



Jose Toribio Ariate

February 5, 1934 - December 11, 2022

Jose T. Ariate, affectionately known as Papa Joe, returned to God peacefully at the age of 88 years old on Sunday, December 11, 2022 at St. Rose Hospital - Siena with his wife and daughter by his side. He was born on February 5, 1934 at Carigara, Leyte in the Philippines to parents Alejandro Ariate and Tarcela Toribio. Joe married the love of his life, Norma Ariate, in April 1980 at San Carlos City, Pangasinan. They were married for 42 amazing years. After immigrating to the United States, he worked in the service industry at the St. Francis Yacht Club in San Francisco, but his main work of life was being a loving husband, father, and grandfather. The simple things in life that brought him joy - gardening, rooting for the 49ers, photography, singing, filling out a lotto ticket, music, telling stories, and gathering with family - always prompted a beaming smile that warmed all our hearts.

Joe is survived by his wife, Norma F. Ariate; daughter, Angeline "Lennel" F. Ariate; niece, whom he considered as another daughter, Gemma Hubbard, along with her children Keane, Hannah, and Angel; four of his siblings; and many more family members. He was preceded in death by his parents and five sisters. Joe will be deeply missed and lovingly remembered.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the Viewing and Visitation on Thursday, December 29, 2022 from 11AM to 3PM, with light refreshments to be served, and the Funeral Service immediately following from 3PM to 4PM, to be held at 2127 W Charleston Blvd., Las Vegas, NV 89102. Services will conclude at the funeral home.

When I'm Gone

When I come to the end of my journey and I travel my last weary mile, just forget if you can, that I ever frowned and remember only the smile. Forget unkind words I have spoken; remember some good I have done. Forget that I ever had heartache and remember I've had loads of fun. Forget that I have stumbled and blundered and sometimes fell by the way. Remember I have fought some hard battles and won, ere the close of the day, then forget to grieve for my going, I would not have you sad for a day, But in summer just gather some flowers and remember the place where I lay, and come in the evening when the sun paints the sky in the west, stand for a few moments beside me and remember only my best.