



R. Perez

September 30, 1918 - September 11, 2005

Services for R. H. Perez, 86, Tyler, are scheduled for 10:00 A.M., Wednesday, Sept. 14, 2005 at Stewart Family Funeral Chapel with Monsignor Joe Strickland officiating. Burial will be in Cathedral in the Pines Cemetery under direction of Stewart Family Funeral Home. Mr. Perez passed away Sunday, Sept. 11, 2005 in Tyler. He was born to the late Alonzo and Annie Herrera Perez on Sept. 30, 1918 in Alice. Mr. Perez lived in Tyler since 1979 coming from Missouri. During World War II, he served in the U. S. Army in the Phillipines and the Pacific Theater as a small arms weapons mechanic. He was a member of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church and the Knights of Columbus. An avid hunter, fisherman and golfer, he will always be remembered as a loving husband, father, and grandfather. Kind, gentle, loving, and a man of integrity, what was most important to Mr. Perez was his family. He was preceded in death by his son, Michael Perez, in 2004 and a granddaughter, Elizabeth Perez in 1995. He is survived by his loving family including his wife of 61 years, Elizabeth Perez of Tyler, six children, Richard Perez and wife Wanda of Corinth, Joseph Daniel Perez of San Antonio, Tony Perez and wife, Kelli of Whitehouse, Carolyn Sowell of Tyler, Dolores Lee Halbrook and husband Roger of Imperial, Mo. and Mary JoAnn Taylor and husband Dr. Robert Taylor of Shady Shores; fifteen grandchildren, John, Jessica, Shawna, Jeffrey, James, Bradley, Mark, Melanie, Nicholas, Sarah, Joey, Corina, Mikey and Jeremy; thirteen great-grandchildren; and numerous nieces and nephews. Pallbearers are Tom

Sowell, Jeffrey Sowell, James Sowell, Bradley Perez, Mark Perez, and Nicholas Daugherty. The family will receive friends from 6:00-8:00 P.M. Tuesday at Stewart Family Funeral Home, 7525 Old Jacksonville Hwy., south Tyler, 75703. Memorials in honor of Mr. Perez may be made to Hospice of East Texas, 4111 university Blvd., Tyler, Tx 75701.

Tribute Wall

TP

“ My dad was the greatest. He was my best friend. I have never met a more kind man. Dad was always happy to see his children. We worked together for seven years in the construction cleanup business. Mom always kept dad busy planting trees and working in the garden. My brother Mike, my dad, and I loved to go fishing together on Lake Fork. Both of my dad's favorite teams won on the weekend he passed; Notre Dame and the Dallas Cowboys. Hurray! He was an avid Texas Ranger fan and never missed a game on t.v. My dad's favorite times were time together with our family. Dad, you are surely missed. If there is fishing in heaven, I'm sure you and Mike are casting a line right now. Love you, dad. Miss you deeply.

Tony Perez - September 11, 2005 at 12:00 AM

LD

“ I became acquainted with the Perez's when my mother was their next door neighbor. Beth and R.H. are lovely people and so giving and kind. They were always there to lend a helping hand or offer a word of encouragement when I needed it most. I know that R.H. is with his heavenly Father and in awe of the beauty of his eternal home. Beth, take comfort in knowing that he is with Mike and what a wonderful reunion the two of them are having. They will certainly be part of your welcoming committee when your time on earth is done. My thoughts and prayers are with you.

Love,
Linda

Linda Davis - September 11, 2005 at 12:00 AM

LH

“ I have never known a day in my life that I was not loved deeply and unconditionally by my Daddy. He was the kindest, gentlest, sweetest man you could ever be fortunate enough to know. He was a very patient man. When I was a little girl I wanted to learn how to slalom ski. Daddy took me out on the lake and said he would stay out with me until I got up and he did! I remember that day vividly and fondly. Daddy and I have played the lottery together for years...always hoping to hit the big one. It was such fun! Daddy's love for his children was great but nothing compared to his love for my Momma! They were best friends and sweethearts. It was always such a joy to see them together. My siblings and I were blessed with the best parents a child could hope to have and for that I will be eternally grateful. I love you, Daddy and look forward to seeing you again. I am comforted in knowing that you and Michael are fishing for THE BIG ONE.

Lory Halbrook - September 11, 2005 at 12:00 AM

SB

“ What a legacy this wonderful man has left! To his beautiful bride of 61 years, it is obvious that you were both blessed to have each other. Mrs. Perez, I met you both at the counseling office where I have worked with Carolyn for many years. I think the world of her and know that the love among the Perez siblings and their families reflects the terrific parenting that they received from you and your precious husband. To all of you, I wish you my deepest sympathy. May your sweet memories sustain you during this difficult time.

Suzanne Brians - September 11, 2005 at 12:00 AM

“ My Father was the most kind, gentle, patient, loving, and wise individual that I have known in my lifetime. I cannot remember him ever having been harsh or cruel to me. I recall that being by his side was always a warm and safe place to be. As a child, I could never sleep and after my mother and the rest of the family went to sleep, my Father would allow me to get up and sit quietly by his side and listen to the radio. Being in the crook of his neck or arm was the safest place I can ever recall being in my life. I didn't mind getting splinters in my hands or feet, because he took so much time with me and was so gentle in the removal of the splinters. I had six brothers and sisters and when I or one of my siblings fell and scraped an elbow or a knee, he called all the other children to blow, while he applied methiolate. I recall that myself and the other three of the oldest of his seven children would all sit on the front porch waiting for him to come home from work. When we saw his car coming, we would all jump up and down with glee and run to him. He would attempt to carry all four of us to the door at the same time. If he didn't have an arm left to hold you, he would allow you to hold on to his leg with your legs and arms like a monkey while he walked into the house. He once "played possum" in bed and allowed all his children to pull him from the bed to the floor and around the room. We finally realized he wasn't really asleep when his shoulders and chest began to shake with laughter.

