



Arthur Martinez

July 2, 1950 - November 21, 2021

Arthur Martinez, of California, was born on July 2nd 1950 in California to parents Ralph Martinez and Elenor Ruiz in California, and passed away on November 21nd 2021 in California. He is survived by his loving family.

Tribute Wall



“ *Arthur Martinez*

October 08, 2023 at 05:23 PM

LS

“ I met Art when I moved to Long Beach in 2005, in the Port. He was working at American Marine and I was a Ship's Agent . We instantly became friends. He was always the sweetest. We often went out to grab a bite to eat or watch a movie, our relationship was always strictly platonic. I often would tell him about my crazy dates and we would laugh about them and he would always tell me that if he were only 20 or so years younger, he would marry me. He always called me , “Baby Girl”, and I would call him, “ Arturo”. He would always tell me about his camping adventures with his guy friends that they had every year and he would always be watching football or flying out to see a game. He had endless stories of hanging with Betty and the family and of course, his beloved, “The Big Dog”, he was always so proud of him. Even when I moved back to SF Bay, we continued to keep in touch. He never failed to call me on every birthday and holiday. We always called each other on Valentine's Day to make sure we were still each other's Valentine. I wasn't sure that he had passed until I finally found this post today, April 9, 2022. I believe I last talked to him last October or November, he said he was in the hospital that he had caught covid but was finally being transferred out of the ICU. He said he would call me again to update me. I tried calling again, leaving messages, to no avail until his phone was disconnected. Art loved people, and if you were one of his friends, you were more like family. Art was always the sweetest, he loved hard. I have the best memories of these almost 20 years of friendship. I loved sending him pictures that I took with filters that would change my hair to purple or green or where it showed my hair super short. He would immediately call me and say please say you didn't. And I would laugh and he would laugh knowing it was a joke. Then he would tell me what he was up to and all about the Big Dog. We would always hang up with an I love you and talk to you soon. I miss him so much and am sad he's no longer here, but I'm happy to know he's resting with the Lord in Heaven and that I will see him again. Rest In Peace my beautiful friend, Arturo. ❤️

lorraine schroeder - April 14, 2022 at 01:11 PM

BH

“ Art loved his kids and grandkids next were his Redskins and all things football. He loved going to auto shows and he liked golf but I never saw him play. He and I shared the same Alma Mater, Lakewood High School and graduation year of 1969. He loved the ocean. He enjoyed his time with his best friend Jeff. He loved his 1984 Toyota truck til he was no longer able to drive it. We never said the words but I had hoped he loved me too. My heart hurts that you are no longer here but I am also relieved you are no longer in pain. Prayers for peace to Alicia, Stephanie, Myles and to Big Dog.

Barbara Hendron - December 16, 2021 at 01:01 AM

LS

I met Art when I moved to Long Beach in 2005, in the Port. He was working at American Marine and I was a Ship's Agent . We instantly became friends. He was always the sweetest. We often went out to grab a bite to eat or grab a movie, always Strictly platonic. I often would tell him about my crazy dates and we would laugh about them and he would always tell me that if he were only 20 or so years younger, he would marry me. He always called me , "Baby Girl", and I would call him, " Arturo". He would always tell me about his camping adventures with his guy friends that they had every year and he would always be watching football or flying out to see a game. He had endless stories of hanging with Betty and the family and of course, his beloved, "The Big Dog", he was always so proud of him. Even when I moved back to SF Bay, we continued to keep in touch. He never failed to call me on every birthday and holiday. We always called each other on Valentine's Day to make sure we were still each other's Valentine. I wasn't sure that he had passed until I finally found this post today, April 9, 2022. I believe I last talked to him last October or November, he said he was in the hospital that he had caught covid but was finally being transferred out of the ICU. He said he would call me again to update me. I tried calling again, leaving messages, to no avail until his phone was disconnected. Art loved people, and if you were one of his friends, you were more like family. Art was always the sweetest, he loved hard. I have the best memories of these almost all 20 years of friendship. I loved sending him pictures that I took with filters that would change my hair to purple or green or where it showed my hair super short. He would immediately call me and say please say you didn't. And I would laugh and he would laugh knowing it was a joke. Then he would tell me what he was up to and all about the Big Dog. We would always hang up with an I love you and talk to you soon. I miss him so much and am sad he's no longer here, but I'm happy to know he's resting with the Lord in Heaven and that I will see him again. Rest In Peace my beautiful friend, Arturo. ❤️

lorraine schroeder - April 10, 2022 at 03:09 AM