, ever wishing only more to contribute,
Personifying excellence in all he laid his hands on,
Making accountability to God the essence of life.

Studded was his life with sacrificial exploits
For us, family nuclear and extended, friends,
And to God, to whom he has now returned,
Among the saints triumphant his place to take,
By angels welcome as befits the conqueror.
Life's battles with dignity and a heart he fought,

A heart that transcended the self, inspiring
Help, support, kindness, empathy, sympathy,
For all who came his way weak, tired, or empty,
Including those who didn't deserve to have it.

An exceptional architect, known countrywide,
Not for social connections but for his works:
A unique blend of aesthetics and economy,
Within the bounds of standards and ethics,
Forever a picturesque and indelible testimony,
To the robustness of his grasp and ingenuity.
Monuments such as Federal Secretariat, Lagos,
1004, Federal Secretariat, Abuja, and more,
All eloquently, his architectural wizardry declare.
The best of the good ones, Fola Alade truly was.

Outside his calling, still amazingly tall he stood,
With a personality that's absolutely charismatic,
And a lively presence, so positively infectious,
That in any gathering, a cynosure made him.
His witty anecdotes from his ever active brain,
Often an air of ease created wherever he was.
He was gentle, warm, and ebullient; yet firm,
Insisting on good character and best practices.
One, who never for once, in success or adversity,
In comfort or pain, the son of who he was, forgot.

For Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade, my uncle unmatched,
A brave and indomitable warrior in life's battles
A beacon of light where darkness held sway,
A resilient spirit; before whom life's flood receded,
Life's battles're now over, its fitful fever gone.
Death, the divine harbinger, that men's souls, back
To the Maker ferries, without rhyme or reason,
Only in a pitiless order that man's feats dents,
Has its worst accomplished, but without the victory.
O death, Fola Alade has won, your retreat refrain sing.

More than we can pay, we, who were to this
Great son of Aramoko Ekiti, by birth or contact,
Close enough to mourn, here or abroad, his loss,
Owe; for his love, and the torch of noble service,
He's to us handing over, to bear and keep aflame.

His best, the best, that's possible he accomplished.
Recorded in heaven where his crown he wears now.
The music may here go silent but the melody stays.
In the heavenly choir Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade now,
In eternity, the song of victory sings, beaming in Christ.

AMBASSADOR ALBERT GBOLAHAN PIUS OMOTAYO, MFR, FIMC., ABUJA

TRIBUTE TO MY UNCLE FOLA

My earliest memory of my Uncle was in the mid-sixties in Ribadu Road Ikoyi whenever we went to visit our Big Uncle Architect Dokun Adeyemi and his family. I would see Uncle Fola's wife, my Aunt Yemi Alade who was my mother's younger sister (actually they were first cousins) and Uncle Fola Alade. Uncle Fola and his late wife my Aunt Yemi were an intricate part of my growing up years. I remember our trips on holidays to our family home in Iyin-Ekiti in the 70's, we would go from Iyin to Aramoko to visit our cousins the Fola Alades.

I remember that as children my siblings and I were fascinated by Uncle Fola's Citroen car. It was unique for 2 reasons. Firstly that it could be raised up and down on its wheels and secondly it was a mirror image with that of Professor Kayode Oshuntokun's Citroen car only that the number plates were a digit apart. The two men were best friends from childhood and did everything in tandem.

Then in the late 70's Uncle's reputation as a foremost talent in Architecture came to the fore with iconic work during his time as Permanent Secretary, working for the Federal Government of Nigeria on The Federal Secretariat building in Ikoyi Lagos and the Tafawa Balewa Square Complex. We admired him for all these. I and many other people admired him also for the way our Uncle Fola was able to do his best to look after his 5 young children ranging in age from 14 to 7 years old after our Aunt Yemi's sudden and tragic death at the young age of 37 years, when he himself was in his early 40's, just 42.

We give thanks to God for all that God has done in Uncle Fola's life and give thanks that his children have all done well and made their own lives. They have made diverse careers for themselves in the fields of Architecture, Law, Medicine, Coaching and Training, and thanks be to God they have also worked in the Vineyard of the Lord. We thank God for Uncle Fola's long and eventful life and as we say farewell to him we pray that he shall rest in Perpetual Peace.

Signed: **ADENIKE MAKINDE (MRS) NÉE ADEBAYO**

Arc. Fola Alade was an icon in the Nigerian Architecture scene. He was among the first home brewed architects in the country. They trained in the then Nigerian College of Arts Science and Technology, Zaria -which formed the foundation of ABU. During the late Fola Alade's

training the school of Architecture was under RIBA and awarded the prestigious RIBA Diploma which was required for practising architecture in Britain and its dependencies. I remember in 1974 when I reported for NYSC at his site at the Federal Secretariat, then under construction. He looked at my papers - B.Sc, M.Sc and Summer School certificate from AA School London. He hissed and said, Look young man, if I had not attended your final year project presentation at ABU, I would just reject you. These papers mean nothing in Architecture. You can add a PhD to them yet I will not change them with my single Dip Arch RIBA. You have come here to learn, assume you know nothing about architecture and your stay here will be worth your while. I still keep this advice in my mind and have gained a lot from senior architects. Unfortunately I could not stay long enough to drink from the fountain of Fola Alade's wisdom and experience. The Vice Chancellor of ABU, Ishaya Audu of blessed memory, commandeered me to serve my NYSC at the University. Though I resisted because of my experience operating under Fola, Audu was then too powerful a figure in Nigeria not to have his way. The passing away of Fola Alade is a great loss to the Architectural profession in Nigeria. We in ABU have celebrated his life in a special way to be discussed later.

PROFESSOR SA'AD TUKUR, Former Vice-Chancellor (ABU)

Dear Yinka,

We are so sorry to hear that Fola has passed away. He will always be remembered by us as he was a part of the NIA Council who registered us as PA/1 and PA/5 as early practitioners in Nigeria.

Sometimes when I was filling up at the Mobil station on Awolowo Rd, I would be thumped on the back and there was Fola in a red shirt!! and we laughed together. I remember various events including the opening of the WAPCO offices which he designed. There was the famous article in the Daily Times which described Fola as the hardest working Civil Service member. I think he was Director at that time.

I am so glad you are contributing to the good work of LEGACY - The Architectural and Historical Interest group, and supporting Kofo. It was never my intention to "steal" you (honest) because you are a busy somebody elsewhere.

We are well here, and if ever you are in England please let us know. We are busy preparing our archive to be sent to the Canadian Centre for Architecture at Montreal.

Love to you from

PROFESSOR JOHN GODWIN, OBE, OFR, FNIA AND ARC. GILLIAN HOPWOOD, MFR

I was fortunate to come across this remarkable Nigerian, in my early days as a young practicing engineer. I was also fortunate to be involved in some of his land mark projects as a Structural Engineer.

Pa Alade took tremendous interest in me. He liked me so much he always said I was a promising Engineer. Despite the age difference between us, he always made time to visit me in Ilorin and would always have a round of golf with me at Ilorin Golf Course, and on a few

occasions I had visited him in Aramoko where we would have a big feast of Ekiti pounded yam with fresh fish early in the morning in his beautiful hill top masterpiece residence. We would play golf together at Ado Ekiti Golf Course as well.

He enrolled me to the prestigious Club Arcade in 1982 at Tafawa Balewa Square in Lagos where he was the Founder and President. I was one of the youngest members of the club. I remember I was one of the few members that benefitted from the beautiful Volkswagen converted to the shape of Rolls Royce - we called it Volks Royce at that time. He was the Architect of the masterpiece. The car, plus the cost of the conversion was sold for 4,500 Naira only. I remember Chief had one, late Gen Idiagbon also bought one. Those were good days.

Like Pat Utomi wrote in his column in This Day Newspaper of 30th July, 2021:

“A True IROKO, Builder of Architectural Complexes and of Men and Nation waved goodbye“. Baba, the famous architect, a distinguished and detribalised Nigerian has gone. May God grant him eternal rest. Sleep well, sir.

Fondly remembered by me.

ENGR LANRE SAGAYA, OFR, Zanna Ilorin

CHIEF ISAAC FOLA-ALADE, OFR, FNIA....A FATHER INDEED

It is almost always a mystery why people wait until their loved one has gone before telling the world how the person impacted their lives. On this occasion, we are as guilty. Chief Fola Alade, fondly called “**Chief**” by most of us close to the family, was a father indeed. My wife, Abimbola and Chief’s first daughter, Yinka, have been very close *friends-like-family* for over 40 years. And he took my wife as his daughter right from their early years in School of Architecture, Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria. By God's good grace, the legacy of Chief's successes as a renowned Architect in Nigeria and overseas is being replicated in the lives of many mentees of his, including us.

Chief Fola Alade, OFR was a man of distinction. He loved socializing and was such a selfless man of indeterminate achievements who touched so many lives. I became one of his favourite “sons-in-law” by extension, from the day I was introduced to him as an Officer in the Nigerian Army, then a Captain, but more importantly as the husband of Abimbola, his “daughter! He made sure I followed him to the Club Arcade to watch him play the game of Squash Racquet with his associates, some of whom were my big bosses in the Army. From then on, I learnt and started to play Squash myself.

Chief Fola Alade, OFR, was important to so many people – a caring and doting father to his children, a philanthropic, large-hearted and destiny-helper to his league of associates and friends, a distinguished old student of his alma mater, the Christ School, Ado-Ekiti, a revered Fellow of the Nigerian Institute of Architects and a proud Ekiti entrepreneur par-excellence whose love for his native town of Aramoko knew no bounds.

Today, we recall with admiration, how Chief fought gallantly through the difficult health

challenges but it has pleased the Lord to take him back to Him. It is so painful to accept, but who can fathom His wisdom?

To our amiable and charming Yinka and our dear aburo, Dipo, Bisi, Kola and Sola with the entire Fola-Alade family, we send condolences. May the good Lord grant you the fortitude to bear the irreparable loss. Amen. Adieu, Chief, for now, till we meet at the Lord's feet.

MAJ. GEN. SHINA AND ARC. (MRS.) BIMBO OGUNBIYI

I, Warren A Smith, Met & knew him through his Daughter, OLABISI. He seemed to me an Ideal father & GENTLEMAN in all respects. He was on a close friend basis with 3 Nigerian Heads of State. I urge anyone who wants to know & understand him to read his autobiography which I found FASCINATING & HIGHLY INSPIRATIONAL.

WARREN A. SMITH

TRIBUTE TO CHIEF ISAAC FOLA ALADE.

I remember my association from early childhood with our departed Uncle, Brother, Father and Grandfather Chief Isaac Fola Alade with joy and gratitude to God for a life well spent. Growing up as a young boy with my parents in Ijero Ekiti, my late father Chief James Christopher Iyiola and late mother Abigail Olufunke Iyiola were well liked and always had visitors. I remember Chief Isaac Fola Alade in particular because he used to pick me and lift me up anytime he came to the house. Lifting me up was fun as I enjoyed a wider panoramic view of the surroundings since he was tall and had a good athletic build. I always admired his car, a Citroen DS and never missed any opportunity to ride with him to Eyigbo - the street where his beautiful future wife Sister Yemi Alade was living at that time.

Not long after, was their wedding which I attended as a little boy. I was part of their marriage train and rode in the same car with Sister Yemi to Christ Church, Ijero Ekiti, wearing the new dress she made for me for the happy occasion. Many years later in 1981, I was living in Chief Olu Adegbite's property off Allen Avenue Ikeja as a tenant when I saw Chief Fola Alade discussing with him. I greeted him with great excitement; he then picked up my daughter the way he used to pick me up as a little boy. It was a happy reunion and I resumed my relationship with him again. Few days after meeting him, my landlord said, 'you never told me that you are related to Chief Fola Alade'. He then instructed his manager that I should stop paying rent. For the three bedroom flat then off Allen Avenue Ikeja at that time, I was paying N180.00, One hundred and eighty naira only month. Though I did not follow up the offer, it was indeed a good testimonial for Chief Fola Alade who was greatly loved, respected and held in high esteem by many people.

Now that I was living not far away from him, Chief Fola Alade made it his filial duty to check on me and my young family. At a time, I forgot to inform him that we moved to another vacant flat within the complex and he left me this note (which I kept till today) after one of his visits. He was a caring and generous Father. Though I was working, anytime I visited him it

was his habit to pick his wallet and give me money. It was rare to visit him without getting something. Chief Fola Alade assisted many people and sponsored a number of secondary school students in Ekiti.

In his retirement, I visited him in Lekki, and it was a happy time for both of us. I embraced him and shouted...”okun Aba”, he replied “okun o omo’. The first question he asked me was; how is Brother James? Lost in the happiness of meeting him again, I replied he was fine Sir. He asked again after a short while about Brother James and I answered, he was well. At the end of the visit, he escorted me to the staircase and told me to greet Brother James. On my way back home, I kept on thinking who is Brother James?? It did not occur to me at first why he repeatedly asked after Brother James. But as I got home I remembered my late father's name James Christopher Iyiola. He undoubtedly remembered my father who passed away in 1983 immediately he saw my face!!!! Thereafter, I enjoyed my subsequent visits to him and will for ever cherish the time I was privileged to spend with him.

May his soul Rest in Perfect Peace.

DR AYO IYIOLA

TRIBUTE TO A DEAR FRIEND, FOLA

Fola was a very dear friend to me. I lived next door to the family at number 81 Allen Avenue when Fola and his family lived at number 79 in the early Eighties. He opened up his home and family to me, and entrusted his children to me giving me the reins of “ownership”. I love all five of them. They all kept me from missing my own family back home in the US throughout my stay in Nigeria. I still treasure every one of them and all their cousins like Tokunbo who also lived within the household till today.

I have wonderful memories of moments with them all, swimming, using the sauna, sitting around to eat dinner, hanging out by the pool side eating pounded yam, but I always enjoyed to eat my own yam fried instead. I quite enjoyed every moment of their celebrations with them.

I particularly cherished attending the Anglican Church services with him and the children.

May his soul rest in peace.

DR. JANIE MC CULLOUGH, Silver Springs, MD. USA

TRIBUTE TO MY “UNCLE” HIGH CHIEF (ARC) ISAAC FOLA ALADE

I became “Uncle's” Nephew by marriage - My eldest brother, Ambassador Peter Ayodele AFOLABI, of blessed memory, was married to “Uncle's” wife's sister, Princess, OMO OBA Arinola AFOLABI. My encounter with “Uncle” had always been at family occasions; weddings and birthdays, but we eventually warmed up to each other and we exchanged numbers. He invited me to his house in Victoria Island, and his was the first 'Electronic Remote Controlled' gate that worked in Lagos that I had seen. I asked him why not just have the usual 'gate man', and his answer was “what for? this one work better than a gate man”. My

first impression of the house was, this is a hotel and not a house, but you can tell that he was very proud of his architectural feat.

We discovered one passion that we both shared “GOLF”, so occasionally, we arranged weekend golfing at Sagamu Golf Course. As a non-executive director at the Cement Company, he had access to a three-bedroom suite where we will check in on a Friday night, play a round of golf on Saturday, have a sumptuous dinner at the Club House, play another round of golf on Sunday and return to Lagos Sunday afternoon. On one of those journeys from Sagamu to Lagos, “Uncle” told me he was contemplating retiring to Aramoko in Ekiti State. I tried to persuade him to reconsider, reminding him that when he gets to Aramoko, his coterie of friends will exhaust his good wine collection from Lagos and resort to the local Palm Wine, which would degrade his appearance, and even his health. His mind was made up and he eventually moved to Aramoko.

I was invited by a group of friends to join them in bidding for the abandoned Federal Secretarial Complex in Ikoyi. I went to see “Uncle” and sought his advice. He asked me what was the plan of the group after acquiring the property, and I told him we had planned to convert it to a hotel. He told me bluntly that the conversion will not work since the initial design did not take into consideration several facilities needed to operate a hotel. He thereby saved me and indeed my group from a disastrous investment in this property.

“Uncle” I have missed you since you moved to Aramoko, and now that you have taken your retirement one step further, I will miss you more. You showed genuine affection to a small boy like me, you treated me almost like an equal. Those of us who were close to you appreciated what you did for Nigeria, but we cherish more how you put the name of the family on a global map.

Sleep well, the Mayegun of Aramoko, a FIRST AMONG EQUALS.

Your “Nephew”

TUNDE J. AFOLABI, MFR

DEAR FOLA-ALADES - THE TESTIMONY.

We fondly call him Baba. The person I must call on November 24, annually until I had to content myself with calling Yinka on that day. The person I had to visit even if I had one day to spend in Nigeria until I had to content myself with visiting Yinka. The person I had to ask “*Yinka, Baba siko o?*” until that morning when I realized that all that can no longer be. I called Yinka hoping to be convinced that it has been postponed like an unavoidable event. Then Yinka called me at 3am EST. to confirm. I knew could no longer deny it.

He became my friend's father when life brought Yinka and I under the same roof in Babamboni House, of Christ's School, Ado-Ekiti and the same 1973/77 set. As a teacher's daughter living on Agidimo Hill; they sometimes stopped to see me. Yinka may have a gift for

me and my father would always give me one of his fowls to give Yinka in return. They were big Fulani fowls called “*goloba*”. Baba would laugh and say Yinka's friend that gives us chickens; not as a snide remark. Not once did I feel inferior to Yinka. Our relationship had nothing to do with money or social status. I have always been comfortable in my skin.

In 1988, I was thoroughly disgusted with the roads leading to Ekiti and I decided to challenge the problem. Allow me to withhold some names because of the possible space of travel of this write up. The import of this is to honor a worthy son of Ekiti, not to demean others. I went to my classmate, Surveyor Tope Fakunle (now Pastor Olorunkunle) who was a Civil Servant in the Ministry of Works at that time to find out what Ekiti did wrong. To get an explanation on why the neglect of Ekiti roads were so stark. Tope said, “I am just a civil servant who has no authority to award contracts”, but I can facilitate an appointment to see the Minister. You can? I am ready.

The appointment made me sit squarely before Brigadier Mamman Kontagora. He really could not place me until I opened my mouth and he got a shock of his life. I was just about 50kg and 5' 3”, so I would pass for little. Good afternoon Sir, I have come to find out why Ekiti roads were not tarred? Did we offend? Do I need to apologize to my friends for inviting them to my home? I am a tax payer too. *He said you this small girl, shocked? He said, but you are very bold, who sent you?* I sent myself, I know you can't kill me; if you kill me once you cannot kill me twice and my questions will resonate. He convinced himself that the initiative was not mine. *He said Fola- Alade must have sent you!!!*

Has he been coming? *He said yes.* I felt elated. I told him he was my friend's father and would be walking across to Club Arcade where his office was at that point. In my intrepid self, I told him if he refused to listen to the big shot, he could listen to the small fry. At that point he got off his seat and told me to come to a board that had all the road maps in Nigeria. He said they paid for Ekiti roads in full three times and dualization of Ife-Ibadan Road twice. He showed various annotations. *“You Ekiti people are the oppressing majority, you constitute 75% of Ondo State”*. He gave me the names of the companies. He then promised that he would re-award the contracts and I should check on the progress every 6 weeks. I did, every time he would show me what had done. One, day he wrote a memo on the visitor slip, I have done it. I never set my eye on him after that day. Mamman Kontagora kept his words to Ekiti people because of Architect Fola Alade and a troublesome small-fry.

