



CELEBRATING A LIFE WELL LIVED



Prof. Anthony Chennells

23 Dec 1937 - 02 July 2026

A Collection of Tributes from Arrupe Jesuit University

His final chapter was written in service and sealed with love. He demonstrated service and love to every corner of the AJU community.



Table of Content

Editorial Note : Arrupe Jesuit University	1
Commemorative Biography	2
To Arrupe Jesuit University: A Tribute to Professor Anthony John Chennells <i>Fr. José L. MINAKU, SJ</i>	3
Message of Condolence upon the passing of Prof. Chennells <i>Fr. Kizito Kiyimba, SJ</i>	4
A Tribute to Professor Chennells <i>Fr. Dominique Savio HABYARIMANA, SJ.</i>	5
A Tribute to Professor Chennells <i>Dr Prudence Kadebu</i>	6
A Tribute to Professor Chennells <i>Dr. Isaac Mutelo, OP.</i>	7
A Tribute to Professor Chennells <i>Ms. Patience Tsikira</i>	8
A Poem <i>Regis Komtenza</i>	9
When Logic Meets Grief: In Memory of Professor Anthony Channells <i>Olusegun David OGUNDELE, SJ</i>	10
A Tribute to Professor Chennells <i>Renifa Madenga</i>	11
In loving Memory of Prof. Chennells <i>Dr . Eng. Martin Muduva</i>	11
From the Cloud of Carmel to the Throne of the King of Resurrection: A Philosophical and Spiritual Tribute to Prof. Chennells <i>Rev. Fr. Francis Lefani Mwanza, O. Carm</i>	12
A Tribute to Professor Chennells <i>Tsitsi Wakatama</i>	13
A Tribute to an Icon: Prof. Anthony Chennells. <i>Aiah Edward Boima, SJ</i>	14
A Tribute to Professor Chennells <i>Godess Bvukutwa</i>	15
In Honour of Professor Anthony John Chennells <i>Gumisai Jacob Gutu</i>	16
His Sense of Humor <i>Martin Jalloh, SJ.</i>	17
Beyond the Classroom: A Tribute to Prof. Chennells <i>Ushahemba Adamgbe</i>	18

Editorial Note : Arrupe Jesuit University.

This tribute publication was created to honour the remarkable life and legacy of Prof. Anthony Chennells. Following the University's call for tributes, students, alumni, staff, friends, and colleagues shared memories that reflect his scholarship, kindness, humour, mentorship, and lasting influence. Together these voices celebrate a life dedicated to literature, education, and the formation of generations of learners.





Commemorative Biography

Anthony John Chennells was born on 23 December 1937 in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe. He was an old Rhodesian family, his grandfather on his mother's side having been the first Premier and Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, who was buried in the Matopos, near to Rhodes, Jameson and the members of the Shangani Patrol. Anthony himself, though, was a firm opponent of colonialism in Rhodesia and South Africa (and elsewhere) and was in the 1960s banned by the South Africans from entering their country.

He went to school at the Jesuit St Aidan's College in Grahamstown (now Makanda) in South Africa from 1950 to 1954, and then to the University of Natal in Pietermaritzburg for a BA in English and Political Science and then Honours in English. From 1962 to 1964, he was in the UK at the University of Exeter to register for a master's degree in literature; this he did not finish because he was soon admitted straight to doctoral studies and began to prepare his dissertation. He completed this dissertation at the University of Zimbabwe in 1982 with his dissertation on "Settler Myths and the Southern Rhodesian Novel". He lectured from 1966 to 2002 in the institution, which began as the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, became the University of Rhodesia and finally the University of Zimbabwe. From 2004 to 2020 he was a Professor Extraordinaire (!) at the University of Pretoria in South Africa.

In 2005, he joined the staff of Arrupe College School of Philosophy and Humanities as it was at that time, and from 2018 - when the College became an independent university - Arrupe Jesuit University - until his death on 2 July 2026. His teaching career, therefore, covered the formative years of at least two academic institutions and he contributed a great deal to both of them. His experience, wisdom and wide knowledge of literature in English, together with his deep and serious interest not only in literature but also in the real situations which literature puts before us, enabled him to open up literature, both African and non-African, including the Greek tragedies, in ways that presented students with some of the most important issues, questions and problems with an immediacy, practical urgency and compassion that the teachers of philosophy struggled to reach. He is fondly remembered in the many tributes his students and people he has worked with across the years have written. May he rest in peace.

To Arrupe Jesuit University: A Tribute to Professor Anthony John Chennells

Fr. José L. MINAKU, SJ
(Chancellor, AJU)

Dear members of the Arrupe Jesuit University community,

Dear family and friends of Professor Anthony John Chennells,

A baobab has fallen! And the sound of its fall has traveled around the world like wildfire. There are people we have known for years of friendship, and others we encounter only briefly, yet whose humanity leaves a quiet, enduring light within us. Professor Anthony John Chennells was, for me, among the latter.

I did not have the privilege of knowing him closely. During my quiet visits to Harare, however, our paths crossed from time to time. Our encounters were rare and our greetings brief, but each one revealed something memorable: his human warmth, his graciousness, and the natural respect with which he welcomed others. As a fellow man of letters, I cherished those fleeting moments. They were short conversations at the threshold of a much larger world, the world of literature to which he had devoted his life.

