



Alberto Torres Sr.

August 17, 1948 - December 1, 2020

Alberto Torres, Sr., 72, formally of Corpus Christi, died in Wenatchee, Washington on December 1st, 2020. Alberto was born August 17, 1948 in Laredo, Texas. He was preceded in death by his parents, Jose R. and Tomasita Torres.

He is survived by his wife Maria Elena, his son Michael, and son Albert (Shelby) Torres and their two sons, all of Wenatchee, Washington. Alberto Sr. is also survived by his brother Fr. Jose R. Torres, Brownsville, TX., sisters Olga (Johnnie) Huddler and Grace (Joe) Cueva, all of Friendswood, TX, Julie (Jaime) Trevino of Corpus Christi, TX, and Sister Bernadette Marie of Lufkin, TX.

Alberto was a United States Air Force veteran, having served two years in Vietnam. He enjoyed spending time with his family, camping, traveling, and working on their family ranch.

A Rosary will be held at Jones and Jones-Betts Funeral Home, Tuesday, December 8th at 6:00 p.m. with funeral services at St. Joseph Catholic Church on December 9th at 11:00 a.m., both in Wenatchee, Washington.

Tribute Wall

CV

“ *My sincere condolences to Mary, Michael, Bert and family on Al's passing.
Blessings and comfort,
Sal & Cheryl Villanueva*

Cheryl Villanueva - December 09, 2020 at 10:32 PM

MH

“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



Mary Olga (Torres) Huddler - December 08, 2020 at 06:28 PM

MH

“ *2 files added to the album Memories Album*



Mary Olga (Torres) Huddler - December 08, 2020 at 05:57 PM

AN

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Angela - December 08, 2020 at 05:53 PM

AN

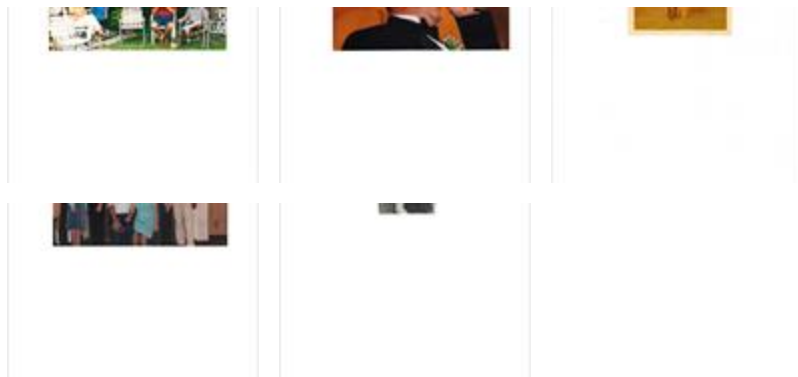
“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Angela - December 08, 2020 at 05:15 PM

GR

“ 7 files added to the album Memories Album



Grace - December 08, 2020 at 02:02 PM

TE

“ 1 file added to the album *Memories Album*



Terri - December 06, 2020 at 11:55 AM

“ Photographs of my heart:

I remember tenderly our childhood days

...playing Cowboys and Indians with you, how you lassoed me, catching hold of my ankle and leaving a rope burn that took years before the scar disappeared.

...There was the time we were playing badminton in the front yard; you hit the birdie and it landed on top of the roof. After losing the discussion as to who needed to get it down, I got the ladder and climbed up to retrieve the birdie AND YOU PULLED THE LADDER AWAY! So I jumped ! Luckily, there was a low edge on the roof of the original house and lucky "for us" I didn't break a leg.

...I remember making kites out of newspaper and scraps of wood and string and strips of cloth to make a tail.

...The stilts we built and walked on and how you talked me into getting into a tire so you could roll me down the street.

...Then there was the day dad told us to take all the nails out of a pile of boards laying by the side of the fence, but there was a tennis table beside the boards and you challenged me to a quick game of ping pong before we got to work; unfortunately, I stepped on a nail and had blood spurting from my foot. Dad had to take me to the E.R. and I got a tetanus shot.

...Then, there was baseball ! I was pitching so you could get some batting practice....

you hit the ball and it hit me straight in the chest.(ouch) I didn't get much sympathy from mom, but you sat by me till I felt better.

We both finally grew up and although our lives changed and we were separated by distance, you always made it known you were there if I needed you.

FOREVER IN MY HEART, Gracie

Grace Torres Cueva - December 05, 2020 at 09:15 PM