



Daniel R. Vasquez

September 3, 1943 - December 17, 2015

EULOGY:

My heart is broken as I stand before you this morning.

There are days we look forward to in life with great joy, such as birthdays, graduations, holidays, etc. And, there are days that we dread, so much so, that we not dare speak of such things. This is the one day I have dreaded for as long as I can remember: the day of my father's funeral.

This is a bittersweet passing, as he has been tremendously ill for over 25 years. The bitterness of his passing is far more intense than I ever imagined it could be. The sweetness lies, however, in the comfort of believing that my dad is in Glory.

At about midnight, marking the brand new day of December 17, 2015, Daniel Ricardo Vasquez ("Danny") passed from this life and according to the tenets of his faith he entered into eternity to be with his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

"...and at the Midnight Cry, we'll be going home"

Midnight Cry By Greg and Chuck Day

As the undertaker stood in the frigid cold night air preparing my dad's body to be transported to the funeral home, he ceremoniously covered his head with white sheets, one by one, as he lay on the gurney about to leave his earthly dwelling for the last time. Just as the undertaker pulled the thick velvet veil over my father's eyes, signifying the shedding of his mortal coil, a meteor dropped from the sky like a silver cord through the blank darkness dissipating into a single point directly above his head in the presence of his grieving

family in silent grandeur and splendor... perhaps divine orchestration by a loving God to comfort us in our pain... to send us one last sparkle from our Papi's eyes that are now closed to this life, forever.

Danny was preceded in death by his parents, Daniel and Josephine Vasquez and an infant sister, Jocelyn. He is survived by his loving wife, Julie Ann; children: Geri Montoya, Kim (Charles) Garcia, and Rick (Missi) Vasquez; grandchildren: Danielle, Peter, Elijah, Alyssa, Rhea, Zechariah, Miriah, Aaron, Daniel, Amber, Michael and Alyssa; and two great-grandchildren: Amauri and Samuel; siblings: Sam (Jan) Vasquez, Mary Martinez, Becky Vasquez, Jake Vasquez, and Naomi (John) Hedden.

On September 3, 1943, in Magote, Colorado, Danny was the firstborn child to Dan and Josie Vasquez, who from the beginning, lovingly called him "Danny." He was truly a Renaissance man. Such characteristics would manifest quite early in his life. Danny, much like Dr. Doolittle, had the ability to talk to the animals. As a young boy, he found an orphaned fawn near his Pass Creek family home. He called her Fanny and raised her as a pet for many years. She'd follow him to school and quietly creep into the classroom and nibble on the back of his ear, summoning him to come outside and play with her. Such events inspired one of his school teachers to write a song about him, simply entitled, Danny Vasquez which was sung to the tune of Davey Crocket of the Wild Frontier. Danny was an unforgettable person who indelibly marked every heart he touched.

He attended school in the southernmost Colorado area beginning in a one-room school house in Pass Creek, Colorado. He later attended McCurdy Campus in Espanola, NM during his junior high school years, and Walsenburg High School, for his freshman through junior years. In 1962, he graduated from Custer County High School in Westcliffe, Colorado.

Dan was an ambitious young man with a stellar work ethic. As a student, he worked numerous part-time jobs to include serving as a dairy farm hand, bucking bales, working as an antique shop/gas station attendant, and at a Westcliffe area nursery, felling trees alongside his buddy Albert Montoya, who

would later become his brother-in-law. After graduating high school, he worked as an elevator operator and laundromat technician at St. Frances Hospital in Colorado Springs together with his life-long buddies, Dimas, Marshall, Leonard, Pete, Ted and again with Albert.

Anybody who knew Danny knew he was a car man. He was sitting in his '53 Ford, minding his own business one sunny afternoon in Walsenburg, when his future bride came walking down Pine Street with her cousin, Nancy. Nancy introduced them to each other and the rest was history. Dan and Julie were married two years later on December 28, 1963, and would live together for 11 days shy of 52 years as man and wife.

As the years passed, he made his way into the construction industry, working with Utah Mining Company as a hard rock miner at NORAD with his buddies Albert and Ted, and at the Buena Vista pipeline, again working alongside his now brother-in-law, Albert Montoya, and his uncle, Samuel Vasquez, enjoying Vino Roso, CK Tokay and White Port wine and lemon juice in their free time. Danny maintained a vibrant career as a Boiler Maker at CF&I Corporation. He began his time there as an apprentice, attending Pueblo Community College as an adult student, while working full-time, supporting a wife and two daughters. He completed his apprenticeship program and was honored as CF&I Apprentice of the Year in early 1970.

When CF&I Steelworkers went on strike in the early 70s, Dan – while never crossing a picket line – supported his family without skipping a beat, by working as a construction laborer on The Eisenhower Tunnel project. He also worked part-time as a taxi cab driver and as a welder at a local Pueblo machine shop, CP Welding, until CF&I strikes were settled.

