

PETER J. BUCHANAN

June 27, 1964
to Feb. 19 2018



Pete and Melissa
on their
wedding day,
April 22, 2017

PETER'S STORY

PETER JOSEPH BUCHANAN arrived on June 27, 1964 at La Chapelle-St. Mesmin in the Loire Valley of France, where the family lived during Dr. Buchanan's three-year assignment to the U.S. Army's 34th General Hospital. The family returned to the United States when Peter was a baby and he grew up in suburban Washington, D.C., and finally Elyria, Ohio, where the family settled after Dr. Buchanan's retirement from the Army.

Pete attended Elyria Catholic High School, Embry Riddle Aeronautical University (in both Prescott, Arizona and Daytona Beach, Florida) and Ohio State University in Columbus, Ohio, graduating with a degree in engineering. Peter was a longtime engineer with MTD Products in Valley City, Ohio, a job he loved and through which he was awarded multiple patents.

A band of brothers — Jim, Tim, Sean, Doug, Dan and Dave — traveled with Pete throughout his life, sharing adventures (Grateful Dead concert mystery!) a love of gaming (what's up with those painted minis?) and more. It's a testament to their friendship that the bond was never strained during times of trouble.

Peter also loved driving fast (**seriously, pushing a rusty, rickety old Plymouth Valiant to 100 mph in the dead of night on a Georgia interstate — what were you thinking?**) skiing, dancing, elegant airplanes, beer and sushi. His brothers by birth, Chris and Tim, were his heroes. Most



Pedro Jose in 1978 and 2017. Kid's got spirit.

of all, he loved Melissa.

On April 22, 2017, Peter and Melissa married in Strongsville, Ohio, before a small gathering of family and friends. He wore grey and she wore violet, and the vows were lovely. Pete barely finished speaking his before taking Melissa in his arms for a deep kiss. Their commitment to each other (and the kitties) is unending. They deserved much more time together.

Peter's faith carried him through good times and bad, including his battle with glioblastoma.

AT AGE 53, Peter, now of Brunswick, Ohio, completed his journey on February 19, 2018. He is survived by his cherished wife, Melissa L. Buchanan. He is also

survived by his mother, Ann H. Buchanan, sisters Katy Remensky (Carl), Elizabeth Russini (Ralph) Mary Buchanan and Suzanne Buchanan, brother Tim Buchanan (Sheri), sister-in-law Edye Buchanan (the late Chris), nephews Henry and Louis Soult, brother-in-law Franklin Soult and Melissa's children Audrey, Amanda, Donovan and Jacob. Not to mention his band of brothers and Mom2 **aka** Libby Betounes. His father, Dr. Richard S. Buchanan, and oldest brother, Chris, passed away before him. Two children also survive.

HUSBAND, SON, brother, friend and colleague. You are much loved and greatly missed.



PETER & MELISSA

Melissa

MY ANGEL PETER

Our history may not be long but it is packed full of loving memories.

We had our first date in early February of 2016 and continued dating for the next few months. We discovered many common interests in that time: Dancing, bowling, the West Side Market, the Metroparks, local restaurants and taverns and museums. We had a falling out and stopped dating shortly before your diagnosis but remained friends for a few months.

In early December of the same year, you asked if we could re-establish our relationship and date again. A couple of months later when you asked me to marry you during 'our' Valentines weekend, after the initial shock and despite your condition the only response my heart considered was ***"Yes, Yes, a million times YES!!!"***

With enormous and generous support from family and friends, we pulled it together and had a beautiful wedding. In what some may consider a short time, we've made memories that I, and our families, will lovingly cherish. **LOVE, MELISSA**



Peter and Melissa late January 2018 at Isaac Lake, during a family fundraiser in December 2017 and enjoying a nap with Dolly, who adopted Peter (not the other way around).



CELEBRATING PETER



Hanging over bangers and mash.

Making a splash (the first of many) at home in Elyria in 1973.

Tim Gottfried traveled from Cincy to share Pete's wedding day with Melissa.

Three Buchanan men: Dad, Tim and baby Pedro at the Washington, D.C. Arboretum in 1966.

CELEBRATING PETER

Mom

PETER, MY SON and your father's son

I remember you took a year off after high school, had fun and started classes at the local community college. For some reason I've forgotten, you left LCCC in mid semester without withdrawing. They wrote you saying "Don't come back. You won't be welcome." You took it in stride.