I went to Baba to tell him what I did. *“Wura, o lo? A dara fun e”*. He was so happy, the joy was hard to describe. He told me the names of the owners of those companies that cleared the funds, but never gave the roads. He told me the names of dignitaries in Ekiti and Kwara that he asked to team up with him, the Obas that he asked and they all had various reasons that precluded their asking for better roads. It made me realize that many Kwarans had to use Ekiti roads to get home. We became partners in the progress of Ekiti. Baba would tabulate all he did while I was away and would show me on another annual visit from USA after I emigrated. Ekiti lost a son? I think you lost about 100 in Fola-Alade alone. He is one of the people that fiercely loved his root and did things for her unannounced. If I did not visit Kontagora, the world may never have heard this story or would he have been taken as a conceited person if he had to tell this story himself. Did Christ's School Ado-Ekiti lose an old boy? Boy o' boy! We

painfully did. What can we say about the Citreon Coterie? Can a child forget how some old boys banded together to give the first coaster bus in any Ekiti School free of charge?

At this point, Yinka I thank and commend you for being such a great daughter. You were so young despite being the oldest amongst siblings that lost their mother. You stayed in charge through it all, God bless you. I believe Olumide and Kofo would read this and I say to you both; care of your mother and father now and always is non-negotiable. Oluwa a fun yin se. Amin.

Diipo, Bisi, Kola and Sola; thank God you grew older before you had to part with the last one standing. I pray the Lord comfort you all very deeply. You did wonderfully well. Awon omo yin a mo yin, omo yin a t'oju yin. E ku aschinde Baba. To all spouses and children, please accept my sympathy.

Yours sincerely,

WURAOLA AJIBADE

TRIBUTE TO AN EXEMPLARY LEADER OF LEADERS.

Late Arc. Chief (Dr.) Fola Alade, OFR, was a great man of enviable character. He was painstaking and very concerned about issues affecting his birth place. He contributed his quota to the social, economic and developmental growth of the modern day Aramoko Kingdom. He will forever be remembered for good. May his resourceful soul rest in peace Amen.

HC DIRAN ADEBAYO (THE ASAO OF ARAMOKO KINGDOM).

DEAR UNCLE CHIEF (DR) ISAAC FOLA-ALADE,

As I picked up my pen to write this tribute I could see your face and smile right in front of me. You lived an exemplary life for which we are all very proud of. You were a highly disciplined person who hated mediocrity. You laid so many shining examples that we can only be proud of to follow and emulate. You were a fighter and you fought gallantly to the end.

Sleep on Uncle in the bosom of the Lord and sleep in Peace
We shall forever miss u

DR YINKA FASANMI

A few weeks ago, my uncle passed away at the age of 87, I have sat back reading the many befitting tributes that had come forth and even though I knew most of what was said I was like wow What a guy! What a Man!! What a Phenomenal!!!

I remember getting back to Lagos in the early 70's and having to make the many trips with my parents from Maryland to Ikoyi in the wee hours of the morning spending holidays or weekends; back then I was that time probably the youngest and inherited the nick name (Akin kekere) and I think my sister was (Tateeee) as we were fondly called by my uncle... Then we also had the many road trips as well me sitting on your laps having to pretend drive the Range Rover with the big black doorknobs if I can call them that, I also remember the Citroen as well: those were the days.

Your relationships with both my parents was exemplary; you all had a very close bond. I remember whenever you visited Maryland it was always a mini party with Pounded Yam and Efo with drinks to follow (Palm-wine). There was this story mum always told on how you taught her a valuable lesson; I think my parents must have had an argument and she'd left the house for Adeyemi Lawson to the comfort of her sister and brother in-law's home, how dare my dad treat her that way, crying and all the drama to follow. Then everyone got into the cars to drive over to Maryland to go and rescue her and pack all her belongings so that she never returns to Maryland. Well apparently, there was already a plan of what was going to happen without her knowledge. Any ways they got to Maryland everyone hyped up and there was going to be a show down well at least that was what mum thought, only for everyone to get into the house and they started begging my dad to forgive the small girl for she knows not what she has done... you can imagine the shock she must have experienced as they all left without her after they had begged and apologise on her behalf. Yes, you were the disciplinarian and fair one at that; as it extended to all of us one way or the other.

You will be greatly missed and forever a Legend; not just to the family but the state of Ekiti and Ondo and the nation Nigeria at large.

Oh, one more thing I remember your style very eclectic with the neck scarfs and the coloured berets as well. I also got to know about other sports apart from football from hanging out at yours, Cricket, Squash and Golfing to mention but a few.

What a guy! What a Man!! What a Phenomenal life!!!

Kind Regards
AKIN KAYODE

TRIBUTE TO A SELFLESS ICON.

It was with sadness and a great sense of loss that I received the news of the passing of my favourite Uncle, Chief Isaac Fola Alade, the Mayegun of Aramoko Ekiti. He slept in the Lord on the 18th of June, 2021. 'Uncle Fola' as he was popularly referred to by his close relations, was to me - the Father I never had. Right from the time I realized my biological Father had died before I knew him, Uncle Fola stepped in to fill that vacuum. He was always there for me making sure I never forgot about my paternal heritage. My Father as I was told, passed in April

1950. It was not until the year 1961 when Uncle Fola was about to marry that he took me to Aramoko, ma paternal home. Uncle Fola was always so protective of me even against my relations. In 1960 I left the shores of this country for greener pastures but before my departure, I wrote letters to Uncle Fola and another Uncle informing them of my plans and expected date of departure. Alas it was only Uncle Fola who reacted by showing up at the airport just in time. He had driven all the way from Akure just to bid me farewell and also gave me care. I have never forgotten this act of immense love and care. I returned to the country five years later, and true to character, Uncle Fola promptly organized a reception for me at his Ikoyi residence. The guests included Permanent Secretaries from his Ministry as well as a host of many very important personalities. I felt on top of the world to have been so honored and all thanks to my wonderful Uncle. Uncle Fola mentored so many of his relations, many of who occupy very important positions in the country. A number of us actually lived under his roof at his Ikoyi residence for some years; we shall all forever cherish memories of the time we were there. Uncle Fola will be forever missed and I say thank you so much for your selflessness and magnanimity. Adieu dearest Uncle until we meet again at the bosom of our Lord Jesus Christ. May your dear soul rest in perfect peace.

From your niece,

LOLO IYABO ALADE EJIOGU.

A HEARTFELT TRIBUTE TO ABAMI

Abami as I fondly called you. I remembered with so much love and fondness all you did for me. Growing up was fun as I was the youngest of the team for as long as I remember. You cared and loved me like your biological daughter, your princess who did no wrong. You always found a way to make sure I don't get punished even though I was naughty. For you as long as I did well at school, you were happy with me. Been told you were gone was and still painful for me to accept, but I thank God for lessons taught, for advices given and for been my very own Abami. I will always remember your famous "Ranti omo eni ti iwo se", "Ama se oro hun". The way our Ekiti dialect flowed through you mixed with English eloquently made me decide I was going to learn and speak the language too. I actually achieved this and I recall how you asked me "so gbo ara"? to which I answered "mo gbo ara" and the way you corrected me by telling me I need to answer "mo kin me gbo ara" whilst my late father laughed at me.

Abami I will always cherish you forever
Rest in peace.

OYEBOLA APETUJE-CAREW

TRIBUTE TO MY BELOVED DADDY

God used daddy for me in 1976 when I was supposed to have ended my education in Primary Six, he encouraged me to further my education. If not for him, I might have been in total darkness of life, he made me to know the light in education that cannot be erased from my

memory, because I do not know what I would have been by now.

I cannot forget the discipline he instilled into my life, he was a disciplinarian to the core in all aspect of life, he always wants the best for anybody he came across.

Daddy was very hardworking, he did not condone laziness at all, a lazy person cannot stay with him, he liked dressing corporately at all time, very neat in nature both in his physical appearance and deeds, even at home, Daddy would inspect everywhere in the house just like a woman who does not want her home to be dirty, so daddy will do that to every nooks and crannies of the house and pointed your attention to the place and immediately you would be compelled to clean the place.

Daddy, the hospitality you always accorded to any visitors especially when we have full house is awesome. You would make sure that we attended to all the visitors, they would all feel at home. I cannot forget his whispering whenever he came from Lagos during the weekend, in those days at the corridor/palace suite for 'Mama' Iya Egbe for awareness that you were around "*Huuuuuuu buuuuuuu buuuuuuu, in pele nibe oo*", mama would reply "*ooo kabo oo*", then within 10 to 15 minutes, his Pounded Yam (Iyan gbigbona) with '*Obe Efo*' would be ready.

Daddy, I cannot forget how you would take all of us to Ikogosi Warm Spring, then he would fetch 25 litres keg and gave it to Gen. Obasanjo (the former President, amongst others), he had since been proud of this warm spring in his hometown before it is now turned to tourism attraction centre.

Daddy was a role model to the family and to many people, it is not easy to forget all he has done for me, they are numerous, I am obliged by his training, it transformed my life positively. I have learnt lots of virtues from him, the caring heart, the hospitality and the hard work. He was an academician of excellence, an achiever, he was a good leader, indeed "*eniyan ki ri ara re laye, sugbon ojo teniyan ba ku la meni aye ye*". People are saying good things about him now and I am happy to be your blood.

A golden heart stopped beating. Well, God knows the best. Daddy has done his best for all of us as a good father and I believe a golden reward awaits him in heaven. Whenever I impressed him, he would appreciate by saying "*kare omodeni*". No matter what, we do not have power over our life, you have come, you saw, you fought a good fight and you conquered. I love you daddy but God loves you most.

Death is a necessary end which every individual must pass through, he has lived a fulfilled life, may the Lord grant him eternal rest till we meet on the resurrection day.

I miss you daddy.

ORIKI BABA

"Omo eleyinmi oge, omo eleriro kege, akunle bo, omo oloke arin kujayun, omo oloke komoke gigun, omo olumo keyere tulu.

Ogbingbin lese. Omo olusu tita bu ke igi, omo o gbingun eran yin gba usu tore, omo olukere arinfun wo, kare oo, sun ree o."

MRS. BIODUN IBOSIOLA

I had the privilege of knowing the Late Arch.Chief Fola Alade through his first daughter and dear friend, Yinka. When daddy became aware of our friendship, he adopted me as a daughter.

Daddy was ever so kind and gracious to me and my Family. When He was the Permanent Secretary, Federal Ministry of Works, I jokingly asked him if he could help my Father secure a contract, he immediately sprung into action and registered my Father as a contractor. Even when my Father became reluctant to leave Ile-Ife for Lagos, Chief Fola Alade did not only link my Father to a contractor in Ministry of Housing and Works at Ondo state, He gave the opportunity meant for my Father to my Uncle.

That's how generous, easily approachable and Kind Daddy was.

As a newly married pregnant lady in her final year at the University, Daddy employed me and ensured I and my Husband lacked nothing and when I graduated, He made sure I got a better job. He was indeed a kind man.

Continue to rest in the bosom of the Almighty,

Goodnight Daddy

From: **MRS TOYIN OMOLAYO (NEE OGUNMODEDE)**

I am a niece to our dear daddy Fola Alade. My twin brother and I lived with daddy and late mummy Yemi Fola-Alade of blessed memory (she was our dad's first cousin) from age six till part of our adult years. Our biological parents were then abroad. My brother and I lived and grew up with their biological children for several years we enjoyed same love, care and attention. Baba taught us diligence honesty hard work and contentment these virtues have helped to shape me as I journeyed through life. Baba rewarded good behavior and success but he would not spare the rod when needed to apply one. Baba was fun to be with no dull moment with him we fondly called him "patron" amongst ourselves back in the days meaning master in French, it was a term used to alert each other of baba's arrival from work so that everyone would quickly be on their best behaviour.

Baba was chairman at my wedding several years ago in awo ekiti. My husband and Baba shared a special bond that is Baba for you, my husband was a real son to Baba and their love was adorable. Baba lived a life worthy of emulation he was a rare breed. Rest in peace dear daddy

Your niece,

KIKELOMO ADEGBAMIGBE (NEE OBATUYI)

My darling Uncle Fola, kind hearted, adventurous, thoughtful, fun loving and dutiful, father. I am grateful to have known you all my life. You were a constant presence in my parent's circle and tribe. I salute your service to our nation and honor your sacrifice. I have always loved you and will carry an eternal flame in my heart for you. I know you are resting now or riding horses and playing golf and every genre of music in Heaven. May you continue to rest in the bosom of our Lord. I miss you so much, but I thank the Lord for the time we spent together here on earth.

Those memories will last a lifetime. Sleep well, great son of Aramoko Ekiti, sleep well. I will always love you.

Your “A-bowl-a-day, from God's own country.”

ABOLADE ALABI DUROJAIYE

TRIBUTE TO MY 'BESTEST' UNCLE

I stand to attest that Chief Architect Fola Alade was a great man. A great father. A great family man. A great Uncle. A great Nigerian. A great Ekiti man. He was married to my Aunty (Late) Mrs. Olayemi Fola Alade who is my mother's younger sister. This afforded me the opportunity of meeting this great man. In our days, there was a lot of discipline. You didn't have close contact with most elderly people out of respect and fear, however my Uncle was revered. He was quite friendly and one felt very much at home with him. He had a fancy and peculiar way of life which made him stand out amongst his peers. He may have been strict and a disciplinarian, to me he was very kind and nice. I have told this story many times but it is only right at this time to repeat it again. When I was at High school and came to visit my Uncle at the Arcade at Tafawa Balewa square, I was always assured of my N200 when leaving. That was a lot of money at that time. I was always so happy and look forward to every visit. I loved his ideals of loving African things. He was my role model. He was sociable. I want to thank God for a fulfilled life. We will miss you Uncle but we are rest assured and consoled that you are in a better place. Sun re o.

BUKOLA OLAGBAJU

TRIBUTE FOR CHIEF (ARCH) ISAAC FOLAYAN ALADE MY UNCLE, MY FATHER.

Uncle Fola as we fondly call him first breezed in to my consciousness at the age of eight years shortly after my family returned to Nigeria from Malaysia after obtaining his Master's degree. As he is characteristic of my dearly beloved uncle he came in to our house on Oluwafemi Street in the Onipanu Area of Lagos that day with a bang that left an indelible mark on my young mind.

I remember the beret, his infectious smiles, his banter with my parents whom he was very fond of and he was one of the few who addressed my mum as *Aduke*, The manner in which he switched From English, to Yoruba and Ekiti dialect all at once was fascinating and astounding and got me fascinated.

This was the beginning of an eventful and enriching life long association with a legend and icon but how was I to know that but all I knew was that I had an uncle I could share my innermost thoughts with who was never judgemental but was strict and straightforward which was okay by me as I did not mind being reprimanded if I put a foot wrong anyway and that was defining trajectory of our relationship.

In Christ's School anytime he and my beloved late aunty Yemi visited Yinka, Dipo and Kike they always brought my own packs of goodies and money too. On a particular holiday my esteemed uncle organized my first ever trip to the Ikogosi warm

springs with Yinka, Dipo, Kunle and Kike.

After our secondary school days he took it upon himself to follow up on my progress through my university years at the then University of Ife as he will either send for me to come to the house at Aramoko or visit us at home to encourage, and advise me and then give me what he used to call my spending money.

How and why he favoured me that much among the numerous nephews he had is still a mystery till today.

Any time I called to say hello either in the office or at home he always asked me to come in straight even if he was very important guests once he is informed I am around. He will say jeki omo Aduke wole which means let Aduke's son come in.

Then I lost my father in an accident in 1987. Then one day shortly after uncle Fola came in to see my mum and siblings and just sat on a table for a long time grieving silently and when he was going he just asked me to take proper care of his sister and left. From that day onward in his unpredictable manner he just took over the role of my father with the third of the trio late Chief Debo Apetuje. These two and my father had an unusual friendship that was difficult to explain. They could argue and argue but I think what accounted for their deep friendships was their unshakable love for their hometown.

After my father's death as alluded to earlier he now took over that role by supporting me through my Law course in LASU through to the Law School by giving me money to buy my Law books etc. He was the one who stood in for my father during my wedding engagement 25 years ago and he continued to play that fatherly role till he was called to glory.

While thanking God for granting him a long and fulfilling life with astounding legacies I cannot but feel a deep sense of loss as I have now truly become an orphan as the last of my earthly fathers has gone home to be with the Lord.

I also commiserate with my beloved cousins Yinka, Dipo, Bisi, Kola and my Pastor Sola, the grandchildren and the entire Alade dynasty.

Adieu my uncle, my father as your soul rests in perfect peace in the bosom of your maker.

Your nephew and son

TOKUNBO TUNDE IBIKUNLE.

MY UNCLE FOLA

I first learned of him in 1979 when my family was moving from Ibadan to be with my Dad who had been transferred to Lagos.

There was a picture of him and his sons, one of them was fair-complexioned and I looked forward to meeting him.

When we got to Lagos, the youngest son joined us, to be closer to his school, as his family was moving from Ikoyi to Akoka and we were in Victoria Island. My cousin regaled us with stories of their trips to Belgium and other foreign lands, which were more of working holidays for his Dad.

My Uncle was a very handsome, athletically fit man. He played golf and cricket and billiards. When we spent time with him and his other children at his office in Tafawa Balewa Square

complex - the Club Arcade, he always bought us Suya and chilled soft drinks.

On one occasion we spent close to a week at their place in Akoka and when it was time to return home, my Dad jokingly asked if we weren't ready to come home. I was happy to have the option to stay on, because the fun never seemed to end.

My Uncle was okay with us staying, despite the extra load that we must have been. Thank God my Dad insisted we leave; our gracious host needed a break, though he didn't complain.

Another time we travelled to Aramoko Ekiti and stayed at the house on the hill. It was like being in a resort; the rooms had intercom and a directory so we could call ourselves to know where everyone was, instead of running around the house making lots of noise. Bisi played us reggae music and Dipo told us fabus.

He later moved his family to Ikeja and then Victoria Island and I always found the designs of the houses, both interior and exterior, to be unique to the needs of the occupants, very purpose built.

We also got to appreciate his fantastic work in the various structures he designed across the nation. My Uncle always seemed to have a strong grip on the household, his nickname was Gaddafi; signifying his low tolerance for unruly behavior. Aunty Yinka was his able deputy.

Uncle Fola was a single parent for longer than he needed to be, for such a cosmopolitan man, but he was so devoted to the memory of his late wife, that he poured himself into raising their five children first. I was glad when he took the step to remarry, because he must have needed a companion his age, in the midst of so many children.

All told, my dear Architect Isaac Fola Alade was a very good man, who lived life with vigor and unshaking faith in God. May his precious soul rest in perfect peace, AMEN.

