



Raymond J. Peeters

June 3, 1930 - May 30, 2023

Raymond J. Peeters, age 92, passed away on May 30 in Bloomington IN. He was born on June 3, 1930, in Appleton WI to Raymond M. and Marie (Schommer) Peeters.

Showing an early aptitude for music, he studied piano and academics at Lawrence University in Appleton. At Lawrence, he met his future wife, Vanevryn (Van) Knoblauch, marrying in 1950. While raising 3 children with his wife of 71 years, Ray worked in retail store management in several midwestern areas including Interstate Dept. Stores in Flint MI. From 1973 until retirement, he was Vice Pres. of Rapps Stores, a chain based in Lafayette. He was an active member of the business and civic community with a 50 yr. Lafayette Rotary Club membership. He also volunteered many years for Meals on Wheels, served on the Chamber of Commerce Board and worked as an election poll volunteer. He and his wife supported the local arts and were patrons of the Lafayette Symphony, Purdue Convocations and the Lafayette Art Center.

Ray had a love of nature and animals and enjoyed travel, canoeing and sailing. Ray continued to play the piano throughout his life, bringing enjoyment to many. He and Van also shared a love of books and were active for decades in their book club.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Van. Ray is survived by daughter Pamela (Ulrich) Havenith of Koenigswinter, Germany; son Christopher Peeters (Gary Sutton) of Bellevue, WA; daughter Andrea (Joseph) Hunt of Bloomington, IN and grandson Jonathan Havenith of Cologne, Germany.

Online condolences, photos, and memories may be shared with family and friends at www.allencares.com

Tribute Wall

JK

“ I was sad to see Ray’s obituary when I looked in the Journal and Courier today. Ray and Van have been on my mind. I have felt bad for losing touch. They were adopted grandparents for our children, Clay and Madison. He was their accompanist for their Solo competitions many times. Madison and I shared many Sunday Masses with them. Whenever we went to the house be it practice for solos or trick or treating, Van was the gracious hostess. Ray and I often sat together at Rotary. I was blessed to know them.

Jan Koehler - June 15, 2023 at 07:33 PM

JK

“ Jan Koehler lit a candle in memory of Raymond Peeters



Jan Koehler - June 15, 2023 at 07:32 PM

JH

“ Dear Grandpa,

Growing up in Germany while you resided in the USA presented its own set of challenges, but you made sure to bridge that gap.

It was during those formative years that you gave me an incredible opportunity by sending me to the YMCA and basketball camp. The experiences I gained and the skills I honed became invaluable assets that would carry me through life's journey.

I will always cherish the moments we had together.

In Love,

Jonathan

Jonathan Havenith - June 14, 2023 at 09:51 AM



“ 15 files added to the album Memories Album



Allen Funeral Home and Crematory - June 13, 2023 at 03:45 PM

AH

“ A Song of Solace

*You almost reached your 93rd,
I heard this from a little bird*

*She sat by your window, looking in
As you grew ever weakened and thin*

*She sang to you, and so you smiled
Comforted by this visitor from the wild*

*Her message then by you was surely heard
With its sweet solace you could now rest assured:*

*"Its not all for sadness that we here now cry
When the soul's earthly departure is nigh,
May it now with ease, upwards fly
Towards the heavens, through the clear sky!"*

*The shackles of old age will now finally release
And send you on to an eternal peace*

with love from Andrea

Andrea Hunt - June 11, 2023 at 09:38 PM

“ Eulogy

“ *Memory is the window through which we can see you whenever we want to* ”

“ *You are no longer there where you were, but you are everywhere where we are* ”

My father loved to play the piano, and one of my favorite memories will always be of his sometimes playing it softly after a long day of work , and hearing this while falling asleep. He had had told me once that he had greatly admired Albert Schweitzer and thought of him as a role model . He did manage to live a life based on many of these ideals through his dedication to his community, devoting so much time to family and to so many friends and neighbors. My father was a quiet, modest, thoughtful man, and we were so blessed to have had him with us for so many years.