Happy-go-lucky "Hotspur" as your father called you. I didn't realize it then, I should have, that you had imagination to burn. The smarts I knew about, I just didn't put the two together.

We talked recently after you had to turn in your company computer. It must have been terrible for you. You graduated from Ohio State with a bachelor's degree in engineering, with a goal of being an aircraft engineer. But jobs in that field were scarce.

Peter and Mom went to the UK in 1995.

After being with several companies, you landed with MTD, which makes grounds-care equipment and you loved it. You have any number of patents with MTD, granted in your name, including an international one you learned of in late January. And while undergoing painful radiation and chemotherapy, with all the attendant physical and emotional side effects, you pursued your field with vigor and imagination at home for six months.

Peter, you're my kid who pushed boundaries past their limits and I tore my hair out. You did your studying but always saved time for play. You made deep and lasting friendships, frequently taking over the dining room table for role-playing games with your gang of best friends, who stood by you throughout your life. You are truly a stellar human being.

I LOVE YOU, MOM



CELEBRATING PETER

Kate

PEDRO

Two marks of character stand out about you, baby brother. Your sense of humor and, legendary in our family, your hair-trigger temper (successfully tamed with age!).

First, the temper. It truly was something to behold. A small cloud of frustration would lead to a burst of stormy weather. But always, the skies would part for your adorable sheepish grin. Oh, that grin.

Which leads to your wit and sense of humor, on display even when you were a little kid. One day, not long after we moved to Elyria, you were maybe only about 4 or 5 and outside with a little companion on bikes. A neighbor (or was it a police officer? A matter of dispute in family memory) asked "Who are you?" Your response? (Not in dispute) "I'm Peter, Peter Pumpkin Eater and this is my friend, Charlie Brown."

Pedro Jose, I love your rumbly chuckle and how you always say "Oh, my goodness" after a good laugh.

MUCH LOVE, KATE



Peter, at far right, during the Pumpkin Eater days, with siblings (clockwise from top left) Chris, Bizzy, Suzy, Katy, Tim and Mary, in the late 1960s in Elyria.

CELEBRATING PETER



Peter and brother Tim
goof on April 22, 2017.
Melissa got the real kisses.

CELEBRATING PETER

Elizabeth

PETER

The spring you were contemplating rehabbing Mom's pergola, you began by considering how to execute the project as efficiently as possible.

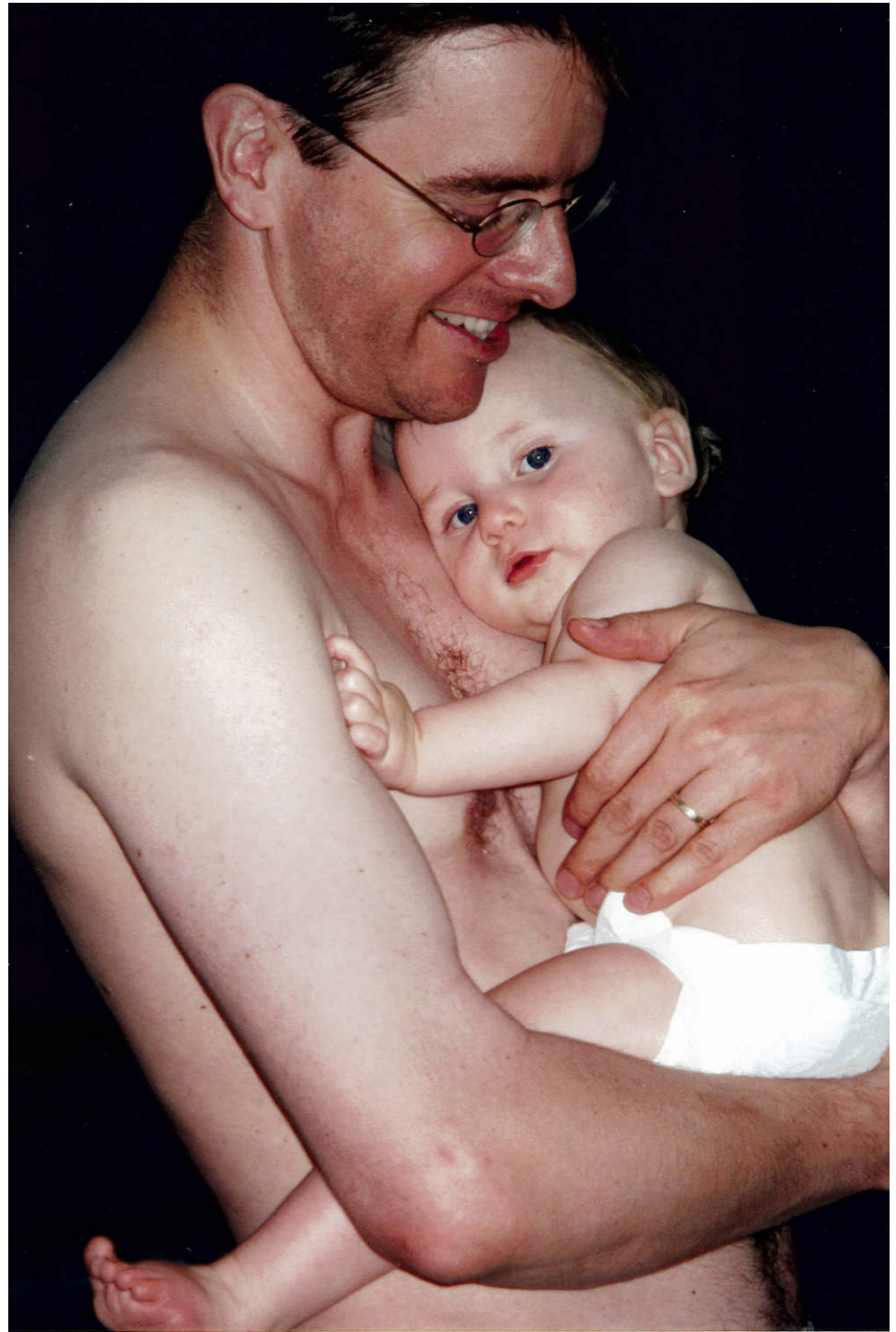
Not illogical, given how much work was involved. I was around that spring, and over the course of several weeks we talked about your ideas. Unfortunately, we couldn't come up with any practical, inexpensive solutions.