By: **MRS. FOLASADE ADENIJI (NEE ALABI).**

TRIBUTE TO DADDY IKOYI

At the age of two, Daddy Ikoyi took me on as the eighth child of the family (which consisted of their own five biological children and our cousins the twins) when my parents sent me back to Nigeria from the UK to live with my mum's sister's Family, the Fola Alade family. I was treated no different from all my seven cousins. To be honest, he and mummy Ikoyi spoiled me, and I got away with most things. I remember him giving me the nickname 'Tat-te'. He always made time to play with us and on the weekends he would take all the kids to Ikoyi Club to swim, then to the Federal Place Hotel for delicious club sandwiches. Daddy Ikoyi would use his VHS camcorder to document our childhood activities recording us swimming, playing on the swing, merry-go-round and see-saw at home. Then he'd gather us all in the living room to watch the tapes on the big screen. As excitable kids, we loved seeing ourselves on the tv and were amazed by his ability to perfectly capture the moments.

My parents also saw Daddy Ikoyi as an elder brother - even after the passing of Mummy Ikoyi, my mum's older sister, he still saw them as family. He acted as a mentor to my mum and provided her with multiple business opportunities that she was truly grateful for. All these testify of his caring fatherly nature. Very rare for a man of his kind.

Daddy Ikoyi, your love and warmth will forever stay in our hearts. Thank you for all you've done and may your soul continue to rest in perfect peace in Jesus Name. Amen
Your youngest child at Adeyemi Lawson Road, Ikoyi.

MRS. SHADE AKERELE

aka: Shade Kayode-Alade; Tat-te; Shade-shade (to Daddy)

TRIBUTE TO MY DARLING FATHER AND UNCLE. FA

I knew you as a caring father when i was young and we always come over to Allen Avenue. Growing up was fun. You took all of us as your children. Going out with you on many occasions. I remember when we followed you to parties and Sunny Ade will be on the Band Stand. You will always say Oya Yemisi Alajota come on the dance floor. We partied hard as if we were your mate.

Ha Baba i enjoyed you then. You always give us money to go out and enjoy ourselves. When i was a bit older before getting married, we were always around you then with lots of goodies for us all. You were there when i got married and stood as a father. Yinka and i were so close that people thought we were siblings.

My younger one too that i call Eera (Bisi) was so funny that we all enjoyed going out with her. Baba mi sunre o.

You lived a good life and the children were all there to take care of you to your old age. May we all lived to see our children's children like you did.

Baba Yinka was a tomboy that we all admire.

Sunre o Arc. Fola Alade. We are all so proud of you even in death.

From: **YEMISI AWE** - Yinka Williams Friend.

I grew up first knowing him as 'Broda Fola' (my mom's cousin) and THEN Gadaffi... (Margaret Thatcher's cousin)... Maggie of course; being my Mom: Sisi Fadeke.

Chief Arch. Fola Alade was a Rolling Stone. So much swag and a fantastic sense of humour. Being around him was like being in an Amusement Park. There was always something to learn, SEE and experience. He was one of the first people who acknowledged me as an entity. He used to call my big brother Olu-myde. I didn't realise that the MIDE in his name was what brought about the MIDE; Ki l'omode mo? So I asked for my own nickname and said: E oo tie le so pe Laide-myde?! And he adopted it and got everyone, I mean EVERYONE to start calling me LAIDE-MYDE. Made me know I could assert myself and be heard.

Now, I kept malice with him one day (all these exchanges were before I was 7yo o!) We went to visit him and he asked us to join him for lunch, I was eager to go somewhere else so I turned him down.

He said if I refuse to partake in this breaking of bread, "Ma wa'le mi mo" (No longer come to my house) I took it to heart and decided the battle lines had been drawn.

The next time we went to the house, I didn't get down from the car, he asked for me and came to the car to ask me to come in. I said No, cos e ni kiin ma wa'le yin mo (You told me never to come to your house AGEN).

He laughed and said 'Laide-mide, haba!!!I was only joking nau. Oya ma binu... Let's go in....til fade!

My point is: MY UNLE FOLA SAW ME and for that, I'll be forever grateful. He was at my engagement and ENSURED they knew whose niece I was. Talk about PEDIGREE. E SUN RE O!!!

From: **LAIDE ALABI** aka ~ Laide-mide now Laide Oropo!

TRIBUTE TO CHIEF (ARC.) ISAAC FOLAYAN ALADE, OFR

I grew up knowing Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade as a household name in Aramoko Ekiti. You couldn't have grown up in Aramoko and you would not know Arc. Fola Alade, even if you have not met him physically. His name was synonymous with all development indices in Aramoko. He was first The Maiyegun and later doubled as The Asiwaju of Aramoko Kingdom. In spite of our age difference, Arc. Fola Alade was a remote mentor to me before I had the privilege to meet him in person during my early years. His numerous contributions to the development of Aramoko in all spheres ignited my passion for community development. I remember that as Head of State and Commander In Chief the Armed Forces of the Federal Republic of Nigeria, Chief Olusegun Obasanjo was a regular visitor to Aramoko between 1976 and 1979 as we watched him play Squash Racket with Chief Fola Alade and other friends of theirs. What a privilege it was for us to run errands for a sitting Head of State, courtesy of Arc. Fola Alade. I had three close contacts with Arc. Fola Alade in his lifetime and my experiences on those three occasions will remain memorable for me throughout my lifetime. The first close contact I had with him was in 1992 when I was the President of The Arcadian Club and simultaneously the President of Aramoko Students Association, Ondo State University Chapter. I had visited him in his office at Race Course, Lagos to seek his support for our annual programmes. He asked me how come I was President of two key associations in Aramoko at the same time. He queried what time I had to do my personal studies and reminded me that I needed to fortify my foundation first and be successful for me to be a force to reckon with in community development. It took me some time to understand his standpoint but now I know better. The second close contact I had with him was in 2012, a day prior to the maiden edition of Aramoko Socio-Economic Summit which I convened. I had gone with my team to pay him homage as a great motivator who attracted me to community service by his selfless deeds for our cradle when I was a growing child. He prayed for me and my team and charged us to keep the flame of the torch burning as age had already told on him and his energy had waned. It was an emotion laden moment for us who knew how he was full of energy any time Aramoko was mentioned. We promised him to do our best possible but reminded him also that his shoe was too big for any of us to wear. The last close contact I had with the Asiwaju of Aramoko Kingdom was in early 2020. I had gone to visit his first daughter, Arc. Yinka Williams, to have a mutual conversation when I needed her to write the

foreword to my second book. Aunty Yinka told me that it wouldn't be a bad idea for us to visit Baba because she was so sure that Baba would be very proud of me. She hopped in my car and we drove to Baba. I held his hand for as long as the visit lasted and I felt very good to have seen Baba again after a very long time, all thanks to Aunty Yinka. The curtain fell for this rare gem on the 18th of June, 2021. As encomiums pour in for him, I call to memory the famous quote credited to Professor Gbadegesin where he said that “a person whose existence and personality is dependent on a community is expected in turn to contribute his own quota to the continued existence of the community that nurtured him and partakes in his destiny”. Fola Alade did not only contribute his quota to the continued existence of the community that nurtured him, he inspired many to take community service as a duty. He remains the undisputable number one hero of Aramoko Ekiti, a true son of Ekiti State and an iconic citizen of Nigeria. Aramoko Ekiti will sorely miss him. Ekiti State lost a gem. Nigeria lost a hero. Fare thee well, Chief (Arc) Isaac Folayan Alade, OFR (24 November 1933 to 18 June 2021).

AKIN OLUWADARE JNR

Convener, Aramoko Socio-Economic Summit

ANOTHER GLINT OF THE GOLDEN ERA HAS FADED AWAY.

'The Doyen of Nigeria's Architecture' did not become prominent and respected just because of being one of the pioneer graduates of the profession in West Africa; his pre-eminence entails the range of his duties while in public service, and the depth of his commitment to his beloved vocation even in private practice.

His affection for Architecture was fervent, but his fondness for designing and supervising development transcends buildings.

Thus, the very befitting traditional title of 'Maiyegun' didn't just refer to his immediate community; the breadth of the country is 'lined-up' and awash with functional crafts of his art. If for nothing else, he would be remembered by those numerous iconic edifices. His hilltop castle is an unmistakable testament to the boldness of his developmental skills - his artistic charity began very close to home.

Unfortunately, we often tend to laud the great ones among us after they exited the Stage. The departed Asiwaju of Aramoko belonged to that generation whose ethos was: 'Remember Whose Son/Daughter Thou Art' - incidentally, the title of his autobiography. Their generation of technocrats symbolically and substantively design and started building the fundamental infrastructure of the post independent Nigeria. They were visionary bureaucrats who were diligent as consummate civil servants...the honourable generation.

Individually, he was a systemic over-achiever. Besides the prominence from his chosen profession, he was a respected and ultra-proud son of Ekiti; a distinguished Christ's School alumnus; and an exemplary civil servant.

As a 'human edifice', in form and substance, his existence was a remarkable design presented to Aramoko, as gift to the whole nation, by the Divine Architect.

Uncle Fola Alade was classy; almost never without a beret or fedora or some other fashionable hat, he was one of the coolest friend our dad had.

We fondly bid him farewell.

ADESOKANS.

My tribute to Chief Architect Fola Alade, otherwise known as Daddy, to me, and to many people who have in one way or the other crossed paths with this phenomenal man.

All the accolades that anyone can say will not be enough to describe this true Nigerian pioneer. I think his works are there for all to see. And, I request, people to please go ahead and look at what this guy did when most people didn't know anything about architecture in Nigeria, or in Africa, indeed the world to begin with.

But I know him as a very family man, who was very devoted to his family, his children. And our paths crossed because of my “daughter”, Bisi Soji-Oyawoye, who has been part of my family, for almost forty years now.

And then, of course, daddy and I developed a bond with golf, something that he made me develop an interest in. And now, good to say, some people would say sad to say, I say good to say that I'm addicted to golf. But it's a sport that he loved very, very much, very passionate about it. We talked a lot about it. And every time I get on the golf course, I will remember Chief - the stories that we talked about all this time.

This is a celebration. Chief has done very well, again, by all the other things he left behind through his profession. But more importantly, the kids who say saying bye bye to him today.

A very, very, very fulfilled human being, a true Nigerian, a genius, and he will be missed.

I love you very much, chief. But you're resting, a well-deserved rest. And, we'll meet again on the fairways in heaven where, I'm sure they have just pristine fairways and greens and the ball goes 300 yards, when you hit them.

Rest well, Chief. I love you.

DR. YOMI ADEYEMI

A TRIBUTE TO AN ARCHITECT A MENTOR AND A DEAR UNCLE

As a teacher of architects, a question I often ask my students as an ice breaker is, “Why are you studying architecture?” or, “How old were you when you decided to study architecture?” In about two decades of asking, I have discovered that most people stumbled into the profession. For me it was neither accidental nor at the point of filling the JAMB form. Since I was about 8 or 9 years old, I knew just what I wanted to be as an adult - AN ARCHITECT.

I was a rather curious child (and I hate to admit a little nosy too) but not particularly relational. Visits to our cousins and friends often led me to room exploration and so visits then were more about the things to discover than friendships to pursue. One day about 50 years ago, I stumbled upon a rather large table with huge mathematical instruments on it and it became a regular place to “visit” at 13, Adeyemi Lawson Road. It wasn't long before Uncle Fola found me in the room (which happened to be his office) and rather than chase me out, taught me about drawing boards and draughting instruments. After a few more such visits, he explained to me who an architect is and the rest as they proverbially say is history.

Architectural Mentor

Very philosophical, Uncle Fola *tuned* me to architectural theory as a young child, and so history and theoretical courses were so familiar when I got into Architecture school. We went on a visit to Aramoko and for me it became an architectural study tour where he explained with great simplicity his design philosophy and use of materials for the villa there. Even watching films became opportunities to learn about buildings if he happened to be nearby. I would like to add here that if this wasn't your experience with him, it's not because Uncle Fola was partial: I think I just was never familiar with him and never took the things he said for granted. I also think my response to his “architectural lectures” encouraged him to go the extra mile with me. Very soon even my parents were saying, “she wants to be an architect like her uncle”. Very meticulous, he wanted me to be detail oriented and a master on the drawing board at 18! The one summer internship I had in his private office after my junior year (300 level) seemed “hellish” to me, even with the best efforts of Arc Olumide Eso. After the two-month stint however, like Daniel in the film *Karate Kid*, I entered my final year (400 level) with accolades. The crowning glory was when the most difficult studio mentor Mr. Major L. Holland declared to the whole final year studio, “Aig has learned how to draw”. How could I explain that it was due to countless re-draws that I had to make once he put that dreaded green correction pen on my tracing sheet. That summer was a turning point for me architecturally, I got jobs in a big firm in Atlanta there after because I could draw and also detail (this was before Auto CAD) and went on to finish at the top of my class in my masters because Uncle Fola insisted on excellence regardless of age, gender or seeming disability.

I didn't see so much of him after my school years but made it a point to try to visit him whenever I was in Lagos. Actually, I was compelled by his personality and my curiosity for his Afrocentric approach to architectural design and practice. I admired his integrity, his boldness and his swag. He is still my mental image of what an architect should look like with his French beret and later his Panama hat and his general aversion for neck ties, either wearing a French or safari suit.

Beloved Uncle and Father

Outside of architecture, he was an all-round fun guy, the life of the party. I remember timeless visits to our house on McDonald Road, our father shouting, “Uhuru” from the sitting room and he outside answering, “Frankie Lee” and our mother rushing to the kitchen to prepare all the meat delicacies that he so loved to eat while visiting our house. Uncle Fola was dutiful. He and Aunt Yemi were the natural choice as godparents to our youngest brother Aigbovbioise and when Aunt Yemi left us suddenly, he dutifully filled the role of godfather and tried his

best to ensure that even the little feminine touches of a godmother were not over looked with Aig.

I have earlier mentioned his impartial nature evident in the battalion of family members and even friends that lived at the various Fola-Alade homes over the years. It took a while before I could tell the biological from the non-biological children because it didn't seem to matter to him. You got the treats whether we were playing squash or swimming in Allen Avenue, or the licks for misbehavior regardless of your residential or biological status in that home. I'm still amazed at his transformation from drill sergeant to cuddly teddy in later years. O! how he loved those bloody rats! He was such a loving father and “mother” to the battalion of family and friends that passed through his life over the years. I'm so grateful to God that he was celebrated by his children and received tender loving care from his loving daughters, Yinka and Bisi and his beloved son Sola to the very end. Truly you have shown great fear of the Lord as Leviticus 19:32 says, **“You shall stand up before the gray head, and honour the face of an old man, and you shall fear your God. I am the Lord”**.

Frank Lloyd Wright, arguably one of the greatest architects of all time said, **“The architect must be a prophet... a prophet in the true sense of the term ... if he can't see at least ten years ahead don't call him an architect”**. As we pay tribute to this gentleman architect, we cannot but reflect on his long practice and personal life decisions, which were evidently prophetic as well as the Providential Hand of the Greatest Architect whom he came to embrace and love.

EREKPITAN O. OLA-ADISA (NEE AIG-IMOUKHUEDE) - The Architects' Resourcery

THE LATE KEHINDE OLUSEGUN ALADE'S CHILDREN

TRIBUTE TO AN AMAZING FATHER, CHIEF ISAAC FOLA ALADE, OFR

Chief Isaac Fola Alade was an exceptional man. He was easily one of the best fathers anyone could ever wish for. Daddy, as we fondly called him adopted all five of us after the demise of our late father, Mr Kehinde Olusegun Alade, in 1979. Daddy was devastated by his death and being the consummate family man that he was, he published in The Sunday Times, one of the then most widely read newspapers, that he now had 10 children; five from his late wife and five from his late brother.

Fatherhood was one of Daddy's most cherished roles, he loved his family dearly. Holidays were memorable and often seemed like family reunions with older cousins taking care of the younger ones. Christmas at Aramoko, Ekiti State was always a delight, especially on Christmas Eve when we all went to church to listen to Yoruba carols.

Daddy loved recreation and was excellent at creating lasting memories. The Fola Alade Children were the first to visit the Father Christmas Grotto at the LTV 8 premises, Agidingbi, Ikeja and this was televised live. On one occasion, he ensured that our siblings got an

autographed post card from the then General Olusegun Obasanjo, the Head of State at the time when they visited the Obasanjo Farms in Ota, Ogun State.

Daddy also valued education. He believed that a good education provides a great platform for anyone to attain enviable heights. He would often go out of his way to sponsor the education of children whose parents couldn't afford to do.

During our holidays at his house, ladies dare not tie a wrapper in the house. The great Gadaffi as we often called him behind his back for his disciplinary nature.

Daddy was a huge blessing to us all. Although he will be sorely missed, we will cherish his memories in our hearts forever.

Adieu Daddy. Rest well.

A LEGEND GOES HOME

Uncle Fola, was what all the Osuntokuns called the late Architect Fola Alade, though not related by blood, he was a bosom friend of Professor Kayode Osuntokun and my father was his teacher at Christ's School Ado Ekiti. He and Uncle Kayode were brothers in all ramifications and my father, Oduola Osuntokun loved him dearly. We were however related to his beloved late wife, Aunt Yemi on our mother's side, and did my late mother loved her!

The first time Uncle Fola came to our aid that I recall was when the first military coup toppled the Tafawa Balewa govt and my father being a Minister in the Western region was on the hit list of the coup plotters. He came to our aid by allowing our entire family to move into his house somewhere in Ibadan, for a while till things cooled down a bit.

A strikingly tall guy, he was charming, laughed easily and we all looked forward to seeing him.

The second time he came to my aid was when I needed accommodation in Lagos after my NYSC, as soon as my father discussed with him about my pressing need for shelter, he warmly welcomed me to his home without hesitation and I lived with Yinka, Dipo, Bisi, Fola and Sola for a while as part and parcel of their close knit family on Allen avenue.

He worked hard and achieved legendary status in the Nigerian Architecture community. He was a loving and caring father to his precious children and instilled them the spirit of excellence he shared with his friend, late Prof Kayode Osuntokun.

Rest on Legend, you've earned it!

BISOLA OSUNTOKUN-LEWIS

ARC. ISAAC FOLA ALADE - AND THE ARCHITECT PUT HIS PENCIL DOWN.....

Did you ever have an Uncle who was your father's friend, also your Mother's friend and also your own friend? THREE IN ONE!! That was my Uncle Fola. He often came around at the weekends to visit and everyone would be in top spirits, because that was what his presence

radiated. Uncle Fola would stroll into the house through the kitchen door and announce his arrival. Once he was sat in his choice seat and poured his drink, he would usher himself into the kitchen and assist with the cooking (only the frying of the meat or fish or pancakes though typically). Sadly once two portions were cooked and served, his unpaid services were done and over it.

Unlike most Uncles, he was one of the very few who did not mind being in the kitchen and actively participating in the kitchen. This (of course) came with my Mother's approval. For the records, my Mother was a woman, with such high principles and structure and yet my Uncle Fola was allowed into her “golden space”, her Kitchen; clearly his attributes and qualities paved the way for him. I later discovered that Uncle Fola had taught my Mother how to dance the foxtrot dance way back in the 60s. UHHMMMMMMMM had I known earlier I would have been wiser. He had paid his dues.

