



Jeffery David Peters

July 25, 1958 - April 9, 2023

After a 24-year battle with cancer, Jeff (Jeffy) Peters, 64, passed away at home, surrounded by family and pets, in the early hours of Sunday, April 9, 2023. Jeffy was a self-proclaimed "organic gardener, enthusiastic cook, aspiring guitar player, and unabashed liberal".

Jeffy was born in Mayville, New York, to Bill and Jean Peters on July 25, 1958. His childhood was spent reading every book in the Mayville Library, earning his Eagle Scout Rank, swimming in Lake Chautauqua, listening to and playing music, and getting into trouble with his younger brother, Don, and lifelong friend, Jamie (Jim). He graduated from Mayville Central School in 1976, SUNY Albany in 1982, and University of Pittsburgh Law in 1986.

One morning in 1986, while Jeffy was visiting the home of his law school pal Katie, his life changed. Katie's sister, Terry, was working as a nurse at Johns Hopkins Hospital. While Katie and Jeff were eating breakfast, Terry cracked a beer after a long night shift. To hear him describe this moment, it was love at first sight. He pursued her over the course of the weekend, confidently telling Terry "I'm gonna marry you one day" just 48 hours after their meeting. And so began their partnership and romance!

Jeffy was a very talented, albeit somewhat reluctant, lawyer. He left a job at Cohen and Grigsby to pursue a teaching career in Albany, but after several

difficult substitute teaching gigs and the birth of his and Terry's first child, Nora, his plans changed. He enthusiastically stayed home with baby Nora until moving the family back to Pittsburgh in 1994. He accepted a partner-track position at Cohen & Grigsby, they bought a fixer-upper in Squirrel Hill, and had their second child, Ben, in 1995. The next few years were spent raising babies, visiting friends and family, fixing up their house, and gardening.

Jeffy was diagnosed with his first cancer in 1999, his second cancer in 2002, and his third in 2017. These prognoses shaped the way that he was able to live, but didn't slow him down for long. His love for life and strong desire to live helped him ride the wave of science, one treatment leading to another, for 24 years. He traveled with Terry, bald and thin from treatment. He coached Ben's little league team wearing a chemo backpack. He led the chicken dance at every birthday party and laid on the floor with every puppy he saw.

Music was the air he breathed, and the stereo was always on when he was home. He was a proud Deadhead, and saw the Grateful Dead live a dozen times. The live recordings were the soundtrack to countless hours of treatment over the years, and he loved to get a rise out of the medical staff with his shirt that read "If the thunder don't get ya, the lightning will". He was the king of dance parties, and could reference a song about any subject seemingly out of thin air. Mixtapes were a love language, and the progression from cassette tapes, to cds, to spotify playlists never weakened the impact of his selections. He had more Christmas spirit than just about anyone, leading to the creation of the Tinsel Trust, his annual holiday mixtape that was released from 2001-2022. It was an honor to receive a Tinsel Trust CD in the mail, even if the family had to put a limit on his christmas tunes at home.

Jeffy's appreciation for food and cooking went beyond the kitchen and into the yard. He planted a garden in every apartment and house he ever lived in, and was happiest in the dirt. His gardens were epic, wild, organized chaos.

Vegetables and flowers took over virtually every inch of grass, as he believed "lawns are a waste". This affinity for ingredients stayed with him in the kitchen, as he chopped, sang, and threw together delicious meals for his family and friends. His dinner parties were unforgettable, his oatmeal pancakes legendary, his drinks notoriously strong. He poured love into his surroundings, through the music he listened to, the plants he grew, and the food he cooked. It was impossible not to feel it.

The last few years of his life were spent severely immunocompromised, a condition made more severe with the addition of a deadly global pandemic. The resulting isolation sent him back into his hobbies; documenting his life on a blog (heyjeffyblog.blogspot.com), and broadcasting a weekly web radio show under the persona "Professor Jeffy".

Jeffy was one of the kindest, funniest, most loving people around. He was a loyal and dedicated friend, an encouraging and accepting dad, and a strong and doting husband. You knew when you were loved by him, and there was no feeling quite like it.

Jeffy was preceded in death by his parents, Bill and Jean Peters. He is survived by his wife, Terry Peters, their two children Nora and Ben Peters, and his brother Don Peters.

Please join us for a celebration of Jeffy. We plan to honor him with a driveway party that he is sad to miss, 2-6 pm on Saturday April 15. There will be snacks, funny stories, and great memories. The party will be held at Terry and Jeff's house at 6641 Woodwell St.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Millvale Community Library (www.millvalelibrary.org) or 412 Food Rescue (www.412foodrescue.org <htt

p://www.412foodrescue.org>).

Professional Services trusted to D'ALESSANDRO FUNERAL HOME &
CREMATORY LTD., Lawrenceville.

www.dalessandroltd.com

Tribute Wall

JM

“ *Dear Peters Family,
I just read the loving tribute to Jeffery's life in the newspaper and want simply to say that I am sorry for your loss. He was so very loved, as is obvious from the words you wrote.
Take care, Janice McSherry (also a NY state transplant and Pitt Law grad)*

Janice M McSherry - April 14, 2023 at 11:10 AM