



Jose Garcia

August 28, 1946 - February 19, 2025

Jose Garcia-Martínez, known affectionately by everyone as "Viejon", was a beloved husband, father, grandfather, brother, and friend. He passed away on February 19, 2025, at the age of 78. Born on August 28, 1946, in Garcia de la Cadena, Zacatecas, Mexico, he was the son of Apolonia Martínez and Avelino García. He grew up working alongside his parents and siblings: Josefina, Guadalupe, Austreberto, Ángel, Jesús, and Martín helping the family and building rock fences with arms so strong they became part of his legend. His presence was unmistakable, always recognized by his signature sombrero, mustache, and cane. Despite claiming to own over 100 dress shirts, he preferred wearing his most comfortable ones, even if they bore chile stains or band aid marks.

In 1970, Jose married Filomena Guzman, and together they built a life rooted in hard work and family. He became a father with the birth of his first son, Castulo and not long after, son, Benjamin. Seeking better opportunities, his life as a migrant laborer began when he moved to Southern California, to work in ceramic pipe fabrication, bringing his wife and young sons along in 1973. Within a year they welcomed a third son, Miguel. After a brief return to Mexico, their fourth child, Juan Antonio, was born and the family soon made the life-changing decision to apply for residency and head north again. Destiny stepped in and when no factory work was to be found, a close family friend invited them to head even farther north to Oregon and Washington for farm work in 1978.

For the next eight years, the family migrated between Brewster and Garcia de la Cadena, following the harvest seasons. In these years is when their youngest child, Estella was born. Eventually, Jose decided to settle in Brewster full-time, ensuring his children had economic stability and educational opportunities, while still making regular trips to Mexico to stay connected with their heritage. He worked for Gebbers Farms for over 40 years, tending to and harvesting fruit, and later learning the warehouse life alongside many of his wife's longtime coworkers.

Though he had little formal education, Jose had a sharp mind for numbers whether he was counting visitors or keeping track of his card game winnings in his infamous peanut jar. He was more reliable than a clock, never needing an alarm to wake up, knowing it was time to eat precisely at 5 p.m., take his pills at 8:30 p.m., and head to bed by 10 p.m. Anyone staying past bedtime knew to keep quiet or risk a sharp word or two. He loved listening to music for his naps but was never one to stay late at a party. He would be the first to suggest a family carne asada and be ready to start a burn pile in the yard. Jose's playfulness was evident in the way he hid keys, phones, or purses, chuckling

mischievously when the person realized he was the culprit. He had a million stories and

sayings, always ready with an expression to make people laugh. You could hear him say "Where's Filomena, the rooster needs his hen." If he couldn't find her after waking from a nap, he'd search the lawn, following the hose to where she was watering, or wander into the kitchen where they spent countless hours together. They were inseparable, enjoying long walks, gardening, and preparing meals. Jose would proudly boast every time he helped cut the meat or brown the rice, reminding Filomena, "You've put up with me for over 50 years."

The loss of their son Juan was devastating to them, but we find comfort in knowing that they are now together again.

Jose was a stern father, but when it came to his grandchildren, he was pure

tenderness. They eagerly fought for the chance to join him on walks to the post office or store, knowing he'd treat them to Hot Cheetos or candies. In more recent years they could convince him to perform without hesitation for their short videos and photos.

His life was a testament to perseverance, sacrifice, and boundless love. As he would say, "To have enough, you need too much." And Jose gave his family more than enough: enough love, enough laughter, enough memories to last a lifetime.

Rest well, Viejon. You will still be with us when we gather for a meal or as we play our card games, your presence in our shared laughter and memories.

Previous Events

Mass of Christian Burial

FEB 24. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (PT)

Sacred Heart Catholic Church
214 S. 5th Street
Brewster, WA

Graveside

FEB 24. 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM (PT)

Locust Grove Cemetery
70 Locust Way
Brewster, WA

Tribute Wall



“ 1 file added to the album *Memories Album*



Precht Rose Chapel and Barnes Chapel - February 21, 2025 at 05:21 PM