



Graciela Martinez

APR 24, 1956 - AUG 24, 2023



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Events	Page 5



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Hello and thank you all for coming. I have feared this day since as long as I can remember. When my nana started getting gray hair I cried thinking that she was going to leave me. Every time my nana had a cold, I'd check her room to make sure she was still breathing. Every time she was in the hospital I was there by her side. All these times I cried thinking this was it, and every time she came out of it stronger. It got to the point where I thought if I cried enough my nana was going to be ok, that my tears were making her stronger. Last month when they told me that there was nothing the doctors could do anymore and that they recommended hospice, I cried. I did all the papers and phone calls thinking she was going to come out if it was stronger cause I was crying every night. During the last month, I saw that I was crying and she wasn't getting better, every time I hugged her it was bone, every time I saw her move she was out of breath, and worst of all she wasn't singing anymore. Every Saturday morning at 6 am my nana would already be awake blasting music and singing as she was making breakfast. Every time we came home from school there was music playing and she was singing, if we walked into the kitchen during one of her favorite songs she grab us and start dancing. Aside from my mom my nana was my first love, the person who showed me what it feels like to be loved. It pains me that I wouldn't get to feel her warm hugs, or hear her sing or lay on top of her as she scratches my head or have her rub Vicks on my chest when I'm sick. When I think about why now, I wasn't ready, but my nana saw that I was going to be okay. Aside from our parents my nana raised a lot of us and before she left she made sure all of us were going to be ok. Each and everyone of us now have our own kids and husbands, and she was happy to have met them all. Her last words to me were, "she is crying, bring her to me." I went to get Maya and brought her to my nana. She tried to grab her but couldn't so I placed Maya next to her. She started patting Maya's side, "said it's going to be ok" then she fell asleep and never woke up. My nana will always



Obituary




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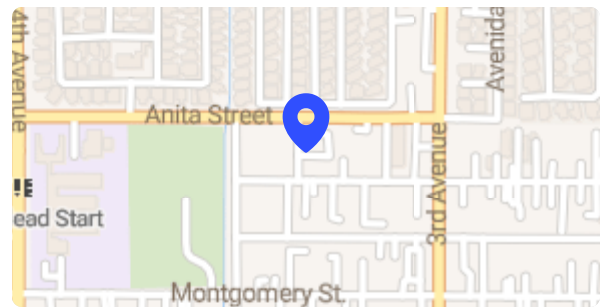
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be a part of me and every other person she helped raise. In her honor I will raise Maya to be loved like she taught me and learn to speak Spanish so that Maya can talk to her in our prayers. I love Nana, I'm going to miss you a lot but this isn't goodbye it's see you later, so wait for me cause I can't wait to be by your side again.






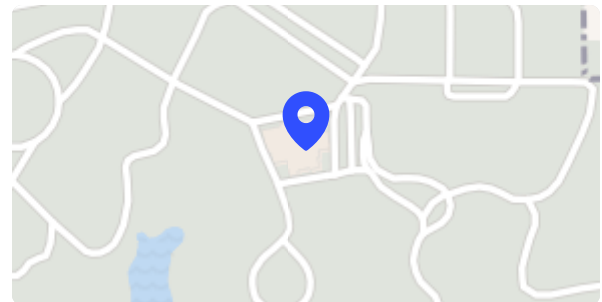
Church Service

-  **Thursday**, September 7, 2023
-  11:00 AM - 12:00 PM PT
-  **Our lady of Guadalupe**
345 anita St., Chula Vista CA 91911



VIEWING

-  **Thursday**, September 7, 2023
-  1:00 PM - 4:00 PM PT
-  **Garden Chapel at Greenwood**
4300 Imperial Ave., San Diego CA 92113





Memories only last if you share them

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



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