He was my inspiration in becoming an Architect. His home was always a marvel to behold. All the architectural gymnastics that you could think of were at play! Name it, was it the arches in the interior space that added grandeur and class, or the curved concrete window hoods over the circular windows, or the wall built-in “larger than life” aquarium, or the ultra slim swimming pool at the entrance foyer that accentuated the entrance foyer. He was the first for me to have a bungalow, with a basement floor that housed a snooker table. The conceptualization of the design was a breeze for him, the precision was always on point, the eye for detail was commendable, the articulation of different forms to create function can be likened to the renowned Architect Le Corbusier.

Uncle Fola's taste for perfection and excellence also transcended to his beautiful family. He ensured that they were well nurtured, well loved, well trained and grew up to become reputable urban professional.

Uncle Fola, was one of the first Architects in Ekiti land and clearly the first from the big city Aramoko - Ekiti. His contributions to Architecture has influenced and improved the urban fabric of this our nation and too numerous to mention. Uncle Fola on his own as a person, oozed of sophistication, finesse, and class. His dressing was dapper. His caps, hats and beret were exclusive and distinct. His choice of cars was elegant, classic and very contemporary. Once you were with him or around him, there was also something that spoke. He was a passionate Ekiti man, extremely proud of his roots and kind.

Sun re Aba...!

WOLE EPEROKUN

TRIBUTE TO PA FOLAYAN ALADE

Life is short, and yet it is all we have. It is good to have an end to journey toward; but most importantly it is the Journey that matters.

Pa Folayan Alade, my uncle, was a great man. His lifetime showed his exceptional zeal for success. This trait of his served as a source of motivation towards my journey. He paved a way of greatness for his family members, and I am lucky to have enjoyed part of it.

It's sad to see you go, but your Legacy will continue to live on. Rest In Peace.

ABA MI. OBI URO OMO AKIN, OMO AROGUN BERINSI, ATIJO OGUN, GBASA GURUGURU YEWE, ATIJO OGUN GBEYE OGOMU GOMU, ATIJO OGUN GBADIYE OPINIPIN BOJA, ATIJO OGUN MADIYE KAN SOSO BOSUN. O KI OOOOO

MRS. ABIDEMI OMOTOSO

TRIBUTE TO ARCHITECT ISAAC FOLA ALADE, FNIA, OFR

Like Bezalel and Oholiab in the Bible, Architect Isaac Fola Alade was endowed with exceptional talent and intelligence by God, the Master Architect. We owe him a great debt as this talent was put to use creating several edifices; contributing masterfully to Nigeria's built environment. Architect Fola Alade invested his God-given creativity in our country, for the benefit of all, and the results are phenomenal. His prolific works remind us of Jesus' parable of the talents - much was given, and much was delivered. He dreamed big and accomplished great success. Several structures he inspired continue to stand tall, examples of what can be achieved. These include Bar Beach Towers, high rise apartment buildings subsequently replicated in Alagbon, Reeve Road and Eric Moore. These apartments helped address the housing deficit, providing residential quarters for civil servants and optimizing the use of scarce land resources through managed vertical expansion. The flexible nature of the Federal Secretariat, Ikoyi Lagos design is another noteworthy achievement. This has made conversion of most of these buildings into residential apartments feasible.

In his designs, Architect Fola Alade brought together a variety of shapes, elevations, textures and colours; always harmoniously. His buildings are lessons in spatial relationships, functionality, flexibility and efficiency. He was able to incorporate climatic factors too - adequate cross ventilation, natural lighting and inclusion of traditional courtyards in Public Buildings were just some of his trademarks. Architect Fola Alade served as Director of Public Buildings at the Federal Ministry of Works and Housing. He was held in such high esteem by the Military Government that he headed, the Armed Forces Development Project (AFDP) as the Permanent Secretary, Special Duties. He was responsible for the development of Satellite Town.

An astute administrator, he developed a manual for the Architects in Public Service. The roles and responsibilities of the Architect from Graduate entry as Architect Grade One right up to the level of a Director were fully articulated. This manual served as the go-to framework, shaping relationships amongst Architectural professionals operating across the four main divisions in Public Service – Planning, Design, Construction and Maintenance. The manual also helped frame relationships between Architects and other disciplines in the Allied professions, and in the construction industry. Architect Fola Alade's integrity, focus and hard work also meant that he was able to build vital partnerships with all Federal Ministries, creating opportunities for Architects to serve as in-house Consultants to these Ministries, and to various departments and agencies in the public sector. He retired as a Federal Permanent Secretary in 1979, a rare feat at the time for a professional. His influence on the profession and far beyond continued through his private practice, Fola Alade Associates.

Many in the profession looked up to him, and he was always keen to support other Architects, and we were no exception. In 1980 when our practice was set up, he was instrumental in getting us an office in Tafawa Balewa Square Complex, Race Course, Lagos where he also had his own office. His writing skills were extraordinary. In one of our interactions, he was able to succinctly summarize all important details and give a convincing recommendation for an organization in just one short paragraph. It was quite a lesson in brevity! Architect Fola Alade was a man of immense courage, passion and foresight; leading the way for his younger colleagues to follow, encouraging us to be our very best and helping us to succeed. He was a pacesetter, pioneering innovations fearlessly with a can-do attitude.

We have been blessed to work with members of Architect Fola Alade's family - and the apple truly doesn't fall far from the tree. Architect Yinka Williams, his daughter is industrious and hardworking, just like her father.

We thank God for her dedication and love for her father to whom she remained very devoted to the very end, caring for him and always seeking his highest good. She has since been determined to improve available facilities for the elderly, leading to the establishment of Lemon and Feathers Ageing Concerns Foundation in 2016 along with six others, if only to honour her father and Older Persons despite the severe challenges that come with caring for the elderly. She was focused and determined in her role as the first born. Yinka, thank you and may the Lord bless you abundantly and be your exceedingly great reward. Many thanks also to Architect Femi Williams, her husband, all her siblings and Papa's grandchildren as they all carried out their significant roles – you all did very well for Papa.

We also thank Tao's childhood friend, the Rear Admiral Deinde Joseph, Papa's nephew for his diverse roles particularly as a great son of Aramoko Ekiti.

Architect Fola Alade's designs attest to his creativity, talent and intelligence. His works were an expression of the Creator's care for aesthetics and functionality, and in his personality, he showed unique leadership. We give God all the glory for his life. May the Lord comfort the family.

TAO AND DADA ALAMUTU

My deepest, sincerest condolences to your family. As I'm reading this story, it reminds me of the infinite love our Father has for us. It brings me great joy to read the legacy of Chief Dr. (Arc) Isaac Folayan Alade OFR. What a true reflection of Christ. It's an honor to read about your story Chief!!! God allowed for me to make time to read this story and that I may share it as a reminder of what it means to be a God fearing man and the blessings that go along with. Praise Jesus!!! May God continue to comfort you, provide for you, and to keep on making way for you. All for the Glory of God. Maranatha. In Jesus name. Amen

AARON ROBLEDO

Eternal rest grant him O Lord and let your perpetual light shine upon him. May his soul and all the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God,

Rest In Peace. Amen

IKPONMWOSA OBASEKI

“The Lives of Great Men so remind us , we can make our Lives Sublime, and departing Leave behind us...FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME" ...

In a Season and Time when "Legend" and "Legacy" have been eroded to mere Cliché's, Daddy's Life reminds us of the Authentic and TRUE meanings of those weighty words. Transcending the matrices of space, aesthetics, Spirit and Time, the life of Arc. Fola Alade glorifies God in the Maximum expression of the Parable of the Talents... A Good and Faithful Steward. Daddy rests with the Saints Triumphant. Fortitude and Grace I pray for the Family.

BENJAMIN WORIKA

Daddy lived a rich and fruitful life....and for that we give thanks to God.

The amazing legacy he left behind would stand for years to come and many would learn and grow from these.

May the Good Lord grant you all succor at this time....and may his precious soul find eternal rest in the Lord's bosom. Amen

CONSOLATA UGBOKO

What a life of impact, rest in peace.

OKON UKPONG

Please accept my heartfelt condolence on the loss of your dad Dipo. An Icon who has left a lasting legacy. Will always be remembered for his contribution to nation building. Rest on Sir.

May the lord give the entire family the fortitude to bear the loss.

AZUKA ENELI

Daddy, you will be missed but we are consoled that you are resting in the bosom of your maker and by the great legacy you leave behind. Thank you for single handedly raising 5 great kids one of who in turn raised my sisters and I at a point when guidance was most needed. Thank u for the gift of Aunty Bisi to the entire Champion family! Sleep on legend you live in our hearts forever!

ABISOLA BANJOKO

Wow, a colossus in the built environment is gone! I remember with nostalgia my chance meeting with him professionally on one of his numerous legacy projects as a young QS in 1991 on the Prototype Federal Ministry projects where I represented my Oga on a few occasions at the Principal Partners meeting with the Director of Public Works FCDA. The memories of those encounter lives with me. My condolences to you Dipuu and your siblings. Adieu to a worthy professional architect and may his soul RIP, Amen.

GBEMIBO OGUNFIDODO

CHIEF ARC FOLA ALADE

You were an uncle in a million; I remember like yesterday how you never failed to visit our family every time you come to Ekiti . How you rode your citron or your range rover to visit us at Ado come rain, come shine you were there with my parents I will really miss you and your honest advice.

You laughed often and showed so much love and gave the best you had. You tell me off when I am wrong but you always smile and call me Bisco at the end and tell me God will take care of me.

You were a good listener, funny, kind and so generous to me, always giving me money even when I was already grown woman. You didn't like lobbying or influencing jobs, you told me off when I asked you for a note to go for interview. You encouraged me to work hard, go for the interview and let you know the outcome. I didn't get it and I cried you gave me hug and asked me to try again and never give up.

I was successful the second time and you received me with smiles saying I told you work hard Bisi, God will take care of you. When I was lost in confusion, you were there to say that everything would be okay. When I felt like no one could understand, you were there to hold my hand, memories of you will always be in my heart and mind till eternity.

May the Lord comfort, bless and sustain your children now and forever more Amen.

May your soul rest in peace

Good night sir till we meet to part no more. You came, you conquered and you submitted finally to the will of GOD.

OLABISI FOLAYAN

Lead Nurse Colposcopist, Lewisham and Greenwich NHS Trust

TRIBUTE TO PA ISAAC FOLA-ALADE (OFR)

I met Chief Isaac Fola-Alade during my stint as a medical officer at the General Hospital Aramoko. He walked into the hospital to say hello, there I introduced myself to him, he looked at me and his first words were “who the hell are you?” We became friends after that, he fondly called me Dokita Oloogun Ejo!! I chuckle as I write this because I remember the

expression on his face when he joked. I went to him every evening after work and he taught me a lot of things, a line I'll never forget is "Live your life with apologies to no one!" words that I still live by. He was down to earth and called a spade a spade, we played table tennis and went to the golf course together. Everyone who knew me called him my grandfather!

He was upright statesman contributing greatly to building our great country, he also loved his hometown so much qualities that I admire so much about him.

I am really proud to have known you sir and you will be greatly missed, I know that somewhere in the vastness of what lies beyond you will be resting, smiling down and wishing us well.

I love you so much.

ADEBOLA ADEFIOYE

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TRIBUTE TO UNCLE FOLA ALADE

Uncle was a man of style and liked by everyone. I went with my Mum to see him a few times at his office in TBS and as a young boy I marvelled at his style.

The house on the hill in Aramoko was lovely and it was a privilege to have visited it more than once. The house in Akoka I didn't understand but couldn't ask questions.

When I got married Uncle Fola told me how he was friends not just to Dad, Prof but also my real dad. (For those that know what that means). He then blessed me with mint Naira notes.

Uncle Fola as Ekiti as they come. Once while in Ado Ekiti I didn't think he would remember me as I met at the Governor's office in Ado Ekiti. I gave him my card as a form of introduction that once he saw Osuntokun he will recognise we're as good as family. He called my name out loud and said "Tunji and you're showing me a card, come on get on chest in postrating for me" LOL, I did, then went to spend time with him in Aramoko two days later.

Rest in the bosom of the Lord, Uncle Fola the legend stylish Architect.

TUNJI OSUNTOKUN

Growing up in the 70s and 80 was full of memories of Uncle Fola and Daddy, Professor Kayode Osuntokun. They were bestos. They were full of adventures and had alot in common.

I remember exciting trips from Ibadan to Ekiti where both of will race in their Citroen cars and even going hunting together. He was just not an Uncle. He was a father. He was extremely stylish with his hats. And very colorful in his dressing.

When I was getting married, Prof and himself wore the same attire from head to toe. It was through them I knew men wore 'and co' (the same outfit). That was not so common in the 90's.

He was full of adventures. Even from his houses on Allen Avenue, Victoria Island and in Aramoko. A great architect.

There are so many fun memories of him that he can't be forgotten. Rest in Peace dearest Uncle.

OLABISI TAIWO OSUNTOKUN

What more can be said that has not already been said about this pillar of the Nigerian establishment?

People have said that Chief Fola Alade was an honest, straightforward man; a disciplinarian who raised exemplary children. They have praised his giftedness and vision as Nigeria's architect. They have praised his hard work and prodigious architectural production across our nation. He was contented, my mother, tells me, not materialistic at all

What I remember was a tall, lean, dark, handsome uncle, who wore those great cowboy hats and always seemed so cheerful. I remember him as my late Dad's good friend, his golfing friend. How they enjoyed playing golf together in Ikoyi Club.

Late Chief Fola Alade and my late Dad, Gabi Williams, were two uncommon men. With so much more in common than either foresaw: Alzheimers Disease. No respecter of persons, AD struck and ravaged them both for years. And then after many years, all the terrible suffering came to an end for my Dad in 2018 and now, for Chief Fola Alade.

In 1989 (or was it 1990?), during my youth corps at Bank of Credit and Commerce International, (BCCI), TBS, he spoke so well of my services as a bank teller (!) to his daughter that from then on, Yinka and I became firm friends with me as an aburo and Yinka as my dear egbon. Thank you for that, uncle: my own special memory of you.

Rest well, sir. Rest in eternal peace

OLATOUN GABI-WILLIAMS

Trustee, Gabi Williams Alzheimers Foundation (GWAF)

CHIEF ISAAC FOLA ALADE (1933-2021)

It was with mixed feelings that we received the news of uncle Fola's passing, sadness that someone who'd been an important part of our lives had transited on and yet glad that he lived to a ripe old age, had attained the pinnacle of his extremely successful career as Nigeria's foremost architect and had now shaken off the encumbrances of this life and was survived by all his children and grandchildren who have excelled in all their chosen careers and made him so proud of them.

Uncle Fola was my Dad's oldest and best friend from Christ school Ado Ekiti and best man at my parents Kayode and Bopo Osuntokun's wedding in December 1962. He and Uncle Bayo Akinnola stood in Dads at my christening when my father had to travel to the UK for further studies.

Uncle Fola and Kayode Osuntokun attended Christ school Ado Ekiti and were first classmates and although Uncle Fola was a little older than my father they became firm friends. They were both soccer players and prefects. They loved Christ School with a passion and had the utmost respect and love for both their teachers and school mates. Reverend Dallimore and Reverend Mason , their principals at the time noted them as some of the best Christ School produced. Some of their other classmates were the late Femi Eperokun, Peter Ogunleye, Ajibola Taylor, Bisi Lawrence to mention a few and most who went on to excel and distinguish themselves in their chosen fields. And from Christ School, Uncle Fola also became a member of the Osuntokun family and was considered to be a brother. He was much loved by my Dad, his brothers and his mother and he'd often stop by to visit my grandmother (who herself had her antecedents from Aramoko) on his way to Aramoko back then.

Uncle Fola and my Dad shared so much in common, their love of cars especially the Citroen and both bought multiple Citroen cars. Both had large boisterous families and I remember as a child whenever either one visited whether Ikoyi, Lagos or Bodija, Ibadan it was loud, noisy and boisterous with kids running all over the place and of course it was a lot of fun. They were very social human beings(loved a good party) and both were extremely supportive of their extended families and much loved.

One cannot talk about Uncle Fola without mention of his wife Mrs Yemi Alade (mama Yinka). Beautiful, elegant, gentle and soft spoken, she was his yang to his ying. Of course she left us much too soon. Passing away at the age of 36 and leaving him with 5 biological children and many others considered to be their children. It was a devastating time for uncle Fola and the children and everyone who loved her. He coped as best as he knew how to and his friends rallied to support and encourage him. But thanks be to God Uncle Fola regained his footing and he and all his children thrived and they are pillars in their chosen fields.

Chief Fola Alade as everyone knows was a renowned architect and his illustrious career in first in government and as Nigeria's foremost architect, designing monuments and landmarks that have stood the test of time and will exist long after him are a lasting testimony to his legacy. We thank God for his gift of design. Uncle Fola designed my parents first house and country home in Okemesi Ekiti and later their home on 34 Osuntokun Avenue in Ibadan. I remember being fascinated by the different houses he lived in, in Lagos, of course designed by him and this fueled my ambitions to become an architect. Sadly mathematics put an end to that.

Because of his deep and lasting friendship with my Dad, uncle Fola encouraged his youngest child Sola to study medicine. Sola of course being very smart was admitted to medical school at the University of Ibadan. Sola became our brother and those were interesting and fun years.

Wale, Niyi and Sola were inseparable and remain very close friends till now. Dipo too was also in UI studying law and we would all hang out from time to time. It was at that time Sola told us that their affectionate nickname for their Dad was Ghadaffi!!! Which we thought was extremely cool. From then on uncle Fola was Ghadaffi to us too, but of course we never said it to his face. Just when we thought they, our Dads were middle aged they'd do something that would surprise us. I always remember one evening in February of 1983 after my grandfather's 80th birthday party, uncle Fola had a sports car (I'm not sure the make) but goodness what trouble they got into that evening. My Dad, his brother uncle Jide and uncle Fola !! Just let's say it involved a very high speed car rides on Ikorodu road to Ikeja. It's a story that will not be told here but we always laugh when we remember and talk about it.

As they got older and their children were graduating, getting married etc Uncle Fola and my father were so supportive of each other. Making sure they were involved at our weddings and encouraging one another. It was always so refreshing to see such displays of friendship and camaraderie that had lasted 40 years plus.

Sadly my father Benjamin Olukayode Osuntokun passed away to glory on the 22nd of September 1995, exactly 26 years ago from the day I'm writing this tribute to his bosom friend. We were all devastated and shocked. His friends rallied around us and uncle Fola was there every step of the way. He was extremely supportive. We were grateful for his love and support. In recognition of his relationship with his childhood friend, the family asked Uncle Fola to be a foundation member of the Board of Trustees for the Benjamin Olukayode Osuntokun Trust

We are eternally grateful for his support and encouragement over the years .

In all we thank God for the life well lived of Chief Isaac Fola Alade, we thank him for a lifetime of friendship with our Dad, Professor Benjamin Olukayode Osuntokun and the entire family, and friendships between us their children that have been sustained and we pray that God grants him eternal repose and peace in the Lord. Amen.

