



**Funeral
Service
for
Robert
George
Peterson**

**Holy Trinity Lutheran Church
Minneapolis, Minnesota**

September 27, 2020

1:00 p.m.

Funeral Service

for

Robert George Peterson



BORN September 2, 1930
DIED August 26, 2020
Age: 89

PRECEDED IN DEATH BY:

Parents, George and (Inga) Emelia Peterson
Sister, Lucile Peterson Guss

SURVIVED BY:

Niece, Mary Guss
Nephew, David Gusakov (wife Anne Wallace, sons Nate and Will)
Lyncy Yang and Chang Kong

Robert George Peterson

Robert George Peterson of St. Paul died August 26, 2020, one week shy of his 90th birthday.

He is survived by his niece Mary Guss, of Tucson, Arizona, nephew David Gusakov, his wife Anne Wallace, their sons Nate Gusakov and Will Gusakov and their families, all of Bristol, Vermont. He is also survived by Lyncy Yang and Chang Kong of St. Paul, and many friends he has known for decades.

Although he'd been retired for almost as many years as he worked, Robert enjoyed his working life as the city traffic engineer for the City of St. Paul. A drive around town with him often included comments about how poorly the traffic signals were set or how silly the lane striping was. One of the projects he most cherished from his work was the construction of the beautiful brick streets around Rice Park.

Robert was born in St. Paul on September 2, 1930, to George and (Inga) Emelia Peterson. During his early years, the family lived on the west side, later moving to the house on Palace Avenue built by his father George. He graduated from Central High School, the University of Minnesota, and attended a year of traffic school at Yale University. Robert served briefly in the military, stationed at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.

An avid golfer, Robert also flew small planes for many years, and was a huge fan of classical music. He particularly loved the sound of a pipe organ. One of his most recent trips was to Philadelphia to listen to the historical Wanamaker Organ. With his clear tenor voice, Robert sang in the church choir and other musical productions. He seldom missed his morning "roll time" and sure did love his sweets—chocolate was not safe in the same room with him.

Robert was extremely generous to his many friends, his family, and the community. It was almost impossible to manage to pay for a meal when you dined out with him, though many of us tried.

In lieu of other memorials, Robert asked that contributions be made to the charity of your choice.

PREACHER
ASSISTING MINISTER
ORGANIST
REMEMBRANCES

Pastor Ingrid Rasmussen
John Buzza
David Sims
Mary Guss and David Gusakov

SPECIAL MUSIC

Come Sweet Death
(Komm, süsßer Tod)

J. S. Bach

SENDING

+COMMENDATION

Let us commend Robert to the mercy of God, our maker and redeemer.

Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your servant, Robert Peterson. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light.

Amen.

+BENEDICTION

The God of all grace, who calls us to eternal glory in Christ, renew, strengthen, and bless you by the power of the Holy Spirit, now and forever.

Amen.

+DISMISSAL

Let us go forth in peace, in the name of Christ.

Amen.

+INSTRUMENTAL HYMN

Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen

POSTLUDE

Ashokan Farewell

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GATHER

+invites the congregation to stand

PRELUDE

Requiem Aeternam and Kyrie from REQUIEM, op. 9

Maurice Duruflé

sung by Holy Trinity choirs

directed by Ann Schrooten

+THANKSGIVING FOR BAPTISM

Welcome in the name of Jesus, the Savior of the world. We are gathered to worship, to proclaim Christ crucified and risen, to remember before God our brother, Robert Peterson, to give thanks for his life, to commend him to our merciful redeemer, and to comfort one another in our grief.

When we were baptized in Christ Jesus, we were baptized into his death. We were buried therefore with him by baptism into death, so that as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Creator, we too might live a new life. For if we have been united with him in a death like his, we shall certainly be united with him in a resurrection like his.

+INSTRUMENTAL HYMN

O, Day Full of Grace

+GREETING

The grace of Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

And also with you.

+PRAYER

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you today our brother, Robert. We thank you for giving him to us to know and love as a companion in our pilgrimage on earth. In your boundless compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith to see that death has been swallowed up in the victory of Jesus Christ, so that we may live in confidence and hope until, by your call, we are gathered to our heavenly home in the company of all your saints; through Jesus Christ, our Savior. **Amen.**

REMEMBRANCES

Mary Guss, niece

David Gusakov, nephew

SPECIAL MUSIC

Fly, Robert, Fly

Nathan Wallace-Gusakov

*Bound to earth as a Peterson,
You came across as a straight-up Minnesota man.
But oh, there was a twinkle in those blue eyes!*

*Blue like the sky above,
Blue like the skies you loved,
I'll never forget you showing me how to fly.*

Fly, Robert, Fly...

*You always had your ducks in a row,
But hit the fairway or the runway and off you'd go.
You were sort of the gentlest wild soul I've ever known.*

*Did you have to let a dream or two die?
Did you get your fill of the clear blue sky?
Now it's time to leave it all behind, let it go.*

Fly, Robert, Fly...

WORD

READINGS

*Psalm 150
Colossians 3:12-17*

+GOSPEL

John 10:1-10

Word of God; word of life. **Thanks be to God.**

SERMON

INSTRUMENTAL HYMN

If We Believe that Jesus Died

+PRAYERS

Holy and beloved, with the whole people of God in Christ Jesus, let us pray for the church God calls, the world God loves, and all of God's good creation.

Come near to us, O God. Sweep into this community and fill us again with the power of the Holy Spirit that moved over the deep before time began. Give us vision. Inspire us to dream dreams. God of light,

Hear our prayer.

It's all yours—the earth and the sky, the sun and the moon, the wild animals, and everything that creeps upon the ground. We give you glory for Minnehaha Creek and Minnehaha Falls, for Lake Superior and the Mississippi River, for cloud and rain, for dew and snow. God of light,

Hear our prayer.

Today, we give you thanks for the power of stories—stories that allow us to connect, to remember, to grieve, and to rejoice. God of light,

Hear our prayer.

Into the tender cracks in our lives, your mercy flows. In our sickness, our worry, our addiction, and our grief, remind us that the power of Christ dwells in us richly, deeply. Help us to trust that this promise is true, particularly for those we love who need your healing this day. Your grace is sufficient for them, for us. God of light,

Hear our prayer.

In your mercy, teach us to receive each breathing day with gentleness and grace. Open our hands to touch the world tenderly. May our faces be signs of the joy you take in all you have made. And, when it comes time for us to lay our heads down, may your peace fill us. God of light,

Hear our prayer.

God of all grace, make us certain that because Christ lives we shall live also, and that neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come, will be able to separate us from your love in Christ Jesus, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

Amen.

Please be seated.