



In Memory of

Angel Eduardo Cabaldón

June 2, 1927 - October 16, 2001

With love from Cesar Gabaldón, a son:

“#1 Dad” I think I finally understand what it means. You see I had a great example. Not that I've spent much time thinking about it. But it just came to me with all the ends tying together as my father lay dying on this deathbed.

My father the oldest of five had a rough beginning. His father died when they were young forcing the older kids, his younger brother Willie and himself, to find work any way they could. They shined shoes. They shined shoes on the streets, in parks, at the movie theater anywhere they could get someone to stand long enough to have their shoes shined. They made their own shoe boxes out of wood and carried all the equipment they needed inside them. Dad made me one of these boxes years ago, which I still use today. The patron would set his foot on top of the box and dad would shine his shoe for pennies, then donating the earnings to the family. This helped their family to survive a very critical time in their young lives.

He continued to donate to the family even in the early years after he joined the Air Force. But because he was forced to work in his early years' he only had an elementary level education, not to mention he spoke broken English. He was trained as a cook and over a 21 year career he earned his Master Sergeant strips. Near the end of his career he was a Generals Aide and had traveled the world over.

Dad retired and found work as a janitor at the local Veterans Administration Hospital. He retired after 20 years of service to the VA. Some people might say "Well he was only a cook and a maintenance worker?" No he was truly dedicated to his family, he respected and loved them. And he never abandoned them. Always supporting them and truly caring for them.

During the 20 years he was with the VA he was divorced twice. But he was still dedicated to his family. Now he was rearing his children and on his own. Did we have lots of money? No, we didn't, you see, we didn't need more we already had all we needed. I never heard him complain about what he wished he could've had or wished to have changed anything that happened to him. But what he had for us was encouragement and his loving affection.

He encouraged me to join the Air Force. Which I did and the profession I learned I continue to utilize today. He insisted "Always plan ahead for the future and save your money." I practice that the best I can. Now understanding why he said those things. I still remember the times he would ask me to play 'Come Saturday Morning' on my cornet for him and pay me five dollars. I think he just wanted me to practice but I'm not sure, maybe he just liked the song.

I've learned from dad that our families should be #1 priority in life. To appreciate the time we have with our spouses and kids. Spend quality time with them. Refrain from working the overtime at work, stop worrying about material wealth. Dad had all he wanted and needed. He was a great example to us all and his actions are worth mimicking. He invested so much of himself into us, his kids. That it would be a shame to lead our lives any other way. I think he will continue to be proud of us long into his next life.

It is evident today dad was loved. Dad did not spend his last moments here on earth alone. He was well cared after and loved. Thanks to my brother Arturo and sister Angelica, guys I wish I could have helped more. The memories I have of dad will always be with me and I will cherish them forever. Thank you for what you taught me dad and remember that your teachings will always be with me.

I LOVE YOU DAD

With Love from Rosanna Gabaldón, a daughter-in-law

“Love is All” by Joseph and Lois Bird

*Only You, my God, know the time I have left.
Perhaps this breath is my last.
For the last time, I may have spoken with my children.
Perhaps never again will I watch the sun turn red
or feel the touch of love
or breathe the scent of evergreen.*

*Can I fear death, Lord?
Can I hold regrets?
Is there something more I can ask in life?
Everything,
no, more than everything
has been mine.
These children who call me father,
those who have taught me,
those who have learned from me,
and, always and ever,
Your love.*

*If I knew I had only one more day,
what would I choose to do?
How would I fill that twenty-four hours?
Would I go to them
and tell them of my love?
Would I come to You to beg forgiveness?
Would I curse the moments lost
or protest the work undone?*

*Dear Lord, if I've lived, really lived,
the days You've given me,
they know of my love,*

*And if I've answered Your call,
Your forgiveness is always with me.
No moments will have been lost,
no work left undone.*

*Guide my hands, Jesus.
Fill my moments with You.
Then it makes no difference.
A year.
A day.
A moment.
I'll be ready, with everything completed.
No last minute preparations.
And no regrets.*



With love from Christina Campos a niece:

I have so many tender memories of him, then and now. In my opinion he has been the epitome of the perfect father and uncle. As children, my sisters and I always looked forward to seeing him at family gatherings in El Paso, in part because he was so good to us, and also because of the obvious deep affection he and my mom have always had for each other. We were raised on Abuelita Altagracia's stories of Uncle Angel working, shining shoes, to buy milk for my mom, the baby of the family. Abuelita Grace adored her eldest son, and he returned the sentiment.

