



## Art Gonzales

October 8, 1925 - December 8, 2018

Art Gonzales

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Art Gonzales was preceded in death by his parents Federico Gonzales and Indalesia Lucero, his "Uncle Bob", and his siblings Natividad "Nattie", Tomás "Tom", Beatrice "Bea", Esperanza "Hope", Eva, Federico "Fred", Severino "Al", and Rodolfo "Corky". He is survived by his wife Rosalie F. Gonzales, his daughters Tamara, Tyra, and Thia, his grandchildren Severino "Sevy", Nicole, Seneca, Serina, Tylr and Thomas, and numerous nieces and nephews.

Art Gonzales crossed over while in his home at nightfall, at the same time the natural world comes to life. He was born in a small mining town in Madrid, NM, and raised in Denver's eastside neighborhoods. His mother died when he was five, and from then he was raised by his father, older siblings, and adopted uncle, Bob. He served time in WWII. He met his wife, Rosalie Portales at the age of 21. They were married for 69 years and had 3 daughters. He worked as a tailor, and then a machinist, and in his 40s he received an associate's degree with a major in cultural anthropology. He also knew auto mechanics, carpentry, and enjoyed making and repairing things with his hands. He loved his family, playing tennis, science, learning and reading about people and animals of the world. He also loved skiing, fishing, spending time camping in the mountains, and all animals, especially his dogs. We already miss his voice of reason, his vast knowledge, his strong sense of justice, his gentle demeanor, his witty sense of humor and his laugh, his teachings, and the way he would smile at us with his piercing blue eyes. A private service will be held.

# Comments

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“ My deepest condolences to the friends and family of Art. May your treasured memories bring you joy, and may 'the God of all comfort' give you strength, along with a measure of peace for your grieving hearts at this most difficult time.  
2Cor 1:3

SH - December 20, 2018 at 10:12 PM

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“ R.I.P. Mr. Gonzales. My condolences to the family. My love to Mrs. Rosalie Gonzales, Tamara, Tyra, Thia, & Nicole.

Sincerely, Daniel Martinez Jr.  
(Dannyboy)

Daniel Martinez - December 18, 2018 at 02:52 PM

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“ Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Art Gonzales.



December 14, 2018 at 02:01 PM

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“ Familia,  
I remember getting together for the Holidays back in the day. There would be the adult table and the kids table. Everyone was dressed and ready to celebrate together. I think that's why we celebrate the way we do today. The impact of our Elders, Grandpa Gonzales, Uncle Bob, Uncle Fred, Uncle Al, Uncle Art, and my dad Corky is still with us today every time we get together.  
They all had the loud laugh, joking with each other playing the dozens. Thank you for sharing all of the wonderful pictures of our elders and your family.

Thank you for sharing your dad's story and life's journey. He was an exceptional human being impacting those who crossed his path.

Charlotte Gonzales - December 14, 2018 at 12:50 PM

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“ 3 files added to the album Immediate Family



Thia Gonzales - December 14, 2018 at 07:41 AM

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“ 4 files added to the album Photos of Art from a Life Well Lived



Thia Gonzales - December 14, 2018 at 07:39 AM

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“ 2 files added to the album Immediate Family



Thia Gonzales - December 13, 2018 at 09:18 PM

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“ 18 files added to the album Immediate Family



Thia Gonzales - December 12, 2018 at 11:06 PM

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“ 26 files added to the album Photos of Art from a Life Well Lived



Thia Gonzales - December 12, 2018 at 10:24 PM

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“ My Dad (page one)

This story is about my Dad.

It could have been a story about the 8th born child of Indalesia Lucero and the 4th born of Federico Gonzales, their blue eyed guerrito child who was born in the small mining town of Madrid, NM, who lost his mom when he was 5 years old and was then raised by various family members including older siblings, his father, and his uncle Bob in the eastside of Denver. It could have been a story about the kid who loved potatoes so much he was nick named “Tato”, and who loved to eat so often he would wake up early to eat breakfast with his father before he left for work and then ate second breakfast with his brothers before school. Or the boy who as his brothers begrudgingly reported, once went fishing alone at a nearby Denver lake, and caught a bucketful of perch, fried them up and ate them all, when later he was found out when his brothers discovered the dead fried fish remains which reportedly even had a few fish heads missing.