Born in Bulawayo in 1937, Professor Chennells travelled a long and distinguished intellectual road. From the University of Natal to Exeter, and later to the University of In Zimbabwe, he pursued knowledge with discipline and constancy. His teaching carried him across universities and continents, yet Arrupe Jesuit University became a place where his learning, generosity, and presence found a particularly meaningful home. He did more than teach literature. He awakened an appetite for it. When he recognized in a student the first spark of literary curiosity, he patiently nurtured it through reading, guidance, and encouragement. Under his attentive care, that spark could become a flame, illuminating a vocation and sometimes an entire life. Many of his students went on to make literature their own path because he had first shown them its vast horizons.

Professor Chennells understood that education is not merely the transmission of knowledge. It is the planting of seeds. Through his teaching, his fidelity to his duties, his respect for young and old, and his participation in Arrupe's spiritual and communal life, he planted seeds of humanism in countless hearts. These seeds will continue to grow wherever his former students read attentively, think critically, teach generously, and defend the dignity of the human person.

For the seeds of humanism planted in us, we offer our profound gratitude. As the saying goes, in Africa, where knowledge is deeply rooted in oral tradition, when an elder dies, a library disappears. The passing of a scholar is like the closing of a treasured book. Professor Chennells, however, proves the opposite. Indeed, the book does not disappear. Its words remain in the minds it has awakened, in the lives it has shaped, and in the questions it has taught others to ask. Professor Chennells lives on in every student he led toward a deeper love of literature, in every colleague enriched by his presence, and in every brief encounter—like my own—in which his warmth allowed another human being to feel recognized.

To the entire academic community of Arrupe Jesuit University, especially his students, former students, and colleagues, I offer my heartfelt condolences. To his family and loved ones, who bear the deepest weight of this loss, I extend my deepest sympathy and assure them of my prayerful closeness.

May you find consolation in knowing that his was a life generously shared, a life whose intellectual light and human warmth will continue to extend far beyond the boundaries of the classroom. May the Lord welcome Professor Anthony John Chennells into eternal peace, and may the seeds he planted continue to blossom in us and in generations yet to come. **May his soul rest in eternal light.**

Ref: 26/5502/10.4.1.che

July 2, 2026

Rev. Fr. Joseph Oduor Afulo, SJ
Vice Chancellor
Arrupe Jesuit University
P. O. Box MP 320
16 Link Road – Mt Pleasant
Harare – Zimbabwe

Dear Rev. Fr. Afulo,

Subject: Message of Condolence Upon the Passing of Prof. Chennels

Greetings and peace!

I have learnt with great sorrow of the death of Professor Anthony Chennels. I write to express sincere condolences, on the behalf of the Eastern Africa Province (AOR) and on my own behalf.

I had the privilege of serving with Professor Chennels as a fellow member of faculty, and of serving him as Dean, as Principal and as Inaugural Vice-Chancellor. It was a joy and an honour to work with him. He was at one and the same time a colleague, a mentor, and a dependable human being. He was immersed heart and soul in his work, and he had a singular love for his students on whom he imparted so much of his knowledge with sensitivity and thoroughness. He infected his students with a passion for literature and many of them have gone on to become confident interpreters of life and the world and some have become great literary giants. He was an honest communicator with a keen eye and an incisive understanding of what was going on around him and in the wider world.

Among us the Jesuits, he felt and was one of us. He was a man of prayer, committed to the Eucharist and good old Catholic traditions.

The University, and before it the College, benefitted immensely from his presence and contribution. He was instrumental in drafting the very first charter of the university we aspired to be. He shared his strategic contacts with us, to help us make the university the reality it is.

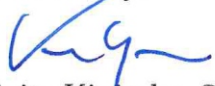
At a personal level, his home was a haven of peace for many Jesuits. And in his home, he cared paternally for a few other people.

May the Good Shepherd grant Professor Chennels the rest he truly deserves – among the great educators and men of worth and dignity.

I will offer Holy Mass for his peaceful repose. And God knows that I would have very much wished to be back to Zimbabwe to witness his funeral.

Go well, Professor Chennels.

Yours sincerely,



Fr. Kizito Kiyimba, SJ
Provincial - AOR



A Tribute to Professor Chennells

Fr. Dominique Savio HABYARIMANA, SJ.

(Dean of students, AJU)

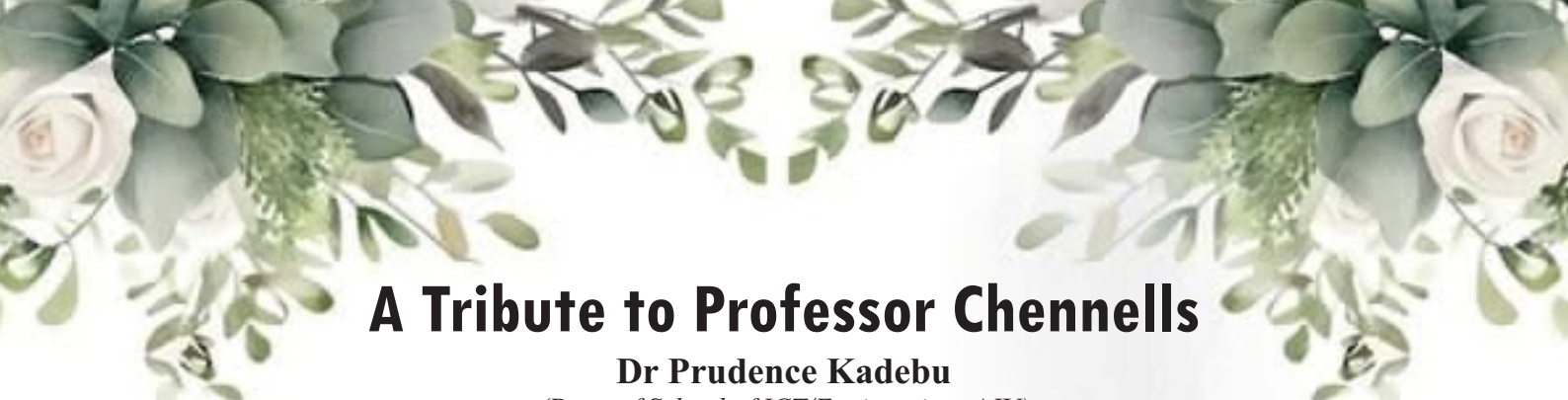
Professor Chennells was my teacher, my tutor, my dissertation supervisor, my mentor throughout my academic journey, and finally my colleague on the teaching staff. From the moment I arrived at Arrupe, I encountered a professor whose passion for literature was truly inspiring. He taught us to read beyond the words on a page and introduced us to African writers as profound thinkers.

