



Lt. Clyde V. Peters (US Navy Ret.)

October 15, 1944 - August 22, 2014

Lt. Clyde V. Peters (US Navy Ret.), 69, of Ladson, husband of Suzanne L. (Bilodeau) Peters, passed away on August 22, 2014 at Hospice of Charleston in Mt. Pleasant. Family and friends may call at James A. Dyal Funeral Home on Tuesday, August 26, 2014 from 10 o'clock until Hour of Service. Funeral Services will begin at 11 o'clock. Burial will be held at Beaufort National Cemetery at 2 o'clock.

In lieu of flowers memorials may be made to National Parkinson Foundation, PO Box 5018, Hagerstown, MD 21741-5018.

Clyde was born on October 15, 1944 in Valdosta, GA, son of the late Oliver Peters and Florene (Spraggins) Peters. He was a veteran of the United States Navy. He was a member of Submarine Veterans, VFW Post 3433, # 1 Cootie Pup Tent Ten, American Legion, Fleet Reserve, Military Officers Association and GWRRA. Clyde worked for many years as an engineer for Foster Wheeler.

Surviving in addition to his wife Suzanne are: three children: Sabrena Shelby of Summerville, Stefanie Peters of Ladson and Scott Peters of Summerville; six grandchildren: USN MM3 Alexis Mizell of San Diego, CA, Clyde Shelby of Asheville, NC, Oliver Shelby of Asheville, NC, DayIn Justice, Wyatt Peters and Shayna Justice; three sisters: Beverly McKie of Summerville, SC, Barbara Harris of Fitzgerald, GA and Jane Young of Fitzgerald, GA. He was predeceased by a brother: Lt. CMDR. Frank C. Peters.

A memorial message may be written to the family by visiting our website at w

www.jamesadyal.com.

ARRANGEMENTS BY JAMES A. DYAL FUNERAL HOME, 303 S. MAIN STREET, SUMMERVILLE, SC 29483 (843) 873-4040.

Tribute Wall



“ *Lt. Clyde V. Peters (US Navy Ret.)*

September 29, 2022 at 10:11 AM



“ *Well daddy I will always remember the smell of your uniforms and sitting in the living room with momma ,Brena and Scott and speaking into a microphone to make a cassette tape to let you know how we were and how much we missed you. I will never forget the money you LENT and then kept track of every dime I gave you I always thought I was paying for a couple of beers on Fridays at the v.f.w But then when I got my first statement from you. I realized that you were giving me credit for the ones that I bought you. But then I would be back in the red. I learned buy my own and pay my bill to you first at least something. Then I can do my thing. All of a sudden I never got another statement and I know I didn't pay it off. But I think the whole time you were trying to teach me responsibility and when you saw a change you knew I was actually growing up and becoming responsible.*



Stefanie Peters - June 19, 2016 at 02:24 PM