It seemed that our father spent all his free time with us, going on trips to museums, concerts, camping and nature trips. This lay a foundation for our appreciation of all of these things, and in fact , also for my later career choice. I remember Dad volunteering to play the organ at Mass sometimes getting up very early to do this on his one free day in the week. When he went on business trips to New York, he came back loaded with art tools and recordings of classical music , sometimes from different cultures, as presents. We also had such good luck that our father sometimes brought home business partners , some of them from foreign countries, and my mother made wonderful meals for all of us based on where the guest came from and this broadened our understanding and interest about other cultures while we sat at the dinner table talking to these guests .One guest became a good family friend and many years later I discovered by coincidence that he had been the father -in -law of my best friend in Bonn Germany, where we live, who even once met

our father while in the States. Many years ago, my parents helped the son of a friend of ours who had come to Purdue on a Fullbright scholarship for a doctorate in physics. I had given him my parents address in case of an emergency, and shortly after arriving in West Lafayette, he had to leave his dormitory in the middle of the night because of a fire there, but was immediately ``adopted`` the next day when he called them early in the morning and was able to move to their house . This was typical behavior theirs. During a visit to us in Germany, Dad one day noticed that our next door neighbor needed help with house construction, so he put on my husbands´ rubber boots, introduced himself and got to work. Later I told our neighbor that this was the language of the American pioneer spirit , to always help a neighbor. I was so proud of him.

As a member of the chamber of commerce, Rotary club, active supporter of the Lafayette Symphony and Purdue Convocations, patrons of art museums in Indianapolis and Lafayette, he was also involved in other charitable work. Both of my parents enjoyed inviting musicians to their home and were active members of a book group. It was wonderful to be able to have had long conversations with our father about such a broad range of subjects over the years . He had kept well informed and interested in world events , religion, culture, music, even as hearing loss and many health problems made life such a struggle for him. We were so happy to have seen and heard how happy he had been where he spent the last years of his life . Most important was the opportunity he had had to make new friends and be with people who he had known for many year ,and these are things we were so grateful for. As one dear friend of his said to us, ``he was such a kind person``, how true, and we were happy to have been told this. We loved you, Dad.

``And my soul spread its´ wings and flew through the quiet land as if it were flying home``

Pamela Havenith - June 11, 2023 at 10:49 AM

“ From my earliest childhood memories, Dad was very supportive of anything-outdoors, my electronics hobbies (we both assembled radio & hifi kits), music studies and my public performances, as often he was often my really good piano accompanist. Dad taught me to swim (it probably seemed hopeless!), took us my mom & sisters to many great concerts, museums, art exhibits, theatre, trips across the US and some incredibly memorable vacations. He was a patient & tenacious motivator -even while I became a slacker in high school-- and later encouraged my pursuit of an engineering degree, state and federal professional licenses and industry certifications. It took years to grasp, understand and appreciate everything he generously provided. I couldn't and wouldn't have been successful in life without him.

An enduring "life lesson" happened around age 12 or 13 while riding home from a camping trip in Upper Michigan on an unfamiliar and desolate 2 lane highway in the middle of nowhere, we passed a woman wandering along the roadside. Somehow, my father and mother both knew she was distressed and needed assistance. When Dad pulled over to offer help, she was crying, disheveled and wasn't really communicating.

Though she initially refused offers of help, Dad & mom managed to drive her to a police station at a sizeable town west toward the Wisconsin border. She mostly cried while we drove and said little. It was an unsettling experience, and we never talked about it afterwards. I believe years later that unforgettable memory provided some guidance for taking responsibility and "signing up" for mentoring, public service roles, and...offering assistance to a stranded motorist.

I began missing my father already a few years ago, as physical ailments slowly overtook him. He once recently lamented that "he hadn't done enough"; my reply - which I really, really hoped he heard- was "you did WAY more than enough, and I owe you". It's hard reckon with never hearing his voice again.

I miss you Dad.

Chris Peeters

Christopher Peeters - June 07, 2023 at 08:00 PM

VR

“ *Sincere condolences to the family of Ray Peeters. My husband, Anant, and I became friends with Ray and Van when I joined the Fabric Guild at the Lafayette Art Museum several years ago. We became good friends over the years. We will miss Ray and Van.*

Vasanti and Anant Ramdas

Vasanti Ramdas - June 04, 2023 at 01:20 PM

KD

“ Pam, Chris and Andrea,

I was deeply saddened to read your Father's obituary today, June 3rd. I did not want to do a web search for such news, but I knew I must when Ray did not answer his phone. This is the first time in 30 years that I will not be wishing him a happy birthday. It was a tradition that I was able to keep, due to the fact that when I worked for the downtown Rapps (Sire Shops) the security code was Ray's birthday 060330! I left there after 14 years for my position at Purdue in 1988, but never forgot that code or to call him on his birthday! Often I was fortunate to get to chat with your Mom on those days too! During the first pandemic summer we even got to chat on the phone while I was parked outside their Southernview home. I hope he enjoyed our chats as much as I did and I am so glad that my husband, dog and I got to see him last year, on his day at Westminster Village. He was a wonderful boss and mentor and I am forever grateful that our paths crossed in this life. I will always think of him when I play my piano, see a Great Pyrenees dog and black licorice. Eternal rest grant unto my friend Ray, O Lord.

Kristie Dowell - June 03, 2023 at 05:35 PM