

Celebrating the Life of

Mike Peterson



Funeral Service

Saturday, August 30, 2025 - 11:00 AM
Tyler Alliance Church
Tyler, Minnesota

Officiating

Rev. Wayde Kenneke

Scripture

Deuteronomy 32:7
Philippians 1:21-23; 3:20-21
John 11:17-37

Pianist and Song Leader

Joslynn Drietz (Granddaughter)

Special Music

"Highlands" recorded by Hillsong United
"The Blessing" recorded by Kari Jobe

Honorary Urn Bearers

Mike's beloved grandchildren and great-grandchildren

Urn Bearer

Michael Alan Rode (Grandson)

*Following the service, friends are invited to join the family for food
and sharing in the fellowship hall.*

Please scan the QR Code to view Mike's LifeTribute.
Arrangements under the care of

HARTQUIST FUNERAL HOME



Celebrating THE Life OF



Michael Peterson

April 11, 1952 - August 25, 2025

Michael LeRoy Peterson was born April 11, 1952 to LeRoy Elmer and Helen Loretta (Tschacher) Peterson on a kitchen table; during a snowstorm, in a cozy little house on a farm outside Gary, South Dakota. He had an idyllic childhood; both on the farm, having many wonderful adventures with his sister Linda, and later in town when they moved across from the new school, coincidentally not far from his cherished grandparents, Joe and Katherine Tschacher's barn and home. In the meantime, four more siblings joined the family. The baby being his brother Jon making the boys vs. girls evenly matched.

He attended and graduated from Gary High School excelling as a basketball player and an all star "bare foot kicker" football player. After high school he went to work west river— at first building bridges, which his little brother Jerry fondly recalls the wild adventures they had when he visited him near Chamberlain; and later on to the Black Hills to work as a logger in the National Forest. He grew his hair long and his baby sister, Julie, always said that Mike was her favorite hippie. He met and married Terry Moore and while living and working in Hill City, he also played on the Ice Man baseball team. He made many great, lifelong friends in the Black Hills and also developed his love of rockhounding.

He and Terry and their two oldest daughters moved into a renovated train depot outside of Gary and they went on to have three more bouncing bundles of joy. He bought his house in Tyler on auction, which was old and had survived the tornado that had wiped out more than half the town, more than half a century earlier— and worked hard to fix it up and move his family in. Sometime later, Terry moved to Marshall and eventually the girls went to live with her and got to visit their dad every other weekend, most of summer breaks, and holidays.

He went out of his way to attend all of their concerts and would even come visit the school with their pet parrot or bring some of his rocks. On Sundays, he would take his girls to Gary to have a roast dinner with Grandma Helen after attending church in Tyler. If they went on Saturday instead, they might have stopped at P.K. Egans for pizza, coat button fries, and a pitcher of Cherry Coke, Mason's Station for some ice cream cones, or the Marble Store for some games of pool... And then on to Grandma's house! Stopping by great-grandma Kate's when she and her beautiful barn were still around.

He was a wonderful father and took his girls on expeditions to the Black Hills at least once a summer. They were 'working' vacations where half the time was spent helping dad find rocks—round rocks in fields near Eagle Butte for him to bust with a hammer to see if there was a geode or even an ammonite or scaphite inside; going to their namesake hills, teepee canyon or Pringle to find agates; or stopping by a newly dug up road construction site and finding watermelon tourmaline. One year a daughter found a special ammonite and "sold it" to the Black Hills Institute of Geological Research for t-shirts and troll dolls that declared "Save Sue" (the T-Rex of controversy). Then they all made a hike up what was then Harney Peak, met a few llamas on the trail, and took pictures at the top in their new t-shirts.

The rest of vacation time was spent doing what his daughters consider magical things like swimming at places like Evans Plunge, Sheridan Lake, the Missouri River, or Little Falls Canyon where they could dive off the cliffs, ride the waterfall, and pick up garnets with their toes. There was riding turtles at Reptile Gardens; levitating at Cosmos; driving the Pigtail Bridges and switchback roads in Custer State Park; volksmarching to the face of Crazy Horse (do NOT throw rocks); visiting places like Storybook Island, Dinosaur Park, and Skyline Drive while staying with Dan "the Man" Mckaskel in Rapid City; hanging around Keystone with Karen and her kids at the Rock Shop; or staying outside of Hill City with his best logging friend Ken.

The best times were visiting Halley's 1880 Store run by his friend Bob, where there was always a few quick phone calls—"Mike's here"—and not too much later a pick-up game of a long running Pinochle match. Mike developed his love for Pinochle at his parent's table and always loved to play on the holidays with his relatives. Halley's has changed a lot; it's a restaurant and bar now run by Bob's kids. When Dad took his last trip to the Black Hills with some of his family last year, it still had the same loving charm and a buffalo shot by Bill Cody himself. He was pleased that he got to visit with Bob yet sad he was unable to see other friends, many whom have left this earth some time ago.

Life back in Tyler was wonderful too. Mike always got a family pool pass and would get tire tractor inner tubes to bring to Splash Night. Those inner tubes were also a trampoline and a rolling device in his backyard that was often filled with neighborhood kids. There were cribbage tournaments, arts and crafts, lawn games, and always music. He had a smaller garden then. Now, Mike's garden fills up most of the backyard and back, backyard. He grew plants of every kind—veggies, fruits, flowers—and they flourished with all the hard work and love he poured into them through the years; just like he has done with his daughters.

Mike was at various times working on the railroad, assistant professing at SMSU, milking cows or being a handyman fixing and painting houses, building decks, and even doing custom stone masonry; showcasing those skills on his sister Trudy's house.

He was a historian, a guitarist, a poet, a painter, a potter, a Jeopardy whiz, an avid collector of all things 'neat', a weather and sky watcher, and a prayer warrior. He had a great love for the Lord. His favorite verses being "You have not, because you ask not" and "Ask and it will be given to you." Mike had a faith that would move mountains!

He always had a story to tell or an adventure to share. He was a wonderful teacher and a good shepherd who passed down his love of music, nature, people, and God to all of his heirs.

He was an extraordinary man and led an extraordinary life! He was a very proud grandfather and loved to show up and support his grandkids. He loved meeting and spending time with, or just seeing pictures of, all his great-grandkids and there are too many beautiful, beloved memories to share here. He will be forever cherished.

Hurrah for Mike! It's not goodbye, it's see you later. By Jesus' stripes we are healed. Amen!

He will be greatly missed by his daughters Jessica LaNae (Brandon) Merrill, Jennifer Marie Olson (Mark Oberg), Melissa Katherine (Alan) Rode, Angeleah Joy Peterson, Yolanda Rachele (Dustin) Drietz; his grandchildren Patience (Noah), Tiana (Mike), Trinity, Tim, Isabelle (Keagan), Constance, Andre, Allyson (Chase), Charlie, Freya, Tessa(Devin), Allyssa, Michael, Camden, Sawyer, Piper, Taleigha, Dakota, Joslynn, Jenaya, Breanna, Aliyah, Ashlynn, Kaylee, and Kloe; great-grandchildren Madden, Jayden, Parker, Lincoln, Clementine, Evelyn, Leo, Kylon, with another great on the way; siblings Linda Weir, Jerry (Georgia)Peterson, Trudy (Kevin) Huber, Julie Collins, and Jon (Michelle) Peterson; and many other family and friends.

He was preceded in death by his parents; grandparents; brothers-in-law Jack Weir, Jim Sieve, and Ardell Collins; many beloved aunts and uncles; and a stillborn son he named Joshua. Hallelujah! Jubilee!