



Rosie Castillo-Gomez

December 23, 1956 - February 6, 2016

ROSIE CASTILLO-GOMEZ Dec. 23 1956 – Feb. 6 2016

Rosie Castillo-Gomez passed away softly as a whisper gently fading into the night on Saturday, February 6th, 2016. Her husband, Eduardo Gomez, lost his companion, his friend, his beloved wife and I lost my mother.

At the age of 59, we all lost a person whose passage from this world diminished her physical presence, but not her place in our hearts or in our memories. For in these places, I know she is cherished and loved by each of us and we will remember her in our own special ways. But she also remembered us.

My mother remembered that Dolores Castillo, whom she would call “mom” for the rest of her life, first met her as a tiny infant, a child of only 9 months for whom she would care for and raise as her own. Through the guidance and love of both her parents, my mom would grow up to be the extraordinary women that we all knew her to be.

My mother remembered that her oldest sister, Lupita has always struggled with health issue of her own, but she was there as often as she could, listening patiently and always advising Lupita to reach for better health and to strive for happiness.

My mother remembered Gloria and the constant love they had for each other over these many years, finally re-kindled to grow bright and fierce in both their hearts, healing all wounds so they could again share a laugh or two and speak of good times once more.

My mother remembered sharing beds with Margie when they were growing up, spreading “chismes” and talking about boys in whispers at night. She remembered sharing a bed again, as adults in Phoenix, once again talking into the wee hours of the night, sharing stories and enjoying the simple company of one another.

My mother remembered Carmen being the constant—the bond and the glue that held my mother close to her family even though she had spent so many years so far away from home, always caring enough and taking the time to keep my mom up to date with how everyone was doing—reminding us all that we had family in El Paso that loved and held us in their thoughts even from thousands of miles away.

My mother remembered her youngest sibling, her baby brother, Ray. She remembered all the places she use to take him cruising around when he was young, perhaps creating that love of driving from place to place while sharing conversation. So, as he got older and she

visited him in Chicago, it was his turn to do the driving and show her all the interesting and beautiful locales near his home, always laughing and smiling as each mile passed by in comfortable companionship.

My mother loved all her nephews, nieces and friends. She remembered that for each, there was a special bond and unique memories—memories that touched her heart and made each relationship different, but no less exceptional for the difference.

My mother remembered the Porrás family; the family of her husband who invited her to parties and cookouts and never excluded her or made her feel unwelcome. She remembered their sentiments, when they expressed that they understood how much she loved and cared for their son, their brother, and that she was ever his loving wife.

My mother remembered the Sargent family, taking her in as a very young woman. She remembered that they were friends, classmates and then family through her son. But she also remembered that even as things changed, they never stopped being family and treated her always, as a daughter, as a sister.

And my mom REMEMBERED and KNEW her husband, Eduardo. She remembered that they met when she was 23, and was a bit too willful for her own good. And so he gave from his strength and maturity, giving her the stability to forge her own future and the opportunity to become all that she wished to be. As the days dwindled, and we spoke quietly in the night as we often did, she told me how much she loved him and she remembered that his first act of kindness was to show that he would care and look after her no matter what the future held – and he did, steadfast and true for 33 years, he always did.

As for me? I know in my heart all that my mom remembered of me...we spoke every night, she was my best friend, my confidant, my accomplice – how could I not know? So I shall speak of how I remember her instead.

My mother was an extraordinary woman who fought hard to earn everything she wanted in life. She studied hard to earn her Bachelor's and then a double Masters from the University of Texas at El Paso (UTEP), in Special/Bi-lingual Education. Thus accomplished, she went out into the world, determined to change it and make it better. She began with a group of special needs children, some of which were never given a chance to succeed. These children would remain with her for years, and against all odds she taught these children to read and write. But more than that she taught them to take pride in who they were, for to her they really were special, in beautiful and profound ways. My mom was an adventurer. By my definition, that is a person who is brave, strong, fearless and willing to go to places far and unknown—to be the first. And so she did. Her solo journey to Hawaii brought me and her husband soon traveling in her wake. We had grown so accustomed to the radiance and unique resonance of her soul that we couldn't be away from her for long. Here on the islands she was vivacious and energetic, teaching for a couple of years and again changing young lives for the better. And so, Oahu became

a home for all of us. Here we made our small, but strong family of three, (plus one) when you count Gizmo and then Koa, both beloved pets. We loved one another, depended on each other, and took care of each other, no matter the obstacles we faced along the way, because that's what family is.

And so we lived and we have been happy. Unfortunately, life had other plans. She got ill, then injured, and finally faced the hardest and most difficult challenge of them all – she was diagnosed with cancer. But even in the face of this terrible news, never did she lose her resolve to fight for as long as she could, never did she back down, and never did she change from the person she was. She met it straight on with a courage and a strength that I marveled at, day after day. And in all this time, even as things became increasingly difficult for her, never did she sway from being a loving mother, a devoted wife, a caring sister and a loyal daughter.

The last month and week were incredibly challenging, but she was never alone...her husband Eduardo and I were at her side until the very end. But true to her nature, once again she took upon the mantle of being an adventurer once more: strong, fearless and ready to step into the unknown. And so she did. She illuminated a path of light and love for all of us that remain, perhaps preparing the way into a new world. I chose to believe that in this new world; she is free of pain, free of hurt, and she is truly at peace. I believe that even now she is looking down upon each one of us with love and telling us, "I'm ok, I really am, and I will be waiting for you with open arms."

Comments



“ Today I found out one of the saddest news of my life! That you went to heaven! With out all your love and encouragement for my daughter Roxanna Jimenez, I would have never how to help and stand up for her! You were so loved by so many especially my family.....I will find the right time to tell Roxie I know she will be very heartbroken as am I. I know you are in heaven with the students that have gone. We will treasure every moment we had with you! We love you always!♡

Janie Saavedra Jimenez - July 06, 2016 at 03:39 PM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



eddie - February 18, 2016 at 02:13 AM



“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



Eddie - February 16, 2016 at 11:43 PM



“ Memory: I was sick at school, 5th or 6th grade. My aunt Rosie came to pick me up. We hung out all afternoon, just me, her and gizmo. She ordered pizza for us (I was really sick) and we watched movies. I tried to be sick more often but it didn't work. I love my aunt and pray that she is with family by our Fathers side. No more pain, just happiness for her.

courtney - February 11, 2016 at 09:21 PM



“ I am at a loss for words. I will carry my memories of you with me forever. May you rest in peace.

Christy Martinez - February 11, 2016 at 04:03 PM



“ My sincere condolences to your family. May you find comfort found in the words of Isaiah 25:8

dawn - February 11, 2016 at 01:05 PM



“ Rosie will be missed by all her family and I will miss her smile and brother stay strong that's what she would want. Rosie we love you and miss you



yvonne - February 11, 2016 at 09:03 AM



“ Rosie was a beautiful and kind person. I will always remember her beautiful smile. She will be missed but never forgotten. Uncle Eddie we love you and you will be in our prayers. Rosie will be in our hearts until we can all meet again.

MelJess Barragan - February 11, 2016 at 07:22 AM



“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



Blanca - February 10, 2016 at 05:09 PM