This story also could have been about a young boy who learned to read before he ever began school, who loved books so much he read stories from the bible because there was nothing else to read in their home. A story about a boy who traveled with his dad and brothers to the San Luis Valley to work the fields. Or a story about a boy who loved learning about math, art, science, history, and cultures of the world, or the man who went back to school in his forties and received an associate’s degree in cultural anthropology because of his love of learning and to set an example for his kids. It could have been a story about a young man who loved to create and repair things with his hands. A man who was a tailor, machinist, mechanic, carpenter, a man who had a love for animals, especially dogs, and all things found in nature. A young man who trusted science beyond an unseen god. A young man who was loyal to his family and friends. A man who became an athlete, an expert skier, a formidable tennis player, who was fit and strong and never a pound over weight.

This story could have been a story about a young man who married a dark haired beauty, and had two daughters and then years later a third. It could have been about a husband who remained loyal to his wife for 69 years. A man who was an excellent provider for his family and never allowed them to worry about lack of money, even if he himself may have been. But this is not that story.

Continued on page two



## “ My Dad (continued from page one)

This story is about my Dad.

My Dad who was a provider, a protector, a teacher, a creator, a fixer of toys and all things broken. My dad who was patient, kind, polite and reasonable. Who had a playful and witty sense of humor, and a loud full spirited laugh that would fill the room. A dad who taught me to play tennis and to ski at a time when we were the only brown folk on the mountain. He was my Merriam Webster and my encyclopedia, the strongest most handsome man I knew, and by far the smartest man in the world, of my world. It seemed there was no question I could ask him that he didn't know the answer, and as I grew and my questions became more complex, he taught me how to find my own answers in a time before Google, when a kid's curiosity had to be great enough to actually seek knowledge by finding a book, using an index, and discovering the answers through the power of the written word.

This is a story about a man who took me ice skating for the first time, who taught me to ride a bike, and showed me how to bait a hook and helped me reel in my first fish, who taught me to shoot a bow and arrow, took us camping, and taught me the beauty of the outdoors and to respect all the creatures within it, who exposed me to a different type of church, one of the sky, and the earth and everything natural in between.

This is a story about my dad who taught me how to care for my home and taught me how to paint, hammer a nail, safely climb a ladder, take things apart, fix them, and put them back together. This is about my dad who patiently coaxed me down a ski run that was too terrifyingly difficult for me at the top, and by mid run, had taught me new skill and confidence through his gentle guidance. My dad, who taught me about finances and how to balance spending, saving, and giving, and taught me to do my own taxes long before the ease of tax software.

This is a story about my Dad who never said "I love you" with words but communicated it with warmth and clarity as he looked straight through me with his piercing blue eyes. My Dad who almost died when I was 12, and who I finally got to see in his hospital bed after several surgeries and 20 pounds of weight loss, who looked me in the eyes as tears of love ran down his face. A man who healed with time, and then pushed me to be my best, to learn, and grow.

This is the story about my Dad who with my Mom drove me from Denver to attend college in New York city in the late 80s when crime there was at its highest, and had to trust that their years of parenting had prepared their youngest daughter for survival amongst the urban jungle cats. It's a story about a father who wanted nothing more than to see me pursue an education, expand my boundaries, travel, and explore the world, and who was able to celebrate with me, my achievements and adventures. A father who taught me to be a strong capable independent woman who loves learning

and who respects others, and more importantly he taught me to respect myself.

This is also a story about a daughter who watched her father's frustration as he struggled with remembering, could no longer manipulate complex numbers, who no longer knew the answers to all things, who eventually could no longer swing a tennis racket, or remember where he placed his wallet, and then no longer had the desire to eat or get out of bed, but who continued to speak volumes of love to me through those sparkly blue eyes until his last days with us.

This is a story about you Dad, and a daughter's love for her father. Thank you for showing me how much love I am capable of, for everything you have ever taught me, and for beautifully enriching my life. Fly free now my sweet Daddy. Travel with the wolves and fly free.

**Thia Gonzales** - December 12, 2018 at 03:38 PM

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“ 8 files added to the album Photos of Art from a Life Well Lived



**Thia Gonzales** - December 12, 2018 at 11:40 AM