Still, it was so much fun to work together because your creative abilities are so nimble and fluid. All of us sibs always knew you were a smart kid growing up, and quick too, but I couldn't help but be impressed with the variety of your ideas, and how they all shared the essential design characteristics of ingenuity, elegance and simplicity.

Peter, you are a social, outgoing person. Easy-going, fun-loving, a charmer. Behind all that is a keen creative mind, but to me and to my sibs you are a loving, sweet brother.

LOVE, BIZZY

Peter and his
nephew Louis
Antonio Soults
in 1999.



CELEBRATING PETER

Suzanne

DINNERTIME AT MOM'S house is a goldmine of Pedro-inspired memories. In the first place, as I look back, I'm astonished at how Mom and Dad managed to get through the day and still make it to dinner sane and in reasonably good temper, generally. But that's how I remember it.

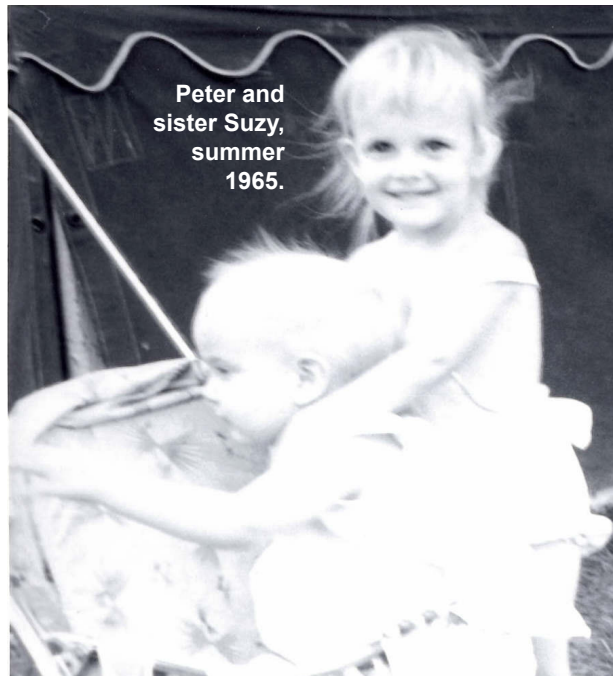
There has always been a lot of laughter at the dinner table, and when we were little, it was frequently at each other's expense. Not long after we moved to Overbrook Road, Mom made steak and baked potatoes. Amid the din of conversation and eating, Peter, I watched you split open a fist-sized potato. Concentrating, you carefully dabbed it with butter and salt, folded it back up and crammed the whole thing into your little 7-year-old face.

The whole table erupted.

