



Peter L. Ogle

August 13, 1953 - May 18, 2013

Peter L. Ogle of Corvallis went to sleep in the Lord on May 18, at home and accompanied by his family. Absent from us in the body, he is now present with God in his heavenly home.

Born Aug. 13, 1953, in Portland to Tom and Lucille (Gunn) Ogle, Peter graduated from Reynolds High School in 1971 and Oregon State University in 1975, with a bachelor's degree in technical journalism. On July 27, 1985, Peter married Ellen Frey in Berkeley, Calif.

Over the course of his 30-year career in journalism, Peter worked for several news publications, most notably as editor of a medical technology magazine based in San Francisco. After moving the family back to his beloved Oregon, he worked as a freelance editor, founded a Christian nonprofit agency, and returned to Oregon State as an adjunct professor of journalism.

He also served as a deacon at Calvin Presbyterian Church, and a board member of Options Pregnancy Care Center and Acorn Outreach.

Peter was an avid runner and cyclist, a Master Gardener and an amateur photographer. He finished seven marathons, including the Boston Marathon in 2007, just eight months after being diagnosed with malignant melanoma. Peter shared his medical and spiritual journey with cancer on his blog, The

Ogler.

Peter leaves behind his wife of 27 years, Ellen; daughter, Allison Ciraulo; son-in-law, Jonathan Ciraulo; son, Nicholas; mother, Lucille; sister, Kathy Manville; brother-in-law, Dave Manville; sister, Gigi Selberg; brother, Tom; and sister, Liz Ogle.

A memorial service will take place at 2:30 p.m. Friday, May 24, at Calvin Presbyterian Church. In lieu of flowers, Peter asked that contributions be made to Acorn Outreach (www.acornoutreach.com) or Options Pregnancy Resource Centers (www.optionsprc.org).

Tribute Wall

DP

“ I just now saw in an obituary notice for Lucille that she had been preceded in death by Peter. I was a neighbor of the Ogle family for a number of years, when we lived on Clackamas Street and our backyard abutted theirs.

I especially remember when we had a miserable winter and snow fell each day, drifting and filling our driveway. I hired Peter to come each day for about a week to shovel out the driveway so that my husband could drive into the garage in the evening. Peter attacked the job with gusto every day, eager to do a good job. He must not have been more than twelve years old at the time.

It looks like he carried that enthusiasm and desire to succeed into his adult life.

I am so sorry for your loss.

Dorothy Piacentini

Dorothy Piacentini - July 07, 2013 at 04:08 PM