



Carlos C. Garcia

January 16, 1928 - February 9, 2022

Sullivan City, Texas - Carlos C. Garcia, born on January 16th, 1928, to Jesus Maria Garcia and Andrea Castillo in Coahilla Mexico , entered into eternal rest on Wednesday, February 09, 2022, in Mission, Texas at the age of 94. He is preceded in death by his parents and siblings: Francisco Garcia Castillo, Jose Gabriel Garcia Castillo and Dora Elia Garcia Castillo. Left to cherish his memory are his loving wife: Maria T. Garcia, his adoring children: Maricela Gonzalez, Juan R. Cienega, Marisol Cienega Maria Del Rosario Gonzalez and brother: Jesus Garcia Castillo.

Family and friends will gather for a visitation on Sunday, February 13th, 2022, from 5 p.m. to 9 p.m., with a 7:00PM Rosary, at The Lord and I Funeral Home in Peñitas, Texas. On Monday, February 14th at 10:00AM , a chapel service will be held at The Lord & I Funeral Home in Peñitas, Texas with Interment will follow at The Sullivan City Cemetery. Due to the current climate surrounding COVID, visitors are asked to wear a facemask/covering. Arrangements are under the direction of Lord and I Funeral Home in Peñitas, TX.

Cemetery Details

Lord & I Cemetery-Sullivan City

8035 E. US Highway 83
Sullivan City, TX 78595

Previous Events

Visitation

FEB 13. 5:00 AM - 9:00 AM (CT)

The Lord and I Funeral Home - Peñitas, TX
1005 W. Expressway 83
Penitas, TX 78576
(956) 519-2649
lordandipenitas@hotmail.com
<https://www.lordandifuneralhomes.com>

Rosary

FEB 13. 7:00 PM (CT)

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Chapel Service

FEB 14. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (CT)

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Burial

FEB 14. 11:00 AM (CT)

Sullivan City Cemetery
Sullivan City, TX

Tribute Wall



“ *Carlos C. Garcia*

October 08, 2023 at 11:35 AM



“ *I remember once I had missed my school bus. This must of been around March 1993. I was only around 7 years old. So we were all scrambling trying to get in my grandfather's classic white Ford pick up truck. It was me, my grandmother and my grandfather. My grandfather was putting the trucks gear in reverse so he could back out of his yard. In order for him to do that he would have to steer his way in between this small metal gate opening. As my grandmother was opening the gate to let my grandfather back out through it. I impulsively decided to quickly run inside his sullivan city house to retrieve my school homework I had forgotten on the kitchen table. Not realizing I hadn't shut the passenger door shut. No, Not until my grandfather floored the gas and bent the passenger door the opposite way that is. As soon as I saw the door I had not shut closed, opened the completely opposite way... Oh boy! The door being ruined by it bending backwards from catching the house exterior. Was nowhere near as bad as my grandfather spitting up a storm of Mexican cuss words. He must of called on everyone's unholy mothers just then. And the way he was able to explain with great detail not leaving any room for questions. What exactly my I.Q. was at that moment. And how my grandmother allowed this to happen. Even though it was a bunch of cuss words in Spanish. To me that was my Grandpa's way of saying he truly loved me. I miss moments when he would get all fired up and unleash his piece of mind like that. But I won't miss him as a cherished memory. Instead I will remember him! And what he truly was teaching me all those years ago. "LOLO forever speak your mind and don't allow anybody to silence you." That's my memory of mi guelo Don Carlos Garcia...*

Rodolfo Gonzalez - April 19, 2022 at 04:58 PM