If you remember, I spent the summer of '76 in Tucson, and a couple of weeks each summer, for a couple of years thereafter. In fact, one time, my Tio and Aunt Lupe "smuggled" me into Mexico with Angelica's birth certificate. I had to memorize all of Angelica's vital information. The Mexican border patrol was skeptical and even questioned why I had light eyes but we got through. And we did this just so I could spend some time with Angelica who was already in Temosachic.

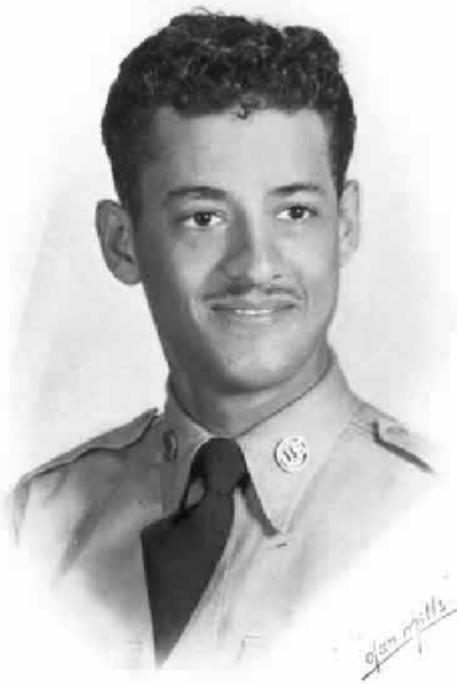
My time spent with your family was a "coming of age" period for me and the closest experience I had to having brothers. And what an experience it was. Angelica and I had so much fun, even when we fought. My Tio overlooked a lot of the things we did, (not really bad things,) and he never once let on. He taught me how to crack and open an egg with just one hand and how to make perfect French toast. And he taught me how to make an ice cream float "just right", "ummm good". In fact, one of my first memories is of him preparing the Thanksgiving turkey at the apartments in El Paso for the whole family. (I also remember the time all the boy cousins caught a frog, stuffed it with firecrackers, and lit it. What a mess! See that was a "having brothers" kind of experience.) Like I've said, I have so many memories.

In my life I've been privileged to witness the close father-daughter relationship between my Tio and Angelica. That's the mutual love every little girl and her daddy deserve, and what I've wanted for my own children. (My Tio always told the story about how Angelica would whistle loudly as a little girl and no one could guess it was her.) My Tio has been a good father, and it is reflected in the care you and Angelica have given him. Even his pets have adored him. Who could forget Sedeki, or Bambina and her complete loyalty to my Tio? And I know that Mechas misses him dearly.

You are all so fortunate to have shared so much love, in good times and in bad. I consider myself fortunate to have descended from the same good stock and to have had the opportunity to spend so much time with your family.

Thanks and God bless
you.

Love, Christina



With love from Adriana Williams, a niece:

You are never prepared to let go of someone special. In fact you become selfish to want to hold on, hoping to stop time. I know that my Tio Angel's freedom has just begun, going on to be with the ones he has long to hold on to, that left him behind.

My saving grace comes from my faith that my Tio knew his time had come to leave us. He told me he would see me in heaven, this I know, someday I will go. For now I will hold on to the memory of his special love, an undeniable feeling of unconditional love. My Tio gave me my first dog, my first pet that I loved.

One day our family was visiting my Tio Angel and cousins. I got sick, the doctors thought I might be developing an appendicitis or just developing. We left the hospital to wait. My Tio gave me a teaspoon of olive oil with three grains of salt and an aspirin. I felt better.

