

Douglas Brent Petersen

June 27, 1957 ~ April 20, 2023

To Endure All Things I was wearing this tee-shirt, Doug Petersen #1, I live in California, you want make a Californian mad, they must do the Google search in their sleep! Douglas Brent Petersen I knew as an infant, we played with each other's toys. I grew up with you, we learned and taught each other the most important things of life. We did crazy things together, you even became a man with a multitude of responsibilities. Let's call these responsibilities, Hats! I remember scouting trips, we went on. Fishing experiences, that time you took a different path. We prayed, we even fasted for your safe return. If I could, I would say Rabbi, Meastro Le vantarse, de tu cama, (Teacher, Master, get up from thy bed!) doing it by the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood! Teach us more, share your loving disposition with us, those childish pranks, your quick-wittedness of your forever loving remarks, especially that memorable childish gren, that would make me smile, cement an acknowledgement, reaffirming the lessons learned! You've come back to us once! Come back to us again! In so doing not my will but thy will be done, dear Lord! Now, the Hintze Family and the Petersen Families know the name of that kid that drove that 1970 Gran Torino into that ill-fated GTR Gran Torino Roll. I met with Mark and Robyn at the Huntsman Institute several years back, I asked for forgiveness, a lifetime of grief for that whimsical teenage idea of driving that fast in that car. Robyn, with Mark right there next to her, God bless their ever loving soles, said "It's not like that! We tell it at every Petersen reunion, you know how big the Petersen's are?" In homage of blessings rendered!" In our reminiscing a month or so ago, I told Doug that I thought we had rolled, three times. Doug said,"Don it had to have been five or more times!" See I only think it was three times we rolled because of being knocked out! Doug reaffirmed to me that he knew it was more than three times. That wasn't reassuring to my guilt and a lifetime of anguish. Honestly! If you couldn't have the Savior with you, my two best friends, future Bishops, were mine! It's a wreck we shouldn't have walked away from! That Gran Torino Roll should have sealed our coffins. An older gentleman and his grandson who were out there shooting clay pigeons came over to see if we were alright. "I called the cops , you'd better get rid of your hash!" "What?" I said. "Your Mary Jane!" "What's that! I said again? "You know, your Marijuana?" "We don't do that, we're Mormons!" As he took a drag on his cigarette then blew it out, said "So, I'm a Mormon too!" "We're good ones! I said" We went to Japan and wrestled in a three week eleven city tour. Doug a little over a month ago told me he wished he'd done better in wrestling. I reminded him of Hickley, Sontag and Bailey. "Heck we needed you on the team! You beat the State Champion to get to go to Japan, You're a State Champion in my book!" I was called to serve in the Lord's vineyard, a world away and in one of our area conferences, a voice from the past broke the missionary chatter. Elder Christenson? Then putting emphasis on it "Don, Donald Kay!" I turned around and Elder Petersen with those big bubbling cheeks and big smile showing his

big baby whites! I think he was sent to look over me? Maybe to stop an ill fated idea. Heck! Who knows maybe he needed a new adrenaline rush? No, really I think he was sent to save me from myself! One time on a scouting trip he fell behind to tie his boots. It's better to say that then he used the latrine. He went straight up the trail when he should've turned or vice versa. We prayed for him, we fasted for him. Days later he came home safe and sound! Can you do it again my friend? Nancy, I remember that ill-fated curling scream, the one when Scott had passed. I would have never been able to forgive myself if Doug would have passed because of a car accident. Last year at the BYU Education Week I took off a day, I came to visit my good friend. I brought one of my best processions and presented it to him. There was some speculation on why I would do such a humongous gesture? It was my Marlin 45/70 lever action SBL guide gun. SBL Stands for Stainless Steel Big Loop. I gave it to him in hopes that we'd go on a bison or moose hunt together. I sent him a text; I don't consider it a gift! But rather A Token of Us Three Surviving the Impossible! It's always weighed so heavy on my mind that you, Mark and your families have embraced that event of the "Grand Torino Roll!" No blaming adolescents behavior or even lack of judgment or that ill-advised diminished thought or lack of thought process that creates a darkened fog that one can't see past for the results of their actions. Good and glorious are our abilities to invoke the powers of the Almighty! It's not an apology, not an admission of guilt! Just a thankful heart for us living in harmony with the Omnipotent One! So that so many of our Posterity wouldn't be snuffed out! Love and appreciate you all! Friend in life, mortality, throughout all Eternity and Beyond! Donald Kay Christenson, Bucksnort! I was having a bad, impressionable day. Later after much thought and reflecting I wrote this; In A Perfect World; Think Omnipotently, Omniscient & Omnipresent; Being, Actively & Present: One with GOD! One; In Might, Mind, Strength & Spirit! We have prevailed where others have not or could not! By; Donald Kay Christenson 01/04/2023 So big fella you've been called to wear another hat! I'm sure it's a Sombrero, this time. Get up! Get going! Keep going! You must be really important or needed to help the masses, never thinking of yourself! This is a voice from your past, your mission! ¡Adios amigo! ¡Hasta la Vista! Until we meet again, love you Doug I say this in the name of the Omnipotent One; who like you have done so much for so many, even Jesus Christ, Amen!