Uncle Fola, We bid you adieu and good night.

Yinka, Dipo, Kola, Bisi and Sola, the Lord will continue to be your strength and comfort you all. Your Dad has run his race and he has fought the good fight. All will be well with you all in Jesus name. Amen.

TITILOLA IFATUROTI ESQ.

On behalf of the family of late Prof BO Osuntokun and Professor Olabopo Osuntokun and their children Lola, Remi, Segun, Wale and Niyi.

FOLA-ALADE: An Omoluabi Ekiti

In 1992, which was my final year as a Law student in University of Ibadan, I was mightily confused on how to finance my one year Law School Programme. I had just bought and read Robert Schooler's eternal classic at a Book Fair. It is titled "Though Times Never Last But Though People Do". That book inspired me to write letters to some prominent Nigerians to

seek their kind aid in running the one year Law School Programme.

On the day I wrote my last examination in UI, I came to Lagos to discover that 5 letters were waiting for me, in response to my letter of solicitation for help. One of the letters came from Chief Isaac Fola-Alade.

I met with him at his office at the Tafawa Balewa Square, Lagos. He told me he had been having Law School students in his house on Muri Okunola Street, Victoria Island, since he moved to the house some years back. He promised to give me accommodation. Typical of that great man, he asked that I should give him some days to discuss it with his children. Right there, he invited Arc. Kola (a chip off the old block, so to say), to his office and introduced us to each other.

My second meeting with him was without any formality. He greeted me warmly as if I was a member of his Family. To my eternal gratitude, he informed me that he had secured the blessing of all his children to accommodate me for the one year Law School Programme. Right there he gave me the opportunity to either move to the house immediately to enable me familiarize myself with the environment or possibly wait till a few days to our resumption at the Law School.

Upon resumption of the Law School, I moved to his house where I stayed and was fed for the entire duration of the one year programme. This was how destiny brought me into the life of this simple, loving and upright Ekiti son, whose generation is fast depleting by the day.

He lived a spartan, fairly regimented lifestyle. On a regular day, he will wake up before anyone in the house. His room had an in built library cum study. If he was not reading, you can be sure he will have something to write or draw. His glass of fresh fruit juice will be served on him in that study around 8:00am and that normally served as his breakfast. His only major food in a day comes around 5:00pm, after which he retires to his private sitting room to monitor the news.

He was of the old – school stock. A generation that was molded in the very best of colonial traditions. He was upright, transparently honest and a brutally frank man. He does not condone any acts of indiscipline, nor was he one to suffer fools gladly. In fact, I was told, a Law School student who lived in his house a year before me was summarily sent out of the house after he was caught watching a porn movie in the house.

As a young lawyer during President Obasanjo's first tenure, I led a Commissioner of Police of Ekiti extraction to see him at home in Lagos. After a short introduction, the Commissioner informed him of how he had been ordered to proceed on pre-retirement leave despite the fact that he was still having about 3 years left before his statutory retirement. He wanted Chief to help reverse the Police Authority's directive by speaking on his behalf to either of his friends – General David Jenibewon, the then Minister of Police Affairs, or President Obasanjo himself. As was his nature, Chief's response was stubbornly and brutally blunt "if you have done the number of years you claim to have done without blemish, why don't you want to go now that the ovation is still loud? Forcing yourself to remain in the service for these 3 years may lead to what will destroy your entire career". He told us that General Jenibewon and himself, flew from Abuja to Lagos few weeks back, but he will not be interested in discussing such an issue with him nor with the President. He admonished the Commissioner to go and face his post retirement life. That was the end of the meeting. That was the kind of stuff he was made with.

His life was rather ascetic. Money was a means to an end and never the destination in his dictionary. Ostentation was not a way of life for him. I remember a day I returned to the house to meet a brand new Honda Legend car, a top of the range then, parked at the garage. I congratulated him for the new acquisition. He promptly replied me by saying the car does not belong to him but rather to a friend of his whose name he mentioned immediately. It was like the friend was not comfortable that there was no status car in Chief's garage and then decided to buy the car for the use of this great man.

In the same spirit, one evening we were driving to Ebute Meta for the christening ceremony of one of his grandchildren. I was sitting with him at the back of the car and he was commenting on how people can be vain in their obscene display of wealth. He then talked about the clothe (agbada) he wore that very evening, a clothe he said he had acquired 10years earlier for a particular event.

He was not very rich but he was a very contented man. To him, wealth should be an instrument to change the lives of others. I am a testament to that fact! His taste was simple. But, his dress sense was unique. He was a total family man who succeeded in raising children that also adopt a humanist worldview. He resolved very early in his life to be close to the children, especially after the death of his loving wife, just 15 years into the marriage and with 5 young children,. He also resolved not to have any other children from any other woman, so as to protect the bonding with his children. His achievement here was huge and you can only feel it when you see Chief relating with any of the children.

As a professional, he was massively successful. He was one Architect with his hand in so many projects, especially Federal projects across the country. Race Course, old Federal Secretariat in Ikoyi, one of the Federal Secretariats in Abuja, to mention a few, are some of his projects. His “trademarks” were circles and arcs, which you will see in virtually all his works. His Lagos home at Victoria Island then, the country home and the Civil Center, both at Aramoko Ekiti speak volumes about this. Largely, he derived satisfaction and happiness in his job than the wealth therein. He served humanity through his profession.

His thinking was Federal and I am sure he must have died an unhappy man by virtue of what is playing out in Nigeria today. I was in his house during the June 12 Election and its annulment. The man lost composure and was not himself. One day after the Law School was re-opened, following the crises that engulfed the country after the annulment, I entered the house and met him alone, in deep thought. He demanded where I was coming from and I told him I was having a group study with some friends somewhere in Ikoyi. “so you people can still read with what is happening in this country?” was the outburst from him. He was a total Nigerian and a very committed Ekiti man.

His love for anything Ekiti was legendary. A lover of pounded yam, especially with assorted bush meat. Chief will travel to Ekiti at least once in a month and on his journey back to Lagos, he will buy various bush meats, which will be generously used for his pounded yam soup. The late Archbishop Abiodun Adetiloye, another great Ekiti son, used to visit him occasionally to enjoy a dinner of pounded yam with him. He thinks, speaks and acts Ekiti. He was always reminiscing of his friendship and time with the late Prof. Emeritus Kayode Osuntokun, another Ekiti pride, whom he said was irreplaceable. The two of them stuck to each other like

co-join twins from their first day in Christ School until death separated them.

He was always reminding me not to forget my parents and also my Ekiti roots. At every point he was always emphasizing that anyone who has seen the light should not hesitate in sharing it with others. On a particular Saturday, my wife and I visited him in Aramoko after he had relocated back home. To prove that my children are not Lagos children, he extracted a commitment from us that we shall bring the children to Aramoko to spend a whole weekend with him. Alas, that promise never saw the light of the day until he flew unto glory.

Mark Anthony in the play of Julius Caesar, By William Shakespeare said of Marcus Brutus;

“His life was gentle and the elements so mix'd in him

That Nature might stand up and say to all the world

'This was a man!'"

Sleep on, sleep well, great soul.

By: **DANIEL O. OMOTILEWA** IN THISDAYLIVE

TRIBUTE FOR CHIEF (ARCH) ISAAC FOLAYAN ALADE MY UNCLE, MY FATHER.

Uncle Fola as we fondly call him first breezed in to my consciousness at the age of eight years shortly after my family returned to Nigeria from Malaysia after obtaining his Master's degree. As is characteristic of my dearly beloved uncle he came in to our house on Oluwafemi Street in the Onipanu Area of Lagos that day with a bang that left an indelible mark on my young mind.

I remember the beret, his infectious smiles, his banter with my parents whom he was very fond of and he was one of the few who addressed my mum as Aduke, The manner in which he switched from English, to Yoruba and Ekiti dialect all at once was fascinating and astounding and got me fascinated. This was the beginning of an eventful and enriching life long association with a legend and icon but how was I to know that but all I knew was that I had an uncle I could share my innermost thoughts with who was never judgmental but was strict and straightforward which was okay by me as I did not mind being reprimanded if I put a foot wrong anyway and that was defining trajectory of our relationship.

In Christ's School any time he and my beloved late aunty Yemi visited Yinka, Dipo and Kike they always brought my own packs of goodies and money too. On a particular holiday my esteemed uncle organised my first ever trip to the Ikogosi warm springs with Yinka, Dipo, Kunle and Kike. After our secondary school days he took it upon himself to follow up on my progress through my university years at the then University of Ife as he will either send for me to come to the house at Aramoko or visit us at home to encourage, and advise me and then give me what he used to call my spending money. How and why he favoured me that much among the numerous nephews he had is still a mystery till today. Any time I called to say hello either in the office or at home he always asked me to come in straight even if he was very

important guests once he is informed I am around. He will say jeki omo Aduke wole which means let Aduke's son come in.

Then I lost my father in an accident in 1987.

Then one day shortly after uncle Fola came in to see my mum and siblings and just sat on a table for a long time grieving silently and when he was going he just asked me to take proper care of his sister and left. From that day onward in his unpredictable manner he just took over the role of my father with the third of the trio late Chief Debo Apetuje. These two and my father had an unusual friendship that was difficult to explain. They could argue and argue but I think what accounted for their deep friendships was their unshakable love for their home town. After my father's death as alluded to earlier he now took over that role by supporting me through my Law course in LASU through to the Law School by giving me money to buy my Law books etc.

He was the one who stood in for my father during my wedding engagement 25 years ago and he continued to play that fatherly role till he was called to glory.

While thanking God for granting him a long and fulfilling life with astounding legacies I cannot but feel a deep sense of loss as I have now truly become an orphan as the last of my earthly fathers has gone home to be with the Lord.

I also commiserate with my beloved cousins Yinka, Dipo, Bisi, Kola and my Pastor, Kola, the grandchildren and the entire Alade dynasty.

Adieu my uncle, my father as your soul rests in perfect peace in the bosom of your maker.

Your nephew and son

TOKUNBO TUNDE IBIKUNLE.

THE TRIBUTE BY HER EXCELLENCY CHIEF (MRS) AYANKE SINATU ADEROJU OJIKUTU(Nee Adeoba)

Adieu Egbon Chief Arc Isaac Fola-Alade
(1933-2021)

Greetings!

As we sing song of praise and thankfulness to the Almighty the Creator for the successful, eventful life of my Egbon Arc. Fola Alade a very supportive and caring man who believed in uplifting those under him to greater heights and was not gender biased.

His staunch support for the uplifting of the female class was subtly exhibited during my elevation as the 1st woman elected as Deputy Governor in Nigeria for Lagos State in 1991, he was one of the first persons to rally round me and my late husband Sam when others were first sceptical. His words of advise and encouragement stood us in good stead. He was

consistent with his review of some of my activities in office expressing he was proud of me that boost my morale and confidence in no small measure. Being neighbours in Victoria Island, Lagos. My late husband treasured and enjoyed their chats during his stop over at our house on his early morning walks. Very athletic and energetic.

My father's house in Lagos Island in my youthful days was a beehive of the comings and goings of visitors from all works of life from the then Ondo state so much so I grew up believing Ekiti was one town and that I was related to all the Ekitis,(my mum , RIP was unceasingly cooking for all her baba Okos the "hin okuns"), as they arrived.

Any Ekiti male elder was automatically my Egbon, and they all lovingly welcomed me as their aburo. Even when I knew better as adult I still regard all Ekitis as My kith and kin and its under this frame of mind that I came in contact with my egbon Arc. fola Alade when I was under the guardianship of my Arc. cousin (more like uncle) late Arc. Dokun Adeyemi and his brother Prof Arc. Yinka Adeyemi, (still my mentor) who is Egbon Fola Alade University College Zaria college mate & when Egbon was working at the Lagos City Council. We later in life became neighbours in Victoria Island.

He will jokingly tell us "Ona Ara (moko) ni Olorun gba"

I have in life been blessed with male achievers and men of timber and caliber like Arc. Fola Alade from the Ekiti/ Ondo lands- (those from Lagos is for another day).

Some of them like Chief Henry Fajemirokun, Chief Adeniyi, Arc Dokun Adeyemi, Gen Adeyinka Adebayo, Prof Adeleye Adegite & his University of Ibadan graduating class friends of the 60s eg Ajaja, Adelabu &co. Chief Dele Falegan of CBN fame , Chief Hector Omoba, the Fayinminus, Osuntokuns, Prof Arc Yinka Adeyemi, Dr Supo Esan, Arc Wole Esan, the Osanyins, the Olubobokuns, Awolokun, Aderiyes, Chief Oyedele, the Oloyedes, the Aladesanmis, Adepetus. Awopetus, the Aiyelabolas, the Ogbeides, the Akereles, the Ajayis, HRM Justice Ajakaiye (late Oluyin), Chief Olutola, the Adegbites, Chief Balogun, our HM, these names (not in any particular order) more numerous than I can recall, some of them of blessed memory whose lifestyle of discipline, hardwork , industriousness and honesty influenced me greatly.

Ekiti is a blessed land and the land of the blessed, my second love next to Lagos. Proud to say All cerebral non sexual associations that contributed greatly to my upliftment in life. I thank them all.

May God rest the souls of all our departed loved ones in paradise & preserve us all remaining in good health and prosperity. Amen

You can see the success of the life of my Egbon reflecting in his children's achievements in life. We are all proud of all of them, all professionals, successful in different disciplines led by our dear amiable beautiful Arc Yinka Williams.

May the Almighty continue to endow you all his children and your offsprings with good health knowledge, wisdom and understanding , integrity and uprightness guided by the

examples laid by your indomitable, one of a kind, Patriarch Arc fola Alade whose lifelong architectural works are unique and seen here and all over the world, a man who did not enrich himself at the expense of the Nation though placed in exalted positions where he could have been stinking rich from contract inflation and budgeted funds embezzlement. Instead He lived a stylishly frugal life within his means worthy of emulation by the present ones in public offices. I pray they do.

I thank God for my family's brief and impactful association with your father
I believe He is shining his beam of understanding and affection with his infectious hearty laughter where ever he is in the universe.

Thank you Egbon Fola-Alade an Egbon indeed.
God grant you eternal rest in His bosom.
God bless the Alade family of Ekiti.
God bless us all. Thank you.

CHIEF (MRS) AYANKE SINATU ADEROJU OJIKUTU(Nee Adeoba)

Ronke Champion's Tribute

Daddy Fola-Alade I bet you are getting ready to tee off on the best golf course ever, watching the whole world celebrate your legacy and wondering what the fuss is all about. Daddy It was the absolute pleasure of my life to have met you through your daughter Bisi Soji-Oyawoye. That day will forever stay in my heart, thank you for welcoming me into your family; by the next morning I knew for sure I was a bona fide member of your home since all the children had to get up so early and clean the entire big house because I learnt quickly everyday is environmental day in Fola-Alade's household (lol).

Thank you for giving me my first swimming lesson ever in 1982. The last visit you made to our house in Chicago many years ago, you could not believe we were not into golf, thanks to you daddy, as of today Yomi and I both love the game, and I promise to toast to you when I hit my first hole in one (lol). Daddy, thank you for welcoming my sisters into your home as Bisi became a surrogate mother to them when I left Nigeria. You also became fast friends with my father (Daddy Champion), meeting and maintaining a friendship over the years is hilarious to us considering how opposite you both were and from different backgrounds. I hope you are both chilling up there since he preceded you by only a few weeks.

It gives me the greatest pleasure and joy to celebrate your life today. On behalf of myself and my entire family (Champions and Adeyemis), we bid you farewell, while we will miss your presence here on earth, we are so happy you made it home to your creator. Sleep well daddy till we all meet again.

The Champions and Adeyemis

Femi Okunnu's Chambers

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TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ARC. FOLA ALADE

The National Secretariat was the biggest single building complex ever to be handled by the Federal Government of Nigeria. It was marvelous effort of the team work of the combined disciplines within the Ministry, employing the services of Nigerian consultants only in mechanical engineering and quantity surveying to supplement our Ministry's effort.

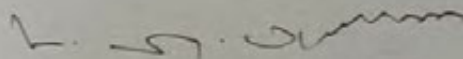
That team of professionals which planned the Federal Secretariat, Ikoyi was led by Arc. Fola Alade. The team which submitted its drawings in August, 1971 also supervised the construction of the Secretariat.

Fola also led the team that planned and supervised the construction of the Ministry of External Affairs at 20, Marina, Lagos.

Fola was a good friend and colleague, conservationist, and thoughtful.

It was a privilege to have known Fola, worked with him as his Federal Commissioner, and remained as his friend till he was called to Higher Glory.

May Fola rest in perfect peace.



Lateef Olufemi Okunnu

*FEMI OKUNNU Esq., SAN, CON, LL.B (Lond.),
Of Grays Inn, Barrister-At-Law*

Olusegun Obasanjo

Agbe L'oba House, Quarry Road, Ibara
P.O. Box 2286, Abeokuta, Ogun State, Nigeria

Tribute

To

The Late Chief Folayan Alade, OFR

I do appreciate the immense pain that the unfortunate death of the Late Chief Folayan Alade, OFR, has caused his children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and the entire members of Alade family who must be grieving at the demise of this very eminent citizen of Nigeria and his death will be felt not only by his people but indeed, by the entire nation. We can, however, be consoled from knowing that Chief Alade has gone to rest in the bosom of his Creator and left behind him a good name, high reputation and worthy legacy.

Chief Folayan Alade, who I fondly called 'Fola', was one of the Nigeria's foremost architects and technocrats par excellence, with whom I had developed a longstanding relationship which transcended officialdom to intimate friendship.

Fola was an Architect of repute and he had his trademarks in all his designs – a circle or semi-circle or round structure - that marked him out. This can be seen in Ikoyi Federal Secretariat, Oshodi Military Resettlement Centre and at the States, and the Federal Secretariats at the States. Fola's demise is indeed a great loss to the nation as I reckon he still has so much to share with the generations to come, from his extremely rich and eventful life and career.

For the avoidance of doubt, Fola worked intimately with my predecessor, the late General Murtala Ramat Mohammed, and with me, in his capacity as Chief Resident Architect and subsequently, Director of Public Buildings and Permanent Secretary, during our stint as Nigeria's military leaders. He was committed and showed great integrity and I have no doubt that his profound insights in that era of post-war reconstruction would remain a good resource knowledge base for younger generations and generations to come.

Fola was an epitome of quintessential professionalism in his chosen profession of Architecture, and a living legacy of the best of the Nigerian Civil Service. He was a reputable and dedicated believer with an impeccable character, religious commitment to an uncommon sense of duty, dedication to the highest family values, and a celebration of professional excellence. These selfless exertions culminated in his being conferred with the revered national honour of Officer of the Order of Federal Republic, OFR.


e-mail: obasanjonig@yahoo.com

His life history reads like an excursion through the developmental history of our nation. This is easily understandable when considered against the backdrop of destiny's intertwining of events in his life with critical periods in our national annals.

Fola will be remembered for his generous and hospitable spirit and sense of humour which endeared him to many. He always saw light where others saw darkness. He was a great optimist. When he suffered bereavement of a life-partner, he bore the pain and anguish stoically and Christianly.