My Tio Angel sent me an edition of Princess Diana's life and death. I was surprised because I have never been one to collect knick-knacks or articles except when Princess Diana died. Somehow my Tio knew I would love this edition and with curiosity I asked him what prompted him to give me this? He replied I love you and you draw people like Diana did. My Tio had a genuine heart and he drew people too.

To those who share our families loss, we know that he was blessed in life and is in another place. We should mourn with joy that now he holds on those he loves, he no longer is left behind. Where there is no time and only light. Infinite perfect love given to us by our Father in heaven. I was able to tell my Tio what he meant to me and to thank him for his kindness, Thank you God for giving me a wonderful Tio to love.

Adriana



With love from Jaime & Irma Sanches, a nephew:

Tio Angel has served as the glue that has held the family together. We think of Tio Angel as a surrogate grandfather for our children, Cassandra and Jaimito, a wonderful uncle to Jaime, and a source of strength to Irma.

Some of the vivid childhood memories Jaime has of Tio Angel include knowing that whenever he would come visit the family in El Paso, the family always knew he would pull out his camera and take pictures. He would always have cooking lessons with Jaime's Mom, Julieta. Comments heard around the family included remarks on how much Tio Angel loved to dance and what a great dancer he was. He always made it a point to dance with everyone and make them feel special by doing so. The songs Jaime will always remember as being associated with Tio Angel include "Arrivederci, Roma" and "Lisbon Antigua".

In recent years, we would make Tucson a stopping point to visit with a man who always welcomed us with open arms. Tio Angel had so much patience with our kids. He loved to entertain them and taught them the fine art of gambling by allowing them to play with his famous slot machine by the name of Angel. He didn't mind having them play with "Mechas", his beloved dog....loved seeing them play outside on his basketball court, and allowed them to choose the movies on the television. Cassandra and Jaimito always wanted to know when we were going back to Tucson to visit their beloved Tio Angel. And Tio Angel always wanted to know when we were coming back to visit him because he said that was when he would clean his backyard.

On one of our visits to see Tio Angel, he spent some time showing Irma all the clothes he was thinking of ordering. Since we were going to the outlet mall, Irma surprised him by buying him all the items he had shown her. He said it was like Christmas again. Even during our March trip, he was asking Irma's opinion on what color of cowboy suit he should order. He even went so far as to show us the suit he already had just like it and the Stetson

hats he had bought. He knew Irma always made a fuss over how handsome he always looked.

One of the best times we had with him was the trip we took in March of 2001. We stopped by to visit on our way to California and he had tickets waiting for Cassandra and Jaimito for the Old Tucson Studios. Before leaving to the park, we invited him to go with us to California. By the time we came back to his house, he was packed and ready to go. On our way, he sat as co-pilot directing his nephew every step of the way. We delivered a very happy father/grandfather to Gerardo and Adriana's house. On the much longer than anticipated road trip to California, Tio Angel and Jaime spent precious time reminiscing about his travels in Spain and his dream to go back one last time. He relayed to Jaime how he and his family would travel in their little white station wagon throughout Spain seeing the sights. He had very fond and dear memories of these weekend family excursions.

And what can we say about a man who obviously cherished his family and the time he had to spend with them? On this trip, he relayed to Jaime that one of these days Jaime would look back on this trip and remember it as fondly as Tio Angel remembered his trips with his own family. He told Jaime that it would be another memory that Jaime would share with his own kids. He was so right. during this summer, we made another trip to Tucson to see him only to learn that he was in the hospital. We headed straight to the hospital and Jaime spent the evening by his side. Jaime massaged his feet and Tio Angel said it was the first time anyone had ever done that for him.

Which brings us to why we would drive all the way to Tucson one last time to see him knowing how ill he was: because he will always be a special part of our lives.... he will always be a role model to us and our children....he will always be a wonderful part of our family's memories....and we will miss him so.

We love you Tio Angel
Jaime, Irma, Cassandra and Jaimito

With love from Melissa Morales, a niece:

Tio Angel you are a wonderful man. My children, my husband & I have had the opportunity to enrich our lives with your knowledge, kindness and love. I was blessed with sharing this joy as a child.