Naturally, you were mad at being laughed at, and out came your famous pouting lower lip (cheeks bulging with potato). I never admitted this, but I was very impressed with your potato-stuffing skills. It's like you unhinged your jaw.

Then there was the time that Mom, failing to cajole you into finishing dinner, gave up in exasperation and let Dad step in. **"EAT YOUR MEAT, PETE!"** he roared. Shocked silence and then guffaws as everyone realized the poetry of this rare outburst by Dad.

Pete, out came that lower lip again with



Peter and
sister Suzy,
summer
1965.

chin tucked into your chest to underscore your defiance.

FORTUNATELY, AS WE GREW UP, the dinner table laughter became a little more sophisticated and less at one another's expense. You developed the self-effacing goofball humor that everyone loves so well. You transformed that famous temper into an endearing ability to make fun of yourself.

Fast forward to our middle age (!) years. Your return from the exile of a destructive marriage has been one of the happiest periods of my life, precisely because we reconnected, and because you brought with you the wise and charming Melissa. All the childhood memories and the years

growing up were reclaimed. Hardly skipping a beat, my former victim, co-conspirator, and ever-ready playmate became again my drinking buddy, poker teacher and confidant. I have learned from every one of our long conversations about parenting, family life, dating, music, movies, God, the nature of being, and the desire to just be kids again when being a grownup gets to be too much.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND why you had to leave us. There will be one less funny, irreverent, insightful warm body at the dinner table at Mom's house, a loss that those of us left behind will carry for the rest of our days. I hope that like Chris and Dad before you, I'll get to see you in my dreams now. That won't be often enough, but it will be something. And every time I wake up from one of those dreams, I'll always have a warm, fuzzy feeling that lingers for a little while, because in my dreams Dad and Chris are always newly arrived from a long trip and we're all happy to see you, and you're always arriving in the nick of time to help with some big project or to solve some problem that has the rest of us confounded.

Meantime, I'll hang on to that happy feeling that you brought when you came back to us. And I'll try to share it in your memory.

SEE YOU in my dreams, Pedro.

XOXO, SUZY

CELEBRATING PETER

Edye Buchanan

PETER, MY STORIES of you revolve around sushi.

There are the stories of drinking Quai's strange elixirs at Golden Dragon or making "gobber-maki" in my kitchen. Little known is that you were with Chris and me for my first sushi experience. We were sitting at the bar at Otani in Columbus.

You and Chris were bantering on about the upcoming Buckeyes football season

and I was feeling a little left out. In front of me was a plate with ginger and something resembling guacamole. Peter, you turned to me just as I'm putting this big wad of green stuff in my mouth, oblivious as to what is about to happen. The tears and expression on my face brought laughter to both of you. Of course, you realized that I needed something to wash down the wasabi and,

being helpful, you handed me a large carafe of hot sake. More burning in my mouth and more laughter from you both.

Pete, you and I had hoped to go there again with Melissa to reminisce about that day. Just not to relive the hot mouth experience!

MUCH LOVE, EDYE



Edye, Peter, Melissa, Mom and Elizabeth in October 2017 at the Head for the Cure at Edgewater Park in Cleveland.

CELEBRATING PETER

Jim Betounes

PETIE PETE

I have so many fun memories of you sitting around a gaming table but three things stand out (only one, loosely, involves gaming).

The first is you always had an exuberance to try new things. It didn't matter if it was new food or a new experience, your answer to ***"Hey Pete, have you ever..."*** was ***"No, sounds fun, LET'S DO IT!"***

The second was the old Plymouth Valiant that you drove for a time. That car was so well worn and rusting, we made it a point that no matter where we went in it, we always kicked it until a rusted piece fell off; we left a piece of that car everywhere!

Finally, game night. We are getting ready for a long session and go to the store for sustenance. Doritos, soda, cheese sticks etc., and here you come with a ... cucumber. You sat at the table with a salt shaker and ate it like a banana, at one point pausing and asking if we had a vegetable peeler. What male college student has a vegetable peeler???

I love you like the brother you are.

JIM



Pete with Sean and Karen Hagen
(left) Jim Betounes and Mike and
Doree Tschudy, Tarpon Springs,
Florida December 2017.
(No sushi in sight.)

Sean Hagen

SIR PETRIC

You are a real-life Paladin. The analytical creative, you were my cat Leo's best friend. When we had to say goodbye to Ohio State, and I was packing up for my final trip back home to Florida, we had the arduous task of divvying up the miniature gaming figurines that we'd amassed over four years — there were a lot, dozens upon dozens.