After completing the compulsory literature courses, I found myself drawn not only to literature but also to the profound way Professor Chennells approached it. I enrolled in several more elective courses with him. He was among the first scholars I encountered who passionately argued that great African novelists were not merely storytellers but major thinkers whose works deserve philosophical attention. Through him, Chinua Achebe became, for me, not only a novelist but also a guide to understanding African philosophy and thought. As my dissertation supervisor, Professor Chennells nurtured my confidence and encouraged me to trust my own thinking.

It was a great joy to meet him again nearly ten years later when I returned to Arrupe, this time as a member of staff. I never imagined that I would one day sit beside him in academic meetings, Senate sessions, and other university gatherings as a colleague. Those moments remain among the greatest privileges of my professional life. I still remember our last conversation on African instability and his thoughtful response when someone questioned whether Achebe was a philosopher. With his characteristic humility, he replied, *"I don't know whether he is a philosopher, but I know he is a thinker—and a major one indeed."* That simple remark perfectly captured his intellectual depth, honesty, and generosity. He challenged us to think critically without forcing conclusions and to appreciate ideas for their intrinsic value rather than for the labels attached to them.

As I mourn your passing, Professor Chennells, I give thanks for the immense influence you had on my life and on the lives of so many others. You shaped not only my academic journey but also the way I read, think, and teach. Your unwavering faith, humility, generosity, and commitment to teaching until your final days will remain an enduring inspiration. I hope, in my own small way, to carry forward the legacy you entrusted to your students and colleagues. May you now enjoy the eternal reward prepared for faithful servants. Go well, our beloved Professor Chennells.





A Tribute to Professor Chennells

Dr Prudence Kadebu

(Dean of School of ICT/Engineering, AJU)

It is with a heavy heart, yet a profound sense of gratitude, that I reflect on the life of a truly remarkable man, Prof. Anthony Chennells. Though I had the privilege of knowing him for only four short years, the impact he left on my life and on everyone who crossed his path, is immeasurable.

Prof. Chennells was, above all, a lovely soul. Every single encounter with him was a masterclass in joy. He possessed a rare, radiant cheerfulness and an infectious wit, always ready with a joke that could instantly brighten the room and leave us laughing. He was a man of vast intellect and held his own unique, deeply thoughtful perspectives on life, yet, what made him truly great was his humility. He never undermined anyone. He listened with genuine respect, treating every individual with equal worth and dignity.

Beyond his towering academic presence, it was the quiet, everyday moments that revealed his gentle heart. In our staff kitchen, I often watched him struggle just to find a cup for his tea. Moved by his determination to always spent time chatting with colleagues and wanting to bring a bit of ease to his routine, I went ahead and made custom cups for him and his friends. It brings me immense sadness to know he never got the chance to use them, but the intention was born out of the deep affection and respect he naturally inspired in us.

His commitment to our community was unwavering. Whenever we hosted an event in the Department of Research, Innovation and Industrialisation, we knew, without a doubt, that Prof. Chennells would be there. He supported us wholeheartedly. Yet, he would always approach us with his characteristic humility, softly explaining that he would need to slip away early so he could drive home safely before the light faded, gently acknowledging that his eyesight was failing him at night. Even when physical limitations challenged him, his spirit never wavered.

Prof. Anthony Chennells will continue to be remembered not just for his brilliant mind, but as a dignified man of absolute integrity. He was a man who allowed himself to be present everywhere that mattered, showing up for his colleagues, his students, and his institution until the very end. Rest in peace, Professor. Your warmth, your jokes, and your dignified presence will be sorely missed, but never forgotten.



A Tribute to Prof. Anthony Chennells

Dr. Isaac Mutelo, OP.

(Director, Department of Research, Innovation and Industrialisation, AJU)

When I joined Arrupe Jesuit University in 2019, Prof. Anthony Chennells was among the very first colleagues to welcome me and make me feel at home. As a new lecturer, I was deeply touched when he shared with me his experiences of teaching many Zambians over the years and the lasting impression they had made on his life. That simple conversation immediately gave me a sense of belonging and marked the beginning of a friendship and collegial relationship that I came to value greatly.

Among the many qualities that distinguished Prof. Chennells, what I will remember most is his quiet wisdom and remarkable humility. Whether in faculty meetings or casual conversations, he spoke with thoughtfulness, clarity, and generosity. He never sought to dominate discussions or impress others with his immense knowledge. Instead, he listened carefully, spoke gently, and always left us thinking more deeply. He had a rare gift of disagreeing without offending, correcting without discouraging, and teaching without making others feel inadequate. His presence brought calm, perspective, and balance to every conversation.

