



Jose M. Garza

March 2, 1936 - July 4, 2020

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Tribute Wall

“ Joe Garza, A man I'm proud to call my Uncle. A privilege to be in his company the many years my family visited 801 W. Harding. The door was always open with the screen door closed, waiting for us as we pulled into the driveway.

It felt like our home away from home. Monica, Selena, and I would all quickly run inside for the bathroom; it's a looong ride coming from Houston and my father, Ismael, Uncle Joe's baby brother, didn't like to stop. First, we would get our big hug and kisses from our Aunt Sylvia... "there's my favorite nieces!", she would say. She'd tell us how beautiful we were in Spanish, followed by a witty joke, whispered in our ears for only us to hear. Then, I would hug my Uncle Joe, his hugs were long, he wouldn't let go. I could actually feel his love as he held me in his arms he always made me feel safe like my personal security blanket. He made us feel as though we were one of his own daughters. "Mija, how are you, you know I love you," he would say.

We unloaded the car with way more luggage and bags needed for a week. I remember one time with his soft laughter and sweet simile, you know, we have a washer and dryer.

We would spend the next few days and nights telling stories and catching up on school, politics, yes politics, and current events as it evolved through the years. He would tell us stories about his time in the Navy and all the countries he had visited. We would sometimes cook a meal or prepare a quick sandwich, but mostly we would meet up with our Aunt Maggie and head to Luby's.

Uncle Joe could really talk about anything, but what he really loved to talk about was God. Reminding us of our faith. How great God is and how heaven will be so wonderful.

Our world fell apart on June 12, 1995 - the day when my sister, Monica died. That year Uncle Joe and Aunt Sylvia's wedding anniversary would be a sad one. They too, felt the pain of losing a

niece they loved as a daughter. That night we pulled into the driveway as we had done many times before, waiting for the door to be open and screen door shut, but this time Joe was waiting outside. No words, just hugs - long, comforting, insulating hugs. We would spend the rest of June with Uncle Joe and Aunt Sylvia before heading back home to Houston. It was very long month, every day was an emotional struggle, and Uncle Joe would find the right words to get our family through this difficult time. Reminding us daily that God has a plan even if we don't understand it. That we had to rely on our faith and know he's in control. God needed our Angel in heaven more than we needed her here on earth.

Fast forward to 2001 - my father passes away unexpectedly, and Uncle Joe and Aunt Sylvia again have the door open, screen door closed, and are waiting outside as we pulled in the drive. As he gives me a long hug, he says, "Mija, I know it hurts; it's going to be okay. I love you".

In 2011, he walked me down the aisle I was proud to have him by my side, and he said to me "Mija, I love you, I'm honored that you asked me to do this, your father would be proud of you as tears filled up his eyes and his hand over mine wrapped in his arms."

Today we celebrate a kind and generous man, my Uncle, who served God, Family, and Country - I am grateful for his influence. I'm thankful for his influence.

Love you Uncle Joe, your spirit lives on in our memories and brings joy in our hearts.

Your Little Diandra

Diandra Chebul - July 09, 2020 at 03:23 PM



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