I had been dreading it because it was not going to exactly be straightforward. Some of the minis had been purchased by one person but painted by another or better yet, started by one person and finished by another. Some belong together in sets but were painted by different people and so on.

Pete, you turned it into a negotiation drinking game, sort of like a White Elephant, that took hours and turned out to be a great deal of fun in the end. Good times!

SEAN

CELEBRATING PETER



Pete and canine pal Cole summer 2017 at the family home in Elyria.
Behind them is Mom's pergola, which he rebuilt and repainted
over the course of the summers of 2016 and 2017
with brother-in-law Ralph Russini.
Cole helped by chasing squirrels.

CELEBRATING PETER



Skiing Pete and exploring Pete.
As Jim Betounes notes,
Peter was always ready to say 'Let's do it!'.
Left, with Tim B. in Colorado in 2016, one
of several skiing excursions the brothers
made. Above? It's a mystery. Let's just say
he looks ship-shape.

CELEBRATING PETER

Tim Gottfried

PETE, I'VE KNOWN YOU since we were 17 ... 35 years ... and I love you like the brother I never had. We shared many great adventures and experiences in life. Most of our friendship revolved around our shared senses of humor, imagination and love of fun and play ... even as we grew into middle age!

Here are some of my favorite memories of our friendship:

- Kicking a hacky sack for hours, until it got so dark that we couldn't see the flying object we were trying to keep aloft. Your driveway and LCCC were the best spots to hack. We continually challenged ourselves to improve our foot-eye coordination, while sharing more humor, sarcasm and group camaraderie in a few summers than most people share in a lifetime!
- Playing D&D, Gamma World and other fantasy war games for hours on end ... several days a week. We were all addicted to each other's imaginations and the collective "worlds" we would thrive in together! In fact, we would each embody the multiple personalities of the characters that we played and identify with the personalities of the characters our friends played, so in essence we became strong friends on many different levels and in many different realities. Yes, that's pretty geeky ... but

that's what can happen in a world without cell phones or an internet!

- Throwing the aerobee in the soccer fields at LCCC on a hot summer day wearing nothing but sunglasses and a pair of running shorts. We loved to play catch and we'd throw and sprint for hours, until we were exhausted. The shared satisfaction of an incredibly long throw, a long sprint to make a glorious catch and the shared victory of not letting that flying ring touch the ground never got old!
- Playing darts in so many seedy, northeast Ohio establishments. Something else we enjoyed throwing ... typically while also enjoying a beer or two.
- Standing too close to a roaring locomotive and peeing 100+ feet off the giant concrete railroad trestle into the Black River. We loved to scramble up on to the trestle by Depot Street late at night. We felt like little kids up there at a time in life we were expected to behave like grownups!
- Camping and attending multiple Grateful Dead concerts in the late 80's. Somehow, Pete, you managed to get lost after the first show and didn't turn up at our campground until the next afternoon. We heard bits and

pieces of your long, strange misadventure, but never fully understood exactly how you got lost, how far you ultimately traveled or how you found your way back to an unfamiliar location. To this day, my wife and I chuckle at the question "Where's Pete?"

- You were a groomsman at my wedding, one of the best days of my life. Consequently, you are forever connected to my marriage. My wife and I consider you to be eternal member of our extended family.
- Hiking in the White Mountains in the early 90's. Pete, you came to Boston to visit my new bride and me, so we took you on a 12-hour hike up King Ravine to the top of Mount Adams. We scaled some death-defying open granite that day that scared both of us to death and made us feel incredibly alive. An unforgettable experience!
- Playing pinball at Famous Sally's. You were a shameless "nudger" of the machine and always seemed to get away without tilting the game ... while beating me in the process! Truly shameless!
- Playing disc golf all over northeast Ohio this past year. I will always cherish the one-on-one time we were able to spend together, especially since you were diagnosed with cancer.

You will live on in me forever!

TIM

CELEBRATING PETER



Brothers since 17.
Pete B. and Tim G. embark on a new
sushi adventure at Sakura.

CELEBRATING PETER



Pete shows off his famous grin at about age 6 in Elyria. As a baby, he seems dubious about sister Kate, but is all concentration with Dad during a trip to Stowe, Vermont, in 1977.

CELEBRATING PETER



Melissa and Pete
in Elyria
(sushi again!)
and at Cuyahoga
Valley National
Park.



