



Peter Vuong

JAN 1, 1960 - AUG 31, 2015



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Tribute Wall	Page 4



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Peter Vuong, 55, passed away on August 31, 2015, at his residence in San Francisco, CA. He was born on January 1, 1960, to the late Xiang Vuong and the late Jie Su, and was the youngest of nine siblings. He loved to cook and worked as a restaurant chef for many years. When he wasn't cooking, he would spend quality time with family. He was passionate about music and enjoyed traveling, singing karaoke, philosophy, politics, and fishing. He also had a strong interest in mechanics, architectural design, and building fixtures. Peter was a very thoughtful and caring person, an intelligent and courageous man who will be missed by many. He was married to Teresa for over 22 years but later divorced and never remarried. He is survived by five children: Amanda and husband Gerry, Jennifer, Susanna and husband Russell, George, and Vivian; and four grandchildren: Oliver, Alexa, Harry, and Aleia.



Tribute Wall

Peter Vuong

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Jennifer Vuong posted:

I am my father's daughter. Out of my father's 5 children, I believe I was most like my dad. When I was a child, my father would take us to Great America almost every year. Great America made us happy and that in turn made my father happy. While my mom cooked and took care of us as children, my father was busy working as a cook at the restaurant. He would work late nights, and would always come home smelling like food so he would take showers at night. I picked up this habit of his and would only take night showers thereafter. My father loved music. Music warmed his heart and made him smile. I never understood the beauty of music until my father started playing songs and encouraged us to sing. One of my fondest memories is my dad bringing home a karaoke machine and making us sing. We didn't know how to sing and never got lessons but picked it up quick. From there, because I sang so much and sang every day, I got to be good and even sang at the citywide talent show at age 16, a wedding at 19, and an art gallery at 22. More than anything, my father was a thinker and dreamer. He loved to think critically about the world around us and why things are the way they are. He studied history on his own and would home school me and help me with my homework. He understood how important education was, so he saved money and bought the entire Encyclopedia Britannica so we could do well on book reports. I would then proceed to read any and all topics of interest from the comfort of home. My dad even enrolled us in Kumon where we did math for hours each day. One time, I remember my father thinking about it then telling me being an artist is a good career because creating art doesn't take a lot of hard work and your art work can sell for lots of money. My father would spend days thinking and dreaming of a better life for his family. Constantly seeing him like this gave me the courage to dream of a better future and not settle for the status quo. Even though my father is no longer with us, I know he will always look after us from up above. If you are listening, dad, we love you very much, and miss you every day.

October 24 at 4:39 PM



Tribute Wall

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AV

Amanda Vuong posted:

My father was the pioneer in our family. He bought our first pet goldfish, our first car, our first camera, our first camcorder, our first computer, and our first encyclopedia britannica. He was quite the consumer, who always bought the latest kitchen gadgets to make cooking easier. I shall always remember the happy times we spent making potstickers together as a family, and the rainy mornings when he drove me to school so that I wouldn't have to take public transportation or walk in the rain. If I overslept in the mornings and missed my bus, I could always count on dad to give me a ride to school. I remember that as a kid, I disliked pizza. My father would ask me, why do you not like pizza? Everybody likes pizza, especially him. I said I didn't like the cheese and so I ate pizza bread for the next several years while everybody else ate cheese pizza. My father would try to push me to eat cheese pizza and gradually, I learned to like it too. He was always pushing me to try different things, and guiding me with constructive criticism to better myself in education and in life. Music was his greatest contribution to my life. He used to play his music so loudly that his music would fill every room in our home. I would hear it when I went to sleep at night, and on the weekends, it would wake me up in the mornings. His love of music was contagious. Eventually, he bought a karaoke machine so we could learn how to sing his songs too! One time, he asked me, "what do you want to be when you grow up?" and I said, "a singer." Instead of laughing at me, he said, "you should have spoken up earlier so we could have prepared you." And then he started a lecture on how difficult it is to be successful in the entertainment industry. I thought it was as simple as practicing with the karaoke machine! My father passed away too suddenly too soon. He was a good and caring man who, in the later years, became widely misunderstood as his health declined. He would rather suffer alone than bother us with his troubles. It makes me sad to think that I will never go out to eat with him again. I will always cherish the happy and carefree memories of childhood of being daddy's little girl. I will always love you, dad. Thank you for the care you provided me, and for everything you have taught me. As you go on the next step of your journey, take care.

September 17 at 5:09 PM

BH

Ben H posted:

I never had the opportunity to meet Mr Vuong during his life. I have had the good fortune of being able to call one of his children a friend. She has shared how important her father was to her and the qualities she inherited from him. For that I want to say thank you to Mr Vuong for the wonderful gifts he has shared with the world. My thoughts and prayers are with the family. I'm so sorry for your loss. BH

September 17 at 5:09 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Peter by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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