There were seven children in my family and we were each individuals with our own personalities. Some never did anything wrong and others got into trouble and fell on hard times. My Father loved each of his children strongly and unconditionally. He was a great man of integrity and you did not have to be perfect or be honored with awards to receive his love fully and completely. Because of his integrity and wisdom, he was the best person to present your confusion or questions about life to. He took your confusion seriously and pondered your questions at length before he spoke, whether you were two years old or 60 years old.

My Father loved and adored my mother. He enjoyed telling the story

of how he met her. He called her the most beautiful woman he had ever met, and just days before his death, he was still telling her so. He called her "his girl" and his "sweetheart" until the day he died. My parents laughed at and with one another all of my life, so their company was always a pleasure. The fact that they loved and enjoyed one another so much brought a greater sense of security to their children.

When I began to date in high school, all my boyfriends were afraid of Daddy. They would be left in the livingroom alone with Daddy, while I finished dressing, and the most acknowledgement he ever gave them was to clear his throat and shake the newspaper he was reading. His kindness could only extend so far.

My Father was an extremely intelligent individual and he helped me with my math beginning with addition and ending with Advanced Statistical Research and Design in graduate school.

He gave me many precious gifts in the form of words throughout my lifetime and especially the last six weeks of his life. Always well-mannered, he told me how much he loved me, but told me how tired he was and asked for permission to stop fighting for "us" and to allow himself to die.

I am so joyful that he is no longer hurting, but I selfishly will miss his presence and how special I felt whenever his gaze met mine.

Daddy was a "precious angel" that God allowed to come to this world to bring comfort, joy, security, and love. I guess God was missing Daddy the way that I am now.

Carolyn Sowell - September 11, 2005 at 12:00 AM

SP

“ My last memory of my pa pa was when I was in town last. I walked into my mother's house and the 1st thing I heard was "where's my sweetness!" That's what he always called me. I walked in and he was standing there with his arms open and his fishing poles next to him. He was ready to teach me how to fish. We walked down to the shore, he set up the rod and taught me how to cast. Everytime I cast the rod he giggled, I reeled it in and he said "good, good honey." Then he ran over and got all the weeds off the hook. As time passed he slowly drifted down the shore and every now and then I looked over at him and he smiled and giggled. He looked so happy and content. I will always treasure that moment and I will always be his little sweetness.

Shawna Payne - September 11, 2005 at 12:00 AM

ND

“ There is not a whole lot that I can say about my papa that someone has not already said or does not already know. He was a wonderful man, friend, husband, father and grandfather. I know that family was always first. He worked so hard to make sure everyone would have at least the opportunity to achieve their dreams. That is a wonderful quality for any man to have. I feel blessed. Without the many great qualities that he had, they would not have been passed down to his children and down further to his grandchildren. Now I can pass those qualities on to my children. I am a proud man today. I thank you papa for being the man you were.

I know that now you can get back to playing golf which you loved so much. I will miss you always.

Nicholas Daugherty - September 11, 2005 at 12:00 AM

SP

“ My Gampa was a good, caring, hardworking, honest, goofy, fun, silly person. He was lots of fun to be around, and no matter the situation he wanted to make you happy. He loved his whole family dearly and tried to show it in every way. He took care of kids, grandkids, other peoples kids, great grandkids. He was always trying to help someone and be there for them whether it was money, tools, advice, building things for them, giving them things. He would have given someone the shirt off his back before he let them suffer. I dont know how we will go on with out him but I know he would be mad at us if we didnt. So we have to somehow force a smile, hold back the tears, and go on with our lives. I find the easiest way is to remember all the fun times. How he would pick at us just to be pickin (specially with gamma). How he always had to put his 2 cents in. (It didnt matter if u were talking to him or not). And how sometimes he was just plain goofy. :0) I love you Gampa more than words could ever describe thank you for everything you ever did for us. Thank you for being there for the past 21 years I wish we had more. And yes "us kids do appreciate u"

Sarah Perez - September 11, 2005 at 12:00 AM

MT

“ My Dad was the best father anyone could ever have. He loved you no matter what. I feel so very fortunate to have been loved by him and my mother. He packed me up and moved me back home several times, no questions asked. Whenever my Dad would come to Dallas to visit he loved to watch the planes fly over and wonder where all the people were going. The last time he was at my home we took him out on the lake in our boat and I remember he said the most peaceful time was being out on the lake and watching the sun come up. From now on I will always think of my Daddy whenever I am fortunate enough to have that peaceful time and watch the sun come up. I love you so very much. I know that as time passes it will get easier but right now I can't bear the thought of you no longer being here with us. Adios, Amigo

Mary Taylor - September 11, 2005 at 12:00 AM

B(

“ RH was always a kind a gentle man to me...I will always remember him with Honor and dignity.....May God Bless his family and now he is living the best life one can live with God in Heaven.....

Becky York/McCarrell (Creme) - September 11, 2005 at 12:00 AM