We thank God for sparing his life long enough and for giving him the grace to see his offspring develop into important people in the global community, in his lifetime.

As we bid him goodbye, we must resolve that his great labour of love shall not be in vain. While I pray that God Almighty will grant his children and the entire members of Alade family the fortitude to bear this irreparable loss, I also pray that God will crown his faith and efforts on earth with the joy of paradise.


OLUSEGUN OBASANJO
June 2021

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Tribute to Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade, OFR, FNIA, RIBA, D. Sc. (h.c),

The Preacher speaking in the Book of Ecclesiastes 3:1 says: **“There is a time for everything and a season for every activity under heaven”**. That has been true of the departed Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade, OFR, FNIA, RIBA, D. SC (h.c), a genial, descent and a gentleman in every sense of the word, who has gone home to join the Saints triumphant.

Our departed hero, brother, friend and compatriot as well as a protagonist of action, orderliness and decency, Arc. Fola Alade, a consummate Architect and doyen of Architecture in Nigeria in his lifetime, has been a man after my heart in many ways since our path crossed each other.

What stands this Nationalist out is his patriotism, determination, selflessness and his strength of character to use his office, and indeed his all, for the achievement of the good of the majority. He was charming and a good dresser. **He was a Specialist of the Subject Matter. The History of Architecture in Nigeria will not be complete without a golden and flowery mention of Arc. Fola Alade.**

During his 88-year sojourn on planet earth, it was not difficult for anyone that came his way to appreciate his palpable coolness, calmness and his willingness to help others around him. He was indeed an unusual person with a burning desire for aesthetics and hardwork in every sense of those words.

But as traumatizing as the news is, I am consoled by the fact that the departed compatriot lived a, most fulfilled life and imparted his immediate community of Aramoko-Ekiti, Ekiti State and the world of Architecture in general thereby leaving his giant steps on the sand of times.

A professional of uncommon depth, the departed pride of Architecture in Nigeria will be greatly missed for his uncommon humility, diligence and his unpretentious love for Ekiti and its people for which history will carve his name in letters of gold.

Unfortunately, there is nothing we can do about death as we are all tenants in this world and we are bound to go when our tenancy expires. This is one of the areas the Almighty God has demonstrated his Almightyness to man as no man, no matter how highly placed, knows when, where and how he would die.

It is my fervent prayer that all that Arc. Fola Alade worked for whilst still with us on planet earth will stand him in good stead before The Maker of all things.

While wishing him a most-deserved rest, I pray that God will grant you, the entire Fola Alade Dynasty the grace and the equanimity to bear the irreparable loss.

The entire Afe Babalola University, Ado-Ekiti, commiserate with the family.

Accept our heart-felt condolences please.

Very Sincerely Yours,

Signed

Aare Afe Babalola, OFR, CON, SAN, LL. D (London), LL. D (UNILAG), LL. D (UI), D. Lit (NDA), FNIALS, FNSE

Founder & Chancellor



**AHMADU BELLO UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL SECRETARIAT, ZARIA**

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ABU/AA/NS/OSG/I/28
6th JULY, 2021.

The Family of Late Chief (Arc) Isaac Folayan Alade,
Fnia, Dsc, OFR,
C/O Fola Alade Associates,
Plot 296A Surulere, way,
Dolphin Estate,
Ikoyi, Lagos,
Lagos State.

DEMISE OF CHIEF (ARC) ISAAC FOLA ALADE, FNIA, Dsc, OFR

It is with deep sadness that we received the news of the demise of a Foremost Nigerian Architect, a Super Permanent Secretary of his time, our Father, Grandfather, Gentleman Par excellence and the first President of the Ahmadu Bello University Alumni Association.

2. There is no doubt that his exit has created a big vacuum which will be difficult to fill in the Architectural Landscape of Nigeria but we take solace in the fact that his life was well-spent and his peaceful transition to glory.

3. On behalf of the President World-wide, members of the National Executive Committee (NEC) and the entire membership of the Ahmadu Bello University Association, I wish to express our sincere heartfelt condolences to you for the demise of the Doyen of Nigerian Architecture, chief (Arc) Isaac Fola Alade, Fnia, DSC, OFR.

4. Finally, we pray to the Almighty God to grant you the fortitude to bear this irreparable loss, please.

Dr. Ibrahim Sani Khalil, fnia
President, ABU
Alumni Association.



THE PRESIDENT TEES OFF NO MORE: A TRIBUTE TO CHIEF (ARCHITECT) ISAAC FOLA ALADE (OFR).

I write on behalf of the Board of Trustees, the Captain, the Management Committee, and the entire membership of the Ekiti Golf Club, Ado – Ekiti to commiserate with the Fola-Alade and the Eleyinmi family of Aramoko on the transition to glory of their patriarch and the President of our Club, Chief (Arc.) Isaac Fola Alade (OFR).

Chief Fola Alade was a founding member of our Club who contributed immensely to the establishment of the Ekiti Golf Club. Together with the active participation of some eminent Ekiti indigenes, the Club became a reality. The active involvement and participation of non-state actors in the initial development was largely influenced by his personality. His reputation for integrity was a major attraction for individuals from the private sector in committing their resources to the project.

He subsequently became the first President of the Club. And until his death he remained the only President in the history of the club. Under his leadership, the Ekiti Golf Club matured into national relevance, regarded as having one of the most interesting courses in the South West of Nigeria, the club offers facilities for sports development, as well as offering direct and indirect job opportunities to many youths. At the national competitions level, the club has won laurels for Ekiti State. These include a gold medal in the last National Sports Festival held in Benin City earlier in 2021.


Chief Fola Alade was a well-respected golfer whose golf swing was generally regarded as easy, nice and impressive. A stickler to golf rules, he was blessed with a dignified carriage and friendly disposition. He was a sight to behold on the course. And on Hole 19, the President was lively and witty. He was simply a

remarkable golfer who was loved and respected by all and will be greatly missed by many.

It is interesting to observe that Chief Fola Alade transited on the 18th of June 2021. Golfers know the significance of *the number 18*. A putt out on the 18th hole indicates the completion of a round of golf. It would appear that the President carefully chose the 18th of June to sink his final putt on the 18th hole. Whether it was a birdie, par or bogey no longer matters. The obvious message left is that he has finished his round and completed his game. No more putting, and no more teeing off. Yes, the President is to tee off no more.

While celebrating the glorious transition of this astute golfer, we pray that God will grant his family the fortitude to bear the irreplaceable loss.

May his soul rest in peace.


08/08/2021
Hon. (Chief) Olufemi O. ADEWUMI, mni.
**CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF TRUSTEES
EKITI GOLF CLUB.**

Olufemi O. Adewumi, mni

Mobile Phone: 0803-7865-505

A COLOSSUS GOES HOME TO REST: A TRIBUTE TO CHIEF (ARCH.) ISAAC FOLA ALADE (1933-2021)

It is generally known that anytime death come visiting it does not depart without leaving behind its unfortunate trademark of the loss of life of a loved one or the other. So it was on the 18th of June 2021. This time its trophy was an erudite personality of the architecture profession, an accomplished public servant, an astute sportsman and a respected community leader. On that day, Chief Isaac Folayan Alade was finally felled by the cold hands of death. What a big catch for death! And what a great loss to humanity.

Born and raised in Aramoko Ekiti, his native town, Chief Fola Alade spent his formative years under the watchful eyes of his father, Chief Daniel Ojo Alade. At the time of his birth, his father was the quarter head-chief of Isao Quarters, arguably the largest of the four quarters in Aramoko. Serving his tutelage directly under his father, he was both his messenger and Personal Assistant. And his duty included carrying his father's umbrella and *irukere* (horsetail) whenever the old man was attending the meetings of chiefs. This was an indication of the favour and confidence he enjoyed from his father. At that young age, he learnt how uncompromising and tough his father was on honesty and loyalty. These two character traits helped to define his personality later in life.

He received his early education in Aramoko before attending the famous Christ School, Ado Ekiti. He thereafter attended the Nigerian College of Arts and Science, Zaria (now Ahmadu Bello University) where he graduated as one of the pioneer four Architecture graduates produced in Nigeria.

It was from this humble background that Chief Fola Alade rose to national prominence and to the level of being described as "one of the greatest Nigerian Architects that ever lived".

His career in the Public Service began in the Western Region and was concluded at the Federal level rising to the peak as a Permanent Secretary. During the span

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of that career, he was known to have designed and supervised landmark projects located in many parts of the country. These include the Adeyemi College of Education, Ondo, the National Stadium, Surulere, Lagos, the Federal Secretariat, Ikoyi, Tafawa Balewa Square Complex, Lagos, the Nigerian Institute of Policy and Strategic Studies, Kuru, Plateau State, and the Federal Secretariat, Abuja. He was also known to have designed many Nigerian embassies and chanceries.

At home in Aramoko, his architectural landmarks are visible in the Aramoko Town Hall, the Alara's Palace, the Community Bank, Saint Philip's Anglican Church, and the Ekiti West Local Government Secretariat and many more. The distinctive thing about his Aramoko projects was that he was the major financier of many of them. He had his peculiar way of raising funds by inviting his friends from outside Aramoko through fund raising ceremonies organized by him. He was also motivating the well to do indigenes to be partakers in such. And he met with tremendous success.

It is tempting to think that his contributions to humanity were limited to architectural projects and construction. This would be a complete misrepresentation as the opposite is actually the truth.

Long before he attained national recognition and prominence, he had teamed up with some eminent persons from Aramoko district to establish a secondary school in his town. Their efforts were blessed with the approval of the Western State Government in 1969. The school, Aramoko District Commercial Secondary (ADICO), was officially opened in January 1970. The benefits of that school to the Aramoko community cannot be overemphasized. It is sufficient to say that the school has produced the preponderance of the cream of the elites in the town.

Perhaps the greatest legacy bequeathed to his birth place is the attainment of the status of a Local Government headquarters in 1976. It was known in the community and far beyond that but for Fola Alade, Aramoko might not have emerged as the headquarters of the Ekiti West Local Government when it did. That singular achievement opened the community to the remarkable presence of both the state and federal governments. It indeed opened the floodgate to the development of infrastructure at the level never witnessed before. And above all, it engendered the needed sense of pride in its people.

My first close interaction with Chief Fola Alade was in 1996 when he was appointed the Chairman of the Masterplan Committee on the development of Ekiti. I was a member of the same committee. His skillful handling of the onerous assignment at a particularly delicate time in the history of the state earned him respects from all. He provided the required leadership that impressed all the members of the committee. However, his legendary impatience with unending bureaucracy was in display. At a point in time when it appeared that the committee was drifting, he had to continue its assignment alone. He subsequently produced the first report of the committee with his own resources. He was always concerned about delivering on any assignment he handled. He had no space for half measures.

I have also had the fortune of working with Chief Fola Alade on the platform of Aramoko Development Association (ADA), the umbrella association responsible for the co-ordination of socio-economic development in Aramoko. He actually co-founded ADA when it became obvious that its precursor, the AFPU, was no longer living to the expectation of the people. Through ADA, he succeeded in bringing many of his friends to contribute to the various development projects in Aramoko. He was also a source of inspiration to many Aramoko indigenes to contribute their quota to the development of the town. The initiative of the popular ARAMOKO DAY celebrations began under his leadership of ADA.

A remarkable sportsman, Chief Fola Alade was known to be good at swimming, squash, lawn tennis and badminton. However, it was in the game of golf that his influence loomed larger in the last 25 years of his life. As the first President of the Ekiti Golf Club, he made immense contributions towards planting the game of golf in Ekiti. He provided the needed leadership for the growth and deepening of the membership to the level that it became the choice game of the very respected, including the royalty, in Ekiti.

I cannot but acknowledge that the game of golf brought me closer to Chief Fola Alade than I could ever have imagined. It gave me unhindered access to him. Consequently, we played together several times in Ikeja, Shagamu, Ibadan, Ada, and our own home club, Ado-Ekiti. He admired my swings as I did his, and no

matter how the game ended, I always felt a sense of fulfilment. Every game with him offered the opportunity of knowing him more.

I had the privilege of hearing directly from him the peculiar circumstances of his being born by the roadside by a mother who was returning from the farm. His being presumed dead because he would neither move nor cry at birth and his being revived by a *babalawo*, who he was thereafter named after. I heard directly from him how he was involved in an accident along Ijebu Igbo road, in an adventure that could only have been associated with youthful exuberance. Again presumed to have died, his body was deposited at the mortuary. Then came his mysterious cry of '*ori eye mi ooo*' from the mortuary. The cry that ignited the process of his revival. These two incidents which reflected the mysterious nature of the man are well documented in his autobiography. But he had told me well before his REMEMBER WHOSE SON THOU ART was written. He told me more about our community.

From his own words I had some glimpse into his world. I could understand where and how he derived the courage to invade *Oke erinba ogun*, the dreaded abode of fairies, ghosts, witches and evil spirits with a bulldozer in 1966. And to announce his conquest of these evil spirits, he planted a magnificent building on the once wooded hilltop. It was an architectural masterpiece of its time. An edifice that one could not pass through Aramoko without noticing. And that became his home in Aramoko.

My access to him provided me with the additional opportunity of appreciating his love for Aramoko as the driving force behind the unequalled contributions he made to the development of the town. I came to appreciate a man of immense achievements who would however not wear it around. A man who was conferred with a national honour (OFR) and many chieftaincy titles, including the Maiyegun and Asiwaju of Aramoko. A man of dignity who would not ask for any favour for himself but humble enough to do everything that would attract development, honour and respect to his community. He was a very proud *omo Ara* and a leader of unequalled status.

Chief Fola Alade was many things to many people. To many he was an accomplished architect and a pathfinder who left his foot prints in the sands of time. To some he was a brother, uncle, and father. Yet to some others he was a hero, a role model, and a leader. No matter how he was regarded, his time with us here has concluded now. And he is no more. A colossus has gone home to rest.


Before his demise on the 18th of June, he had been inactive due to ill health. During that period his five children led by the eldest (Olayinka, an Architect) went into great length taking good care of him in his last days. On behalf of all his admirers, I here express sincere appreciation to these children for the care of our hero, their father.

As it is said in *Aramoko*, *uku loi gbeyin oro*. That is to say no matter what, death will put finality to all issues. So the transition came for Chief Fola Alade, our illustrious son and father. At 87 years, his final journey can be considered to have been at a ripe age. Going by the level of the encomiums poured on his person and his achievements from all over Nigeria since his death was announced, there is no doubt that he lived long enough both in years and accomplishments. This is a source of consolation to us.

As we bid him farewell, we remember the family he left behind. May God comfort the family and fill the void created as a result of his death. May the Almighty God grant the children, the Eleyinmi family and entire *Aramoko* community the fortitude to bear the loss.

He came, he saw, and he conquered.

Adieu Uncle Fola. O digbose, sir.


Hon. (Chief) Olufemi O. ADEWUMI, mni.

A TRIBUTE TO PAPA ISAAC FOLA-ALADE, OFR

PAPA, Isaac Fola-Alade, OFR, the Quintessential Architect has gone, but his legacy remains in the pool of knowledge he left for us.

PAPA has left a legacy wherever his foot-prints marched.

FOLA ALADE was an Architect that enjoyed exposure in five notable areas in his Practice life.

1. As a student in Zaria – an activist/unionist that organized the first rag-day in Nigeria, that was first staged in Zaria.
2. On the drawing board – a pragmatic designer, who was bold in his choice of form and character, with a Federal Secretariat officially referred to as FOLA ALADE Secretariat.
3. As an examiner (my External Examiner, 1976) in ABU, Papa with his ‘Signature Beret’ was for several years an objective critic.
4. Not minding the dictatorial attitude of the military, Papa succeeded in jacketing them into strict Tendering Procedure on military projects he supervised as Federal Permanent Secretary under Military Regime.
5. The incorruptible Papa had crowned his professional life with an exposure in Diplomatic Architecture through his assignment as the Advisor on all Diplomatic projects.

What a rare chemistry – combining Military and Diplomatic exposure.

Knowing how rich Papa’s experience was, took me to Aramoko – Ekiti in 2009 to take my fair share directly from him.



Arc. Ibrahim A. Haruna, FNIA, PPNIA, mni



CHURCH OF NIGERIA
(ANGLICAN COMMUNION)
DIocese OF EKITI WEST

Bishops Court, 1, O. B. Lulu Briggs Rd, Near Igbamitoro Market, Along Ijero-
Aramoko Road, P. O. Box 477, Ijer-Ekiti

June 28, 2021

The Family of Late Chief (Arc) Isaac Folayan Alade (OFR),
Aramoko Ekiti.

**CONDOLENCE LETTER ON THE DEMISE OF CHIEF (ARC) ISAAC FOLAYAN
ALADE (OFR),**

With a deep sense of loss but gratitude to God, we wish to express our heartfelt condolence to the entire Alades of Aramoko Ekiti on the demise of their Patriarch Chief (Arc) Isaac Folayan Alade (OFR) who passed away on Friday 18th June, 2021 at the ripe of 88 years.

We were deeply touched when the news came to us as we know how one feels at the loss of a dear one. As one of the founding fathers of the Diocese and a member of St Philip's Anglican Church, Aramoko Ekiti, we felt duty bound to send our condolences.

Late Chief (Arc) Fola Alade (OFR) was one of those ("BIRI COMMITTEE) who spearheaded the struggle for the creation of the Diocese of Ekiti West and actually sponsored it. His death was a call to glory and you should see it as such. He lived a worthy and exemplary life. He was a dedicated, committed and staunch member of Anglican Communion. His contributions to the growth of Ekjti West Diocese, Aramoko Archdeaconry and St Philip's Anglican Church, Aramoko Ekiti will continue to linger on in our memory.

Therefore, we urge you to take solace in God and at the same time rejoice because we believe he has gone to felicitate with the angels in praising God.

It is our prayer that the Almighty God will grant the entire family the fortitude to bear the irreparable loss.

Once again, accept our condolences.

Yours sincerely,

The Rt Rev Stephen Ayodeji Fagbemi, Ph.D (Kent)
The Supervisory Bishop

THE RT. REVD R. V. A. ADEPOJU JP. MA, M.Sc, B.A (Hons) Dip.TH, Dip. RS.

Lord Bishop, Diocese of Ekiti West.
dioceseekitiwest@yahoo.com 08062085550

"With God, All Things Are Possible"



Office of the President

CHRIST'S SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Christ's School Alumni Centre, P.O.Box 2

Ado-Ekiti

4th August 2021

To The Children of
Chief (Arc.) Isaac Folayan Alade OFR
Akodi Maiyegun, Aramoko Ekiti
c/o 19B Adewole Kuku Street,
Lekki Phase 1
Lagos.

CONDOLENCE

The news of Chief (Arc.) Isaac Folayan Alade has been received by the World Body of Christ's School Ado-Ekiti with a rude shock, but we have accepted it as the will of God, that it was time for him to return to his creator.