When I speak to my co-workers about my Tio they can't begin to understand the love and closeness I feel. I guess, the thing I love the most about my family is that no matter how far my Tia Luz Ofelia or my Tio Angel have lived we have always been close. As I look around I find myself surrounded by my family, my loved ones. I realize this isn't just another family wedding or even a holiday get together, it's our family comforting one another.

We love you Tio, please pray for us.

My children often remember the time you made Chop Suey for us, even though you thought it wasn't your best we loved it. Every time we shop for groceries and walk by the aisle with the oriental food they ask "Mom remember when Tio Angel made that for us, it was good, can you make some?"

Frank, Melissa, Franky, Alexis, and Devyn,
United We Stand, God Bless the Gabaldón family



1934 Parra! Chih.
Willie & Angel Gabaldon

With love from Fabiola Fuentes, an adopted daughter & friend:

Dearest Angel,

When I heard that you were not feeling well, I thought of you everyday. I reminisced about the memories I have of you and of our families together. The first thing that pops into my head is that you were such a wonderful Dad. Everyday when you came home from work I remember that Angelica would come running out to greet you and shower you with kisses and hugs and ask you, "Hey daddy what did you bring me today?" You always had something for her (usually a piece of candy.) You were always there for her no matter what mistakes she made. You always had such a positive outlook for everything.

I believe you were the greatest father anyone could ever have. I remember how you were so patient about everything and you could just laugh at how silly other people were.

You are the reason Angelica turned out to be such a wonderful person. I could never ask for a better friend in the whole world. She is the most caring person I've ever met and I love her very very much. Please know that whatever happens, she will always be loved by me. She can depend on me for support.

I love you Tio,
Fabiola Fuentes
10/10/2001

With love from Clarisa, a niece:

Tio Angel,

Gracias por sus buenas obras. Departe de mi hijo Jaime Antonio y yo le dedicamos lo siguiente. Este mensaje me lo compartio un querido amigo y pense que seria un gesto del amor y carino que le tenemos.

God's Garden:

*God looked around His garden
And found an empty space.
He then looked down and up the earth
And saw your tired face.*

*He put His arms around you,
And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
He always takes the best.*

*He knew that you were suffering,
He knew you were in pain,
He knew that you would never
Get well on earth again.*

*He saw the road was getting rough,
And the hills were hard to climb,
So He closed your weary eyelids,
And whispered "Peace be thine."*

*It broke our hearts to lose you,
But you didn't go alone,
For part of us went with you,
The day God called you home.*

Love Clarissa and Jaime Antonio

With love from Luis Gabaldón, a nephew:

Tio

I remember the time when Tere made her First Holy Communion in Juarez. We were in the kitchen in my grandmother's house and you told all the kids, "Come with me to get some ice cream and we went to the Mercado Juarez and that's when I came to know what pistachio ice cream is. It's not so much that Pistachio ice cream turned out to be my favorite but that I encountered the sweetness and the kindness with which you always treated us.

I also have very close to my heart other experiences that showed to us that you loved us. I, in particular have very present in my mind how you congratulated us frequently for doing just about anything well. You would tell us, "At a boy cowboy." I want to tell you that I love you and that the admiration that I always felt for you - will always be there. I thank you for being my uncle and I look forward to one day seeing you again for eons; talking and laughing together.

THANK YOU.

Your nephew, Luis



With love from Colleen Hix, a friend:

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

*Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

---Dylan Thomas

With love from Nancy Torres, a niece:

Tio Angel,

Por una parte siento un dolor moral al escribirle porque se que ya no voy a recibir una respuesta como siempre lo hacia; cuando me llamaba por telefono. Ahora solo me imaginare su voz al responder - pero siento la seguridad de que no necesita estar presente fisicamente. Extranare su voz porque desde chiquita me enternecia escuchar su timbre de voz - tierna, melodica y pausada.

