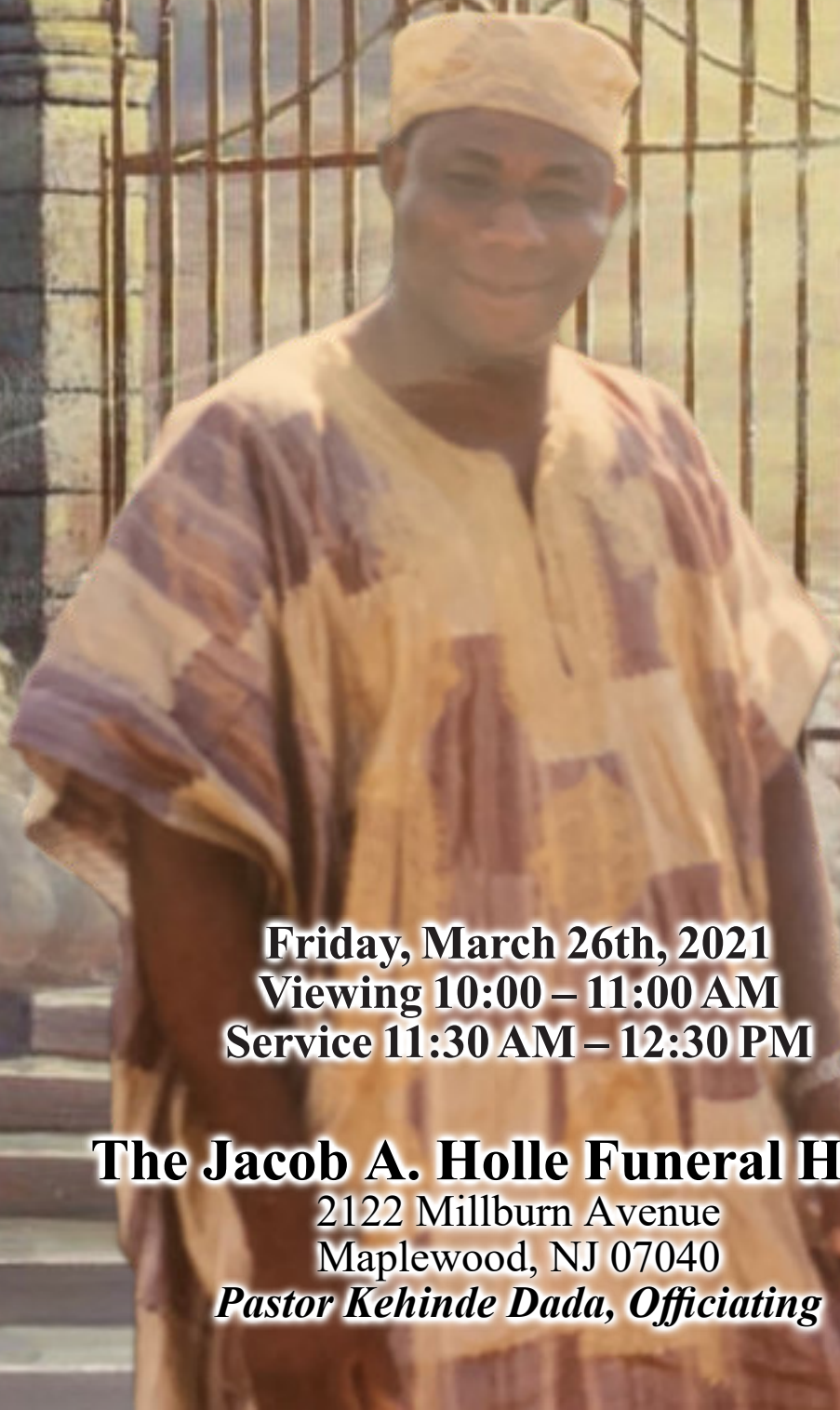


In Loving Memory of
Elder Kenneth Lamidi Mustapha

Sunrise
August 28, 1951

Sunset
March 18, 2021



Friday, March 26th, 2021
Viewing 10:00 – 11:00 AM
Service 11:30 AM – 12:30 PM

The Jacob A. Holle Funeral Home

2122 Millburn Avenue
Maplewood, NJ 07040

Pastor Kehinde Dada, Officiating





Order of Service



Opening Prayer

Call to Worship

1st Bible Reading - 2 Corinthians 5:1,6-10

1st Congregational Hymn - Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Tributes (Family & Friends)

2nd Bible Reading - 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18

2nd Congregational Hymn - How Great Thou Art

Message

3rd Congregational Hymn - Blessed Assurance

Prayer for the family

Benediction





Biography



The late Elder Kenneth Lamidi Mustapha was born on August 28, 1951, to Amos Ayinde Mustapha and Adjoa Mustapha, all of blessed memory.

