



Antonia June Jorquez

June 13, 1933 - April 16, 2023

June (Antonia) Jorquez, of the Cliff Dwellers neighborhood in Hurricane, Utah. She serenely passed away at age 89 on April 16, 2023. She was born June 13, 1933 of parents Mike and Claudia Cruz. This was in a coal mining town of Van Houtan, NM. Her birth occurred during the Great Depression.

In 1942, they moved to San Pedro where her father supported the war effort working in the ship yards.

June was the fifth child of 14 siblings. In 1952, after her high school graduation, she became my wife.

We have three children, James Jr (Utah), Priscilla (California), and Michelle (Colorado). Five grandchildren; Josephine, Joseph, Amanda, Stephanie, and Jonathan. Two great grandchildren; Hugo and Mackenzie.

June's final passing was with all immediate family member present. Her final hours were deeply meaningful and spiritual. We shared happy memories, listening to her favorite songs. June expressed love and goodwill to everyone who touched her life.

A vignette of my wife's character: June, easily made friends and tended to become a "significant" personage in all her relationships. June was a natural feisty champion of good causes. June was a humanitarian who sometimes did unexplained kindness for others. Notably, she was a wonderful neighbor

wherever we lived. Stray and animal pound cats and dogs were always part of the Jorquez family. June was a wonderful cook. Her cookies were legendary among those who were included in her circle of acquaintances.

In 1988, she restored a home in the Roosevelt Historic District of Phoenix Arizona its pristine elegance. She was an instrumental in motivating the neighborhood to reach admirable heights of urban renewal.

Well outwardly tough, June remained a sensitive and compassionate individual. One example of many of many I could cite:

One night after she had home several hours from her day shift nursing job. She suddenly “demanded” that I take her back to the hospital. She did not explain why but I broke speed limits. When we entered the hospital room of a dying boy. The anguished mother was tearfully looking out the window. From his bed, he pleaded, “Mama, mira me ha mi!...No vias afuera. Mira me! (“Mama, look at me! Don't look outside. Look at me”) within this tragic scenario, June interceded to make things right between mother and young son. About her urgent premonition that she had to rush to the hospital, I could never understand. But to me, she was clearly God's agent in many circumstances.

As the flowers she always planted in spring. The wind chimes outside are sounding their approval of my brief eulogy.

Her loving husband and companion,
James