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Peter John Oberg was born March 30, 1965, in Rockford Illinois. He is the son of Jack and Sandra Oberg and father of Alexandra "Allie" Oberg. He graduated from Hononegah High School and the University of Colorado at Boulder, receiving his Bachelor of Arts in business. He was intelligent, kind, and a giving person. Peter loved all things related to nature, including hunting, fishing, and falconry.

Peter grew up from childhood in an environment with raptors. He went afield with his father at an early age and had experience caring for hawks long before he took up the sport. After college he began flying red tails and later a goshawk and a falcon. His favorite however was a goshawk, which he successfully flew for eight seasons. His favorite sport was to jump ducks from a stream near his home.

One of his passions was prairie plants and the restoration of such on the property where his home was built. He studied each component and insisted on using a native seed source. It is truly a beautiful place. His life was tragically ended at the age of 48, when a careless motorist made a left hand turn in front of him while he was riding his motorcycle. Peter is remembered by his family and friends as a kind and considerate person with faith in God.



PETER LOVED ALL THINGS RELATED TO NATURE, INCLUDING HUNTING, FISHING, AND FALCONRY.



"When I single out the one person who inspired me most, it was my father. He has been a strong influence in my life and has made me the person I am today, through his kind words, love, and guidance. He touched all of those who entered his life. The best of me, I learned from him."

-PETER'S DAUGHTER ALLIE



Pictured below: Peter with his family in 19?, brother Kenneth, sister Salena and parents Jack and Sandra. Right: Peter with Kenneth & Salena in 19?



Thank You For The Memories

Bill Oakes

I first met Peter when he was in college in Colorado. From the very start, I was impressed by his intelligence, courteousness, and enthusiasm. Pete always seemed to be happy and excited about something. His joy was infectious. He made many visits to our home and got to know my wife and children. He was always much more interested in us than in talking about himself. He and I went hunting together often. Pete did not have hawks during his college years but he was always ready to join the hunt, beat the brush, share in the chase, and revel in the fun of it all. He was constantly asking questions, learning all he could about as many things as he could.

Pete was able to strike up a conversation with anyone and make them feel as if they were the most interesting person in the world. As one who enjoys solitude too much, it was great having Pete around to be the ice-breaker, to be the catalyst for conversation. He enjoyed life and living, and pursued it fully.

Pete was a very loving father but by this time we were living in different parts of the country and our visits became infrequent.

Pete was one of those friends where the time between visits did not matter. When we were together it was as if we had never been apart. Pete was the type of friend that everyone longs for, and with whom few are blessed.

In recent years, we lived closer to each other again and were beginning to get back into our routine of visits. It was nice having him in our lives again. Pete was a master falconer who flew a male goshawk for many years. We shared a hunt together in Kansas once. He did all things well. He was great with the birds, as a father, as a friend.

I was looking forward to doing more hunting and talking with Pete in the coming years. And then he was gone. It came too soon and too sudden. There was so much more to life that he would have loved to experience. Pete truly loved life and was passionate about living it well. It is a great sorrow that he was not able to enjoy more it.

I know that everyone in my family that knew Pete loved him and were greatly affected by his sudden death. Peter, thank you for the memories.



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