Me encantaba ver como trataba con la gente, con nosotros - con un estilo de calma y con la actitud de que todo hiba estar bien. No perdia su fe en vivir y en que los demas hicieran lo mismo.

Recuerdo que conversando en el telefono se daba siempre el tiempo y el interes de preguntar por cada uno de nosotros. En el cariño que le brindo a mi mama y a nosotros me dio una seguridad de que mi padre estaba intercediendo por que tuvieramos su proteccion paternal.

Cada navidad, mi mama recibio algun detalle de usted como si usted estando consiente de que mi papa no estaba fisicamente con nosotros - nos decia - aqui estoy yo y mi apollo.

En casa de Melissa - usted me enseño a bailar una cancion que me gusta mucho "Friends in Low Places". Ese dia hacia poco frio y Mikey queria salir a jugar pero yo estando algo distraida me dilate en sacarlo y usted con esa ternura de siempre - lo tomo de la mano y lo saco. Lo llevo a correr en la banqueta y de pronto lo levantaba en el aire. Yo de lejos lo estaba observando y acojiendo la felicidad de ver a mi hijo carcajear. Se me quedo esta imagen tan tierna en mi corazon como se le queda a uno un hermoso rocio de la manana.

Aparte de mis padres, usted me enseno a disfrutar de la cocina. Recuerdo siempre ofrecer enseñarme sus recetas de las cuales una de ellas ha sido de las preferidas. Recuerdo que reiamos juntos porque a mi se me hacia el nombre de la receta bien raro. Asi es que decidi nombrarla "La Receta de Uncle Angel". En esto usted me dio el gusto de complacer a mi esposo - Michael quien tuvo el gusto de estar con usted en algunas ocasiones. En fin esta receta tambien le encanto a mi mama y de aqui muchos la han probado.

Tio, recuerdo que siempre preguntaba "Oiga, como se siente; se esta tomando el Pau de Arco que le mande? Cada vez que hacia esta pregunta pensaba en la responsabilidad que usted habia tomado desde muy chico por los demas. Siendo el mayor quizas no hubo mucho tiempo para jugar y para muchas otras cosas cuando era nino y quizas joven. Sin embargo, creo que Dios en Su misericordia - ahora le concedera todo el tiempo del mundo para hacerlo haya en el cielo.

Gracias tambien Tio por haber traído a sus hijos, mis primos/a a visitar por el verano; aun recuerdo que nos mojábamos afuera y muchos otros ratos de grata memoria. Ahora solo pienso, como dice una cancion - "Porque sigue brillando el sol?" Porque usted sigue y seguira viviendo en nuestros corazones; porque el que usted este feliz a lado de Dios, sus padres, hermano y hermana traera el brillo del sol y la luz de la luna en esos momentos dificiles que su ausencia fisica nos cause una gran soledad.

Adelante Tio, vaya con Dios quien le hara disfrutar lo que no haya disfrutado aqui y a quien le agradecera por lo que si disfruto. Todo estara bien y en un dia maravilloso nos veremos por alla en el cielo. Reciba de mi parte un fuerte abrazo y de mi parte tambien dele otro a mi papa.

- I love you Tio, I love you very much.

With love from Cesar Vazquez, a nephew:

Hablar de los recuerdos de mi Tío Angel no es difícil ya que en cada palabra en cada paso, en cada consejo en cada alimento preparado con amor, dejaba una huella inborrable, quién podrá olvidar su apasionada manera de recibirte siempre con una sonrisa y con una sencillez que lo caracterizó. Uno de los muchos y gratificantes recuerdos será la comparación que hacía yo en cada palabra que él emitía con las palabras de mi padre, hechas con Amor sobreprotegiéndote y abrazandote con el calor de sus consejos, cuídate, cuida mucho a tu hijo, tienen que ser observadores, pacientes, no corran mucho etc... Son palabras que te alentaban y te daban seguridad, ya que sabías que venían de alguien que lo decía con el corazón y se preocupaba por tí, ah y quién no recordará sus deliciosos guisos ya que él siempre se preocupaba de que hubieras comido y bien, un tío de admirarse, mi amor por el y mi reconocimiento fueron iniciados en el momento que a pesar de la separación de su matrimonio, jamás, jamás dejo de vernos como sus familiares más cercanos, jamás nos ignoró jamás hizo diferencias y jamás nos dejo de dar amor. Es triste y a la vez alentador el saber que está al final de la escalera de la vida donde todos estamos unos en pedestales más arriba y otros subiéndolo sin parar para lograr al final el más alentador regalo, el tener una vida mejor al lado de nuestro señor padre y es cierto lo que apenas hace tres días me dijo al teléfono....hayá nos vemos hijo es solo un rato Él sabe mejor que nadie que su misión en esta vida terminó y que sin dudarlo que en esta vida dejo una huella de amor inborrable en nuestros corazones que se llama Angel Gabaldón.