He was always a man of his word and lived with great integrity. He consistently proved himself to be dependable and a true friend to those he loved. He was every bit ornery as legend proclaimed, and then some. He was a rebel but never disrespectful nor did he ever look for trouble. However, if it found him, he was a regulator. But on the evening of January 9, 1976, that

machinegun slinging metal-headed biker gave his life to Jesus Christ and lived the remainder of his days executing The Great Commission heralding his Risen Savior as a born-again Christian. Everybody he ever met knew at least that much about him.

Following a long and successful career at CF&I, he ventured to the West Coast in 1983. Following a brief stint working with his brother Sam Vasquez's business, servicing and repairing typewriters for a lucrative clientele in the San Diego area, he continued his professional journey in a new capacity with the International Union of Operating Engineers as a Heavy Duty Repairman, operating and repairing the giant equipment as only he could. He worked oftentimes alongside his only son, Rick, at commercial housing and residential community development projects throughout southern California and at the Denver International Airport at its inception.

He was a natural born leader, never ever a follower. He was the paradigm. He had no desire to lead others of his own accord. However, he was consistently nominated by his peers and supervisors to positions of leadership. He served as Pueblo Chapter President of The Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International, and numerous other posts over the years. Danny and Julie, together, were a power couple in their community and in their life.

Danny was a thinker, always improving upon convention, consistently inventing new methods, means and tools by and through which he would execute tasks more efficiently. His head was filled with new theories and ideas that challenged brilliant minds with intrigue, and boggled those who didn't care much about thinking.

At a very young age, he wrote a speech on Atomic Energy in the Future as a class science project and ultimately was invited to present his speech to the sitting Colorado Governor at the State Capital in Denver in addition to each of the 64 Colorado county seats. He invented a toggle switch that I wish I would have paid closer attention to during his explanations of it. I cannot tell you what that thing was today.

He invented countless unpatented gadgets and doohickeys that helped him

and others accomplish simple and complicated projects. The man was ingenious. Creative. Patient. Wise. Thoughtful. Witty. And, as his father described, “strong as a white-faced bull.”

He didn't tolerate fools lightly but dismissed them quietly to their own folly, never dignifying stupidity with a response, nor soiling his hands or reputation in the process. Those who dared to cross him, in their ignorance, would do it only once. No matter where Danny went, he made friends. People just loved him.

He had a tremendous wanderlust. He could not be pinned to the ordinary, nor pegged to standard convention. His independence was sacred to him, yet he was always surrounded by friends that would ride or die for him. He traveled throughout the United States, Mexico, Canada, Europe, and Israel. His last adventure was to the country of Chili. It was in Chili where Danny began to feel the debilitating effects of Parkinson's Disease, the disease that would eventually rob him of his physical independence. In December of 2014, he was diagnosed with thyroid cancer as well. We cried at Papi's bedside not believing such news. There are some things in this life that will never be understood.

He lay quietly in his bed that day with his family surrounding him. There were no words. He was a quiet man with a booming presence. He was the epitome of coolness. He moved with feline-like grace. He possessed supernatural strength, physically, spiritually, mentally and emotionally until his very last inhale.

Today is the winter solstice. It only makes sense. In the grand scheme of things we are laying him to rest on this longest night of the year.

My dad was the eternal optimist. As such, he would say to each of us here whose hearts are heavily laden with unbearable grief, “It's okay. Don't be sad. After today, each day will only get brighter.”

As we say goodbye to this man who we loved and esteemed so deeply, I tell you the truth... that man was my hero. He always has been, he always will be. Let's be real here, I am single for a reason. Who can compare to my dad?

Being Dan Vasquez's daughter is one of my greatest sources of pride. When I was a little girl, it ripped my heart out to say goodbye to him when he'd leave for work, sometimes for weeks at a time to work in the snowy mountains of the I-70 corridor. I would weep bitterly in a huddled mass on the carpet at the foot of our front doorway. I was inconsolable. It's no easier today, especially as we are now in the Christmas week.

My best friend reminded me in a text this morning. "Your Papi was not merely a gift beneath the Christmas tree. He is your star atop of it."

You're my star, dad!

Goodbye, Dad.

Goodbye, Papi.

I will love you forever!

Daniel Ricardo Vasquez was interred at Imperial Memorial Gardens in Pueblo, Colorado on December 21, 2015.

OBITUARY: On December 17, 2015, Daniel Ricardo Vasquez ("Danny") passed from this life and, according to the tenets of his faith, entered eternity to be with his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Danny is preceded in death by his parents, Daniel and Josephine Vasquez and infant sister, Jocelyn. Danny is survived by his loving wife, Julie Ann; children: Geri Montoya, Kim (Charles) Garcia, and Rick (Missi) Vasquez; grandchildren: Danielle, Peter, Elijah, Alyssa, Rhea, Zechariah, Mariah, Aaron, Daniel, Amber, Michael and Alyssa; and two great-grandchildren: Amauri and Samuel; siblings: Sam (Jan) Vasquez, Mary Martinez, Becky Vasquez, Jake Vasquez, and Naomi (John) Hedden.

