

Tribute to a late brother
Peter Augustus Oluwole Johannes Hingston (6549)
Died 2nd February 2012
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My dear brother Peter, I am sorry I could not be there at your funeral as circumstances prevented me from attending. However, I would not have loved to see you in a confined box, lifeless as a log, eyes closed forever, body as cold as ice, and no signs of vigour as this is not the Bra Peter I once knew. I would rather cherish the good memories and smile as I think of all the times we shared together be they bad or good as life is not always pleasant.

Peter, the eldest of eight children, born to Abioseh and Shodekeh Hingston (both deceased) in March 1954, was named after our grandfather, Peter Hingston. He was very much loved by all as you could hardly quarrel with him. In fact, he did not see anything wrong in apologising to you no matter how young you may be. A jovial character that was always ready to stir up people with laughter whenever in a gathering. He was much loved by the relatives of both our parents and was popular amongst them as he always paid them visits on a regular basis. 'E lek fambul en e nor play wit fambul and e lek gee body'. As such, he was the most popular and well known person within the family.

Peter attended the Sierra Leone Grammar School like all of the boys in the family including our later father the Rev. Augustus Hingston, and then proceeded to the Milton Margai Teachers College where he studied Music and Bible Knowledge. He completed his training with distinction and also got a distinction in Music from the Trinity College Cambridge. He started his teaching carrier in 1976 at his Alma Mater and has never done any other job since. He loved his teaching very much and was dedicated and committed to his work. Some of the schools he taught include Lebanese School, International School, The Annie Walsh Memorial School and Limount College where he was until his death.

He loved his music and was a very good bandsman at the Sierra Leone Grammar School. He enjoyed playing the organ and was organists at various churches in Freetown; to name a few - College Chapel, Bethel West African Methodist Circular Road, All Saints, St. Martins, Sacred

Heart Cathedral. He hardly stayed in one place at a time and was thus considered an all-rounder thus he got name 'goat foot'. He loved his church and was an ardent Christian. He would always remind us of what our parents used to say to us: 'Never forget the pattern of the home which is prayer as that is what we have to build upon'.

Within the family, Peter always tries to keep people together. He had pet names for everybody in the family which we all took with a smile. He had respect for everybody and even calls me Uncle Dan or Uncle D even though I am the youngest in the family. I remember those days when we used to play ludo at home until late into the night and Peter would always wait for the last game to be played, waiting for the person to take last position as he would come out with a song to sing you to bed such as 'the boat tote the pep'. We all took it with smiles and everybody would eagerly wait for that instance looking for who would come last in the last game before going to bed. It was always great fun to be around Bra Peter as you never get bored.

Peter went to bed on the night of 1st February 2012 hoping to wake up the next morning to continue his sojourn on earth. However, the stinging hand of death touched him and snatched him away from us all at the not so ripe age of 58. So cruel you are to us Mr. Death and no one is yet to understand you. What then is life to us all? Henry Wadsworth Longfellow gives some answers to that in his Psalm of life:

*'Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem*

*Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art; to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.*

*Trust no future, however pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, - act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'er head.*

*Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And, departing lives behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.*

*Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.'*

Depart dear brother Peter from this world in peace. Go tell mama and papa how you have left us as they will be singing to welcome you in that beautiful shore.

'May the choir of angels lead you into paradise and at thy coming may the martyrs receive you; And with Lazarus who was once poor, may you find eternal rest.'

'Rest eternal grant unto him Oh Lord, and may light perpetual shine upon him'