On behalf of the alumni of Christ's School, Ado-Ekiti worldwide therefore, I write to express our condolences for the loss of your father, our friend, classmate and our father, **Chief (Arc.) Isaac Folayan Alade.**

Baba was more than just a valued alumnus. He gave his heart and soul to the development of the school. Whenever his assistance was required, whether it was help for the alumni body or for the individual members, Baba was always there for all. His footprints of generosity remain indelible on the grounds of his much-cherished Alma Mater. These are footprints that will continue to serve as inspiration for the coming generations. It's our wish that Baba should have lived forever. But we understand that God, as the sole giver of life, has the exclusive right on what He does with our lives. A right that can not be questioned by us, mere mortals.

In the spirit of communal foundation laid by people like this departed hero, be assured that we will always have you in our individual and collective minds.

Whenever the need arises, we vow to be of help in any way we can. It's the very least we can do.

Meanwhile, we pray that God, in His infinite mercy, receives Baba into His Paradise and continues to abide with those left behind, in Christ Jesus whose name we bear.

Please, accept our condolences for this loss.

Sincerely yours

Kunle Lawal Jinadu
President
CSAEAA

Motto: "That this School may be a Christian School"

His Excellency, Engr. (Dr.) Omololu Olunloyo, OON
Ex-Governor, Old Oyo State; Balogun Oyo Empire

B.Sc (Gen) (Civil/Mech), B.Sc (Hons) Mech. Eng (1st Class), Ph.D (Maths) (St Andrews), D.Sc (Honoris Causa), L.C.U.
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Tel: 080 3713 2415
080 8434 0900
080 7257 5757

Email: omololunloyo@yahoo.com

TRIBUTE TO MY FRIEND

ARC FOLA ALADE

1933-2021

This is a painful labour of love, to send this tribute to a good friend of my youthful and optimistic days. In our salad days, in the May of our youth, we had an unfailing love for and faith in the 'great' arrangement called Nigeria. I lost contact with 'Fola for quite some time now. The last time I called at Ado on Governor Fayemi, he told me I would leave Aramoko sadder than on getting there. So goes the pride of former days, when glory's thrill is over. Adieu, great chum 'Fola till we meet to part to move. Adieu!!

Omololu Olunloyo

23/ix/2021



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Website: www.datapronigeria.com

Monday, 20th September, 2021

Mrs. Yinka Williams
19B Adewole Kuku Street
Off Emma Abimbola Cole
Lekki Phase 1
Lagos.

Dear Mrs. Williams,

WE SHARE IN YOUR LOSS

I speak for the Board and Management of *DataPro Limited*.

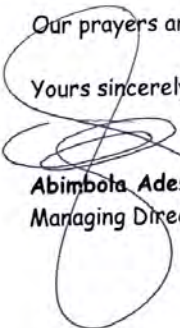
We hereby express a deep sense of loss on the passing into glory of your admirable father and our role-model *Chief (Arc) Fola Alade*.

Chief (Arc) Alade was a National Icon. A man of outstanding achievement and unparalleled integrity who devoted his life to National service, his community and immediate family.

Our prayer is that the Almighty God will give you, your siblings and the entire extended family the fortitude to bear the loss.

Our prayers are with you.

Yours sincerely,


Abimbola Adeseyaju
Managing Director/CEO



DataPro is Registered and Recognised
by SEC as a rating agency in Nigeria



22nd August, 2021

The Family of Late Chief (Arc) Isaac Fola Alade,
C/o Arc Yinka Williams,
Lekki Phase 1,
Lagos

Dear Sir/Ma,

CONDOLENCE LETTER

The news of the passing of Chief (Arc) Fola Alade our alumnus, very senior colleague and elder statesman came to us as a shock and with sadness.

On behalf of the Board of Trustees, Management team, and Members of ABU Architects Foundation and the entire alumni of the Department of Architecture, ABU Zaria, we write to express our condolences to your family on this great loss.


Baba Alade like we fondly called him was an inspiration to us all. An icon in the architectural profession in Nigeria and beyond. He served his nation and humanity with honour and we're grateful for his numerous contributions to the growth of our industry and country at large. We'll continue to remember him and the exemplary life he lived.

AAF though saddened by this occurrence remains proud of his accomplishments and his legacy.

We pray for fortitude for your entire family, friends, well wishers and AAF to bear this irreplaceable loss.

Please accept our sincere condolences.

Yours Sincerely,

Signature: 

Name: **Arc. Omolara Folugbemi**

Director General

Signature: 

Name: **Arc. M.J Faworaja**

Chairman, Board of Trustees



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June 23, 2021.

Arc. Olayinka Williams,
19B, Adewole Kuku Street,
Off Fola Osibo/Emma Abimbola Cole,
Lekki Phase I, Lagos

Dear Madam,

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

The Board, Management and staff of **SAVANT INTEGRATED CONCEPTS LIMITED** received with grief the news of the recent passing away of your father.

Words are indeed inadequate to convey to you and your family, the depth of our sympathy for you on this occasion, but we pray that God in his infinite kindness will grant you all, the fortitude to bear this irreparable loss.

Kindly accept our heartfelt condolences.

May his soul rest in perfect peace.

Yours sincerely,

For: SAVANT INTEGRATED CONCEPTS LIMITED

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "O. Shonubi".

**Mrs. Oluyemi SHONUBI
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER.**



AHMADU BELLO UNIVERSITY

ZARIA, NIGERIA.

OFFICE OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR

Vice - Chancellor: Professor Kabiru Bala, BSc.(Hons) Building, M.Sc. (Bldg.Serv.), MBA, PhD (Const. Mgt.) (ABU), FNIQB, MAPM, MCABE, C. Bldg E, MICIArb

VC/ 01/ 21

21st June, 2021

The family of Late Chief (Arc) Isaac Fola Alade
C/o The Chairman, ABU Alumni Association,
Ekiti Branch, Ekiti State.

Dear Sir,

CONDOLENCE NOTE

We received the sad news of the passing away of our dear alumnus Chief Isaac Fola Alade with great shock and sadness. On behalf of the Management, Staff, Students and the entire Alumni fold of Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria, I write to express our sincere condolences on this huge loss.

We remember Chief Alade as a worthy Nigerian, having served the nation in various capacities, especially as the Federal Permanent Secretary in the early 70s. Indeed, the deceased was no doubt one of those who gave honour to the title, Public officer.

ABU will remain grateful for the focal role he played in the promotion of this great institution's image as his memory remains evergreen as peace loving and active alumnus during his active days in public service. Our prayer is that the God grant you, the family, friends and good people and Government of Ekiti State the fortitude to bear this great loss.

Once again, please accept our deepest sympathies.

Yours Sincerely,

Professor Kabiru Bala
Vice Chancellor



AHMADU BELLO UNIVERSITY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL SECRETARIAT, ZARIA

Sarkin Musulmi Road, ABU, Main Campus, Samaru, Zaria

TEL: 08033214115, 08036079678 WEBSITE: ABUALUMNI.ORG.NG

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FPC; Pharm; FPSN; mni
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ABU/AA/NS/OSG/I/28
23RD JUNE, 2021.

The Family of Late Chief (Arc) Isaac Folayan Alade,
Fnia, Dsc,OFR,
C/O Fola Alade Associates,
Plot 296A Surulere, way,
Dolphin Estate,
Ikoyi, Lagos,
Lagos State.

DEMISE OF CHIEF (ARC) ISAAC FOLA ALADE, FNIA, Dsc, OFR

It is with deep sadness that we received the news of the demise of a Foremost Nigerian Architect, a Super Permanent Secretary of his time, our Father, Grandfather, Gentleman Par excellence and the first President of the Ahmadu Bello University Alumni Association.

2. There is no doubt that his exit has created a big vacuum which will be difficult to fill in the Architectural Landscape of Nigeria but we take solace in the fact that his life was well-spent and his peaceful transition to glory.

3. On behalf of the President World-wide, members of the National Executive Committee (NEC) and the entire membership of the Ahmadu Bello University Association, I wish to express our sincere heartfelt condolences to you for the demise of the Doyen of Nigerian Architecture, chief (Arc) Isaac Fola Alade, Fnia, DSC, OFR.

4. Finally, we pray to the Almighty God to grant you the fortitude to bear this irreparable loss, please.

**Arc. Lawal Muhammad Yusuf, fnia,
Secretary-General.**

Nigerian Girl Guides Association



MOTTO: BE PREPARED

Ref: No. NGGA/HQ/

☎: 08023031158, 08034637997.

G.P.O. Box 640, Marina-Lagos
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S.W. Ikoyi - Lagos.

E-mail: nigguides@yahoo.com

Website: nigeriangirlguides.org

Facebook: The Nigerian Girl Guides Association

Twitter: NigerianGuides

30th June, 2021

DAME ABIMBOLA FASHOLA
President

DEACONESS (MRS) RHODA THOMAS
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MS. KIKELOMO THOMPSON
HAIJIYA BOLA ALIYU
Deputy Chief Commissioners

MRS MARIA GORETTI SULE
National Adviser

MRS. TEJIRI OKEREGBE
International Commissioner

DR (BARR) HELEN OBI
National Training Commissioner

ENO JAMES EKPO
Executive Secretary

Mrs. Yinka Williams
and the entire Pa Fola Alade's Family,
19b, Adewole Kuku Street,
Lekki Phase 1, Lagos.

Dear Mrs. Yinka Williams,

CONDOLENCE MESSAGE ON THE DEATH OF CHIEF (ARC.) ISAAC FOLA ALADE

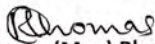
The Nigerian Girl Guides Association (NGGA) has received the news of the passing of your dear father, Chief (Arc.) Isaac Fola Alade. We commiserate with you and your entire family at such a time as this. However, we are thankful to God for Pa Fola Alade's years of fruitfulness and the great grace of God upon him during his lifetime.

His fame as one of the first four Architects in Nigeria as well as the various architectural masterpieces ascribed to him speak volumes of his peculiar professional achievements. As a family man, we can attest to his diligence, having raised great children such as your humble self, a committed professional who has invested time and expertise as NGGA Building Committee Chairman for many years. We mourn with you and your family and encourage you all to find solace in God and take consolation in the fact that life is transient, which challenges us to endeavor to do our best while we are alive.

Pa Fola Alade's legacy will abide continuously and we pray for God to console you, your entire family and the loved ones he left behind.

May Pa Fola Alade's soul rest in perfect peace. Amen.

Yours Sincerely,


Deaconess (Mrs.) Rhoda Thomas
Chief Commissioner

PAST CHIEF COMMISSIONERS: LATE LADY OYINKAN ABAYOMI, LADY DEBORAH JIBOWU, MRS MARGARET OLOWU, LATE ELDER MRS. NKOYO UDOM, DAME (DR) CHRISTIE TOBY, MRS MARIA GORETTI SULE

OUR MISSION: To enable girls and young women to develop their fullest potentials as responsible citizens of the world



The Progressive Wheelers' Club Aramoko - Ekiti

July 8, 2021

The Family of Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade,
Oke Isao Street,
Aramoko Ekiti,

Dear Sirs/Ma,

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE AND TRIBUTE

The news of the demise of your illustrious son, Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade (Maiyegun and Asiwaju of Aramoko Ekiti), was received with a rude shock by members of the Progressive Wheelers Club. However, the fact that we are all mortals reminds us all that death is a necessary end from whose call no man can be exempted. It is on this note that we deeply commiserate with the entire Alade family for this great loss. It is indeed a source of joy to us that Chief Fola Alade lived a purposeful, exemplary and impactful life while on earth.

It is on note that your patriarch, Chief Fola Alade for a long time remained a visible and strong pillar and front runner towards the development of Aramoko-Ekiti as a town. He used all his time, connections and resources in ensuring that the town did not lag behind amongst the towns in Ekiti State, South western region and Nigeria as a whole.

We recall with nostalgia the role he played at ensuring that the town was provided with social amenities such as electricity, public borne water, source of communication in the days of NITEL, roads amongst others when other towns around cannot boast of such. Above all, he was very much instrumental in the town being made the Headquarter of Ekiti West Local Government in the face of strong competition and opposition by other towns within the Local Government. Indeed, his contribution to the upliftment and development of Aramoko community has no rival.

...*"For Reformation and Progress*

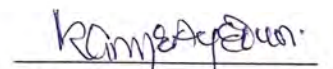
He was reputed to have designed and supervised the construction of so many edifices of note such as Federal Secretariat Lags, Tafawa Balewa Square popularly referred to as TBS, Nigerian Institute of Policy and Strategic Studies buildings, Kuru, Plateau State amongst several other iconic buildings in Nigeria. He was highly principled and uncompromised in his life time. He was infact an epitome of pride not only to his immediate family but that of Aramoko-Ekiti as a town and the country in general. He exhibited the true spirit of Aramoko as "Omoluabi" as he lived a life worthy of emulation.

His death therefore at a ripe age was God's way of granting him long life as a reward for his love, care and good deeds. He served his family, community, Local Government, State Government, the country, humanity and his creator to the best of his ability.

It is our prayer as a Club that God will repose his soul, bless and grant the children, family members and the entire Aramoko community the fortitude to bear the loss and fill the vacuum which his death has created.

Once again, on behalf of our members, we do solemnly condole with the children and the entire family of Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade, the wonderful people of Aramoko Ekiti for this great loss.


Laolu Akinluyi
President


Dr. Abiodun Ayedun
Secretary



...*"For Reformation and Progress"*



20 August 2021

CONDOLENCES TO THE FAMILY OF LATE CHIEF ISAAC FOLA ALADE, OFR

The President, the Executive and the entire members of Christ's School Ado Ekiti Alumni Association, United Kingdom wish to offer our condolences to the family of Chief Isaac Fola-Alade, OFR, a beloved alumnus of our alma mater.

Words cannot accurately describe the loss of this great man. But we thank God for the life Baba lived. He lived a good, exemplary and fulfilled life. He distinguished himself in many spheres of life, including the academics, his choice of profession, industry, church, community and of course in the larger body of Christ's School Alumni Association.

A national asset, Chief Fola-Alade was a gift to humanity. He left a legacy worthy of emulation. Not only in terms of the different projects he executed on behalf of the nation, but also in the values of honesty, integrity, fear of God and love for his country. We also see his legacy in the lives of each one of his children.

There is no doubt Nigeria has lost a patriot who gave his best. He was a leader of leaders, the Asiwaju of Aramoko Ekiti who gave his very best in the service of his nation and community. His legacy lives on after him.

Our sincere and deep condolences to the entire Fola-Alade family over this irreplaceable loss. May the God of heaven comfort and console every one of the family members he left behind. And may our Good God grant his soul, eternal peace and rest.

Prince Adesanya Haastrup
PRESIDENT



THE NIGERIAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

NO. 24 MAGAJI MUAZU CRESCENT, KATAMPE EXTENSION, P. O. BOX 10015, GARKI, ABUJA, NIGERIA
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3rd Vice President: **Arc Sani I. Saulawa**, *fnia* +234 803 786 1856 Immed. Past President: **Arc. F. Adibe Njoku**, *ppnia, fnia* +234 803 336 0307

28 August 2021

TRIBUTE TO LATE CHIEF ISAAC FOLAYAN ALADE, FNIA, D.Sc, OFR

AN ACHIEVER AND CONSUMMATE PROFESSIONAL

Chief Isaac Folayan Alade, FNIA, D.Sc, OFR bequeathed an exemplary lifestyle, impeccable professional and societal legacy. A quiet achiever who worked for decades for the good of humanity and particularly for Nigeria. The national honours he received were earned and deserved.

He was a pioneering product of the country's glorious educational history to which he worked and made sterling contributions. At a time when the trend for a number of Nigerians of his ilk was to seek better pastures abroad, Late Arc Fola Alade returned to Nigeria from overseas. Together with his co-founders of the Nigerian Institute of Architects, they breached our collective national inertia, with the pioneering product of their foresight and patriotism.

In a country where we are used to seeing people falling over themselves to get all sorts of government patronage, this brilliant mind bucked that trend with his innovative approach to Architecture.

Chief Isaac Folayan Alade was an astute architect with prudent manners; he abhorred waste. A considerable feat of sound management in a highly competitive industry, in a country reputed for its high cost of doing business. His attention to details was a remarkable feature of his person.

He was brilliant yet so humble; he never bullied you with his intellect. He would listen to you intently making incisive contributions only to clarify your line of thoughts. He was open to ideas from everywhere and everyone and he was not one who hid behind clichés.

His remarkable humility is a lesson in human and political relations for us in our country where individuals are more important than institutions.

His urbanity was evident from his dress sense, firm voice and groomed appearance, which must have inspired many protégées. He did not have to announce his savvy for you to be aware of it. An avid reader by all accounts. A widely travelled man who regaled you with exotic yet intellectual topics.

1st Asst. Secretary: Arc. Ehiozoje B. ASEIN; 2nd Asst. Secretary: Arc. Ngbede OGOH; 3rd Asst. Secretary: Arc. Femi AKINPELU;
Chair, Admissions Committee: Arc. Muhammad Saifuddeen ALIYU; Chair, Disciplinary Committee: Arc. Ikebueze G. CHENDO; Chair Education Board: Arc. Mansur Kurfi AHMADU
Chair, International Affairs Committee: Arc. Olanrewaju G. OLUSOLA; Chair, Library & Publications Committee: Arc. Fitzgerald UMAH; Chair, Practice Committee: Arc. Oka AMOGU
Chair, Public Relations Committee: Arc. Chioma WOGU-OGBONNA; Chair, Students' Affairs Committee: Arc. Olajide O. OLOLADE; Ex-Officio: Arc. Moses N. AJAH; Arc. Akintayo O. ADEOTI



Rather than dwell on the futility of an elusive all-conquering solution to Nigeria's problem for which a large number of us are guilty, Chief Isaac Folayan Alade picked his own area of competence and excelled in it to the admiration of so many in and outside Nigeria. In spite of his ever-busy career demands, he was kind enough to lend himself to the worthy causes of his originated Ekiti State community, the sports and the motivation of his associates.

His contributions to Architecture transcended the completion of ornate works, both in public and private sector.

To his family he gave achievements to be proud of, to his admirers he gave an enduring legacy and to those aspiring to sartorial elegance he gave a sense of style worthy of emulation.

Reading through the eulogies of comments following his death, an unusual comity it was who kept their swords sheathed in their scabbards and volunteered unanimous tributes in his honour. Even in death, the loss of such a good man was far more important than their usual vile deferential exchanges. Quite fitting that his memory was accorded the respect it deserved and blessed is such memory as the Holy Scriptures says.

The least that can be done for his memory and the good of Architecture and his other interests is to identify and recognize the brilliance and competence of the many young minds he nurtured by encouraging and continuing in the culture of avid service we have become accustomed for which Late Arc. Fola Alade was twinned in his lifetime, and is being admired in his afterlife.

Good men must die, but death cannot kill their names. Like all good men who left the world a happier and better place than they met it, his name cannot be killed, his name will be etched in the memories of all those he served, mentored, inspired, employed, sired and the Architecture profession for which no worthwhile treatise on Nigerian Architecture would be complete without the mention of his worthy contributions.

Late Arc. Fola Alade was the type of man in short supply but in high demand for Nigeria's current development strides. We pray for replication of such men in all sectors of our dear nation.

