



Barbara J. Peterson

July 14, 1949 - November 17, 2021

Barbara J. Peterson, 72, of Indianapolis, passed away November 17, 2021. She was born July 14, 1949 in Alexandria, Minnesota to Arthur E. and the late Jessie Berg. Barbara married Dean Peterson, and he preceded her in death May 16, 2019. She was a graduate of Jefferson High School and received her Nursing Degree from St. Mary's Junior College. Barbara was employed at Robin Run Village for many years, retiring in 2015. She was a longtime active member of Cumberland United Methodist Church which merged from Asbury United Methodist Church. Barbara loved to bowl and bowled on a Thursday evening league for many years. She also loved baking, reading, and spending time with her children and grandchildren.

Visitation will be Saturday, November 27, 2021 from 12 noon until the time of service at 1:30 p.m. at Cumberland United Methodist Church, 219 North Muessing Street.

Barbara is survived by her father, Arthur Berg; son, Brett Peterson (Hannah); daughter, Jodi Havican (Jason); brothers, Dan (Tina), Tim and Scott Berg; five grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews. Barbara's mother, Jessie Berg; and a son, David Peterson, preceded her in death. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions are suggested to Cumberland United Methodist Church, 219 North Muessing Street, Indianapolis, IN 46229. Final care and arrangements are entrusted to Shirley Brothers Washington Memorial Chapel.

Previous Events

Visitation

NOV 27. 12:00 PM - 1:30 PM (ET)

Cumberland United Methodist Church
219 North Muessing Street
Indianapolis, IN 46229

Memorial Service

NOV 27. 1:30 PM (ET)

Cumberland United Methodist Church
219 North Muessing Street
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Tribute Wall

DM

“ *Barb was a nursing school friend and Dean was a high school friend to my husband Bruce. We had fun times attending movies and dances together while in Minneapolis. We had the opportunity to meet their family at the lake in Alexandria, Mn. After that Barb and I shared some great phone conversations. She will be missed.*
Dianne

Dianne Mair - November 27, 2021 at 05:52 PM

CM

“ *Barb and I (AKA Flash) were friend from Nurses training at St Marys JC in Minneapolis
Her Dad did my grad picture from training what fun we had on 4th floor of St Mary's .Rest in peace Barb Flash*

carol mills - November 26, 2021 at 06:28 PM

“*Barb was a high school friend. She always had a glint in her eye and a fetching smile. She was pleasant and never cruel. She played the flute in the band. Maybe she is the one I bowled with as a pre-teen. I do remember that if we were good students in the seventh grade, our math teacher would let us out 5 minutes before 3:00. With those five minutes, we would get a head start for the bowling alley which was only a few blocks away. That was important, because we could get the lighter 9- or 11-pound bowling balls. (Bowling balls are heavy when you are only 11 or 12 years old.) It must have been Barb I bowled with! No one else has claimed that memory. I wish I could ask her. And....the bowling alley was a great place to see the boys! Gosh it was fun.*

Our gang of girls spent hours playing cards in Barb's mom's kitchen, eating chips and dip. We had tons of slumber parties in someone's basement, or at someone's lake cabin and once in Barb's back yard in a tent on Cedar Street. We didn't sleep of course. Talked and talked.

Her parents were always kind and hospitable. Her dad Art, a photographer, probably took all of the class of '67 senior pictures in his studio. We had an almost idyllic life, from the 50's and 60's. We enjoyed music and marching band. In the summer when our band marched at the Water Rama in Glenwood, Barb relatives would be super hospitable. We would go to her aunt's restaurant, or to her cousins' home, or to the park pavilion on Lake Minnewaska for a "hootenanny". Glenwood was a very special place because of Barb and her family.

As a group of girls, we dragged the main street. Girls driving cars! How liberated was that? Sometimes staged a Chinese fire drill on Friday nights (do you know what that is?). Sunday, dragging the main meant up and down main street, over and over. Everybody did it? Well, almost everybody. In whatever car we could get our hands on! We were good kids. Never in any trouble, good students, good musicians, good Christians, good people. If any boys ever followed

our car, it was sure to be a boyfriend of Barb's. She had many friends: from a math whiz to a motorcycle man.

We were awe struck when Barb's cousin Paul let her drive his new steel blue Le Mans up and down main street for the Sunday dragging! An awesome car. What a cousin she must have had. It was like going to the moon and back!

Most amazing were the slumber parties, where we got out the Ouija board. If Barb was on the stylus with you, there were amazing results. A fast-moving cursor and puzzling, intriguing answers.

Barb was one in a million! I am so very glad I knew her and grew up with her and knew her family. It was a special place in time, with very special people in a very special small town. It is where she began to be special! And always was, and always will be. I was blessed to know her.

Know that if she touched your life, you are blessed.

Sieni Terry (nee Jane Nelson)

Sieni Terry - November 24, 2021 at 03:31 PM

MP

“*My best memories of Barb is sitting on their back porch drinking coffee. Dean & Barb always made you feel like family and were the first to offer help when needed. Barb will live in our hearts forever. Love from George and Melissa Patton.*

Melissa Patton - November 23, 2021 at 01:53 PM