



A.R. "Pete" Diamond Jr.

September 20, 1950 - September 5, 2011

A.R. "Pete" Diamond, Jr., Truth-seeker, theologian, story teller and adventurer aged 60 of Santa Barbara died at home on Monday September 5th, 2011 of brain cancer. He was born on September 20, 1950 in Houston, TX. to Allie Ray and Georgia Diamond. He is survived by Carol Diamond, his wife of 37 years.

He earned his B.S. from Texas A&M, his M.Th. from Dallas Theological Seminary and his Ph.D. from the University of Cambridge in Cambridge, England. He was an active scholar who published numerous papers and books on the prophet Jeremiah. He taught Computer Applications and Religious Studies for Santa Barbara City College for credit and for adult education for the last seventeen years. He also taught at other universities as well as directing adult education at All Saints Episcopal church.

Pete was an author, teacher, artist, photographer, musician, a boogie boarder, poet, geek, gardener, a movie enthusiast, "friend of cats", and a lover of science fiction.

Survivors: wife Carol, mother Georgia, sisters Danna Dirksmeyer (Duke) and Alice Streety, nephew Matthew Streety, nieces Lauren and Emily Dirksmeyer, and friend Magdalena.

A viewing is from 5-8 PM on Monday, Sept. 12th at Welch-Ryce-Haider. His memorial service is at 10 AM on Tuesday, Sept. 13, at Trinity Episcopal Church in Santa Barbara. A reception following at the church.

Private burial.

Memorial donations may be made to: Direct Relief Intl, World Wildlife Fund, ASAP in Santa Barbara, Episcopal Relief and Development.

Tribute Wall



“ *Welch-Ryce-Haider Funeral Chapels created a Tribute Video in memory of A.R. "Pete" Diamond Jr.*



Welch-Ryce-Haider Funeral Chapels - September 05, 2011 at 12:00 AM

JB

“ *I was reading Jeremiah 28 in my quiet time this morning, and something about it prompted my memories of "Dr. Diamond"--who was one of my most beloved professors at Westmont. So, on a whim, I googled him, only to discover to my sadness that he had died several years ago. Maybe it's no accident that I thought of him while reading Jeremiah--who knows how Heaven works? Maybe he will be there in my ear, challenging me, as he always did. I am a teacher myself now, and I'd like to consider myself one of his children passing on his legacy--along with so many of his friends who challenge others to move to deeper truths. Oh Captain, My Captain. I will not forget. --Jennifer (Woodle) Birch*

Jennifer Birch - March 21, 2016 at 10:12 AM

RB

*Thanks for remembering Pete Diamond. He and I were friends for many years and his death was a sadness to all who knew and loved him.
My wife and I visit Carol (Pete's wife) as often as we can. Pete will be missed & remembered by many. He was a beautiful person.
Ron Breedlove*

Ron Breedlove - April 14, 2018 at 06:08 PM



Heather
Speirs

“ *Dear Carol, I've only just found out about Pete's passing: it makes me so sad to think that he's no longer alive somewhere, doing all the things, including thinking, that he did so well. Know that we are grieved at his passing, and hope that you are held up by grace. fondly, Heather and Logan, Philadelphia*

Heather Speirs - February 20, 2013 at 05:29 PM

“ *To Cross the Jabbok*
(Gen 32: 22-32)
by A.R. (Pete) Diamond

*To purchase
a way through
in the thin hours
before dawn.*

*To ford
my dissembling self
from this place
and no other
into a better land.*

*From one adversarial
tribal Other to the next
I have schemed
and fought
to this now.*

*Even the womb
of my origin
was not safe
I live
to acquire a remedy
for my patrimonial
shame.*

*this self
feinting and gaming
among the names
these mothers
and fathers
have sought
to burn on me.
I do ache
and I am tired.*

*So I meet you
as I have all others
a joker secreting
his rage.*

*And you come
inconvenient
in my way again
clothed in the past's
silhouettes,
Old River Troll
with oiled skin
and girded loin,
to dare my skill.*

*I dance in
to grasp your heel
a real Jacob, I guess,
hoping to trip
you of the prize,*

*notch my staff
with one more victory
sustain no permanent
wound.*

*Yet you slip me
Cat-and-mouse
we must embrace
Your hands
search me,
burn like change-fire
at every shifting
hold.*

*Bend and torque,
strain sinew and bone.
Exertion drips
down my face
stinging.
Grappling prone
in the dust
my hands fear
their purchase
on your glistening
back.*

*Grinning teeth
flash
my imminent defeat.
Vertebrae grind within
as you bend me
back
on myself.*

*It is agony
that I know my true name
no more
than I know yours;
that discovering both
might only wrench
more deeply
this black howl
haunting within.*

*Still, I breathe
my dreams out at you.
If only you would turn
to brittle stone.*

*No matter
that I cannot tell
whether by yielding
or wrestling on
til morning
I may bear
my limping victory
across the Jabbok.*

Peggy Breedlove - October 02, 2011 at 06:53 PM

PB

I think this is one of Pete's poems from when he was working on the hiku style. I hope I typed it correctly.

Thank you for everything that you gave to me, Pete.