He began schooling in Accra, Ghana and graduated from the University of Cape Coast in 1977. He went on to pursue his first Master's degree in Educational Management at Ogun State University, Nigeria. In 1995, he earned a second Master's degree from St. Peter's College. Several years later, in 2002, he earned a third Master's degree from NJCU in Special Education. He began his teaching career at St. Mary's Secondary School, Accra, Ghana. While in Ghana, he taught for a few years, married the late Mrs. Mavis Aku Mustapha, and raised four beautiful children. As a young family, they moved to Nigeria, where after teaching for many years, he became a principal of several Secondary schools. He was a senior member of ANCOPSS (Associations of Nigeria Conference of Secondary Schools).

Many who knew him called him Mus. He was compassionate, God-fearing, a life-long avid soccer fan, and had a deep love for reading. He married to his wife Pastor (Dr.) Funmilayo after the death of his late wife. His life as an educator allowed him to be of service to all. He joined the New York Board of Education in August 2002, where he worked as a Special Education teacher/collaborative team teacher and later became the testing coordinator. After long years of service, he retired in 2017. He was committed to his craft and ensured the success of his students. He spent many summers in the classroom teaching at-risk students. As a teacher, he taught in both private and public schools. As a father, he was loving, caring, shared words of wisdom, and was always supportive. Kenneth was a loving and caring father and grandfather to all his beautiful grandchildren.

He was a devoted member of the Catholic church before joining RCCG. Elder Kenneth Mustapha, was a peace-loving man, a committed man of God, and kingdom promoter. He joined RCCG Overcomers Parish in Newark, New Jersey U.S.A on February 2000 where he served the Lord diligently. Elder Mustapha moved to support the work of the kingdom at RCCG Faith Impact Chapel Bloomfield New Jersey and eventually joined his wife at RCCG Rehoboth Chapel Elizabeth, New Jersey where he co-pastored with his wife until his death.

On March 18th, after a brief illness, Elder Kenneth Mustapha went to be with the Lord and left behind his wife Pastor Fumilayo Mustapha, and his four (4) children: Babatunde Mustapha, Adewale Mustapha, Sheri Rouleau, Aderonke Mustapha, nine (9) grandchildren, brothers, sisters, two sons-in-law, two daughters-in-law, nephews, nieces. May his gentle soul rest in perfect peace.

Precious Memories



Precious Memories



Kind Words For Kenneth

It will be hard for me to put into words how much Kenneth meant to me and how much I will miss him. When God was making men into husbands, he saved a special man for me. My love was a fantastic man. He was the perfect gentleman and was full of energy. He was kind, loving, friendly, cheerful, and funny. He was my prayer and bible study partner, which was a time we both cherished on a daily basis. He would also join me in evangelizing once a while. This is surely a time that I will miss dearly.

The most important vocation in Mr. Kenneth's life was his service to God. When a new parish was setup, he volunteered to go support the pastor in the running of the church. He did this with no hesitation and when he was asked to perform a task, he did it with joy and humility. In a way, these actions were repaid when we started Rehoboth Chapel. We got many volunteers that helped with setting up the church in the same way that he previously did.

Ken was the mentor, motivator, and the glue for the people he loved. He loved making people happy, to the point that he would give the shirt off of his back just to bring joy to someone else. He was always ready to give a helping hand at home, in my professional life, and with the ministry. This correlates with his passion for teaching and his value for education.

1 Thessalonians 4:14 states, "For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring him those who have fallen asleep." My friend, my husband, my love, olowo ori mi, oko mi, I will miss you, but I know we will meet again.

My Hero, My Friend, My Dad...

