



The Entire
Family of the late

Peter
Kwofie

Wish to express our heartfelt gratitude
to all who in diverse ways have shown
concern, support and prayers during
these sad days.

We bless you in the name of Christ
Jesus for your donations, condolences,
services and above all prayers

May God Richly Bless You



PRIVATE BURIAL
SERVICE
OF THE LATE



KWESI PRAH - 0249239753

Peter
KWOFIE



Alias - Star Boy



MHB 99
 VERSE 1
 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

VERSE 2
 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

VERSE 3
 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
 My shield, and hiding-place,
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace!

VERSE 4
 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

VERSE 5
 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

VERSE 6
 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

MHB 831
 Verse 1
 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great
 their joys,
 How bright their glories be.

Verse 2
 Once they were mourners here
 below,

And poured out cries and tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

Verse 3
 I ask them whence their victory came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.

Verse 4
 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast;
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.

Verse 5
 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

MHB 615
 Verse 1
 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me now and evermore.

Verse 2
 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing stream shall flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliverer!
 Be Thou still my held and shield.

Verse 3
 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction.
 Lead me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

MHB 468
 Verse 1
 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Verse 2
 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

Verse 3
 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou send'st to me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

Verse 4
 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

Verse 5
 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

PRIVATE BURIAL SERVICE

OF THE LATE



PETER KWOFIE

AGED 37

ALSO KNOWN AS
STAR BOY

On Saturday, 27th June, 2020
 At Transitions The Funeral People
 off Atomic Hatso Road from 8:00am - 9:30am

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Very Rev. John N. Baiden
 Very Rev. Paul Adu



Biography *of the late* Peter Kwofie



“For my thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways my ways” declared the Lord. “As the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your thoughts” who can know the mind of God and his plans for us, except God Himself. (Isaiah 55:8 – 9)

The late Peter Kwofie known to family as Wofa Kweku Badu from the Anona Ebusua of Ekuasi in Sekondi was born on Wednesday 7th October, 1982 to the late Mr. Alfred Kwofie and Madam Agnes Eshun. He was the last of six children born to the parents. He was intelligent and promising from his infancy. He started his basic education at Aggrey Primary School at Tema Community two in 1988 and continued at Anomble Junior High School at Kisseman in Accra. He went back to Sekondi-Takordi and gained admission to Opportunity Industrialization Centre (O.I.C.) and pursued a three year programme in Building Construction after which he did one year attachment at Town & Country Planning Department in Sekondi. Armed with expertise he had acquired from O.I.C he decided to go back to Accra to seek his fortune. It was about that time that his elder sister was establishing a fashion designing company, Justify Fashion in Accra. His sister prevailed upon him to join her in the endeavor. Today you cannot mention the success story of Justy Fashion without reference to the late Peer Kwofie. He wholeheartedly and ably supported his sister through thick and thin. As the Akans say “Wiadze yi mu boafɔ yɛ na”.

Peter was respectful, loving, caring, funny and witty. He was good company. Peter was

God-fearing and kind who wouldn't intentionally hurt a fly. He worked at Justy Fashion few months after its inception at the latter part of 2008 until his sudden demise on the night of 31st May, 2020. He was devoted to his wife and children and his family, he did his best to impact positively on all he came into contact with

Peter, we mourn your death, we are devastated by your sudden exit in the prime of your youth. But we shall weep no more because GOD KNOWS BEST.

He is survived by his beautiful wife, Regina, four children, the last one being ten months old, a grieving mother, aunts and uncles, nieces and nephews, his family, many friends and well-wishers. It's painful saying goodbye.

PETER, REST IN PEACE.

Tribute by Justy Fashion Staff

Today is a wonderful day that the Lord has made and we shall be glad and rejoice in it.

Our dear brother, friend and companion who we have worked and associated with for many years have left us so sadly and suddenly to be with the Creator. We are so sad and down-hearted but this also is the doing of the Lord, the one who gives and takes away.

Peter, whom we affectionately called Pieroo is a motivator a good teacher, a devotee, generous and very friendly, a good artist and designer with gifted hands on fabrics.

