



Sanford Peter Severtson

June 15, 1959 - August 8, 2022

Sanford Peter "Pete" Severtson, brought forth by Winnifred and Sanford Severtson, first landed adjacent to Glen Acres golf course in Burien, WA on June 15, 1959. On August 8, 2022, after living with colon cancer for over three years, he piloted his final departure with advanced planning and dignity from his home in Dryden, WA. Comforting him for this last adventure were his wife, Mary, and loyal pooch, Clem. He is survived by Mary Woods (wife), Winnifred Severtson (mother), Deborah Severtson-Coffin (sister), extended family of Judith Winqvist, Janet Cornelius, Karen Lynn, and John Quanrud, and a bevy of friends across the globe.

Freely dispensing surnames and nicknames, Peter made his posse feel unique and significant. In our eyes, he was a great friend, hard worker, adventurer, perfectionist, humorous, stubborn, feisty, passionate, lovable, political, intelligent, vibrant, opinionated, tough, fussy, put together, Norwegian, gregarious, successful, intense, athletic, and a wee bit mischievous. His contagious laugh was so fierce,

he would often spout tears and render himself speechless (a feat in itself)!

Passionate about a myriad of things, physical activities were foremost: skiing (Alpental Ski Patrol), rowing (Wenatchee Rowing Club), biking, upland bird hunting, water skiing, hiking, golfing (even landed a golf scholarship), and most recently, paragliding. He did nothing without zeal and at full throttle- mastering activities and skills with relative ease.

As a young lad, Peter collected pay stubs from the local golf course and lumber yard. Matters of consequence would later be covered by managing timber sales (US Forest Service and self-employed contractor) and finally as a Soils Scientist for the Washington Department of Ecology. His Bachelor of Science in Forest Resources and Master's in Soil Science were earned from the University of Washington.

After being diagnosed, he did what many folks wish to do, but don't- he retired and proceeded to squeeze life to that last drop. He traveled to Europe with Mary, sought the perfect thermal, skied inbounds and out, biked, hiked, and ate-n-drunk while being merry. In the final weeks, he flew his "wing" off Tumwater Peak, completed house projects, and pattered about the garden tending to plants he would never harvest. Why bother? Because that was Pete!

An epitaph he might've penned: Live(!!) life with fiery passion, love those who earn it, help when and where you can, live in a conscientious and thoughtful manner, and for Pete's

sake, get a dog!

Uncle Clem's namesake, that wonderful golden retriever, did his best to prevent Peter's early departure - he stole many a shoe during those final weeks...a bold plan that unfortunately fell short. We can all appreciate the worthiness of the objective.

So, one last hearty skål! for a truly unique force whose absence leaves a deep chasm. Not fair, but such is life, or as he said that final day: "What a long, strange trip it's been..." Indeed, but one helluva a ride and well lived! Thanks for inviting us along.

A Celebration of Life will be held on September 24th, 2-6pm at the Alpental Lodge, 17800 Alpental Access Road, Snoqualmie Pass, WA, 98068.

In lieu of flowers, expressions of all sorts may be made in whichever way you wish. Peter and Mary were grateful for the skilled and compassionate nurses of Central Washington Home Health & Hospice

Tribute Wall

KF

“Godspeed, Pete (Peter, Pedro, we called you then) ! It was a pleasure knowing you and sharing in your earlier life as your neighbor, friend and "babysitter" at age 15 who met you at the age of 6 and developed a close friendship with you, Debbie & Winni Pooh. I look back fondly on the memories of that time and feel blessed that your family came into my life at a crucial time in mine. There was a lot of craziness and laughter in your little family and I was glad to be a part of it. But, more than that, your love and friendship sustained me through a really rough time. And, we stayed friends for many years after and even when I left Washington for a 20-year stint in New York and then to PA. I only wish a changing world and our respective karma had not caused our paths to diverge so much so that we never met up again. It is with love and affection that I think of you all and hope that your next journey is one of enlightenment and that you sit on the lap of God forever as I hope I will! Kriss

Kriss Ferrara - September 25, 2022 at 02:36 PM

TR

“I was lucky to have known Pete through Ski patrol. He help to mentor me in my role with the Pro Patrol. I loved his passion for life! Pete will always have a special place in my heart.

Tammy Ross - September 23, 2022 at 01:04 PM