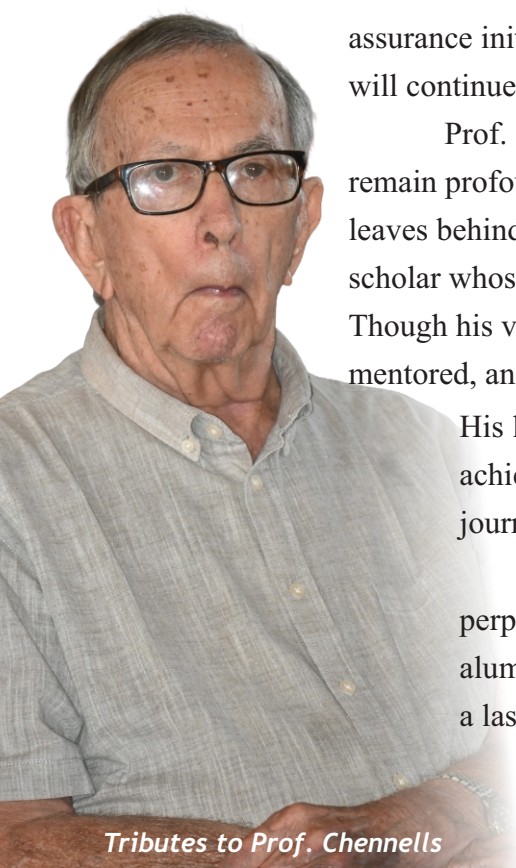
Some of my fondest memories are of our 10:00 a.m. tea breaks in the staff lounge. Those moments often became interesting as we discussed literature, philosophy, current affairs, education, and life itself. What made those conversations so memorable was not only the breadth of his learning but the generosity with which he shared it. His gentle smile added an extra layer to his contributions. One always walked away having learnt something new, encouraged by his insight and inspired by his love of learning. Looking back, I realise that some of the most valuable lessons I received from him came not in formal meetings or lectures, but in those ordinary conversations over a cup of tea.

Although he was an internationally respected scholar, Prof. Chennells remained remarkably approachable. He was generous with his time, especially to younger academics, and I count myself among those who benefited from his encouragement and wise counsel. His mentorship was never imposing; it was offered quietly, sincerely, and with genuine concern for the growth of others. Through his longstanding service as Academic Advisor to the *Chiedza Journal* and his support for research, innovation and quality assurance initiatives at AJU, he also helped nurture a culture of academic excellence that will continue to benefit future generations.

Prof. Chennells' passing leaves a deep void within our university community. Yet I remain profoundly grateful to have known him and to have worked alongside him. He leaves behind not only an outstanding academic legacy but also the enduring example of a scholar whose brilliance was matched by his humility, kindness, and generosity of spirit. Though his voice is now silent, the wisdom he shared, the students and colleagues he mentored, and the example he set will continue to inspire many of us for years to come.

His life reminds us that true greatness is found not only in intellectual achievement but also in quietly and generously accompanying others on their journey.

May the Lord grant Prof. Anthony Chennells eternal rest, and may perpetual light shine upon him. May his family, friends, colleagues, students, alumni, and all who mourn him find comfort in the knowledge that his life made a lasting difference to so many. May he rest in peace.



A Tribute to Prof. Anthony Chennells

Ms. Patience Tsikira

(Marketing and Communications Manager, AJU)

When I joined Arrupe Jesuit University as Marketing and Communications Manager in November 2025, I never imagined that in just eight months I would meet someone who would leave such a lasting impression on my life.

The staff common room is often filled with conversations about football, and as one of the few women and a newcomer, I would sit there during tea break simply to learn more about the people and culture of AJU. Prof. Anthony Chennells was one of the few colleagues who would move beyond the usual conversations. Rather than asking about work, he would ask about my life beyond the office. He genuinely wanted to know how our family farm was doing, and he became one of our loyal customers for our homemade pickled beetroot. He even encouraged me to venture into growing turmeric, always offering thoughtful advice with genuine interest.

Prof. Chennells had an incredible way of making people feel seen and valued. Despite his remarkable academic stature, there was nothing intimidating about him. He was approachable, warm, humorous, and deeply interested in others.

I always smiled when he proudly reminded us that he was "born before computers." He would tell us that he wrote his dissertation entirely by hand—a remarkable achievement that spoke volumes about his intellect, discipline, and dedication. During tea breaks, he would jokingly say, "I taught at the University of Zimbabwe for 40 years and at Arrupe for 25 years. I'm sure you can guess how old I am!" He embraced ageing with grace, humour, and pride.

Coming from a commercial and marketing background, I did not have the privilege of sitting in his African Literature classes. Yet his reputation preceded him. My sister-in-law, one of his former students at the University of Zimbabwe, often spoke about how he challenged perspectives and proudly described himself as a feminist—something I found both refreshing and admirable, especially coming from a man of his generation.

One of the qualities I admired most was his courtesy. At the end of tea breaks, many colleagues would quietly leave once they had finished. Prof. Chennells was different. If he needed to leave before everyone else, he would politely say, "I'm sorry to be rude, but I have to go and mark." Such small acts reflected the gentleman he truly was. He also believed deeply in community. He consistently supported internal AJU events, reminding us that "we have to support each other." His presence mattered. He participated wholeheartedly, and visiting speakers were often so impressed by his contributions that they would ask for his contact details—only for him to laugh because he rarely remembered his own phone number.

