

Well Done Good and Faithful Servant of God

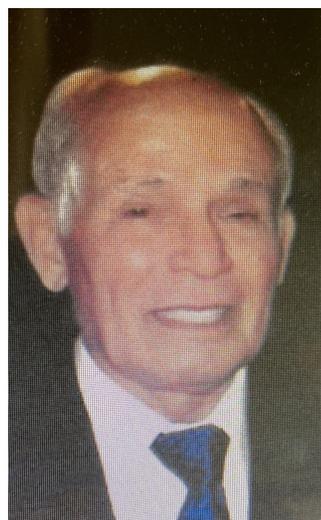
In Loving Memory

Dr. Jose Correa Rodriguez

1927-2020

Our beloved, Jose C. Rodriguez; born November 25, 1927 went home to be with the Lord on September 24, 2020. He was preceded in death by his father Manuel Rodriguez and his mother Micaela Correa Rodriguez. Siblings deceased; Marco (Sally Gonzalez) Rodriguez, Carmen (Louis) Garcia, Lillie (Ralph) Hernandez, and Johnny (Nellie Martinez) Rodriguez.

He is survived by his loving wife of 66 years, Lydia D. Rodriguez. Children; Joseph Samuel (Donna) Rodriguez, Martha (Gerald Silva) Rodriguez, Paul Steven (Bernice) Rodriguez, and David Edward Rodriguez. Grandchildren; Sean (Shawna) Rodriguez, Tasi Marie Rodriguez, Kristina (Brandon) DeVries, and Sara Silva. Great grandchildren; Micah and Selah Rodriguez, and Sophia Devries. Surviving Siblings, Maria (Lonnie) Fontaine, Nellie (Jerry) Albachten, Danny (Sally Ortiz) Rodriguez, Sara (Ponce) Perez, Christina (Bob) Dilworth, and Juanita (Vern) Ruppert.



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Last week my Father, Dr. Jose C. Rodriguez, passed away after a courageous battle with complications resulting from surgery he had as a result of a bad fall. It is a great loss to my family and to the countless number of people who looked up to him and loved him. As a long time, Church of the Nazarene professor and minister of over 60 years, who prepared students for ministry, he had hundreds of former students all over North and South America. He was a spiritual and theological leader for many. There will be many individuals that can properly speak to that special part of my dad's life, for me I will mostly focus on the personal aspects of knowing him.

Memories that quickly come to my mind are the stories he told me of his humble family beginnings, childhood, and his youth. He came from a large family of 11 children and was the third eldest. His childhood tales of fishing, hunting, and various mischievous behaviors was to me a real-life Tom Sawyer adventure (novel by Mark Twain). In his teens, my dad was an outstanding football and baseball high school athlete at San Bernardino High (California). I love his story of the Brooklyn Dodgers scouting him for baseball, he was a particularly good shortstop and relief pitcher however providence would have it that he respond to the call of God to follow Him. The story my dad tells is that two track team members from his high school invited him to a Nazarene Camp meeting and the Holy Spirit changed my dad's life that evening and he never looked back.

Although my dad pursued his ministerial calling with great fervor, it was always a joy to get a glimpse of his athletic abilities that God blessed him with. At the local swimming pool or one of many Texas rivers my dad was poetry in motion to see him dive and swim. He was of course was also awesome in church softball and volleyball events. As a little boy, I loved to hang on his arms as he would lift me up and down from the ground several times. I would marvel at his strength.

Following my Father's conversion and graduation from High School, he enrolled in Pasadena College (Nazarene) where he received his bachelor's and master's degrees. For those that know of the history of the church of the Nazarene will find it noteworthy that my dad's mentor was Dr. H.O. Wiley. For many my dad was considered the theological leader of the Hispanic/Latino peoples of the Church of the Nazarene. In 2003, he received Point Loma Nazarene University's Distinguished Alumni Award for his accomplishments and many years of ministerial service. As a 1984 graduate of Point Loma myself, I am thankful for this recognition of my father.

My dad traveled all over the two continents I mentioned previously, teaching, preaching, and making many lasting relationships. He once told me he vowed to never turn down an invitation to preach the word of God. I think he may have faithfully fulfilled the spirit of his vow. I often stated that my dad was the busiest man I ever knew as evidenced by his full schedule. I do not think he ever retired, teaching and preaching until the end.

Some of memories I will hold onto are that of my dad as a grandfather, my daughter Kristina is one of his grandchildren. My mom, Lydia, provided daycare for my toddler Kristina, giving my dad the opportunity to have numerous playdates filled with happiness and adventure. My dad was quite the funster with my daughter and kept her very amused and entertained. It was great to see my dad bring great joy to my little one. I hold on to these memories of my dad as a playful grandfather.

Each of my family is grieving; we are in communication and lovingly supporting each other. Please continue to pray for us. We have a loving God and look to Him as we pray through our many feelings we are experiencing as we grieve. I long for the day when Christ will return and establish the new Heaven's and Earth where there will no longer be any death. I am longing for that day where all God's children can be in the presence of God, our Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and enjoy Him forever. One of my Dad's favorite verses was Isaiah 40:31 " but they who wait for the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint".

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I am thankful to the Lord that I got to be by my dad's bedside in his last hours. With the Holy Spirit's presence, I read scripture and sang hymns to him in English and in Spanish. At one point my father raised his right arm as if he were leading a choir. The reading, singing, and my dad's response was a moment of Grace that I will treasure. My older brother Joe, dad's first born, arrived the next day and he also ministered to my dad in song and spoke lovingly with him. Although my dad could not respond in a manner we wanted the hospice workers told us repeatedly that he could hear us. I believe and take comfort in that my mom and his children were at his side and able to voice our love. He was ready to enter into the Glory of God. May the Spirit of Christ comfort us! Grace and Peace to you all.

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I cannot begin to describe in words the blessing of having this wonderful man as my father. He instilled in me, first and foremost the love of God; and was a true example of a man who dedicated his life to serving Christ. He was a loving son, brother, husband, father, grandfather, and great grandfather. My father was a great teacher, theologian, preacher, evangelist, and friend to all. My father left me his legacy of a never ending thirst for knowledge and a great love of books. One of my fondest memories is walking Downtown San Antonio sidewalks as a child holding on to my father's pinky finger for dear life trying to keep up with his quick and long stride. Dad was in a hurry to visit all the second hand bookstores. He would search for his theology and philosophy books while I sat on the floor reading my stack of books. One of my father's dreams was to travel to the Holy Land and walk the steps Jesus walked. This dream was fulfilled and my mother and I had the privilege of being baptized by my father in the Jordan River. As my brother Paul related; I too marveled at his strength and handsome good looks. I always felt secure and loved in the presence of my father.

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