I am short of words and yet to recover from the shock of you not being here anymore. I never thought you would leave us this soon. I remember calling to tell you to be strong for your grandchildren and us. You gave me your word that you will be ok and go home soon... Who are we to question God? Daddy, you were my hero, a strong man, my mentor, and a wonderful and caring father. Put quite simply; you were a good man, a man with a heart of gold. You were always so generous, a big-hearted giver, an intellectual, and a great educator. Daddy, all your family, near and far, benefited from your benevolence. You touched everyone's lives, both home and abroad. Daddy, the vacuum your departure has created, I don't believe anyone can ever take your place. You were always an excellent listener, ready to listen to everyone who called. Words are not enough to express what you meant to us. I remember vividly my childhood memories of our times together in Ghana and Nigeria and our conversations when you moved to the US. You were always there for us. You returned to Nigeria in 2013, and your visit brought all the Mustaphas together. We all continue to appreciate you. Daddy, you loved all your children and your grandchildren who you adored, showing us all boundless love. We will miss you dearly. Daddy, you fought a good fight, you finished your course, and kept the faith. Daddy, we love you, but Jesus loves you more. Thanks be to the Almighty God. It is a fulfilling rest you have gone to enjoy with your maker. Sleep well, daddy. We shall meet at the Lord's feet on Resurrection day. Though you are no longer here, our faith tells us we will be reunited in Christ, where we will meet to part no more. You will forever remain in our hearts. May God grant you eternal rest.

Your son,

Babatunde Mawuli Bernard Mustapha

Daddy, the Legend...

There are seasons of our lives that move us and sometimes transcend our understanding. This is one of those times. The man who stood by my siblings and me through laughter, tears, and the loss that ultimately bound us all together. My dad was one of those rare people who came into this life and had many accomplishments. He was flanked by the good money couldn't buy, us, his kids. One of my fondest memories is when I was eight years old; my dad and his best friend Mr. Adigun picked me up from the airport following my trip to my grandparents. The squeals of laughter and the excitement! I always looked forward to when he returned home from work as a little girl. I enjoyed our family trips to visit family and friends. As kids, I remember he would always play music by Ebenezer Obey and King Sunny Ade on vinyl records. He played the full Bonny M vinyl record every Christmas while my mother baked the best cakes ever. For those who knew him, I know you know the sound of his laughter. No one laughed quite like him. Through his actions, I learned and grew so much myself.

We had many conversations in which he always shared his views. As we all got older, our conversations were more candid. He went out of his way as much as he could whenever he could to support his children. My girls have fond memories of going to grandpa's and having a good time. Sometimes, when I went upstairs to pick them up, he would proudly say they ate, they are now watching tv, and when I asked what he fed them, it would be different snacks and Capri sun! We would laugh because he was happy to have had them over. He always supported our ideas and our goals. Years ago, when I began my career in education, he shared many words of wisdom. He was never afraid of hard work, and in so doing, he set one of the best examples for my siblings and me. I remember helping him grade papers and typing up tests and quizzes for him. I remember how much he would relish all the meals I cooked for him. He took great pride in all our accomplishments. You will be missed, your example of hard work will be missed, and your laughter will forever be missed. I am thankful for the time God blessed you with, to have shared the stories we shared, even the bumps in the road. Yes, even those. I will always think of you as smiling and happy. While you've gone to be with the Lord, I know that peace that surpasses all understanding is what he has blessed you with as you rest. So, we take comfort in this verse, "The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit Psalm 34:18." Rest peacefully in the bosom of the Lord. Sun re Ó, Damfira Due, Yaa wor ojogban.

Your daughter, Sheri

Kind Words For Kenneth

My Hero, My All, My Dad...

My father has always been there for me. Growing up as a child, he was my role model. I didn't have to look far when I needed counsel because he was always there, ready to listen, give me sound advice, encourage me and always cheer me on in all that I did. We shared so many fond memories, and I have so many fond memories of him. My dad was always just a phone call away.

Many things made me cherish our relationship, from our times together to the errands we ran together, sometimes teasing each other and our almost daily conversations about everything, life, politics, career, and my siblings. I always had comfort and felt good just connecting with my dad. I remember when he called me to tell me my picture was in the New York Times during one of the most important days of my career. He beamed with pride and kept a copy. I will miss buying books we enjoyed; it was always me buying one for you and one for myself. As we always did, after we read our books, we would dive into long conversations about the book for hours. These were moments I enjoyed so much with my dad. Speaking of sports, he always had something smart and witty to say about names and the teams we often chatted about during our conversations. He always asked me when I would go back to school for my Masters, and when I'll give him another grandchild. I always told him, "he has more than enough grandchildren." I remember always calling him on the weekends, knowing very well he was watching his soccer matches and knowing he will tell me to call back. I will miss that.