Peggy Breedlove - October 02, 2011 at 06:56 PM

EH

“ So many good and true things have been said already about Pete's humorous, encouraging and caring way of approaching those who were fortunate enough to meet him. To me, as to everybody in the "Jeremiah guild", Pete was an important scholarly inspiration. My most treasured memory, though, is the lunch we had together, Carol, Pete, my husband, Anders, and I, in June 2010 at the fish restaurant at the pier of Santa Barbara where Pete shared his life's experience with us all, in spite of being terribly sick. To have known Pete is a blessing - he will be terribly missed.

*Anders and I are with you, Carol, in our thoughts.
Else Holt, Denmark*

Else Holt - September 29, 2011 at 06:16 AM

LP

“ Pete was an incredibly nice guy; we worked together several years ago as he taught a few computer training classes for me. He was helpful in that he offered information to help me find an instructor for a specific class. I was very saddened to learn of his death. Carol, my thoughts and prayers are with you.

*With sincere sympathy,
Lynn Pratt*

Lynn Pratt - September 23, 2011 at 07:58 PM

AS

“ Alice Jane Diamond Streety lit a candle in memory of A.R. "Pete" Diamond Jr.



Alice Jane Diamond Streety - September 20, 2011 at 05:12 PM

AS

Happy Birthday Big Brother! I love you!

Alice Jane Diamond Streety - September 20, 2011 at 05:12 PM

SG

“ We have very fond memories of Pete, meeting first when he and Carol were in Cambridge, England during his PhD days. Finding and rating good quaint British pubs for food and beverage ... a very wet punting trip ... tea with Rosalie and friends. We also greatly enjoyed a visit to Carpentaria, including favourite places such as Gladstones, Gaineys and Cambria. We completely agree that Pete had a great sense of humour, and ready smile with a twinkle in the eye! He was an out of the box thinker who treated people with great care - especially you Carol. Until we meet again Pete - so many true statements below. With much love and sympathies to Carol and to Pete's family.

Sheila John Katie & Peter Garnham - September 19, 2011 at 03:29 PM

SG

Sheila, John, Katie & Peter Garnham that should say!!

Sheila John Katie & Peter Garnham - September 19, 2011 at 03:33 PM

JJ

“ Pete was by far one of my favorite and most challenging professors I had, both at Westmont College and Fuller Seminary. However, it was times in his office, and dinners at our house and his, that I have often remembered with great fondness. He was a great intellectual inspiration to me and a great personal inspiration to my faith. He had a certain calm and peace about him that I loved to be around. See you on the other side Pete. Maybe we'll Boogie Board again sometime together. Jerry Jervis

Jerry Jervis - September 14, 2011 at 04:24 PM

DB

“Pete comforted me and stood with me in a time of my own personal sadness. I greatly appreciated his ability to walk with those who hurt while challenging the institutions and philosophies that did the wounding. I have not seen him in a decade, but will always remember the twin gifts of compassion and courage that he offered me from his own life experience. Rest in God, Pete. And know that it was a job well done.

Diana Butler Bass - September 13, 2011 at 10:01 PM

MM

“Pete and I were colleagues and friends from many years ago. He was, indeed, a courageous, kind and ruthlessly honest seeker of truth. He inspired in me many of my best thoughts and although we lost touch for some years, we were able to connect again nearly two years ago. I will miss him and his honesty. And that twinkle in his eye when he smiled at the world and with God.

Mark McLeod-Harrison - September 13, 2011 at 12:40 PM

LL

“What I knew about Pete was that he was a true friend to his friends, and a stalwart and steadfast man of faith. I always thought it would be lovely to know him better, to get to be closer friends with Pete and Carol over the years, but as the photos show, there was no absence of love, friends, and life in Pete's years. It is wonderful to see the travels that I'm sure he absorbed happily through every pore. Rest in peace, Pete. Be whole, be healed, be confident as always in the truth of love and light. All who know and love you are missing you so much now.

*Sending you music for your journey,
Laraine Crampton*

Laraine Crampton, LAc - September 12, 2011 at 04:30 PM

KO

“Pete and I wrote an article together, collaborating by phone from two sides of the country, and I learned more of his excellent scholarship, and learned, too, about his deep sense of humor, creativity, patience, wisdom, and his spirit of adventure. I treasure my memories of our times meeting at meetings, and I grieve his death.

My favorite photos in this photo tribute of Pete and Carol. You can see thier love.

My deep sympathies to Carol and to Pete's family.

Kathleen O'Connor

Kathleen M. O'Connor - September 12, 2011 at 09:29 AM

LS

“My dear friend and collaborator in (Jeremiah) crime, most kind and brilliant scholar, and of course wine enthusiast par excellence, Cheers to you, Pete, for a life well lived! With gratitude and affection world without end...
Louis Stulman

Louis Stulman - September 12, 2011 at 07:35 AM

RM

“Pete leading the chorus "Holy, Holy, Holy" at Minnetex that summer of 1971 and then our singing of it at Pete and Carol's wedding--visiting with him at Westmont and boogie-boarding at Carpenteria--then our visit on the phone in the mid-term of his illness. Robert Montgomery

Robert Ford Montgomery - September 12, 2011 at 07:29 AM