As someone responsible for promoting the University, I appreciated how much he valued marketing and communication. He understood that telling our story mattered, and he was always willing to be part of that story. Although I only knew Prof. Chennells for eight months, the memories he leaves behind are many. His kindness, humility, wisdom, wit, and unwavering support for those around him made a lasting impact on me. His life reminds us that true greatness is not only found in scholarship, but also in generosity of spirit and genuine care for others.

While we grieve this great loss to the Arrupe Jesuit University family, I am comforted by the certainty that he is now in a better place. His legacy lives on in the countless lives he shaped and the values he embodied every day. Rest in eternal peace, Prof. Anthony Chennells. Thank you for your kindness, your wisdom, and for making a new colleague feel so welcome.



Dear Tony,
As I sit at this desk,
not on it, but behind it now,
no longer the young man in the back row,
I am entrusted with restless young minds.
I read the opening lines aloud
and hear how thin my voice sounds against their
screens.

I am sure my words will not land,
not here, not now,
not in this generation raised on glare and scroll,
on TVs and phones that answer faster than I can
ask.

And I cannot help but think,
maybe Jane was wrong.
Maybe there are no universal truths
that survive the first bell unchanged.

Then I remember you, Chenells.
The books you carried, soft at the spine.
The way you lingered after class to underline a
single line
as if it mattered more than the syllabus.

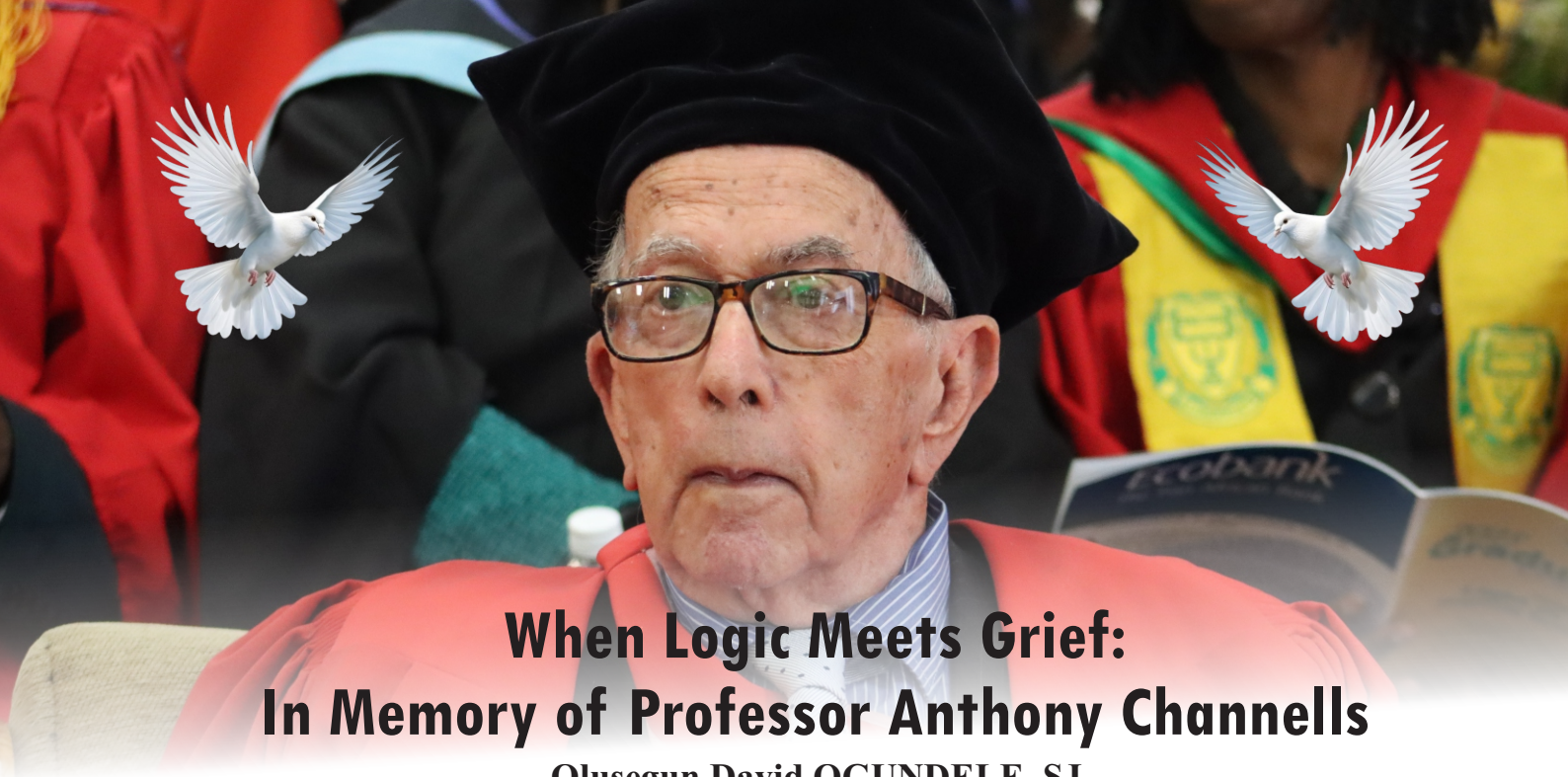
Did you feel this too?
Did doubt keep you company in the dead of night,
lamp low, red pen in hand,
preparing what no one would thank you for?

Did you also give more than time?

Day after day, I return.
Night after night, I choose it again.
Not for applause. There is none.
But to tend the small fire you left burning,
to carry, as you did, the thankless, necessary work
of keeping the art alive.

