



## Alfred Dino Potestio

November 21, 1936 - June 16, 2026

He never said goodbye. When he parted ways with the people he loved, it was always the same:

"See you later". That was Dino Potestio - a man who lived with the quiet certainty that love doesn't end, it only waits.

On June 16, 2026, Alfred "Dino" Potestio passed peacefully at home. He spent his final days surrounded by the love and under the care of his daughters.

Dino was born on November 21, 1936, in Pueblo, Colorado, the sixth of seven children born to Bert

and Susie Potestio. Though he would live nearly ninety remarkable years, in many ways his life's

story could be told in a single sentence: he was born to a family farm, devoted his life to that same

land, and quietly became one of those unique men whose influence reaches far beyond the

boundaries of the fields he worked.

To many, Dino was a farmer. Those who truly knew him understood that farming was never simply his

occupation - it was his calling. He delighted in growing things. He loved the first gentle rain after a dry

spell, orchards heavy with fruit, fields free of weeds, cattle grazing peacefully,

flowers blooming in their beds, and even the stray cats that somehow always found their way to him on the farm. The beauty of the land was, to him, evidence of the Creator's hand. He possessed a mind that never stopped thinking, learning, or creating. Long before modern automation became commonplace, he designed and built innovative systems for the farm, constructing everything from grain silos to livestock facilities and engineering machinery that solved problems others thought impossible. There seemed to be nothing he couldn't build, repair, or improve. Whether it involved mechanics, welding, plumbing, electrical work, irrigation, excavation, carpentry, or agriculture, Dino approached every challenge with quiet confidence and remarkable ingenuity. He was the person everyone called when something seemed beyond fixing - and somehow, it never was. Yet for all his brilliance, he remained profoundly humble. He believed a handshake was as binding as a contract and that a person's word was their greatest possession. His integrity was unquestioned. His generosity was instinctive. If someone needed help, Dino never asked whether it would inconvenience him; he simply showed up. He gave freely, taught willingly, and expected nothing in return. His faith in his Savior, Jesus Christ was the foundation upon which everything else rested. It was a simple, unwavering child-like faith that neither hardship nor disappointment could displace. Through seasons of drought, hailstorms, financial uncertainty, loss, heart surgeries,

cancers, and eventually Parkinson's disease and brain surgeries, he endured with quiet strength, trusting God one day at a time. Those trials did not diminish him - they refined him. His greatest earthly love was his wife of sixty-one years, Mary. Though separated by death, he would remark often that she had not truly left - that she remained near him, just beyond the veil. He looked forward to the day when they would no longer be separated, believing their lives were only divided for a time, and that eternity stretched out before them. Together they raised five daughters who knew they were loved. Dino was a fierce protector, a patient teacher, and a gentle father. He could spend all day repairing machinery in the shop or working the fields, yet always found time to check on his girls, fill bicycle tires, bring home favorite treats from the convenience store, or quietly tuck them in before they fell asleep at night. His grandchildren knew him as "Pa," whose arrival as the legendary "Tickle Crab" could transform bedtime into fits of uncontrollable laughter. His laughter itself was unforgettable - so contagious that it often ran ahead of the story he was trying to tell. He would clap his hands together and roll to his side helpless with it. Those who met Dino quickly discovered a man full of wonderful contradictions. Quiet, yet the life of the gathering. Gentle, yet fiercely protective. Brilliant enough to calculate the kernel capacity of a grain silo for fun, yet humble enough to teach anyone who wanted to learn.

Strong enough to rebuild  
a combine piece by piece, yet tender enough to delight in the laughter of  
children and the blooming of  
a flower.

Even in his final years, Parkinson's never defined him. He continued caring for  
his home and beloved  
farm for as long as he possibly could, demonstrating the same determination  
and endurance that had  
characterized his entire life.

To his daughters, the sight of a clean field, an orchard in bloom, or the smell of  
the earth after a  
rainstorm will forever remind them of their father. He taught them that hard  
work is honorable, that  
integrity is priceless, that laughter is a gift, and that faith carries a person  
through every season of life.

More than anything, he taught them by example that true greatness is found  
not in recognition, but in  
service, humility, charity, and steadfast love.

Dino is survived by his beloved daughters: Tori Potestio, Tobi Potestio, Gina  
(Grant) Drummond, Gigi

Potestio, and Joie (Jeff) Spencer; thirteen beloved grandchildren (each of  
whom knew the joy of Pa);

a growing number of treasured great-grandchildren and many nieces,  
nephews, extended family

members, and dear friends whose lives are richer because they knew him and  
who enriched his life.

He was preceded in death by his sweetheart of 61 years, Mary L Potestio; his  
parents, Bert

(Umberto) and Susie (Assunta Chillemi) Potestio; his sisters, Marie Philips,  
Helen Dingle, Virginia

Gilley, and Leona Schonlau; his brothers, Bert Potestio and Vincent Potestio;

and his brothers- and sister-in-law Robert Philips, Robert Dingle, Edward Gilley, William Schonlau, and Beverly Potestio.

There are some lives too large to be measured by accomplishments alone. Dino's was one of them.

The machinery he built will one day wear out. The fields and homestead he loved will be tended by other hands. But the character he demonstrated, the faith he lived, the family he cherished, and the countless lives he quietly shaped will continue and endure for generations. So, rather than saying goodbye, we borrow the words he always used when parting: "See you later."

A Celebration of Life will be held on Saturday, August 15, 2026, with time and location to be announced. Details will be shared with family and friends as they are confirmed.

The family extends deep gratitude to those at Allelon Hospice and Home Instead who helped make his final days peaceful and dignified.