We know deep in our hearts that we have lost a great asset but we believe God knows the reason for everything Pieroo, Pieroo we are short of words but we believe that with your devotion to the company you fulfilled the words of Colossians 3”23-24; “Whatever you do work at it with all your heart and working for the Lord no for human masters since you know that you will receive an inheritance from the Lord as a reward for what he has kept for his people. For Christ is the real master you serve”.

With the dedication and commitment we learnt from you we shall hold on fulfill the scripture till we meet again.

REST IN PEACE, PIEROO



Tribute by Nieces & Nephews



On behalf of my siblings and the entire family I thank you all for your presence to share in our grief. Words cannot express how we felt when we heard the sad and bad news of Uncle Peter's death. We woke up the next morning hoping that someone would come running to say the news was false, that Uncle Peter was not dead after all.

But that has not happened since the cruel night of 31st May, 2020

Our hearts have sunk very low and we are at a loss. When we think of him, we remember the funny, generous and loving Uncle full of jokes and always ready with advice or two.

He spent time with us and encouraged us to have big dreams. We really loved him a lot, and we are sorry about Uncle Peter's death. Just as we love him a lot so are we going to miss him a lot. We have so many memories of him and we will think of him with both tears and admiration.

*Uncle Peter, fare thee well till we meet again.
May you gentle soul rest in peace.*

Tribute by Wife to my Precious Husband, Peter



It still seems like a dream to me, it is inexplicable. How could Peter be around with his friends happily talking to each other laughing and patting each other and be pronounced dead in the next thirty/forty-five minutes. Unbelievable, incredible. I wish I would wake up one morning to discover that it was all a dream. But here we are gathered at my husband's funeral. So, it's true after all. Now I know that not all dreams come true.

When I first met Peter, I knew I had met the man I had been praying for. He was amazing, handsome, intelligent and funny. If you were with him you were assured of your daily dose of laughter. Besides being my husband, he was also a close friend, a big brother and a support. In fact he was everything to me. As it is in every marriage, we had our ups and down but I can say with certainty that we rose above our challenges and found great happiness in our marriage.

Believe me my happiest years were those I spent with him. Peter and I were blessed with four wonderful children, Louisa, Georgina, Justina and Peter Junior, thank you for being a responsible father to the children. I know they love you dearly just as I do.

Now what happens to all the promises we made and the grand plans we had for the future? No I have nothing but happy memories of our life together. I don't know how I am going to get along without you, Only God knows.

I surely will miss your presence and companionship. I have lost a worthy soul mate, you are irreplaceable. I am in sorrow, I am in grief, I am shattered but I trust God to strengthen and uphold me. I console myself with His word in Psalm 143 verse 1 "Lord hear my prayer in your righteousness listen to my plea, answer me in your faithfulness".

You will forever be missed my dearest husband. I love you, Peter.

Me do fɔ pa, Peter, da yie

*Nyame mfa wo nsie. Dzi fie kan
Kotwɛn hɔn da yie, da yie, da yie.*

Tribute by Children

*Our dear father passed away suddenly on the night of Sunday 31st May, 2020.
This is a great loss and very heart-breaking.*

He was a good and hardworking man, he liked helping people in need, and had great respect for everybody. We love you and miss you dearly. We remember some of the jokes you shared with us that made us laugh all the time. You supplied all our needs which made us proud of you. Your departure is painful and a big blow to us, but you will continue to live in our hearts forever and ever.

*The day will come when we will meet again in Heaven.
Until then REST IN PEACE, DADDY*



Tribute by Siblings

*We never got the chance to say we love you!
We never got the chance to say we'll miss you!
Nobody told us that you were going to die?
It hurts we never said Good bye.*

*Where are you now Peter please talk to us?
Show yourself and let us see
We know that, it can't happen no matter how much we try.
All we wanted to do was say Good bye.*

*We hope that you are happy wherever you are.
We have you in our heart no matter how far.
To the heavens above, we wish we could fly only to give you a warm Good
bye.*

*We will remember you each day that we live
You were such a good and funny person with so much to give.
It has been a privilege to know you, no one can deny that.
Peter it's time to say Good bye*

*We want you to know just how much we really cared.
Till we meet again. In God we trust.
We love you, we will miss you and for now Good bye
Da yie Peter, Da yie Peter, Peter Da yie.*