My dad was devoted to the Lord, a loving father, and a caring Grandpa. He was a generous man. Words cannot describe how much I miss him and how much I love him. My dad was my rock. My dad was my everything. This hurts so much, but as he always said, "Wale, God says he can't promise tomorrow; however, he will grant us everlasting life in his Kingdom." I take solace and comfort in that. He is with the Lord. May God bless my father's soul, and may he rest in eternal peace with the Lord.

Your son, Wale.

A Father Like No Other...

Gone too soon but never forgotten. How I loved him so! He was my rock, my father, and my best friend. No one can ever heal this gaping hole I feel. A huge part of me is forever gone. I thank God for choosing Daddy for me. He is more than gold; a true gem. I will always cherish and value him. I have so many fond memories of my father. I remember always coming home from work; we would have great conversations about our day and then watch the news together. I loved cooking him his favorite meals and bringing them over on Sundays because he looked forward to them. He was always punctual, and I am not. I remember when he promised to reward me if I made it on time to different places, especially church. Moments like that are what I will miss the most.

I will miss our conversations and the jokes we shared. His laughter was music to my ears. He always looked for the best in people, and I got that from him. He was never judgmental and always forgiving. You were a great teacher. Your lessons and your legacy will live on forever. I am so grateful to God for blessing me with all the years I had with him. All your grandchildren loved you, and you will always live in our hearts, forever. Fly High Daddy. Rest in eternal peace with the Lord.

Your daughter, Ronke

From your grandchildren...

The best grandpa there ever was...

Our grandpa was like a best friend to us all, and we were his friends too. Our grandpa was a great man, father, and an awesome grandpa. He would take us on car rides, mostly to BJs and church. Sometimes we went out to lunch after church. Those were fun times with grandpa. He sometimes dropped us off at dance class and took care of us when our parents had to run errands. In the car, when Imani was finally old enough to sit in the front, he would always say, "you can turn on your FM, or you can turn on your station." He would always listen to 1010 Wins. Sometimes he would hum and sing in the passenger, and grandpa would hum because he didn't remember the words to some of the songs but remembered the melody. In the months since the pandemic began, we would visit grandpa and log on to our virtual classes, and we would always keep grandpa busy. Though we would yell and bicker amongst each other, he was always patient with us. There were times when we would just ask him endless questions, and he would always answer us. He was always interested in our report cards and always had words of advice. He always enjoyed having us around, and we loved spending time with grandpa.

As grandchildren, we knew our grandpa as loving, kind, gentle, and caring. Grandpa always knew how to cheer us up and comfort us. He never raised his voice at us; instead, he showed us so much love. We will all cherish the fond memories of grandpa. We know you are watching over us. Rest in Peace, Grandpa. We love you to the moon and back.

Imani, Adebayo, Adeayo, Adewole, KJ, Olivia Sky, Maylee, Emma, Cameron

Your actions were always kind. A generous hand and an active mind. Anxious to please and loath to offend. A loving brother and faithful friend. I will miss you greatly. No one to call me CHETO anymore.

Till we meet to part no more.

Adieu, my little brother.

Idris Mustapha

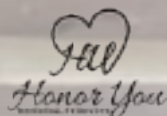
Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see
Was Grace that taught my heart to fear
And Grace, my fears relieved
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed
Through many dangers, toils and snares
We have already come
T'was Grace that brought us safe thus far
And Grace will lead us home
And Grace will lead us home
Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now am found
Was blind but now I see
Was blind, but now I see

Vote of Thanks

The Mustapha family will like to thank all our family and friends, near and far for joining us during this difficult time, and express our special gratitude to The Redeemed Christian Church of God Overcomers family, the pastorate and members for their love, support prayer and gift at this time. It is our prayer that God will continuously bless his church, in Jesus name, Amen

Professional Arrangements Entrusted to:
The Jacob A. Holle Funeral Home
2122 Millburn Avenue
Maplewood, NJ 07040



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