

In Memory— Santos Ceballos



by Ron Henderson

Santos, was one of those men that wore his deaconate on his shirt sleeve; service and sharing the Lord with everyone he encountered. His sense of prayer and faith encompassed his every waking moment. The way he cared for the migrant community and involved his family and friends in helping them always challenged me to be a better deacon. His love of Hilda and his family was a model of true sacrament. He will be missed but his example will live on forever.

by Andy and Mary Tardif

There are two significant memories that we cherish.

One is that Santos and Hilda frequently retreated with his classmates and that there was always time for fun and sharing in regards to family and family meals. To Hilda and Santos, food sharing was people sharing and that everyone was invited to the table that seemed to have no limited seating.

The second memory is of Santos and the secretary for the Office of Deacons, Margaret Convissor, having many ongoing conversations about cooking snakes! It was a fascinating topic for Margaret and Santos was the only person that she knew that could explain the cooking of this delicacy.

It is with great fondness that we remember Santos and his love of providing wonderful food for conversation as well as consumption. We are truly blessed for having known one of the world's most interesting and beloved characters.

By Joe Kratofil

Santos was a friendly, out-going person all the years I knew him. When our 1987 ordination class met one another for the first time, Santos made it a point to greet and welcome each of us as we entered that classroom in the lower level of the St. Mary's rectory.



He loved to cook and he was eager to share his interest in food with us. In fact, he and Hilda invited our class to Christo Rey where they treated us to a wonderful ethnic dinner. I still remember his relating how he prepared rattlesnake meat (a delicacy in our southwestern states). It was most interesting, and an eye-opener.

Santos was devoted to helping the migrant workers in our diocese, and serving their spiritual needs. He was a good man, and a true deacon through and through.

We will miss him, but have only good memories of this fine man, always in our hearts.