Because you kept it alive for me,
I will keep it alive for them.

**By, Regis Komtenza (Class of
2016)**



When Logic Meets Grief: In Memory of Professor Anthony Chennells

Olusegun David OGUNDELE, SJ

The first lessons in philosophy often begin with a familiar syllogism:

All human beings are mortal.

Professor Chennells was a human being.

Therefore, Professor Chennells was mortal.

The argument is valid, but no syllogism, however precise, prepares the human heart for grief.

When I first encountered this argument, it was merely an exercise in logic. Death belonged to the world of abstraction. Today, those same words carry a different weight. They are no longer confined to a philosophy notebook; they have become the language of loss.

Professor Chennells did not simply teach literature. He taught us how to pay attention to words, to silence, to history, and above all, to the human person. Through writers like Achebe and Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o, he showed us that stories preserve memory, identity, and hope. More importantly, he taught us that education is not merely about passing examinations but about forming minds that seek truth and hearts that recognise beauty.

As someone shaped by the Ignatian tradition, I see in him the spirit of *cura personalis*—care for the whole person. Whether he used that language or not, he lived it. He formed not only thoughtful readers of literature but attentive readers of life, reminding us that genuine learning begins in wonder, deepens through reflection, and bears fruit in the way we live.

Philosophy teaches us to acknowledge mortality with intellectual honesty. Literature teaches us to grieve it. Faith teaches us to hope beyond it. The greatest teachers understand this. They leave more than knowledge; they leave part of themselves in the lives of their students. Their influence quietly outlives their presence.

Perhaps this is Professor Chennells' final lesson: a meaningful life is measured not by its length but by the lives it transforms. Though his voice is now silent, his teaching continues to echo in countless hearts, mine included.

Thank you, Professor Chennells, for every lesson that stretched the mind, opened the imagination, and shaped the person I am becoming. May you rest in the peace of the Author of every good story, until we meet again where every unfinished narrative finds its perfect ending.

A Tribute to Prof. Anthony Chennells

Renifa Madenga

It is with profound sadness that I learned of the passing of Prof. Chennells. He was an exceptional educator whose passion for teaching was evident in every lecture, every conversation, and every interaction with students and colleagues. He possessed a rare gift of making learning both intellectually stimulating and genuinely enjoyable.

When I joined ARRUE, as a lecturer, Prof. Chennells generously shared invaluable nuggets of wisdom that helped me navigate the academic landscape with greater confidence. His counsel was practical, encouraging, and offered with remarkable humility. I remain deeply grateful for his mentorship.

Our tea-break conversations were among the highlights of the working day. I often joked that he wore the finest socks on campus, always stylish and unforgettable! Looking back, I should also have told him that he wore the finest smile and carried one of the warmest senses of humour. Those moments of laughter and fellowship reflected the graciousness and humanity that endeared him to so many of us.

Prof. Chennells leaves behind a legacy not only of scholarship and academic excellence, but also of kindness, generosity, wit, and genuine care for others. His influence will continue to live on in the countless lives he shaped.

May the Lord grant comfort to his family, friends, colleagues, and former students. May his soul rest in eternal peace, and may his memory forever remain a blessing.

In loving Memory of Prof. Chennells

Dr . Eng. Martin Muduva

It is with profound sadness that I reflect on the passing of Prof. Chennells, a valued colleague whose presence enriched our academic community.

Prof Chennells embodied excellence in teaching and scholarship. His dedication to students was evident in every classroom, inspiring critical thinking and genuine love of learning. His colleagues benefited from his generosity, collaboration and thoughtful insights.

What stood out most was his integrity. He remained steadfast in his commitment to rigorous scholarship and ethical practice, setting a standard for us all.

His legacy extends far beyond the classroom. He leaves behind countless students shaped by his mentorship and colleagues inspired by his example. The impact of such a life is measured in the minds awakened and lives touched.

As we mourn his loss, we are grateful for the time we shared and the enduring lessons he leaves behind. May his memory inspire us to pursue excellence and integrity with the same dedication he so gracefully demonstrated.

Rest in peace, Prof. Chennells. You will be deeply missed.



From the Cloud of Carmel to the Throne of the King of Resurrection: A Philosophical and Spiritual Tribute to Prof. Chennells

Rev. Fr. Francis Lefani Mwanza, O. Carm

In the solemn stillness of Carmel, where the gentle whisper of Elijah's breeze meets the quiet of contemplation, I offer this tribute to an extraordinary master of the mind, a legendary educator, and a true craftsman of my intellectual and priestly soul: Professor Anthony Chennells.

By a profound stroke of divine providence, it was the steady, brilliant hand of Professor Chennells that guided me through seven of my eight rigorous semesters of philosophy. He did not merely lecture; he fundamentally shaped my mind, molding raw curiosity into a disciplined instrument ready to contemplate both human struggle and divine mystery. Expertly, you guided me through *The War of the End of the World*, and proved through *Waiting for the Barbarians* that reality does not change simply because one wears corrective lenses that deflect the light. From introducing me to the depths of *Purple Hibiscus* to challenging and grounding my understanding through *The Poor Christ of Bomba*, I remain deeply indebted to your wisdom.

