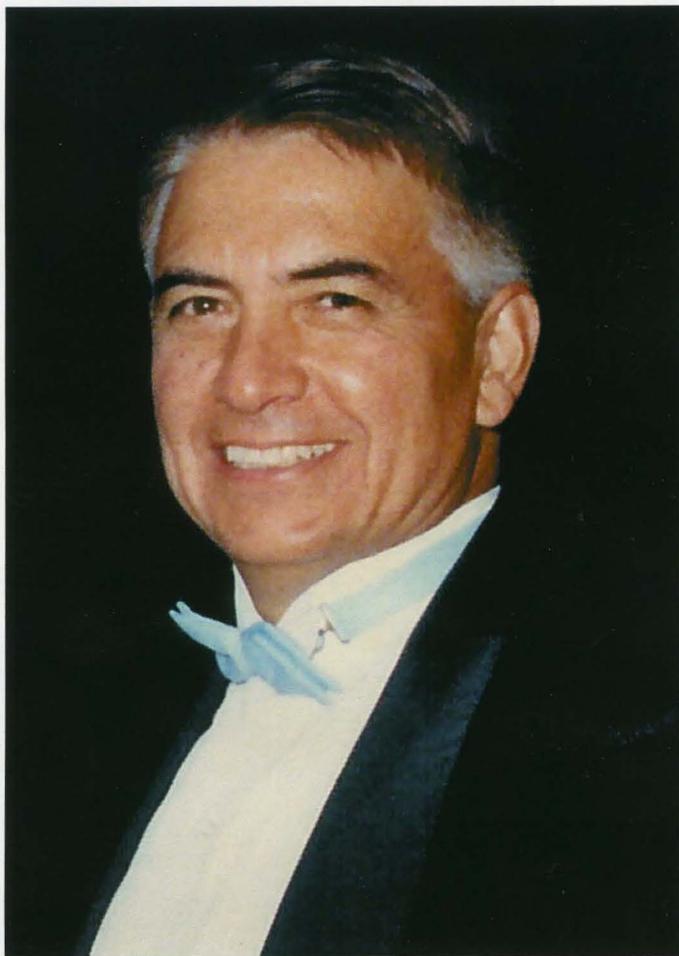


In celebration of the life of



Dr. Joe Griego

September 17, 1931 ~ September 5, 2007



July 1954
23 years old

~ Dr. Lupe Joe Griego ~

A quintessentially gentle man and a gentleman, Joe Griego lived a life of dignity, hard work and quiet strength with a dedicated devotion to his family and his students. He passed away peacefully on September 5, 2007, twelve days short of his 76th birthday.

Born in Prescott, Arizona on September 17, 1931, Joe was the son of Trinidad and Romolo Griego. The oldest of five children, Joe was a role model and mentor to his siblings who looked up to him with admiration and respect. He was the first Griego to attend college at Arizona State University. His three brothers and one sister followed in his footsteps and are forever grateful to their big brother, Joe for his wise counsel and glowing example.

As a senior at Arizona State, he met the love of his life, Gloria Maldonado, an attractive and delightful freshman from Morenci, Arizona. Upon graduation, Joe volunteered to serve his country

in the U.S. Army working in military intelligence in both North Carolina and California. After a two year service commitment from 1954 through 1956, Joe returned home. He married his college sweetheart on June 8, 1957. Joe and Gloria settled in Phoenix and began their fifty years of marriage together.

With his teaching degree in hand, Joe commenced his career at Monroe School, continuing on at Carl Hayden High School. Earning two masters and his doctorate degree from ASU, Joe furthered his commitment to educating students at the college level. At Glendale Community College, Joe guided and advised students along their career paths, counseling each with personal interest and attention. He was beloved by all students and faculty who had the opportunity to work with Joe.

Joe was the consummate father to his three children; always there to help in any way he could. He exuded a quiet strength, kindness and humility. He was a smart man with a vast knowledge who could fix anything, answer any question or solve any problem brought to him by his children or his grandchildren. Joe was known to have a tremendous sense of humor with the keen ability to make up a story about anything. His grandchildren simply needed to provide a topic. A loyal parishioner of St. Paul's Catholic Church, Joe regularly attended Sunday mass.