Que Dios nuestro Señor esté atento que uno de sus mejores hijos regresa a sus brazos.

TE QUEREMOS MUCHO TÍO Y NUNCA DEJARÁS DE
ESTAR EN NUESTROS CORAZONES

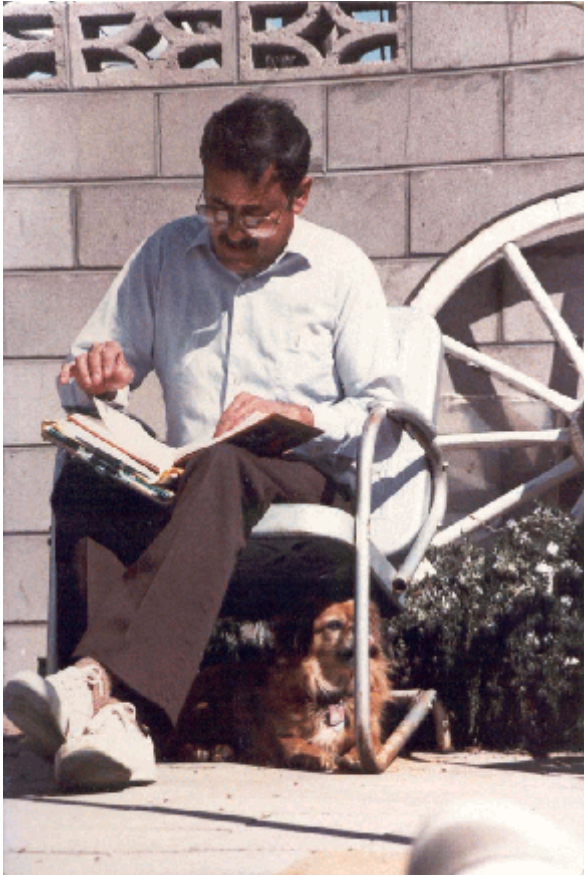
HAYÁ NOS VEMOS.....

With love from Erik Hinote, a friend:

Angel your generosity & kindness made a difference in my life. At the time that he gave me food & shelter it made an immediate difference but maybe even more important being able to be around your family made a lasting impression on me and has helped me mold my life and my own family.

My dearest thanks!

Love - Erik



With Love from Oscar Guillermo Gabaldón, a nephew:

No mucho despues de que naci, Dios me bendicio con un obsequio muy unico---me dio a usted como mi tio y mi padrino. Desde ese momento, nuestra relacion fue cellada para siempre. Al ver a mi padre, veia a usted. Al ver a usted, veia a mi padre. Un enlace de sangre y un enlace emocional y espiritual es nuestra buena fortuna.

Tengo memorias preciosas de usted, mi querido tio. Recuerdo cuando yo era chico. Cada vez que lo veia, me daba un gran gusto, porque en usted veia no solamente a un tio, sino a un amigo, a una persona que en mis ojos era "a todo dar." Mi Tio Angel, mi querido Tio Angel. Recuerdo su sonrisa, y cuando cariñosamente me llamaba "Wilillo." Recuerdo jugar con usted a las luchas, cuando platicabamos, bromeabamos, y simplemente pasabamos momentos juntos. Recuerdo las historias que aprendi de su niñez, y la de mi papa, cuando vivian en Parral y en otras partes de nuestro querido Mexico. Me encantaba escuchar cuando usted y mi papa eran chicos. Cuando ustedes vendian paletas y periodicos, o boleaban zapatos, para ayudar a mi abuelita Altagracia y a sus hermanitos. Me platicaban historias como cuando usted y mi papa vendian paletas, y a veces las chupaban, y luego las ponian de nuevo en su cubierto para poderlas vender.

