



Arthur Jack Peterson

August 31, 1941 - June 11, 2022

Arthur Jack Peterson passed away June 11, 2022, in St. George, Utah at age 80. He was born in San Francisco, California to Lyl and Arthur Peterson who moved to Eveleth, Minnesota when he was 5. Art enjoyed his time growing up in northern Minnesota where he played golf, went fishing, and became an avid hockey fan. As a young adult he moved to northern California where he met and married his first wife, Joanne Maria Sacco, and had one daughter, Michelle. Later divorced, Art met and married Christine Fleming to whom he was happily married for over 30 years. During the last two years of his life in St. George he enjoyed long hikes and playing golf throughout the area. He is survived by his daughter Michelle, son-in-law Eric Brosinski, grandsons Ethan and Ryan, as well as his stepson Chaz Templeton. He will be greatly missed.

Tribute Wall

“ Memories – Butch Peterson

Here are my good memories of Art Peterson, always known to me as “Butch”.

Assigned to rooms near each other in Douglas Houghton Hall at Michigan Tech, we met in the fall of 1959, and soon became good friends.

Following college, Butch settled to work in St. Louis, Missouri, while I joined the Oldsmobile Division of General Motors in Lansing, Michigan. Before either of us were married, I drove to St. Louis twice. The first time, Butch showed me around, including a ballgame, a Budweiser Brewery tour, and a view of the Arch, not quite finished. I have a picture showing a gap at the top.

On a second trip, we drove on together to a golf resort on Mississippi’s Gulf Coast. Golf, an ocean fishing charter, and a side trip to New Orleans were highlights of that trip.

In June of 1967, Butch came to Michigan to be part of my wedding in Mt. Pleasant. He stayed a couple nights at the Lansing house we had rented to move into following the wedding. When my bride and I headed north on our honeymoon, Butch had to deal with some flooding at the house, due to a torrential rain.

After Butch’s relocation to the West Coast, our communication was reduced to birthday and Christmas cards and the notes therein. In those ancient times, “long distance” phone calls were considered a real luxury by most of us, so there was not a lot of actual talking.

In the past 15 years, I met Butch and Chrissy in Chicago twice, once for a tour of Wrigley Field, and once for a Cubs game. Great fun, and I really liked Chrissy.

The past few years have been more frequent calls and texts with pictures. These are where I heard Butch's tales of heavy snows in Sonora, the illness and loss of Chrissy, the move to Utah and all the attractions of that area, and finally the homeopathic medicine techniques Butch was using to fight his cancer. To the end he had a very positive outlook on his remaining time, and often spoke of his many good friends and experiences through his AA connections.

Sixty three years of friendship is a long while. I miss you, Good Buddy.

*Larry Doyle
Grand Ledge, MI*

Larry Doyle - August 01, 2022 at 03:25 PM

BF

*“ I was a friend of his in college and he always beat me at cards.
Good guy. Bill Ford*

Bill Ford - June 30, 2022 at 09:11 PM