



Richard A. Petrin

September 8, 1940 - April 14, 2013

Richard A. Petrin 72 year-old resident of Pierz, MN passed away Sunday, April 14, 2013 at the St. Cloud Hospital in St. Cloud, MN. A memorial service will be held at a later date. Funeral arrangements are with the Shelley-Virnig Funeral Chapel in Pierz, MN.

Richard was born on September 8, 1940 in Onamia, Minnesota to the late Anthony and Allie (Coval) Petrin. He grew up and graduated from Onamia High School in 1958. Richard was married to Betty Kuschel in 1965 and to this marriage 2 children, Jeff and Connie, were born. On March 20, 1982 he was united in marriage to Marilyn Otremba in Onamia, MN. Richard worked for many years building elevators and other sheet metal work until retiring in 1991. He loved to play the guitar, especially older country music, and was known as the "Guitar Man". He enjoyed hunting, fishing, gambling, watching westerns, and spending time with family and friends. Richard was also known to have a good sense of humor.

Richard is survived by wife Marilyn Petrin of Pierz, MN; son, Jeff Petrin of Corcoran, MN; daughter, Connie (James) Lawrie of Alexandria, MN; step-son, Joe Clough and significant other, Jakky of Elgin, MN; step-daughters, Erica Bistodeau of Delano, MN; Collette Bistodeau and Andre of Dallas, TX; and many cousins, nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Anthony and Allie; sister, Wendy Petrin; grandparents; aunts and uncles.

Tribute Wall



“ *Richard A. Petrin*

January 21, 2023 at 11:59 AM

RC

“ Another memory of Dick. I haven't though about Dick in forty years. But Wednesday I was playing on my IPAD and thought I would look him up on the Internet. To my surprized I was looking at his orbit. He must have been calling me. I was with Dick when he got his first deer. Dick was told about this small stampy area where the deer hide during the day from hunters. We arrive on a rainy and misty morning. Dick went on a stand at the head of swamp and I started driving through it. A shot rang out and Dick yelled I got him. When I got to Dick he was really excited. I asked where the deer was and he pointed over there. When went to that spot there wasn't any deer. Looking around we found a blood spatter on the wet leaves. A few feet away a few drops of blood. We followed the blood spoor for a few blocks and came across where the deer had ran into a tree and left a large amount of blood. Up the tail further I stopped the deer weaving and stagger along. I ran up a kicked it over and cut his throat. I handed the knife to Dick to field clean HIS deer but he said he didn't know how. So I had to get all bloody. We dragged that four point buck out to Dick's car and stapped it on the fended. Dick was some proud of that buck on his car as we drove to his house. About a week later we decided to try that swamp spot again. Dick said he knew this older guy with a lot of kids that wanted to come along. So we stopped at this guy home to pick him up. He came out with a Nickel Plated Octagon Barreled Winchester rifle in 32-20. What a beautiful old gun. Seeing Dick already had his deer, he would do the driving this time. The old guy and I went on stand at the head of the swamp. I heard a loud "buck snot" and than a shot rang out. Dick yelled he coming your way. A minute later the guy knocked down a very nice buck. Dick had shot at it when it got up in front of him but only grazed it back. I never got a deer that season. These are great memory Dick. Thank You.

Rugged Cross

Rollin Cross - April 18, 2013 at 10:50 AM

RC

“ Shocked and sadden by the passing of Dick. We had some great times in our youth. On hot summer days we would go over to Anderson’s Garage and drink long neck Grain Belt beer with the Anderson brothers. I don’t think they never sold beer over the counter just had the beer truck deliver cases, which they drank. He had great party at Dick’s house when his parents were away, we would rock the night away. In the summer of 1962, he and I picked up a couple of hot chicks from Mora over at Ann Lake. My date said use she had to be home by 1:00 AM, we told her no problem. Went over to Dick house and he played his guitar for the girls. My girl kept asking for the time and Dick lied about the time. About 4:00 AM we started for Mora with the girl saying her parents were going to kill her for being so late. On the way to bring the girls back to Mora we got a flat tire in his old 1937 Plymouth. After finally getting it fixed, we arrived at my girl’s home about 5:30 AM. The kitchen light was one so she said I had to go in a talk to her parents about the flat tire and why she was so late. When we got into the kitchen her father was sitting at the kitchen table with a deer rifle lying in front of him. Boy, I though I had bought the farm and started talking real fast so he wouldn’t get shoot me. Turned out it was opening day of deer season and he was preparing to leave the house to go hunting. Dick and I laughed about the rifle all the way back to Onamia. Dick had some crazy relatives up by the lake, when the geese flocks would fly over there place they would all run out with their deer rifles and hammer away at the sky high flocks. I don’t think they ever hit a goose. I hope this puts a smile on Dick’s face as he looks down from above.

Rollin “Rugged” Cross
San Diego, CA

Rollin Cross - April 17, 2013 at 03:41 PM