I remember vividly how you kindly steered me to understand that the logic of a simple peasant and the reasoning of a Carmelite ought to meet in the rich practicalities of African thought. Through Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie's *Purple Hibiscus* and Charles Mungoshi's *Waiting for the Rain*—specifically your treatment of Lucifer Mandengu and the alienation of an African Son of the Soil—you challenged me to fully understand what it means to be a Catholic without being snobbish. From analyzing Tambudzai's alienation in Tsitsi Dangarembwa's *Nervous Conditions*, to understanding the realities of a practical Son of the Prophet Elijah through Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o's Wanja, you taught me to stand firmly for social justice, integrity, and *Ubuntu*. Thank you for practically forming me into a true African Carmelite Friar.

Forgive me, my Professor, for those times I unintentionally called you "Father," mistakenly assuming you were a Jesuit Priest. I am eternally grateful for the humorous way you corrected me, reminding me with a witty smile that one does not need to wear a clerical collar to be a true companion in the mission of Christ. You possessed the towering intellect of a Jesuit, but the expansive, universal heart of a true layman.

Now, as you ascend from the dusty lecture halls of our earthly existence toward the eternal classroom of the cosmos, I lift my eyes to the hills. Go forth, noble teacher, wrapped in the brilliant light of the wisdom you so generously shared. May the angels lead you into paradise, and may you find eternal rest at the Throne of the King of Resurrection, where every mystery is finally unveiled. Rest in perfect peace, my Professor, my mentor, and my friend.



A Tribute to Prof. Anthony Chennells

Tsitsi Wakatama

Farewell dear friend

Those who spent time with you will always remember the phrase..well I must say...when one would ask you a question You had a subtle sense of humour and I often called you the weather man as when one would comment, it's a bit chilly you would often remark on the cold front coming from South Africa often sounding like a meteorologist

You always made sure you were warm enough and called yourself an onion, peeling off layers of clothing as the weather got warmer. In your office you were never upset when I would appear unexpectedly and with a smile offered me a seat , a good listener indeed.

As one whom I shared a passion in literature, often you and I would critique literature books from local and African artists, querying what the author was intending for his audience and whether or not the books were unnecessarily long.

Certainly you were a motivator always telling me I could and should do it..progress into worlds unknown, make a mark on those you meet, be a footprint that will be remembered

You have gone not to be forgotten but to be remembered for the legacy you left , one that will continue for generations to come Farewell dear friend, colleague, educationalist, till we meet again.



A Tribute to an Icon: Prof. Anthony Chennells.

Aiah Edward Boima, SJ

It is with deep sadness that we remember the life and legacy of Prof. Anthony Chennells, a remarkable lecturer, mentor, and educator whose influence reached far beyond the walls of the classroom. His passing is a great loss to the university community (Arrupe Jesuit University), to his colleagues, and to the many students whose lives he touched through his wisdom, kindness, and unwavering commitment to education.

Anthony Chennells was more than a lecturer; he was a guide who inspired students to think critically, ask meaningful questions, and pursue knowledge with passion and integrity. He believed that education was not only about acquiring information but also about shaping character, building confidence, and preparing students to make a positive difference in society. His lectures were engaging, thoughtful, and filled with insights that challenged us to see the world from new perspectives. Many of us will remember his patience, his generosity with his time, and his willingness to support students both academically and personally. He treated every student with dignity and respect, encouraging us to believe in our abilities even when we doubted ourselves. His office door was always open, and his advice often extended beyond coursework to matters of life, purpose, and personal growth.

The impact Anthony Chennells made on the university at large is immeasurable. Through his dedication to teaching, he helped shape generations of graduates who continue to carry forward the values of excellence, integrity, and service that he so faithfully embodied. His influence lives on in the countless lives he transformed, the minds he enlightened, and the futures he helped build. To me personally, Prof. Anthony Chennells inspired me to persevere till the end. Even though he was in his old age, he never ceased to impart knowledge to us students, and he never stopped attending mid-day masses in the University, not even for a day, except if he is not around. His commitment to God and the University was exceptional and wonderful. Although he is no longer with us, his legacy remains alive in the lessons he taught, the memories we cherish, and the example he set as an educator of exceptional character. We are grateful for the privilege of having learned from him and for the lasting mark he left on our hearts and minds.

As we mourn his passing, we also celebrate a life well lived, a life devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, the formation of young minds, and the service of others. May his memory continue to inspire all who had the honour of knowing him, and may his dedication to education remain a beacon for future generations.

Rest in eternal peace, Prof. Anthony Chennells. Your work is complete, but your legacy will endure in the lives you changed and the university you helped shape. You will be remembered with gratitude, respect, and deep affection. May God grant you merciful judgment, and may the angels of heaven receive your soul and present it to God the most high. Amen.



A Tribute to Prof. Anthony Chennells

Godess Bvukutwa

My dissertation supervisor had disappeared on me. I'd missed my first dissertation supervision meeting for some reason and afterwards when I looked for her she had traveled outside the country for a month. It was the year 2008 and anything that could go wrong was going wrong.

I was a BA Honours in English student at the University of Zimbabwe. I didn't know when she would come back so I took things into my own hands — I decided to forge forward with my research in whatever direction the spirit took me. There was no Zoom nor WhatsApp those days. The UZ internet bandwidth was forever going round and round so Skype wasn't an option and I didn't have her email address. I was on my own.

I stayed on at my student accommodation in Groombridge in order to focus on my research for the next three months whilst others went on vacation. I was investigating gender identities and masculinities in African Christian and Moslem communities through Tsitsi Dangarembga's *Nervous Conditions* and Mariana Ba's *So Long A Letter*. Thank goodness the Women's Law Library was a goldmine of texts I needed for my Literature Review. As I read, there were a number of references to Anthony Chennells. I had to look him up and lo and behold I discovered he was a professor in the English Department at Arrupe Jesuit University (then College).

