



Victor Hugo Maldonado

February 12, 1953 - December 18, 2017

Victor Hugo Maldonado

12 Feb. 1953 – 18 Dec. 2017 (Age 64)

Son of Socorro Garcia Wellin

Husband to Jolene Maldonado

My father was an extraordinary man in every sense of the word. He was a visionary as well as an intensely emotionally present individual, deeply in tune with the spiritual nature of any and all situations. His list of life directing principles were as follows; Compassion towards others, relentless truth seeking, unwavering justness, and love without conditions.

Victor Hugo Maldonado was born Feb. 12, 1953 in Guadalajara, Mexico. As a boy growing up in Mexico he was always a favorite among his aunts and uncles as well as other family members, probably due to his exemplary good behavior, something he would often remind us of and which his mother would always corroborate.

At the age of 7 Victor, together with his elder sister Connie, and younger brother Johnny, came to the United States, to the city of Los Angeles, California with their mother Socorro. Victor was instantly immersed into a new culture with a strange language. He learned English quickly, and due to the situation, somewhat at the expense of maintaining his Spanish. He told me on

more than one occasion that TV was probably the biggest factor in helping him to learn English, although the placement of commercials into the middle of tv programs really threw him for a loop in the beginning (in Mexico all the commercials came at the end of the program). Aside from learning a new language he made friends everywhere they lived, and they move places a lot. He also had a built-in friend in the form of his younger brother Johnny. He has shared many stories over the years of his and Johnny's adventures, like hunting for marbles in the revivor canal, or their frequent bike rides up to Griffith Park Observatory at an age no greater than 11, of playing high school football together, and of many others. His older sister Connie dutifully played the role of the responsible overseer and vital liaison to all the family back in the old country.

His mother Socorro was a strong, stubborn woman who always, always, always put her children first, and he never forgot that. He cared for her in his home during her last years and always kept a compassionate heart towards her, even when others of us could not.

One of his great passions in life was coaching youth sports. In his 20's he both worked and volunteered at a community center sports park named Bodger Park. There he coached neighborhood kids in a wide variety of sports. He always spoke very fondly of his days at Bodger Park. This passion of his continued all through his life as he coached sports teams for all his kids and would also coach his grandkids in each of their sports interest. We all remember drills, he loved setting up drills to help us refine our skills. As kids we didn't like the drills much, we just wanted to play, but I'm sure one reason why we became such well rounded athletes is because of his coaching.

As a young man he worked hard and put himself through college and became an engineer. He purchased his own house as well as some nice cars, all while helping support his single mother, something he would continue to do for the

rest of her life. His favorite car that he owned was an avocado green Ford Pinto with shag carpet. He really did love that car and would often tell us stories of it.

In 1979 at the age of 26 he met the young woman who became his wife and life partner, my mother Jolene. They met at a Halloween costume party, and well the rest is history.

In 1982 they married and my father became the step father to Jolene's 2 sons Jason and Travis, whom he always treated like they were his own.

In the years that followed he would become father to 4 more children, starting with Victor his first son, followed by Johnny his second son, then Merrilee his only daughter, and finally Ben his youngest boy.

Back to TV again. It was told to me that my dad reported learning how to be such a wonderful father from tv shows like "Father Knows Best" and "The Andy Griffith Show". He also learned a lot I'm sure from his Mother, who much of the time filled the role of both mother and father. God knows that growing up his real-life father figures provided little more than horrible examples of what a father should be. Beginning with his biological father then through several step fathers these men seemed to consist primarily of alcoholics, gamblers, beaters, and bigots. One might say he had plenty of examples of what not to be as a father. It has always struck me as something incredible that from such an environment my father found the resolve to rise far far above such baseness of character personified in those supposed father figures and he became a shining example in the highest degree of what a father should be.

In 2003 he relocated his family from his nearly life long home of southern California to Orem, Utah. At that time both myself and my brother Victor were on missions in Mexico. My dad was still working in California for a couple of

years after the move and during that time he would travel back and forth between California and Utah at least twice a month at sometimes insane hours to both be there for his family and continue to provide for them.

These past couple of years I had the pleasure of sharing a house with him. I got to live in his house for a lot of years, but as an adult our relationship really matured and we were more like friends, although he wouldn't hesitate to correct me when necessary, as a good father ought to. But we would hang out all the time, we'd go out to eat, or go play racquetball at the rec center, or go to the movies, or watch ancient aliens together, or probably most commonly we'd go to the home center and shop for materials to build things or fix up the house. Just a few months ago he and my mom moved into my new house with my wife and I so that they could have a fixed place to live while they sold their house and bought a new one. We really enjoyed him being there with us, and my wife Jeni, whom he had a special relationship with of joking and teasing each other, reignited his latent dormant Spanish speaking.

He lived his life in service to his wife and children. He worked hard and planned wisely in order to provide a better life for them.

His focus in his marriage was that of love and equality, always treating his wife Jolene with absolute respect, never demeaning or belittling, forever supportive, sharing in all the household chores and teaching his children to do the same.

His focus in fatherhood was that of character building. Teaching his kids to think critically and act justly and compassionately, all the while never imposing on any of us which way to be, allowing each child's unique personality to flourish and develop at their own pace. He also taught us the importance of the family unit and of holding fast to each other.

His focus in life was to seek, discover, and make aware to all people the essential and vital truths that profoundly impact the way we live our lives and

treat other people. Though this theme abounded his whole life through it seemed to be exceptionally strong in these most recent years. He relentlessly sought to make aware the erroneous perceptions and misunderstandings pervasive in our day to day way of living, and did so with the most genuine intent to help individuals, but above all himself, be better than what had previously been. This often caused contention, even among friends and family, for we all tend to resist that which presents itself as contrary to what we think and say and do, even when what we think and say and do has good reason to be questioned. He changed his own life drastically because of what he learned in this relentless search for truth. He even renounced his career as an aerospace engineer once he discovered the reality of his own passive participation in the imperialistic war machine that is the United States government, there by casting aside from his own life a practice that no longer fit with the core principles he lived by.

Socrates stated that The Unexamined Life is not worth living. My father continually examined his own life, not in the spirit of degradation or regret, but to the end of personal growth and increased understanding and there by self-improvement. It can be said therefore, by this measure as well as many others, that my father lived a life of immense worth. The man he was and remains testifies of this. All who knew him are better for it and his impact is unmistakable on all those who shared in this life with him.

Written by Victor's son John Maldonado

“Soar to the heights that take you beyond, for you are only limited by that which you do not understand.” - Victor Hugo Maldonado

Victor was survived by

Jolene Maldonado (wife) Jason Sudweek(son)

Connie Maldonado (sister) Travis Sudweeks (son)

John Maldonado (brother) Victor Maldonado III (son)

John Maldonado (son)

Merrilee Maldonado (daughter)

Ben Maldonado (son)

Tribute Wall



“ *Victor Hugo Maldonado*

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