



Peter H. Sears

May 18, 1937 - July 20, 2017

Peter H. Sears, age 80, died Thursday, July 20, 2017 at his Stoneybrook home.

Please share your thoughts and memories for the family at www.demossturda.com

Tribute Wall

SB

“ I had the immense privilege of studying with Peter through Mountain Writer's Series. His talent was equally matched by his irreverence, humor, and enormous heart. He was a brilliant and generous man, and this is such a loss. I will always remember and appreciate Peter, and I will forever be thankful that I had the opportunity to have him as my teacher.

Sarah Bokich - August 09, 2017 at 01:23 PM

MH

“ Our last encounter was in Klamath Falls when he came down for a workshop and a reading at the Klamath County Library. The night before a group of us had dinner with him, and then Peter and I drove around the K Falls, watched a thunderstorm, the green rain, watched a train edge its way around the lake and the sun fold into gold in the silver and gray clouds. He was so generous, so kind, so fun, so exhausting and so talented. I hope he's running bases or jumping tennis nets or teaching some other shy poet how to stand in a large room and have her poem heard.

ME Hope - July 24, 2017 at 03:39 AM



“ Peter was one of the sweetest, warmest people I knew. I had the privilege and pleasure of having Peter as my adviser at Pacific University, and he pushed me to think harder, look deeper, and just love poetry for what it was. He was the only faculty member who really made it a point to spend time with all the students--at the coffee shop, he chose to sit with just students at meals, and he greeted everyone he saw to ask how they were doing. After graduation, he still talked to me. He took me to lunch one afternoon in downtown Portland just to say hi and ask how things were going. He was one of my biggest champions in writing. Once, when he read one of my pieces, he looked me in the eye and said "You got what it takes, Kid."

Thank you, Peter. You were an amazing poet and an amazing man, and I hope I let you know that.

Love and prayers to your family.

Hannah Kauffman - July 23, 2017 at 02:05 PM

MB

“ Peter Sears taught me written poetry comes from the exploration of written poetry. He encouraged me explore the experience of surrendering to the joy of creation. You will be missed. Much love for his family during their time of loss.

Melodie Bolt - July 23, 2017 at 01:50 PM

JH

“ John Harn lit a candle in memory of Peter H. Sears



John Harn - July 22, 2017 at 04:44 PM

JH

“ I was a student of Peter's twice, both times last year. I was lucky enough to be in the last poetry workshop he taught. I only knew him from those classes, but I can say I loved his gruff exterior and sarcastic sense of humor. He was hilarious and brilliant but I never saw any arrogance. Underneath there was tenderness. I certainly respected him. And his poems. Peter was a true Master. Bon Voyage, Peter Sears, and thank you.

John Harn - July 22, 2017 at 04:43 PM

SR

Peter was my knight in shining armor who guided me through my last semester of my MFA as I had surgery for breast cancer. Having recently survived lung cancer surgery and treatment, he understood, and told me we'd just set my deadlines around my procedures. My correspondence with him over that time was a life line. Never will there be a kinder, more generous, gracious, brilliant man, nor a finer sense of humor. Peter was a true gentleman, had his priorities straight, and met everyone as a friend. I have been honored to know him. My love and good wishes are with his beloved Anita and entire family at this most difficult time. Thank you, Peter.

Susan McKee Reese - July 23, 2017 at 02:38 PM

PW

seems like only 2 weeks ago that Linda Gelbrich and I saw Peter enjoying the steelhead at Squirrels as were we

Pamela Devereaux Wilson - July 24, 2017 at 10:34 PM

EN

I wrote this poem when I worked with Peter at Pacific in 2011, and revised it this morning in his memory.

*AT THE CAFÉ
For Peter Sears*

*My teacher--a great poet--drinks coffee
on the other side of the window pane.*

*He brings a ceramic cup to his mouth, then
puts it down. He writes comments on my poem.*

*A red wooden table. A plastic pink poodle
wearing sunglasses and a black lace cape.*

*The teacher's hand and the poem are reflected
hanging in mid-air. A ceramic Popeye rides*

*in a baby carriage and carries a pot of spinach.
The woman across from me talks into a cell phone.*

*A slice of sunlight covers her hand. A piece
of spinach dangles from her fork.*

*A Chinese fortune is glued onto my tabletop.
All I can read is, Wow, I wish about...*

Elaine Nussbaum

Elaine Nussbaum - July 25, 2017 at 09:51 AM