



David Guzman

March 23, 1943 — January 22, 2009

Pam's Eulogy

Wow, so many beautiful friends. David had lots of friends. The irony of this morning is that most of you know that my husband was very prompt; I have watches all over the house, and I finally, about a week before he passed away, convinced him not to sleep with his watch on any more, and we are late this morning, so I thought that this is a little significant.

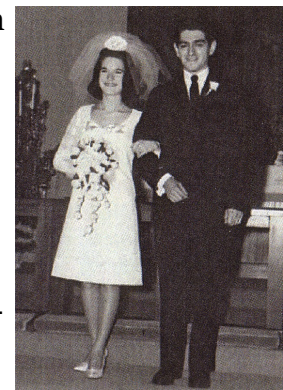
Anyway, I want to thank all of you for coming and I want to thank all of you who have been very close in my life for over the last, maybe three weeks; I've lost all track of time and I suppose that is kind of a good thing. I have also put all the tears away for today because I don't think David wants us all sobbing—I'll have plenty of time to do all that and so will you.

I just want to say a few words about my very best friend, David was my best friend, and it is one thing to be married, and it is another thing to be married to someone whom you love and adore. It was wonderful waking up with that man all the time and him coming home, so he was just wonderful, and because of that he is going to be tremendously missed in my heart because when your buddy is at your side all the time it is....

David grew up in Mountain View, Ca., and here today are some wonderful high school friends supporting me and it is so wonderful to see all of you here. I grew up in Wichita, Kansas and I was a little bit of an outcast but it all ended up great in Consumer Science class, senior year, first class of the morning, and I couldn't take my eyes off him. So that is how it all began. Oh, by the way, my parents did move from Kansas to California so that is how that went.

We were married way too young in 1964 but that is what you did in those days and this past December 30, David and I celebrated 44 years. I used to tell my students—it hasn't been all hunky dory those 44 years so I had to admit that.

We both have been extremely blessed to have so many beautiful friends who share our high school memories. It is always so fun to go to the high school reunions. I received a zillion e-mails over this past week and I just wanted to read you one that I received because I thought it was so fitting—it says:



“Dear Pam, Please accept my deepest sympathy and sincere condolences upon the passing of your and our beloved David. When I moved to Escuela elementary school in the second grade, David was also a student. Quiet, studious and sweet, he endeared himself from the very beginning to all of us. Pam, when you arrived at MVHS he was a ‘goner’ love a first sight. How I wish we could turn back the clock and have all those happy years in front of us again. Hopefully, these thoughts and prayers can provide

some comfort at this painful time. “

Take care, Ellen Sawamura

From 1964 to 1971, David was at San Jose State University and he received his BS and MS in psychology. He was hired in 1971 by Chabot College in Hayward, Ca. and in 1979 we moved to Southern California for employment at Santa Ana College.

David, I found out, was known as the Dean of “whatever is needed” and very fitting, extremely fitting and by the way, I have to tell you because I think the entire Santa Ana college is here, or pretty close to it, he really liked his job and he really enjoyed the people he worked with. So you all contributed to making his life wonderful.

Besides our high school friends, we acquired incredible friends in Orange County over the past 30 years, and I want to once again thank you for all the e-mails, all the support and absolutely everything I’ve received from all of you. I really want to thank all of you who were at the hospital and those who helped usher David into heaven that was extremely special.



David was an “interesting man” to say the least. He had a number of sides—some that I shall not talk about today and others that are extremely precious to me that I’d like to share. David and I are both “firstborns” so if you understand the birth order, you understand what this means; we both liked taking charge. Now, overlay this with David being an Hispanic male, and Hispanic males feel that it is a man’s duty—I went to the car wash yesterday for the first time, and my friend Michael took me to the car wash because David always did the car washes.

So we finally had to operate our own independent power domains and this worked, so David’s power areas were laundry, bathrooms, and floors, and by choice, I didn’t give these to him. And occasionally, if I slipped into the garage to do my things, he would come home and ask, excuse me but I don’t recall a memo that you were ok to use the laundry facilities.

He had four fun names for me, I was *Pamela*, I was *professor*, I was *Josephine the fixit queen*, and I was his *accountant*. So it depended upon what hat he wanted me to wear as to what he would call me.

David left me over the years of our marriage stacks of memos and I got them out the other day and I’m not kidding, I have literally stacks of paper because I preserved them and every time I would throw one into the file folder my heart would just go—I hope I never live, ever, to read them without him around. But, nonetheless, I did.

