

In Loving Memory

On February 15, 2022, our dear son, brother, father and uncle, Peter Lewis Mohawk, age 56 returned to our Heavenly Father. Born on June 21, 1965 in St. Cloud, MN to Lewis and Patricia (Stoeckel) Mohawk. Peter was a graduate of Apollo High School, St. Cloud, MN. Peter attended St. Cloud University for one year and then went on to serve his country in the Air Force for four years as an MP. He then went on to attend the Area Vocational Technical Institute of St. Cloud where he attained a degree in Computer Science, which led to a 25 year career in Computer Programing. Most recently, Peter became a long-haul trucker.

Peter had a passion for history and truly loved traveling throughout the United States. In high school, Peter was on the swim team where he excelled in several events, earning his place on the high school record board, even to this day. One of Peter's first loves was music. He was proficient on the guitar and could play piano by ear as well as being a gifted singer. He loved many artists like The Bee Gees, ELO, The Cars, Gordon Lightfoot, Buddy Holly and Elton John. The Beatles being his favorite.

Peter was funny, generous, kind, and tender hearted. He was always willing to offer his musical gifts to anyone who asked. Peter's creative spirit expressed itself in diverse disciplines including: music, interior, and architectural design and cooking. He also had a strong passion for computers and learned how to build them from scratch and even programmed his own computer games. Peter had a strong connection with animals and especially loved his many dogs and cats throughout the years.

In 1992 Peter married Jennifer Knese. They were blessed with two beautiful daughters: Carolyn Patricia Mohawk and Crystal Jennifer Mohawk of St. Paul, MN. In 2006 Peter married Catherine Gravenstein and was honored to welcome stepson Lukas Gravenstein into the Mohawk family. Peter was a devoted husband and father. Loyal to all. He was a member of the Brotherton Indian Nation of Wisconsin.

Preceding him in death were his grandparents, Lewis and Alyce Mohawk, grandparents Harold and Ina Stoeckel, nephew, Rylan Saez, and his father Lewis F. Mohawk.

His love and life will be cherished forever by: his mother, Patricia Mohawk of Alexandria, MN, daughters Carolyn and Crystal Mohawk of St. Paul, MN, step-son Lukas Gravenstein, his brother Mark (Katie) Mohawk of Onamia, MN, sisters Juli (David) Ilchert of Alexandria, MN, and Shiela (Jeff) Noble of Big Sandy, TN, as well as many nieces, nephews, and his two granddogs.

"I lived a life of music, I loved with all my heart, I laughed with all my soul, I fought with all my strength, I left with my dear Lord."



Peter Lewis Mohawk

1965 ~ 2022

Should You Go First

*Should you go first and I remain to walk the road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden dear, with happy days we have known.
In Spring I'll wait for the roses red, when fades the lilac blue;
In early Fall when brown leaves fall, I'll catch a glimpse of you.*

*Should you go first and I remain to finish with the stroll,
No lengthening shadows shall creep in to make this life seem dull.
We've known so much happiness, we've known our cup of joy,
And memory is one gift of God that death can not destroy.*

*Should you go first and I remain for battles to be fought,
Each thing you have touched along the way will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile, though blindly I may grope,
The memory of your helping hand will bouy me on with hope.*

*Should you go first and I remain one thing I'd have you do:
Walk slowly down the path of death for one day I'll follow you.
I'll want to know each step you take, that I may walk the same,
For some day down that lonely road you'll hear me call your name.*



In Memory of **Peter Lewis Mohawk**

June 21, 1965 † February 15, 2022

Celebration Of Life

Anderson Funeral Home

Alexandria, Minnesota

Friday, February 25, 2022

2:00 PM

Officiant

Deb Hadley

Native American Prayer

I give you this, one thought to keep.
I am with you still, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sunlight on the ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush,
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not think of me as gone -
I am with you still, in each new dawn.