



## Esaw "Chick" Rodriguez, Jr.

January 2, 1958 - January 14, 1984

Esaw "Chick" Rodriguez Jr.

Esaw was born on January 2, 1958 to Pauline and Esaw Rodriguez. After missing since August of 1980, his homecoming to Toledo joyfully took place on August 2, 2012. His day of death was January 14, 1984.

He leaves to cherish his memories his Mother, Pauline and sisters Marta I. Rodriguez and Diana (Jesus) Lerma. Surviving also are 3 nephews, 3 neices and a large extended family. Esaw was preceded in death by his father Esaw and his paternal and maternal grandparents.

Esaw "Chick" loved rock and roll music, his family and friends. Funeral services will be held on Friday, August 3, at the Coyle Funeral Home, 1770 S. Reynolds Rd. from 9-12, with a prayer service to follow. Interment will be at Forest cemetery. Memorial donations can be made to the family.

# Tribute Wall



“ I've missed you and love you. And I am so glad that you are finally home. Rest now my sweet cousin, until we meet again.##imported-begin##Delia Zavala Quisenberry##imported-end##

January 14, 1984 at 12:00 AM



“ Esaw, you were a good friend. Glad to have known you. Run free, my friend, you're home !##imported-begin##Chalo Campos chalo4279@yahoo.com##imported-end##

January 14, 1984 at 12:00 AM

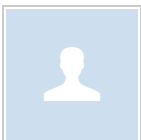


“ We are very sorry for the family's loss. I remember stories from my mother about Esaw and his adventurous spirit.

*He is remembered even to the generations he never got to meet.*

*Best Wishes,##imported-begin##Juan D.F. Lopez Jr. & JoAnna Lopez##imported-end##*

January 14, 1984 at 12:00 AM



“ not one day that i ever stop thinking of you Bro'. how i have miss you,and forever still love you. You are home.my beautiful brother.##imported-begin##marta##imported-end##

January 14, 1984 at 12:00 AM



“ Just see yourself,just see me too,just see us all in a world that is new.Think how you'll feel,how it will be,to live in peace,to be truly free,no evil one will then prevail,rule by our God cannot ever fail. The time will have come for a new earthly start. The song of our praises will pour out from our heart: Jehovah our God, how well you have done! All things are new by the rule of your Son. The fullness of our heart overflows in our song; All glory and honor an praise to you belong," Now see yourself, and see me too; and look ahead to a world that is new, No sight we see,no sound we hear will cause alarm or give to fear. All has come true,just as he said;now over mankind,his tent is spread.He now shall awaken those sleeping in death;their voices will join us with every grateful breath:"Jehovah our God,how well you have done! All things are new by the rule of your Son. The fullness of our hearts overflows in our song; All glory and honor and praise to you belong."###imported-begin##Bebe jeng a1977@yahoo.com###imported-end##

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January 14, 1984 at 12:00 AM



“ Closure at Long Last....So glad that you will have the proper burial that you so deserve, Rest In Peace Chicken.... You are in God's hands now.###imported-begin##Measie Ramirez###imported-end##

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January 14, 1984 at 12:00 AM



“ Chick rest in peace. Happy to have you back home. All thanks belong to Jehovah.###imported-begin##Diana Lerma###imported-end##

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January 14, 1984 at 12:00 AM



“ *Something different laced his voice. Gone were stories of rock concerts in Florida, adventures while hitchhiking south, of a young man who set out to see life. It was Aug. 17, 1980, and Esaw Rodriguez, Jr., was scared. He was alone. There were relatives in Texas he planned to meet, but he was still miles away in Lafayette, La. With everyone he knew miles away, he called collect to his family in Toledo. This wasn't fun anymore. He called his sister Marta and started to cry. "I want to come home," he told her. Marta asked where Esaw was, but he didn't know any landmarks or at what exit he was dropped off. Marta said she couldn't help him, that she couldn't come get him if he couldn't tell her where to go. But she wanted him home. She told him to find a Catholic church and ask for help. Marta Rodriguez went to her mother's place near Kenilworth Avenue and Cherry Street. Her mother, Pauline Rodriguez, said Esaw called her twice. The first time he said he was sad, he was tired, like when he talked to Marta -- but he said he was OK. Pauline told her son to wash his face, to relax, and call her back. The second call was different. There was fear. He was all alone in strange place. And something happened. Two men got out of a green pickup truck and were walking toward him, he told his mother, and he was worried. He told his mother he loved her over and over again. "That was supposed to last me a lifetime," Pauline said. "I didn't know it then." That's the last they heard from Esaw. | When the National Missing and Unidentified Persons System started in 2009, it was made up of two lists. The U.S. Department of Justice-funded project is a publicly viewable online database with entries from police, medical examiners, and other sources. The first list is of thousands who are missing. "You have to wonder where all these people go." Esaw's cousin, Valentino Zavala, said. The second list is of the thousands who are dead but unidentified. Many are waiting to be matched with someone who is missing. Perhaps nowhere else do so many stories of hope, fear, desperation, and despair collide. It's hard not to search the database and ask if it's better to live life with uncertainty -- with the haunting of the missing, but with at least hope a loved one still lives -- or to know the terrible truth. And what does a family*

*do when they find their lost loved one but learn nothing of what happened? Maybe knowing that he's found, that he's coming home, is enough.*

*South, then west...Esaw Rodriguez, Jr.'s family called him "Chick" because he was the youngest, because he was small -- the smallest among the boys in the extended family -- because he was their little chicken. It was a term of affection, though he never much cared for the name, nor Junior, nor really his own name. He didn't like his curly black hair. He didn't care much for school. There were days Esaw would walk through the front doorway at Woodward High School and walk out the back. Eventually he dropped out. What Esaw did like were friends and family. His parents were separated, and he and his mother lived alone, but there were constant visitors. Friends and cousins, such as Mr. Zavala, would drive by their house, and they'd sit in their cars and talk late into the night. Ever trusting, Esaw thought everyone was going to be his friend, despite his mother's warnings. Many were, and that trust was probably why hitchhiking had such an allure. In the pictures they have of Esaw, he either smiles wide in a moment of joy or stares straight at the camera, stern, determined. Esaw never told his family about plans for his life, about careers or dreams. Ms. Rodriguez doesn't think a woman alone can raise a man and said her son was still in many ways a boy. She thinks he was looking for a way to prove the man he was. At 22, with two friends, he hitchhiked to Clearwater, Fla. There was family there. What he didn't tell his mother or sisters or friends, though, was that his trip would have a second leg. His two friends headed back to Toledo, but Esaw went west, alone, toward Texas. His sisters and moth*

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January 14, 1984 at 12:00 AM



“ *The Story from the Toledo Blade:*  
*<http://www.toledoblade.com/local/2012/07/08/After-years-of-hope-family-gets-closure.html> (The story is below)(The pictures are on the Memories Gallery)##imported-begin##Toledo Blade##imported-end##*

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