From the moment I met him, Professor Chennells exuded kindness and patience but most importantly for me, he was a wealth of knowledge of African literature, culture and traditions. I made an appointment with him and he graciously agreed to be interviewed. And during the conversation, he asked helpful questions about my dissertation, pointing me in the right direction where I could take my research.

So imagine how I felt when, a year later, I walked into a German Catholic Exchange Scholarship interview for my master's degree and saw him seated on the opposite side of the room. He had forgotten about our meeting and I was more than happy to remind him how he'd come to my aid when I was technically without a supervisor. A slight smile formed on the corner of his lips but a lot of the smiling remained in his eyes.

I got the scholarship.

Rest in Peace, Professor Chennells. You made a huge contribution as an academic in the field of literature. The gap you left will be very hard to fill.

In Honour of Professor Anthony John Chennells

Gumisai Jacob Gutu

(lecturer, School of Management and Development, AJU)

A Mentor, Thinker, and Guardian of Conscience

Writing about Professor Anthony John Chennells fills me with profound gratitude. To have known him was to be invited into a life of critical thought, moral courage, and generous conversation. He was a great man, and the Arrupe Jesuit University, and all of us who passed through his care, are poorer without him.

I first met Professor Chennells across an interview table. He was a panelist, and as was his way, he had the last word. His question to me was simple and disarming: “Should people continue to pay taxes if the government is repressive?” It was not a test of facts, but of character and reasoning. I took my time. It was the kind of question he loved — one that demanded we think beyond comfort and consider the relationship between citizen and state. That interview marked the beginning of many conversations, most of them held during our revered tea and lunch time breaks. For Professor Chennells, tea was not a break from academic work. It was a continuation academic work. It was where ideas were tested, histories were interrogated. Both Junior lecturers and students were treated as intellectual equals. No topic was too large, no assumption too sacred.

He spoke with moral clarity about governance and power. I remember vividly the first time I saw the depth of his anger. It was when we discussed former President Thabo Mbeki's role in suppressing the 2000 Zimbabwe election report, and in propping up a Government of National Unity that sidelined the will expressed in the March 2008 elections. His frustration was not only political, but human. He was equally pained by the denial of antiretroviral to millions of South Africans during the height of the HIV/AIDS epidemic — a tragedy he saw as a failure of leadership to accept scientific truth.

Yet for all his critique, he was not cynical. He placed the responsibility for the future squarely on our shoulders. “You people have to work on a solution,” he would say. “As for me, I will be dead soon.” It was his way of saying: the work continues, and it is yours now.

He was also a storyteller and a man of humor and cultural insight. One of his favorite anecdotes was about receiving gifts. In many African cultures, he noted, one receives with two hands as a sign of respect and gratitude. In some European traditions, he observed, the same gesture could be read as greed. It was a small lesson, but a profound one: about how we interpret each other across differences. Professor Anthony John Chennells was a scholar of integrity, a teacher who believed in dialogue, and a citizen who believed in accountability. His legacy lives on in the questions he left us, in the standards he set, and in the students he challenged to think, to question, and to serve.

We honour his memory, and we take up the work he entrusted to us.

Rest in peace, Professor.



His Sense of Humor

Martin Jalloh, SJ.

It is Anthony De Mello who defined prayer as a long loving look at the real. Within the walls of my literature course with Professor Channells, that definition of prayer took on another shade when *The Man in The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born* one day realised he “had never really looked at the woman Maanan” his friend. “Or I had looked at her with my eyes and seen things, but thought nothing, and that is a dead way of seeing things.”

Looking at, with both eyes and mind, or the long loving look at the real (Professor Channells), I realised he also had a subtle sense of humour. Our 15-minute breaks always lasted longer than they were supposed to, so before we left the class, Professor Channells would remind us to be back in 15 minutes. He however retorts with a smile, “I will grow wings if that happens.”

P.S: This tribute is an acknowledgement of the sense of humor Professor Channells had. A sense of humour I realised he had only after implementing one of the many things I learned in his course; looking with both eyes and mind.



Beyond the Classroom: A Tribute to Prof. Chennells.

Ushahemba Adamgbe

When I first walked into Prof. Anthony Chennells' literature class in 2023, I carried a quiet resistance in my heart. Literature, a world others aspire to live in, not to me. Little did I know that Prof. Chennells would reshape not just how I read books, but how I see the world itself.

Prof. Chennells was, above all else, committed, dedicated, and devoted to his craft. He never gave a lecture that felt rushed or half-prepared. Every word he spoke carried the weight of deep thought and careful study. His punctuality was legendary; he walked into class precisely on time every single day, a silent lesson in discipline. His diligence was evident in the way he marked our essays, filling the margins with thoughtful feedback and comments that showed he had read every line with genuine attention. Also, his commitment shone through in his early return of papers after submission, an act very rare among lecturers at AJU.

But what left the deepest imprint on me was his mind. Prof. Chennells was a critical thinker who looked at reality with depth and a sharp, analytical eye. He taught us that literature is not an escape from life, but a mirror held up to it; flawed, complex, and profoundly human. He could dissect figurative literature texts with surgical precision and connect them to the injustices and beauties of the world outside our classroom.

I may not have fallen in love with literature, but I fell in love with the way he thought and was dedicated to his job. And for that, I am forever grateful. Rest well, Professor.

Za dedoo, Prof. Chennells!



*Thank you, Prof.
Your words shaped
minds.
Your kindness shaped
lives.
Your legacy endures*