Joe is survived by his loving wife, Gloria, and their three children who will miss his gentleness and generosity of spirit: Dr. Victoria Griego and her husband, Dr. Timothy Mettler; Dr. Paul Griego and his wife, Dr. Grace Hier; and Theodore Griego and his wife, Sylvia. Joe's grandchildren: Abby, Joey and Jackie Mettler; Josephine, Olivia and Tessa Griego; and Alexander Griego. Surviving also, are his siblings who will forever be indebted to their big brother for his encouragement that changed their lives, Romolo Dan Griego and wife, Reina; Manny Griego and wife, Sue; Anna Marie Hammon and husband, Terry; and Dr. Robert Griego and wife, Lenni. Surviving also are many nieces, nephews grandnieces and grandnephews.

Loving thoughts from Joe's Grandchildren

If you've met Joe Griego, chances are you've heard one of his jokes. Most likely, it was the infamous joke about two men and a pig named Oink Johnson; the one he must have told a thousand times, yet none of us can remember exactly how it went. The little quirks about him were what I loved most. When Jackie would meticulously trim off ALL the fat from her steaks, he would reach across the table and eat it so it would not be wasted; or how he'd try to sneak me twenty dollar bills when Grandma wasn't looking. Besides his ability to always make me laugh, he was the one I went to with my problems; of everyone in my family, he was the one I talked to most about my life.

I'll never forget how he was always there to pick me up after school whenever I needed a ride, wearing the Xavier sweatshirt he got on sale. These afternoon pick-ups would be followed by our routine QT stops and various fingerprint references to buildings where he used to deliver papers. I remember at Christmas, we would all sit down to watch *Toyland*, no matter how much everyone else hated that movie.

What remains one of my fondest memories of all occurred in my grade school days at our cabin in Prescott. Grandpa would take Joey, Jackie, Josie, Olivia and me on our "adventure" down the creek bed to our "secret spot" with the rock that looked like a cradle. There we would sit on the assortment of rocks as he captivated us with stories he created right on the spot. These are memories I will never forget because when I think back to my childhood, these remain my most cherished.

I have yet to meet a kinder, harder-working, more charismatic guy than my Grandpa. I will miss him every day of my life; until I see him again.

~ Abby Mettler

Back and forth, back and forth; this is one of the fondest memories I have of my Abuelito Joe. Sitting on a swing that was much too small for me, listening to stories I had already heard a hundred times before. Abuelito would sit in a chair under the huge grapefruit tree and tell me his fables. Some were about little girls who ate watermelon seeds and lived to pay the consequences; others were about children with little bugs in their ears that grew to be huge. Regardless of the story, I can guarantee I laughed every time. He told me these stories with such passion I was convinced they were true. I remember him pushing me on that swing for as long as I wanted, even in the hot sun. After story time, I would beg to pick some fruit from the trees. Abuelito would always say that it wasn't ripe yet. As a matter of fact, the fruit never seemed to be ripe. But, I would pick it anyway, cover it with sugar, and pretend to love it. A day with my grandparents was always a memorable one no matter what we did, and it's hard for me to think that it will never be the same again.

The thought of my Abuelito, my big happy Abuelito, being gone forever, is such a sad thought it makes me cry every time I think about it. But it brings me great happiness to know that somewhere up above me Abuelito is watching; helping me to get through everyday, and pushing, always pushing me to try my hardest and do my best; back and forth, back and forth on the swing called Life.

~ Josephine Griego

Loving, caring, intelligent, wonderful, these are just some of the many words you could use to describe my Abuelito Joe. I will always remember him for even the smallest things. For example, he would always tell jokes, and most of the time they weren't even funny, but they always made me laugh because of the way he told them and because I knew it made him happy to see me smile. He and my Abuelita would take Jackie and me to wonderful plays and then to dinner for a day of fun. I love Abuelito Joe and I will miss him more than I can say, but it gives me comfort knowing he is in a better place and he is watching over me and my family. He will never be forgotten.

~ Olivia Griego

What I admired and enjoyed most about my Grandfather Joe were the conversations he and I would have about life and values and such. He was always quick to encourage any passion I had. He cared so much for the futures of all his grandchildren. My most profound example of this was when my family was having dinner at their house and I let it be known I would be buying my own car because no one else had shown an interest in helping me. Later, while I was looking at cars for sale on-line, he walked into the room, slid me a twenty, and told me how proud he was of me and to keep saving my money.

