

<u> Obituary</u>

Peter Marshall Earl Hayes was the second child born to the late Emily Babe Prather and Marshall Earl Hayes the second on August 1, 1948 at Saint Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Peter was raised in the Vauxhall section Union, and attended the Union Public School system. In high school, he made dining room table for his mother by hand. He won many trophies and awards and was state recognized for his accomplishments. This was the prelude for his career in the Carpentry and Masonry. He was very popular and he spoke what was on his mind. He was happy go lucky. In 1966, he was the Valedictorian of his high school class and received many awards from his state representatives.

In the seventies, Peter met and married Doreen Wilson from this union he had two daughters, Erica L. Hayes and Lori Hayes. Later in life, he met and had a very special friendship with Regina Bryan and from this union Quianna Emily Hayes was born. Peter loved children especially his girls and he got them together as often as he could job permitting.

Peter was a member of the Golden Rule Lodge Prince Hall, in Vauxhall, New Jersey his membership was not active.

Preceded him in death was his mother, Emily Babe Prather, his father, Marshall Hayes II and brother, Henry Thman (Bosco) and god-father, Rupert Gittens.

He leaves to cherish his memory: his three daughters, Erica, Lori and Quianna Hayes; one son-in-law, Johnny Cox; eight grandchildren, Jade, Asiah, Devon, Cameron, Chase, Cameron Hackett, Christopher Bogart and Jeanna Cox; two great grandchildren, Caleb and Julian; three sisters, Muriel Johnson, Lillian Rivera and Turnice Thomas Hunter; a God Mother, Janie Gittens and a God sister, Penny Ross.

Order of Service

Processional

Prayer of Comfort

Invocation

Musical Selection

Scripture

Musical Selection

Obituary Reading

Acknowledgements & Remarks

Selection

Eulogy

Evangelist Maria Armwood Praise and Joy Tabernacle

Benediction

Recessional

Interment

Forest Green Park Cemetery Morganville, New Jersey

When I come to the end of the road and the sun has set for me. I want no rites in a gloom filled room, Why cry for a soul set free? Miss me a little-but not too long, and not with your head bowed low. Remember the love that we once shared. Miss me-but let me go. For this is a journey that we all must take, And each must go alone. It's all part of the Master's plan, A step on the road to home. When you are lonely and sick at heart, Go to the friends we know. Laugh at the things we use to do Miss me-but let me go. -author unknown

<u>Acknowledgements</u>

The family wishes to express their deepest and most sincere thanks to all who shared with them in this time of sorrow. May God bless and keep you in a most gracious way.

Professional Services Provided By

CHAPELS OF EDEN FUNERAL HOME

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