- Donald Kay Christenson

Cathy, I am so very sorry for this loss to you and your family, our community, neighborhood and Ward family. I join the many who are shocked and saddened at this sudden news of Doug's passing. It is near impossible to convey the many qualities that he possessed and shared over his short mortal life, but this tribute was beautifully written, heartfelt and sincere. We seem to start with love and end with love. May love be woven through your legacy, be your strength and constant guide. Blessing to you and yours. Respectfully yours...Jan LeCheminant

- Jan LeCheminant

So sorry for your loss...Doug was very kind to me. So glad he has a special Family. Cathy and I grew up in the same ward. We moved to St. George so we have not seen them for years. Praying for peace and comfort.

- Doyle and Susan Robinson

I am fortunate to have been blessed by Doug Petersen as my Bishop in a University of Utah student ward many years ago. His enthusiasm for anything and everything was so contagious! Just his smile on his face could give anyone encouragement, which he gave me on many occasion. He cared about everyone. He was a great example to me of devotion to God, family, and people all around him. Thank you Brother Petersen for being such an inspiring leader and friend to me!

- James Fairbanks

I send my love and prayers to his amazing wife, children and grandchildren, my heart goes out to each of you. Doug will be missed by so many. Doug was the kind of older brother you hope and pray for; he had such a contagious, positive, personality. He was the type of guy that by just saying his name, it made you smile. I was so blessed to have had him in my life, as he taught me so many valuable life lessons. He was so excited to see and hear about the adventures and successes of not only my life but of my wife and children. He was one of those people you always hoped would be showing up to family events and gatherings because you knew, without a doubt, there would be more laughing and joking around. He bought an energy that filled the room and lifted everyone's spirits. My wife had the opportunity years ago to work with Doug at his sign shop. She was so impressed with his loving heart that he extended to everyone, including the homeless that were in the area. He would spend time speaking to each of them, sometimes for hours, to make them feel seen and important. Most his customers became close friends because of his ability to be present and engaged in conversations. He truly cared about each person he spoke with, and it could be felt; this is a big reason he had so many friends that loved him. I had the opportunity to go deer hunting several times with Doug and my son. My son Drew was so excited to meet his 'New Uncle' and loved being around him. Drew to this day, says Doug was the best sharpshooter he'd ever seen. So many great memories that will live on. I love you Doug and will miss that big smile, great laugh and loving heart. Until we meet again, my brother from the same mother lol. Brett, Annie, Megan & Drew Petersen

- Brett & Annie Petersen

Dear Cathy and the Petersen Family, I first met Doug when he was the only Sophomore to play on the varsity football team at Brighton High. I was a Junior and we all realized what an incredible athlete he was. We quickly became friends as Doug made me laugh with his infectious personality and sense of humor. Growing up with you and your brother Doug as backyard neighbors, we were excited when we heard you and Pete were getting married. Through the years we worked together professionally on a few advertising projects. It was always fun to laugh and joke with Pete. He was especially kind to my Mother every time he saw her at church. May you and your family feel the peace of Christ at this time. With love, Brian Rasmussen

- Brian Rasmussen

Cathy, I am so sorry for your loss. Doug was such a great guy. I had such a nice visit with him at the open house for the new Brighton High. We had such a good time talking about our old teammates. Doug was a great teammate. I could also sense his enthusiasm for his position on the city council. I'm grateful for my faith in Gods plan for us and I pray that you will be able to feel our Father in Heaven's love for you. God bless Jay

- Jay Rasmussen

Cathy, I have so many fond memories of Doug ranging from seeing him working in the yard, teaching Priesthood lessons, HOA meetings and parties, educating on city issues, and traveling together in Greece, Turkey, and Rome. Doug was a powerful example of goodness and cheerfulness. He brought happiness wherever he went and he reflected the light of Christ in his life. He blessed countless lives in mortality and his positive influence will continue to grow in the next life. We are grateful for Doug, for you and your family.

- David Rupper

I loved Doug like a brother and considered him my best friend.our adventures chasing big bucks in the canyons above our homes and fishing together over 55 years were all memories that I will never forget. My life will not be the same with out his prank calls and the jokes he was always pulling on me. But one thing I know with out a doubt

is Doug will be with all of us on all of our adventures left in our lives. My heart and prayers go out to Cathy and all the Petersen family. Scott Miltenberger Friend

- Scott Miltenberger

I saw spirits Doug mark Scott Michael Jesus Christ ropes white gold

- Laura Petersen