A veces me ponia a ver fotos de la familia, y me gustaba ver las fotos de usted en lugares extranjeros. Me acuerdo, en particular, de una foto de usted en Londres. Era un momento especial para mi imaginarme los lugares que usted visitaba. Anduvo en Espana, en Libia, en Alemania, y en otros lugares fantasticos. Yo soñaba tener experiencias como las suyas de viajar y conocer al mundo.

No solo es usted querido por mi, sino lo es por mi esposa y mis hijos. Ellos lo quieren mucho. Lo respetan y lo aprecian muy sinceramente. Para mis hijos, usted es su "tata", es el abuelo

adoptado de ellos. Así lo aman. Ellos recuerdan las veces que han convivido con usted. Se acuerdan de aquella vez que lo visitamos, y usted se puso a enseñarles como hacer "pancakes." También nos acordamos de la vez que estábamos en Tucson, y tuvimos un buen tiempo cantando con guitarra y bailando. Que tiempos tan bonitos, tan memorables, y tan únicos. No cabe duda que usted ha sido, y sigue siendo, una persona sumamente especial, querida, y apreciada por mi familia, por mí, por muchos otros..

Gracias, mi querido Tío Angel, por compartir su cariño, su amistad, y su ser. En lo personal, yo me considero una persona muy afortunada por haber tenido el privilegio y la buena fortuna de ser su sobrino. Lo quise mucho, lo sigo queriendo, y para siempre tendrá un lugar exclusivo en mi corazón.

Con gran cariño, su sobrino,



Altagracia Fierro Gabaldón
Angel's Mother



Rito Gabaldón
Angel's Father
Oscar Guillermo Gabaldón, Jr.



With love from Julieta Gabaldón, a sister:

Dios nos dio la vida y gracias a el, la mente nos ayuda a recordar a nuestros seres queridos que para nosotros siempre estaran presentes en nuestro pensamiento. Para mi Angel mi hermano nomas esta lejos no se ira para siempre.

De que no me pudiera acordar, siendo el mi hermano que luchando en Los Angeles, CA horfandad por faltarnos nuestro padre cuando mas lo necesitamos en nuestra adolescencia.

Pero gracias a Dios, mi madre sola supo unirnos espiritual y corporalmente. Serian interminables los recuerdos de mi hermano, pero uestros hijos lo demuestran. Alli esta el fruto de lo que sembramos conla ayuda de Dios.

With love from Angelica Arendt, his daughter:

Daddy, I love you with all my heart and I miss you so much. Thank you for being there for me, and for teaching me to love and value family. I will never forget your cooking instructions, given to me over the phone twenty times a day. How I loved to hear your voice, how I miss it now.

You were always there for me, you touch my life and the life of so many others. So many people love you Daddy, you made us feel special. I am so proud when people tell me that I am like you. I carry you in my heart as a treasure that nobody could ever take from me.

Thank you for loving my Angel & Carrina and my husband Patrick, filling them with so much warmth and guidance. Thank you for my brothers, they are my pillars of strength and a joy in my heart. I want you back, so don't ever leave me.



With love from Ana Laura, a niece:

My Uncle Angel, was and will be a very special person to me. He radiated sincerity, love, hope and joy. He was most loquacious who always had a kind word. More than any person whom I knew he lived in the moment. There was always a calm about him because he did not seem to worry about the past or the future. This calmness made him strong in character and spirit making special and unique.

Many things are said about us by different people, both good and bad. Never did I hear anyone say a negative remark about my beloved Uncle Angel. As a matter of fact, I can only remember kind words spoken about him. Rather incredible when you consider all the people with whom he had contact throughout his full life.