Finally, the best lesson I ever took from Grandpa was towards the end of his life. I was visiting him in the hospital room and we were talking about all these negative things in my life and the lives of my family. He told me everything had to be kept in perspective. Everything right now that seemed so overwhelming was nothing. I simply have to live my life and be as happy as I can. No matter how rough things get, I have to stick to my family because they want what's best for me and they will always love me. That was my Grandpa Joe.

~ Joey Mettler

My favorite memories of Grandpa Joe were when he, Grandma and I would drive to Ruidoso, New Mexico and spend a few days at a hotel in the mountains. It was beautiful there and we would have so much fun together. While I swam in the pool, Grandpa would sit on the deck and count how many seconds I could hold my breath, and throw rings in the pool for me to chase down. Whenever he would pick me up from school, we would have so much fun; he would make everyone in the car laugh even though we'd heard the joke a million times before. Somehow he'd always manage to put a different spin on it. Every so often, Grandma, Grandpa and I would play a ridiculously long game of Scrabble at our house and Grandpa would always win. But he somehow tricked me into thinking that I had won. He went to every one of my volleyball games. Whenever we would lose and I would be bummed out, Grandpa would always be there to comfort and support me, and tell me he was so proud of my efforts. He was such a great person, he would always put others before himself. He loved everyone endlessly. I will love and miss Grandpa Joe forever.

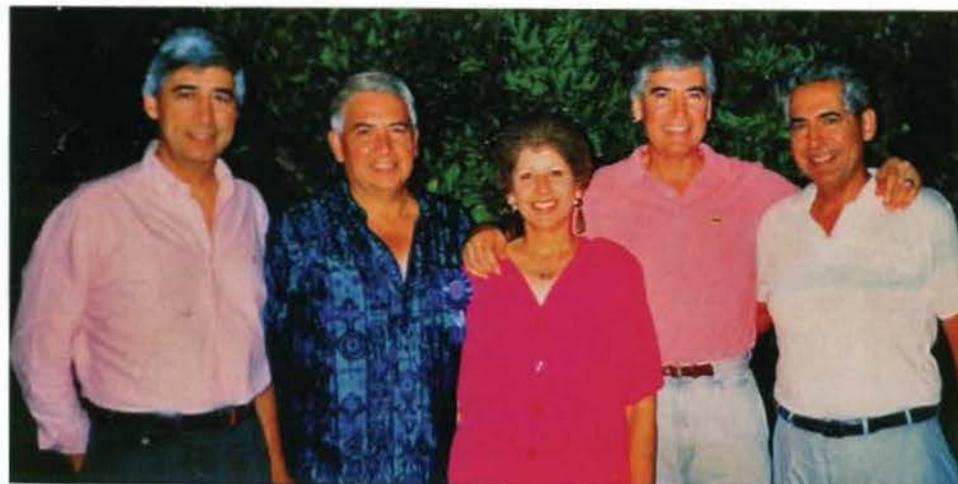
~ Jackie Mettler

Dear, Lord
Please bless my grandpa
because he might die tonight,
Please make a miracle happen and
he not die. If that miracle can't
happen, please make him die
comfortably and not scared.
Love, Tessa 9-4-07

I will miss my Grandpa very
much and I will be very sad.
I will remember all his
😊 funny jokes. I used to like
it when he made his thumb
disappear. I always fell
for that.
Love you Grandpa! Alexander



May, 2007



Bob, Joe, Anna Marie, Manny, Junior

Farewell my Dearest

*When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.
Why cry for a soul set free?*

*Miss me a little, but not too long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love we once shared
Miss me, but let me go.*

*For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan
A step on the road to home.*

*When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know,
And bury your sorrow in doing good deeds.
Miss me, but let me go.*



1980

Memorial contributions
creating a
Glendale Community College
scholarship fund
may be made in Joe's memory
honoring his dedication and
commitment to his students.

Glendale Community College
attn: Dr. Joe Griego Scholarship Fund
6000 West Olive Avenue
Glendale, Arizona 86302

Following the service, the family invites everyone
to continue the celebration of Joe's life
at O'Carroll Hall

with gratitude to the
St. Paul's Ladies' Guild
for hosting the reception.

Private Interment
Holy Redeemer Catholic Cemetery
Phoenix, Arizona

The family of Joe Griego would like to
express their deepest gratitude to all for your friendship
and support during this difficult time.
Thank you for joining us in the celebration of Joe's life.