

A Poem by Salvador Silva

*I seen a boy with his pockets full of dreams,
Always told you that this is what you need.*

*While he's trying to do the best he can,
Just to become a perfect man.*

*Now that he emptied his pockets he says,
"Oh how it was so childish to think
that all those dreams could ever be,
for a moment it was a future
he could always see."*

" God Bless You "

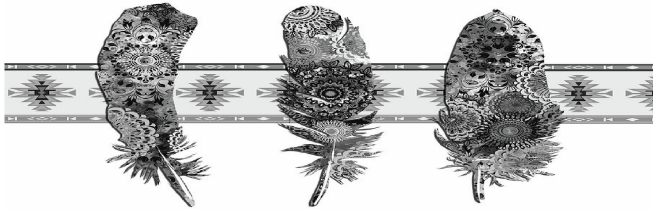


*Services Intrusted To
Valley Funeral Home Stockton
7746 Lorraine Ave Suite 208, Stockton, CA 95210
Arrangement Counselor
JOSE AYALA
209-594-1078*

*In Memory Of
Salvador Silva III*

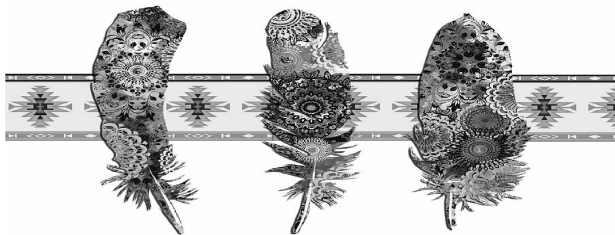


*May 14, 1996
August 01, 2019*



"I know I may be at the end of my trial and although I stand here alone, I carry the life and spirit of the broken. With no where else to go, I am forced to turn around and go back to the society that has forsaken my fellow brothers and sisters. God has given me a gift and I now realize that gift is not mine but for the people who may never be heard. God has gifted me with the strength in words. So like the birds of freedom, I am going to sing and teach our broken spirits how good it feels to finally dance."

- Salvador Silva



In Memory Of

Salvador Silva III

Sunrise

May 14, 1996, In French Camp, Calif.

Sunset

August 01, 2019, In Stockton Calif.

Visitation

Thursday 08, 2019

640 N California Street, Stockton, Ca. 95202

12:00 PM - 9:00 PM

Rosary

Thursday 08, 2019

640 N California Street, Stockton, Ca. 95202

6:00 PM

Visitation

Friday 09, 2019

640 N California Street, Stockton, Ca. 95202

12:00 PM - 9:00 PM

Spiritual Tribe Service

Friday 09, 2019

640 N California Street, Stockton, Ca. 95202

5:00 PM

Interment

Private