Regularly, he called me and Tim to ask about pecan crop. Eloquently, he described how he would crack the shells and how he savored every bite. He seemed to relish whenever I explained to him how we irrigated the land to well water the trees. Interested, he was as we explained how well the crop was growing. Always, he said to please send him pecans which we did. Also, he always said that he would come and walk through the orchids with us. Last year, he visited our house and walked through the orchids as he always said he would do. As we walked, Angel commented how he loved to walk among Nature. He picked up pecans as he walked studying each one and comment how large the pecans were.

Frequently, he called me and Tim to inquire about my pregnancy. Whenever I told him any of my fears, calmly he would tell me there was nothing to worry about and everything would be okay. As my pregnancy progressed, I realized my beloved Uncle's words were ever so correct.

My final tribute to my Beloved Uncle is as follows:

Thank you for being who you were. You were the best uncle whom I could ever ask for. Thank you for all you telephone calls during which you never had an unkind word to say about anything. Forever thank you for the calls because you only wanted to know how we were and to say hello and brighten our day. Although we will miss you in the physical form, we know that your spirit is with us. The seeds that you have planted will forever bring us joy. You will always live in our hearts.

Love forever,

Your loving niece, Ana Laura and Tim



With love from Marisela Fetzner, a niece:

My Tio Angel...

The picture of the young, handsome soldier on Abuelita Grace's
living room wall...

her pride and joy...

myth-like, possessed of special powers...

tender years

the dutiful son, the thoughtful brother, the happy uncle...

Does he know?...

He the constant, the presence...

the brother, where a father was not

love immeasurable, sea depth gratitude ...

Life's anchor feared lost?...I speak for my mom.

If not for him, she the woman would not be, nor I the daughter

eternal then...reflection immortal...

So, why do I cry?...farewell reads vague...

I've not found my way...my way to farewell...farewell is too
vague

will forever love you, Tio.

With love from Lydia Valdiviezo, a sister-in-law,

Angel me enseno a hacer el mas delicioso peanut-butter jelly
sandwich con platano ... tambien recuerdo que cuando recién
llegamos Oscar, Monica y yo de Mexico les decia a sus vecinos
que yo era hija de su primer matrimonio!

With love from Donna Osborn, a friend:

Angel entered my life a year after my mom had Died. I was sad and lonely. He brought music, dance, mariachis, albondigas ... I have the recipe. He was the rainbow in my life. A diamond in the rough will be missed greatly

Love always, Donna



With love from Arturo Gabaldón, a son:

Daddy,

With all my heart I reach to you and pray that you have found peace. Your life was a struggle of caring for others. In the end, you had to let us take care of you. It was my honor and privilege to provide you comfort and care, in your final moments.

You are my hero, my security and my needs answered. This world now feels a little lonelier, a little sadder and emptier without you. What I would give to hear your voice just once more.

Any one who looks upon the breath and depth of your life should be in awe. You were born in riches, thrust into rags, and rose to become a decent man. You inspired those around you and enriched us with your desire for life. It is not possible to fully describe in words what you have accomplished in deeds. All I can say is Daddy, I am proud you.

I love you.

Arturo



Angel Eduardo Gabaldon

From the Desk of Angel E. Gabaldón for those he left behind:

“FOR THOSE I LOVE AND THOSE WHO LOVE ME”

*When I am gone, release me, let me go - -
I have so many things to see and do.
You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears,
Be happy that we had so many beautiful years.*

*I gave to you my love. You can only guess
How much you gave to me in happiness.
I thank you for the love you each have shown,
But now it's time I traveled on alone.*

*So grieve for me for a while if grieve you must,
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It's only for a while that we must part,
So bless the memories within your heart.*

*I won't be far away, for life goes on,
So if you need me, call and I will come.
Though you can't see or touch me, I'll be near- -
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear
All my love around you soft and clear.*

*And then when you must come this way alone,
I'll greet you with a smile, and say- -
“Welcome home!”*

- - Author Unknown