Viewing is Monday, December 21, 2015, at 9:00 a.m. to noon. Funeral service will be held at noon in the Roselawn Chapel. Entombment immediately follows at Imperial Memorial Gardens

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC **21**. 9:00 AM - 12:00 PM (MT)

Roselawn Funeral Home Chapel
1706 Roselawn Rd
Pueblo, CO 81006

Funeral Service

DEC **21**. 12:00 PM (MT)

Roselawn Funeral Home Chapel
1706 Roselawn Rd
Pueblo, CO 81006

Entombment

DEC **21** (MT)

Imperial Memorial Gardens
Pueblo, CO

Tribute Wall



“ 207 files added to the album LifeTributes



Roselawn Funeral Home & Cemetery - July 19, 2022 at 07:05 PM

Geri
Montoya

“ Well, Pop... here we are. The world has gone around the sun one more time since you've been gone. I hope you're exploring the far reaches of this immeasurable galaxy and those beyond our existence. You're no longer bound by the constraints of mortality.

During the course of this past year, your name has been on our lips in loving reminiscence and, often, in moments of aching silence for missing you. The void you left is a gaping hole which time alone will allow us to fill with carefully folded memories. You were such a powerful force.

The sound of your voice still echoes clearly in the hallowed rafters of my heart's archives. Your soft brown eyes and beautiful olive skin, vividly etched in my mind's eye. Songs you loved randomly play, washing my eyes with tears in an attempt to soothe the stinging pain that yet lingers.

Over the course of this year, a numbing protective shock seemed to prevent me from feeling the pain of your passing – always keeping a stiff upper lip and brave face – until just the other night when my heart lay open while speaking of you. God, the ragged pain....

You were a magnificent father, husband, son, brother and friend. Thank you for loving all of us so amazingly well. Your sage advice and epic strength are the foundations upon which we are able to press on when all seems to war against us. The precious jewels you left us are your steadfastness and optimism. I hold those inherited riches in my hand as my stock in trade. You always said, "Where there is life, there is hope. Don't ever give up." You admonished us to seek God's wisdom and ask for it when we have none of our own as God promises to deliver, exceedingly and abundantly above all that we can ask or think.

Your encouraging words came from your personal experience and from the Bible. You always taught us to dare believe in miracles... don't be ignorant but go ahead and believe in the unfathomable.

Thank you for your love and positive nature. Thank you for loving us so well. Being your daughter is one of the greatest gifts and sources of pride I enjoy in life.

We miss you, Papi.

God, I would love to speak with you just one more time, and share with you the magnificent sweetness in my life right now. Yet, somehow, I know you are keenly aware and are happy. I know it. I wish I could hold your warm strong hand and feel your hugs that held me so tightly to where I would struggle to pull away first. You never released your embrace first. But... to do that means that you would have to come back from eternity into this nasty world. Somehow, I know you would say not to cry for you anymore but instead to be happy. You're immortal now. Your pain and burdens are no more. You are whole. You must be happy because according to the tenants of our faith, "...God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." (Rev. 21:4.)

In calm silence this morning, I awoke after having been asleep for a couple of hours. I don't know how the soul works but I believe that love transcends time and space. I remember when I was a little girl, you'd leave for work under the cover of darkness. Before going, you would enter quietly into our room and kiss us on the forehead ever so gently with your soft lips and whisper sweetly, "Bye-bye, baby... be good." Your crisp clean aroma would hang in the air even as your motor broke the stillness of morning with a roaring thunder. While your personal nature was quiet and immensely powerful, your departures were always grand – all the way to the end.

In this season of giving, thank you for the reminder that peace is a gift and that it is ours for the taking. All we have to do is accept it. Peace.

Bye-bye, Pop. I'll be good. We'll be good.

Geri Montoya - December 17, 2016 at 12:48 PM

EG

“ *Julie & family : Our sincere condolences to you and the family. Danny was a great guy .. and I remember the special memories that he left behind as a young person (in Redwing, Walsenburg and in high school) and later as an adult friend. Danny suffered for many years and was an immensely strong person. There are many happy memories to think of over Dan's life, with him and his family. Sincerely and with love,*

Ed & Fran Gomez

Ed Gomez - December 22, 2015 at 09:03 AM

FM

“ *Uncle Danny the memoirs I have of you are a strong man who loved His Lord Jesus and wife and children very much. Rest in peace dear Uncle.*

Faith Montoya - December 21, 2015 at 04:18 PM

TR

“ *We love you Uncle Danny. May you rest in paradise as you join our Lord in heaven. We will miss you and will think of you always. With love, Pete, Tracy, Petey, Melissa and Adrianna Vialpando*



Tracy - December 20, 2015 at 09:53 PM