



José Guadalupe Camberos

JAN 12, 1919 - OCT 11, 2014



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Jose Guadalupe Camberos was born in Choctaw Sawyer, Oklahoma on January 12, 1919, to Encarnacion and Juliana Camberos. Jose Guadalupe was one of ten siblings; a father of eight children, grandfather of thirty grandchildren, twenty seven great grandchildren, and two great great-grandchildren. At the age of 12 Lupe made the move to Mexico from Oklahoma. At this time, Lupe's uncle worked for the local government, providing Lupe and his friend a job; transporting deceased bodies onto carts. While doing this daunting job, Lupe was observed by a town official who noticed strong work ethics, a quality for the military; Lupe "showed no emotions during work". Thus he was approached and invited to go to school in the surrounding city of Jalisco. He attended La Escuela Normal Rural in Jalisco, where he was prepared to go into the military. Prepared as he was, his quadrant 201 never got called to go to war. Being strong physically was not all that Lupe had to offer the world. After finishing school, he went on to earn his degree. Lupe had a passionate hatred of the injustices he witnessed upon humanity, such as prejudice and inequality. This fueled his motivation to speak and teach. He went to different towns, sharing his political views. He strongly felt that the rich people were taking advantage of the poor people, and spoke heavily on this, influencing others to stand up for themselves. In doing so, Lupe put his life in grave danger by the ranchers who disliked his political views and influence, and they ran him out of town. Tired from running, Lupe decided to do earnest work at the post office. Working in Jalisco, Guadalajara post office a few years, in 1946, Lupe found the woman he would soon make his wife. Fitting to the times, Maria had a very strict father, which made their love a secret. Maria hid their 3 year relationship from her parents. True to love story fashion, Lupe told Maria, "If you don't marry me, I'm going to kidnap you." Maria knew she had a dedicated man, told her parents about him, and they were married in 1949. Still in danger because of his previous teachings, Lupe made the decision to



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keep his wife with her mother and out of danger. He went to obtain his legal papers to cross the border, finding a job working in the fields of Bakersfield. Lupe went back and forth from Bakersfield to Mexico, each time leaving behind a pregnant Maria. At this point, Maria began to get her papers ready so she could cross over and reunite in San Diego with Lupe. He found work in the fruit fields, so he came back to pack up his family and move them thru Bakersfield, San Jose, and the surrounding areas. After the harvesting season ended Lupe took Maria and the kids back to Tijuana to stay with Lupe's Mom, Julia. During this time Lupe found work in construction. Lupe worked hard in construction to support his growing family. Over the years of working, he injured himself so he began to attend trade school for welding while working at night as a taxi driver. Shortly after finishing welding school, he got hired at Nasco, where he was a ship welder. From here Lupe went on to be a proud property owner and business manager of Lucky's market, 5 & 10, and the Marilupe market. Eventually he passed the stores onto his kids and retired. The last years of his life he enjoyed spending his time with his family and enjoying the casino; his favorite of course, playing the horses. January of 2014, Lupe celebrated his 95th birthday and soon after in February, Lupe was diagnosed with cancer. In the months to follow it was very challenging, but true to his form, he stayed strong and fought to stay as long as he could with the love of his life. He chose to stay home in his last days, to be surrounded by his family as long as possible. Being a strong man, he had a very strong support system with his family who took care of him and made sure he was comfortable. Caring, loving, hardworking, bold, thoughtful yet outspoken; Lupe's values radiated from him and influenced every member of his family greatly. The Broken Chain We little knew that day; God was going to call your name. In life we loved you dearly, In death, we do the same. It broke our hearts to lose you. You did not go alone. For part of us went with you, The day God called you home. You left us beautiful memories; Your love is still our guide. And although we cannot see you, You are always at our side. Our family chain is broken, And nothing seems the same, But as God calls us one by one, Our chain will link once again.



Tribute Wall

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Abe Santana posted:

My Tio always treated us like we were his kids. I growing up without a father, he was my role model. A perfect example was when I was 16, Tio Guadalupe gave me my first car. The memories of my Tio will always, always be in my heart. There were so many things Tio said that I didn't know when we traveled to Tena. While were in the Pueblo he was able to see some of his friends when he was a teenager. All the stories he told me of each one of them. Thank you Tio for your love, advice. Abe Santana

October 17 at 3:36 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring José by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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