What an exit of a great icon in the world of Architecture!

May his gentle soul rest in peace.

Arc. Sonny T. Echono, FNIA, PNIA
President



IFE ARCHITECTURE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

8th July, 2021

The Fola Alade Family
Aramoko, Ekiti,
Ekiti State

Dear Sir,

CHIEF (ARC.) ISAAC FOLA ALADE [OFR, FNIA, DSc] : A HEARTFELT CONDOLENCE

The entire Architecture family of the Obafemi Awolowo University, Ike Ife comprising the Staff of the Architecture Department, The Ife Architecture Alumni Association, and the Association of Architecture Students wish to express our profound condolence on the departure of our great benefactor, icon, role model and father in the Architecture profession.

For us, his demise though sad is also a celebration because of the life of great impact and achievement that he lived. The late Architect Isaac Fola-Alade was not just a teacher to us but he represents everything encapsulated as inspiration for the things we do.

As one of the founding fathers of Architecture in Nigeria, many of us depended on his works to learn the art of the trade; as a philanthropist, his contribution to the promotion of education, most notably in the **Isaac Fola Alade CADD Centre** that he singlehandedly gifted to our department, to mark his 70th birthday is second to none; as a mentor, his deep insights, advice, counsel and perspectives on a wide range of issues remain invaluable to us. How can we find a replacement for the many things Baba Fola-Alade represents to us?

To live in the hearts of those you love is to never die, so we believe Baba lives on in a variety of ways in each and every one of us.

We pray that the Lord will give the family the fortitude to bear this irreplaceable loss. We are highly desirous to play an active part in the final funeral rites to give Baba Fola Alade our worthy last respect.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Arc. Titi Adeleye [President] | Arc. Samson Akinyosoye [Secretary] | Arc. Bamidele Alomooluwa [Treasurer]
Arc. Abiola Ayeni [Director of Projects] | Arc. Tunde Imolehin [Public Relations Officer] | Arc. Akin Olusola, Samuel Akogun, Austin Okunrobor [Members]

13 Olufunmilola Okikiolu Street, Ikeja, Lagos.
Email: ifearchitecturealumni@gmail.com

Tel: 08034253639, 08023448795

BOOK OF TRIBUTES

We will miss Chief (Arc.) Isaac Fola Alade but his memory will continue to live with us all.

Rest on, Architect Afolayan Isaac Fola-Alade; your legacy indeed lives on!

Signed: For the Architecture Family of Obafemi Awolowo University:

- Staff of the Architecture Department
- The Ife Architecture Alumni Association
- Ife Architecture Students Association

Arc. Titi Adeleye (fnia)

President, Ife Architecture Alumni Association



Prof. (Arc.) Babatunde Jaiyeoba (mnia)

Head of Department, Architecture Department



Mr. Phillip Soetan

President, Ife Architecture Students' Association



NC 508674

ASSOCIATION OF
CONSULTING
ARCHITECTS
NIGERIA



011 6, 1st Floor, Rarhail House
Plot 26A, Shari Danmso Street,
Off Leger Avenue St., Victoria Island, Lagos
Tel: 07546125423
Email: info@acanigeria.com

Monday, June 21, 2021

The Principal Partner
Fola Alade Associates
296A Surulere Way,
Dolphin Housing Estate,
Ikoyi,
Lagos.

Attn: Arc. (Mrs.) Olayinka Williams

Dear Ma

**CONDOLENCE MESSAGE FROM THE ASSOCIATION OF CONSULTING
ARCHITECTS NIGERIA (ACANIGERIA)**

We received with great sadness the news of the passing of your Father, Chief Isaac Folayan Alade, OFR, who slept in the Lord on Friday, June 18, 2021. We have lost a pioneer and one of our greats, whose legacy will live in his influential buildings and in the minds of us all.

On behalf of the Executive Committee and the entire membership of the Association of Consulting Architects Nigeria, please accept our deepest condolences on the loss of your Father.

An icon is gone and he will be greatly missed in the Architectural world. We are very proud of everything that he stood for, creating footprints as a pioneer on so many levels, for others to follow.

We pray for strength, peace and comfort for you and your entire family at this time.

Again, we extend our deepest condolences to your family.

May his soul rest in perfect peace.

Yours Sincerely,


Ekaete Bassey Fujah, FNIA, Int'l Assoc. AIA, LEED AP
Honorary Secretary, ACANigeria

President - Arc. Ayoola Onajide; Vice President - Arc. Bayo Odulehin, Honorary Secretary - Arc. Ekaete Bassey-Fujah, Assistant Secretary - Arc. Tunde Aboatisi; Honorary Treasurer - Arc. Feyi Ogunlana;
Chairman Membership Affairs - Arc. Abiodun Jegunna, Chairman Education Affairs - Arc. Ladipo Lewis; Chairman Publication Affairs - Arc. Patience Okunla;
Chairman Public Relations - Arc. Aliyu Sadaq, Chairman Practice Affairs - Arc. Wale Okubadejo; Ex-Officio Officers: Arc. Mansur Kurfi Ahmadu and Arc. Tayo Babalakin.



COSROPIN
Coalition of Societies for the Rights
of Older Persons in Nigeria

Coalition of Societies for the Right of Older Persons in Nigeria

Address: No. 10, Lingu Crescent, Off Aminu Kano Crescent, Wuse 2, Abuja.

Phone: 08037876282, 08033102311

Website: coalitionfortherightsofolderpersons.org

Motto: **Protecting The Dignity of Ageing**

08 July 2021

Dear Arc. Yinka Williams

TRIBUTE TO ARC. FOLA ALADE

On behalf of the Coalition of Societies for the Rights of Older Persons in Nigeria (COSROPIN), we wish to express our heartfelt condolence to you and your family on the transition to glory of your beloved Father, Arc Fola Alade. While we pray for the comfort of the Holy Spirit upon you and your family, we want to reassure you of God's love for your father who has lived 4 scores plus. A life of fulfilment and longevity.

Your father's legacies in different facets of life from Federal Civil Service where he was the Permanent Secretary, Heading different Armed Forces Development Projects in Lagos, development of Army barracks across Nigeria etc. rendering services to humanity and civilization and printing his name in Gold is evident in his children whom he has brought up with the fear of God who are now useful both to themselves and the society. In all his dealings, he stood for peace, hard work, honesty and discipline, He was very compassionate, caring and selfless.

We believe that Arc Fola Alade has written his name boldly in the sands of history and will be forever remembered in our hearts. He has fought a good fight, finished the race and kept the faith. He has transitioned to heaven to receive a crown of righteousness laid up for him. Therefore, we encourage you to take comfort in the knowledge of this.

We commit you and your entire family to the word of his grace which is able to keep you all safe till the end.

Papa, rest in peace in the Bosom of your Lord

Senator (Dr.) Eze Ajoku
President, COSROPIN

Board of Trustees: Senator Eze Ajoku-President, Prof. Tunde Adeniran,
Alhaji Abudullahi Yusufu, Dr. Tim Menakaya, Dr Emem Omokaro,
Dame. May Ikokwu - Secretary



DIocese OF IGBOMINA WEST
CHURCH OF NIGERIA,
ANGLICAN COMMUNION

Bishop's Court: Oke Osin, Iludun Oro, Box 32 Oro, Kwara State
Tel: 0809 859 1205
E-mail: admin@dioceseofigbominawest.org
Website: www.dioceseofigbominawest.org

Diocesan Bishop:
The Right Reverend Jide Adebayo
HND, PDGPR, Dip. Sales & Marketing Mgt, LLB, BL, MA, Dip. Tr

14th July 2021

The Family of Chief (Arc) Isaac Fola Alade (OFR)
i/c Mrs Yinka Williams
Oke Isao Street, Aramoko – Ekiti

Dearly Beloved,

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

**RE: CHIEF (ARCHITECT) ISAAC FOLAYAN ALADE OFR.
ASIWAJU OF ARAMOKO EKITI; MAIYEGUN OF ARAMOKO EKITI; FORMER DIOCESAN
ARCHITECT OF THE DIOCESE OF LAGOS ANGLICAN COMMUNION.**

Greetings in the precious name of our Lord Jesus Christ

We join the entire universe to mourn the demise of our Father and to celebrate his life and times.

Chief Architect Folayan Alade 87, was a highly patriotic and passionate personality, he was so to his primary and extended families, to his native town Aramoko Ekiti, his alma matter Christ's School Ado Ekiti, Ekiti State, and the larger entity Nigeria. He did everything passionately and wholeheartedly, his profession, his fashion, his sports, his jokes and banter are visible testimonies to this assertion. He was a builder of men and nations, a light in the midst of darkness, a mentor and motivator, a man of impeccable integrity. We recall how he helped Aramoko up and coming business men with contracts on the projects that he supervised. We were privileged to visit the Tafawa Balewa Square, Lagos during construction to see our late uncle Mr S.B Odebummi who was one of the sub contractors on the site at about 1976, that was our first visit to the famous TBS.

His home on Adeyemi Lawson Street, Ikoyi Lagos was a Mecca of some sorts for Aramoko indigenes visiting Lagos in the 70s. Many young men and women lived with him in addition to his biological children who today are doing well in their own rights. Uncle Fola as he was popularly called by many of our elders, was a superb story teller as evident in his books, we recall him telling us a lot about our father whom we didn't have the privilege of knowing, he told us that he was a great man. He autographed his Autobiography to us with the inscription "To a great son of a great father, the Revd Canon Jide Adebayo" in his unbeatable hand writing. That encounter in his Victoria Island home will remain with me forever.

We must thank him for transforming Aramoko from a sleepy town to a vibrant urban centre. We must thank him for transforming our small village church St Philip's Anglican Church to a modern edifice which is today an Archdeaconry seat. We must thank him for mentoring and influencing us to love Aramoko passionately and for rebranding Aramoko as a place which does not kill but builds her citizens.

Many of us are who we are today because we stood by his Citroen car as it rises up and goes down, his visits with many of his great friends including big names in government and expatriates (oyinboo) served as an elixir to our ambition in life. We recall personally that we saw a bulldozer for the first time when he was clearing the site of his present house on top of Oke Ayo. All these encounters fired up our determination to make something out of life.

May the soul of Architect Fola Alade a great son of a great father and great father of great children rest in perfect peace.

Kindly accept our heartfelt condolences.

Yours in Christ's Glorious and Joyful Service.


The Rt. Revd Jide Adebayo

Diocesan Bishop of Igbomina West Anglican Communion.



arcadianclub89@gmail.com

01 July 2021

The Alade family,

Through: Mrs Yinka Williams,
19b, Adewole Kuku Street,
Lekki Phase 1, Lagos

Dear Ma,

CONDOLENCE MESSAGE

On behalf of The Arcadian Club, we express our sincere condolences to you and the entire Alade family on the death of your patriarch and our role model, Chief (Arc.) Isaac Folayan Alade, OFR.

Chief Fola Alade was a remote mentor to all of us in The Arcadian Club while growing up. We were greatly inspired by his love for the Aramoko community to which he committed his time and resources. He stood out as an upright Nigerian citizen who served his country with integrity as an astute administrator and public servant with dignity.

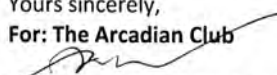
He lived an exemplary life worthy of emulation. He devoted his lifetime to service to humanity, which interestingly is the motto of our club. Chief Fola Alade spent his entire life attracting development to Aramoko on all fronts. Every aspiring young man or woman in Aramoko described success by the standard he was able to set both in his private life as a great family man and community influencer and in his public life as a public servant with integrity.

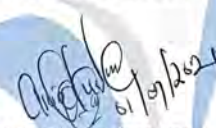
Chief Fola Alade remains the undisputable number one ambassador of Aramoko, a positive reference in Ekiti State and a colossus on the national scene as an iconic Nigerian citizen whose beautiful handiworks adorn the streets of Nigeria as an Architect of international repute.

In life and in death, we celebrate this great Aramoko son. We pray to God to repose his soul and grant him eternal rest. Our hearts are with the entire Alade family and we pray that God grants you the fortitude to bear the irreplaceable loss. Please accept our sincere condolences.

Yours sincerely,

For: The Arcadian Club


Otunba (Engr) Sunday Oyejide, FNSE
Chairman


Akin Oluwadare Jnr
Secretary



ARAMOKO
SOCIO-ECONOMIC SUMMIT GROUP
SINCE 2012
...empowering people

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☎ +234-8033245434
📱 @aramokosummit

01 July 2021

The Alade family,

Through: Mrs Yinka Williams,
19b, Adewole Kuku Street,
Lekki Phase 1, Lagos

Dear Ma,

CONDOLENCE MESSAGE

I have the mandate of Aramoko Socio-Economic Summit Group to extend our sincere condolences to you and the entire Alade family on the passing on to glory of your patriarch and a true son of Aramoko Ekiti, our mentor and role model, Chief (Arc.) Isaac Folayan Alade, OFR.

Chief Fola Alade made an indelible impression on everyone whose paths crossed his own. He was a thoroughbred professional and an astute administrator with a touch of excellence. He loved his community with passion and he gave his all to her development.

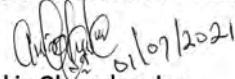
Without any doubt, Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade remains the number one hero in Aramoko, his birthplace, a true son of Ekiti State and an iconic citizen of Nigeria. He was a great inspiration whose zeal and passion for the development of the Aramoko community inspired many of us to give back a little of our time to the community that gave so much to us. He made his mark on the sands of time and posterity has a place for him. His good deeds remain forever in our hearts.

We recall with nostalgia our visit to him in Aramoko in 2012 on the eve of the maiden edition of Aramoko Socio-Economic Summit to pay tribute to him for being a great inspiration to us.

We celebrate his life and times and pray to God to grant him eternal rest. We also pray to God to grant the entire Alade family the fortitude to bear the irreplaceable loss. Please accept our sincere condolences.

Yours sincerely,

For: Aramoko Socio-Economic Summit Group


Akin Oluwadare Jnr.
Convener



Akin Oluwadare Jnr.

P. O. Box 8601, Ikeja, Lagos, Nigeria

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TRIBUTE TO CHIEF (ARC.) ISAAC FOLAYAN ALADE, OFR

I grew up knowing Chief (Arc.) Fola Alade as a household name in Aramoko Ekiti. You couldn't have grown up in Aramoko and you would not know Arc. Fola Alade, even if you have not met him physically. His name was synonymous with all development indices in Aramoko. He was first The Maiyegun and later doubled as The Asiwaju of Aramoko Kingdom.

In spite of our age difference, Arc. Fola Alade was a remote mentor to me before I had the privilege of meeting him in person during my early years. His numerous contributions to the development of Aramoko in all spheres ignited my passion for community development.

I remember that as Head of State and Commander in Chief of The Armed Forces of The Federal Republic of Nigeria, Chief Olusegun Obasanjo was a regular visitor to Aramoko between 1976 and 1979 as we watched him play Squash Racket with Chief Fola Alade and other friends of theirs. What a privilege it was for us to run errands for a sitting Head of State, courtesy of Arc. Fola Alade.

I had three close contacts with Arc. Fola Alade in his lifetime and my experiences on those three occasions will remain memorable for me throughout my lifetime. The first close contact I had with him was in 1992 when I was the President of The Arcadian Club and simultaneously the President of Aramoko Students Association, Ondo State University Chapter. I had visited him in his office at Race Course, Lagos to seek his support for our annual programmes. He asked me how come I was President of two key associations in Aramoko at the same time. He queried what time I had to do my personal studies and reminded me that I needed to fortify my foundation first and be successful for me to be a force to reckon with in community development. It took me some time to understand his standpoint but now I know better.

The second close contact I had with him was in 2012, a day prior to the maiden edition of Aramoko Socio-Economic Summit which I convened. I had gone with my team to pay him homage as a great motivator who attracted me to community service by his selfless deeds for our cradle when I was a growing child. He prayed for me and my team and charged us to keep the flame of the torch burning as age had already told on him and his energy had waned. It was an emotion laden moment for us who knew how he was full of energy anytime Aramoko was mentioned. We promised him to do our best possible but reminded him also that his shoe was too big for any of us to wear.

Akin Oluwadare Jnr

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Akin Oluwadare Jnr.

The last close contact I had with the Asiwaju of Aramoko Kingdom was in early 2020. I had gone to visit his first daughter, Arc. Yinka Williams, to have a mutual conversation when I needed her to write the foreword to my second book. Aunt Yinka told me that it wouldn't be a bad idea for us to visit Baba because she was so sure that Baba would be very proud of me. She hopped in my car and we drove to Baba. I held his hand for as long as the visit lasted and I felt very good to have seen Baba again after a very long time, all thanks to Aunt Yinka.

The curtain fell for this rare gem on the 18th of June, 2021. As encomiums pour in for him, I call to memory the famous quote credited to Professor Gbadegesin where he said that "a person whose existence and personality is dependent on a community is expected in turn to contribute his own quota to the continued existence of the community that nurtured him and partakes in his destiny".

Fola Alade did not only contribute his quota to the continued existence of the community that nurtured him, he inspired many to take community service as a duty. He remains the undisputable number one hero of Aramoko Ekiti, a true son of Ekiti State and an iconic citizen of Nigeria. Aramoko Ekiti will sorely miss him. Ekiti State lost a gem. Nigeria lost a hero.

Fare thee well, Chief (Arc) Isaac Fola Alade, OFR (24 November 1933 to 18 June 2021).

Akin Oluwadare Jnr

Akin Oluwadare Jnr

@AkinOluwadare

Akin Oluwadare Jnr

@akinoluwadarejnr

Joke & Roti Delano

Hicawwa Lodge
10 Rasheed Alaba Williams Street,
Lekki Peninsula, Phase 1
Tel: (01) 2700333
Email: roti@rojokng.com

Wednesday, 13 October 2021

Arc Yinka Williams
19B Adewole Kuku,
Lekki Phase 1

Our dear Yinka,

COMMISERATION

Joke and I wish to, again commiserate with you on the passing away of your dear father who was laid to rest on the 30th of September 2021.

Our deep and heartfelt sympathy goes out to you again, and may the memories you cherish of your dear father help to bring you comfort and strength from the thoughts of those who care about you.

You must be consoled by the fact that you took greater care of your dad in his latter medically challenging years as I recall our discussion a few years ago when you told me of all your efforts to make his house in Aramoko, Ekiti accessible. That alone is great testimony of the love, care and concern you had for his well being. Also by the fact that your father lived a fruitful and Christian life judging from the successes of his children and all that was said at the Night of Tributes.

You must also be very proud of the enduring legacy Papa has left. He was recognized by the Nation with the award of the Officer of the Federal Republic (OFR), one of three Nigerian architects so far, and by his professional institute as a Fellow of the Nigerian Institute of Architects, leaving behind a catalogue of landmarks projects. He was indeed our own 'Oscar Niemeyer' given the number of Federal Government projects he was responsible for either as the designer or as the 'Project Manager' on behalf of government.

We pray that the fond thoughts and memories you have of him will help to comfort and console you and that God will give you the strength and fortitude to bear this loss.

In deepest sympathy,

Joke & Roti