So anyway, I’d like to share just a few with you because I think you will enjoy them:

Memo #1—wake me if you have food!

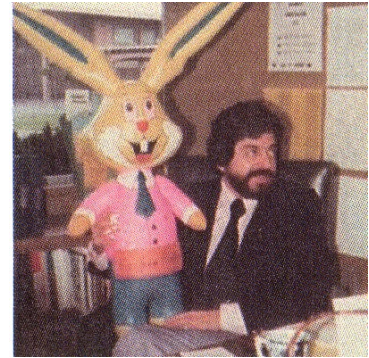
Come join me for some “make-up” sleep (he never thought I got enough sleep.)

Hello, having lunch

Hello, went out for lunch

Hola! Had breakfast—watching football upstairs

Taco bell! (He would put the memo on the floor so I knew he was a taco bell.)



Good morning, I'm getting some lunch after the fitness center.

You have something in the washer.

The fortuneteller says: is there a trip to Costco in your future?

Buy a cleaning agent for mom's bathtub (you buy it, I'll apply it.)

Good morning professor—congratulations! You've reached another milestone;
Peabody and I say "bravo" keep it up.

Dear accountant, please do a check for \$150 and make payable to RSCCD foundation
for chancellor's ball

Dear Josephine the fix-it queen, check clog in master bathroom sink.

Good morning, hug Emily and Molly for me

Pamela, I'll be playing at Riverview or Willowick in Santa Ana.

Roses are red; violets are blue, just like the "jersey boys," can't take my eyes off
you.

Dear first born, reminder, I'm picking up the cornbread this afternoon.

To whom it may concern, after reviewing my current budget allocation, I've decided
to retain the services of Pamela Guzman for life!

Good morning, roses are red, violets are blue, I have my American idol, right here in
you.

Professor, reminder—I'll see you around 2:30-2:40pm

Good morning, DG loves PG, enjoy the sunshine, enjoy your day.

As many of you know, David was a devout Christian and we often talked about praying

for the people we loved and we did this a lot over the past few months. While I was looking for something in his home office a day or so ago, I found a notebook with some entries he made this past august:

I pray for God to completely heal me from the cancer; remove the aches and pains of my sciatic; remove my arm and shoulder problem; increase my energy level and make me strong; I pray for Pam's mental and physical health; I pray for Sue's health and total improvement; and I pray for my brother's souls and physical well-being.

And then is cousin Becky e-mailed this to me and I thought it was so precious: "David was the pride and joy of the Salas family, successful and inspirational—and just an all-around nice, cool guy. He was 'the intelligent one,' the self-motivated who pursued academia yet somehow he always managed to make me feel like he was learning something from *me* every time we spoke. What a gift he was."

I just want to say a little something about the fact that I know a lot of you are in shock and I just want you to know that I am too. I think the realities of this will play out later on. I also want you to know that David and I did not see his death as imminent or coming, we really did not see that. We went on a beautiful trip to Italy and Croatia for three weeks in October and we went with Richard and Paula Garcia and that was such a blessing for us to go, but as soon as we got home, now in retrospect as I look back, it was a very quick and a very rapid decline.

Just to bring you up to date so you will know, David was diagnosed in 2006 with advanced prostate cancer and we decided to remain very silent. He was not symptomatic and so, even on rare occasion, did we ever discuss or talk about it. It was something that we really put our trust and our faith in God on this whole thing, and it wasn't until about May of this past year that he began to be symptomatic and then he started chemo therapy in November and we decided that it was time to tell people.

At the very last couple of weeks of David's life we discovered that his cancer had metastasized to the dura of the brain causing loss of vision, minor hearing impairment, and impaired speech. He was scheduled to have surgery on the 30th of January and I am so grateful that he never had to undergo that. Although this was very painful for us, we still never lost sight that God could heal David if he wanted to.

David would always say to me, "Pam, remain focused, focused, foocused. Anyway, this is what I want to wrap this up with; this is the last thing I have to say. I did not know that David was going to pass away on January 22 and David did not know he was going to pass away on January 22. We both expected a miracle, we stood on that so firmly, and I need to tell you that I am not mentally prepared to meet a challenge that I no longer can resolve.

David passed away in the presence of some very precious friends—we sang to him and we prayed with him and I end with one thing, and this is why I am saying, stay focused Pam, because I don't want any tears. I have no regrets except for one: David always said to me, "grow old with me, the best is yet to be."

