



William Alan Petersen

April 11, 1944 - October 19, 2024

William Alan Petersen, 80, of Aubrey, TX went to be with the Lord on Saturday, October 19, 2024. Born on April 11, 1944 in Grand Island, NE, he was son to Walter A. and Hilda E. (Strate) Petersen, whom both preceded him in death, and brother to three sisters, one of whom, Patricia A. McIntyre Stevens preceded him in death. He grew up on nearby farms working at an early age hiring out to other farmers, fertilizer companies, truck stops, grocery stores, and hotels.

After graduating from Grand Island Senior High in 1962, he spent four years in the United States Air Force. After discharge, he moved to Lompoc, CA and began a long career in telemetry backup for Cape Canaveral launches and protection of our country from overseas attack. He continued his education earning both a Bachelor's and Master's degree.

Upon retiring he moved to Santa Rosa, CA to be with the love of his life Sharon and her two daughters, Terressa and Allisen. After Sharon's passing, he relocated to Aubrey, TX to be near family. There he found good neighbors and a cat named Charley.

Survivors include his eldest sister, Loretta L. Petersen of Irving, TX, youngest sister, Deanna Petersen Birdsong and her husband Alburt (Barry) Birdsong; only nephew, Beau Birdsong and wife Jodie and their sons, Braylon and

Brantley; and several cousins.

He will be missed by many including, Sharon's daughters, Terressa Whiteaker and Allisen West; life long friend, Marie Anthony and family; and Air Force friends, Bob Burns of Dallas, OR, Robert King of Tempe, AZ, and John Moser of Gilbert, AZ.

Inurnment will be held in Grand Island, NE at a later date. Online condolences may be shared at www.slaymemorialfuneralhome.com.

The family requests that donations in Bill's memory be made to the handicapped society of your choice in his honor.

Arrangements are under the direction of Terri Slay and Slay Memorial Funeral Center.

Tribute Wall



“ *Marie Anthony lit a candle in memory of William Alan Petersen*



Marie Anthony - November 04, 2024 at 07:57 PM

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“ William Petersen was Uncle Pete to us. He has a special place in my heart and I hold dear the memories I have with him. We met when I was only 3 in 1974. My father and he met while working at Vandenburg AFB and soon realized we were neighbors living in Lompoc, then soon to be neighbors in Santa Maria in the same Country Club development for several years. As a matter of fact, he helped my father secure that house with a loan and he became family to us.

We grew up having Uncle Pete over for family dinners every weekend and every other weekend he would take us all out for dinner. Especially birthdays. I was always excited for my Birthday dinners with Uncle Pete, for years, he never missed a birthday, holiday or vacation until I moved out of the house at 17. One of my fondest memories growing up was our long family drives up and down the coast in his Cadillac. I still have and wear the necklace he gave me money for to buy when I was in Hawaii when I was 15. Countless memories I have of an honorable, selfless man.

Through out the years we kept in touch. Our last visit in person was way back in 2005 or so. He drove to visit me from TX to SLC, Ut and I had made him a nice Santa Maria Style BBQ dinner just like my mother use to do when he would come over. He returned some drawings I had drew for him that he had kept since the late 70's. I remember them as if I drew them yesterday. He had kept them all this time. That meant a lot to me.

After that we'd be in and out of touch until a couple of years ago, after his accident, we got back in touch regularly. As an adult I had a chance to touch base back into my childhood memories with him. He was such a selfless man. Always was there for people when they needed him. He was always there for me as a little girl. As an adult, he helped me understand my childhood wounds I had with my family and made some confirmations that I needed to hear about my past. He always recognized me for who I was and always encouraging me to do things with my art. He was one of a very few

positive adult figures in my life.

After having what I thought was having to saying goodbye a couple of times within the last couple of years was rough. I wanted to be there for him to talk to when he was lonely, or going through something with his health. It was hard to hear him suffer. He didn't deserve that. I thought for somer reason we had more time this last time around. He had called me on my birthday on Oct 13th but he didn't realize it was my birthday. It didn't matter to me. He made me feel like we had more time to talk. But we didn't. I told him I was going to try to call back with my sister , but I didn't get back in time. I am so sorry. I think about it every day.

I love you my Uncle Pete. May you rest easy now. I will always think about you and I will miss our talks.

My condolences to Deanna and the rest of his family. I know he loved you all very much.

Marie Anthony

Marie Anthony - November 04, 2024 at 07:56 PM