With buds Karen
and Sean, Mike and
Doree and Jim in
Florida, all in 2017.



CELEBRATING PETER



Pete and Melissa enjoyed a trip to Put-in-Bay, summer 2017.



Celebrating Elwood's retirement! — with Dennis Clark, Melanie Blunk, Brenda Bartlett, Elwood C Bartlett, Peter, Jeremy Yearous, Lesley Blitsch Yearous and April Kullen, Logan and Grayson (with pup!).



Pete with Melissa's kids, from left, Audrey and Steve Moran with Jacob Carney and John Blunk, Mike McDaniel, Amanda Carney (in green check) and Donovan Carney in 2017 at Buffalo Wild Wings in Strongsville at Donovan's 25th birthday.

And tall handsome Pedro at Christmas 1998.



CELEBRATING PETER



Pete with Dad and Suzy at graduation from Elyria Catholic High School, and with Melissa in Iowa in 2017.



Pensive Peter around 1983. And with Dan, Edye and Melissa at Head for the Cure in 2016.

CELEBRATING PETER



Mom and Pete
in North Carolina,
2004 and Pedro by
the pool at home in
Elyria in July 1978.



Pete and Melissa,
2017 and Peter in
the summer of 1977
with pal Johnny
O'Donnell and Suzy.



CELEBRATING PETER



Is it safe to say Pete found his phone
to be somewhat of a head scratcher?
No wait! He's an engineer.
That's really an antenna on his head!



Pete with Dad.
It's anyone's guess if
that is the fabled Plymouth
Valiant in the background.
1980s, so, sure, why not?
Meanwhile, in 1969, Pete
was rocking the sailor look
(apparently not very
enthusiastically).

CELEBRATING PETER

PETE'S BROTHER, CHRIS, died in the summer of 2004. Without really knowing it, Peter was writing about himself, as well, in his eulogy.

Thank you, my beloved brother for being my hero when I was young.

Thank you for all those perfect passes, my fingertips just barely reaching the football that moments before had sailed just inches above Tim's outstretched hands as we both raced across the front yard.

Thank you for all those nights we went bar hopping, playing pool, shooting pinball and countless games of darts.

Thank you for all the good humor, bad jokes and the times we laughed together.

Thank you for teaching me how to throw a baseball and shoot a basketball.

Thank you for always being there on the holidays, at every impromptu family get-together.

Thank you for loving my children in your quiet and amazingly magnetic way.

Thank you for letting them fall in love with you in their own time.

Thank you for your unlimited loyalty and



The Three Musketeers: Chris, Peter and Tim Buchanan in 1997.

seemingly endless patience with me.

Thank you for letting me ride your motorcycle all by myself when I was just a teen.

Thank you for trusting me.

Thank you for being a rock when Dad died, I needed that in a terrible way.

Thank you for your company on all those sushi nights.

Thank you for the example you set. I wish I could have a fraction of your self-control.

Thank you for playing 'escaped convicts' with us at night when we were younger.

You were always the last to be caught, but that was the way it was supposed to be.

Thank you for showing me how to get on the roof without a ladder.

Thank you for teaching us Marco Polo and the hours in the pool we spent playing it.

Thank you for the way you so effortlessly accept and appreciate people and family for exactly who they are.

Thank you for letting Tim and I gang tackle you, and thank you for the trouncings you then gave us.

Thank you so much for the brightness and cheer you brought whenever you were with us.

It has been my greatest honor to be my Father's son, and your brother.

We once talked of death and spirituality. You said you knew nothing of what waits for us and felt that no holy book or religion could truly tell you. But you were sure that whatever the truth was, Dad was watching over us all and smiling. It comforts me to know that you are now with him and doing the same.

Thank you Chris, my beloved brother.

I owe you more thanks than I can ever express. And as great as that debt is, my debt of love for you is vastly more still.

PETER

CELEBRATING PETER



A BRIGHT STAR FOR A STELLAR HUMAN BEING

Extra Bright Star Name Deed

Be it known to all that this star, designated in the scientifically renowned Star-Name-Registry© as:

6394321 - Cancer

Residing in the boundaries of the above constellation is hereby named:

Peter J Buchanan – 27th June 2017

The star's astronomically verified position is:

Right ascension 7h 57m 28.63s

Declination 15° 3' 2.87",

Magnitude 9.6

public record is listed in the Star-Name-Registry© and is copyrighted with the British Astronomical Association. A duplicate of the star name deed is maintained in a secure location.

