



Oscar Montoya Torres

January 16, 1943 - May 25, 2025

Oscar Montoya Torres born on January 16, 1943 went to be with the Lord on May 25, 2025 at the age of 82 with his wife and family members by his side. He served in the United States Army/Reserves.

Oscar devoted most of his life, 42 plus years working as a Occupational Therapist at San Antonio State Hospital. He loved to go fishing with family members, friends and whoever would take him along. He enjoyed waiting to catch the "Big" one.

He loved playing the slots and Lotteria ticket also waiting for the "Big" one. He was an avid San Antonio Spur, Houston Astro fan and a fan of the Dallas Cowboys. He also enjoyed sitting down and listening to Spanish trio music, while he sang along. Most of all, he loved spending time with his children and family.

He is survived by his loving family, his wife of 41 years Esperanza (Hope) Trevino Torres and his children, Benjamin (Michelle), Angela (Michael) and Magdalene, sisters Mary Helen Dominguez, Erlinda Nava, grandchildren, Charlene, Justin, (Jaky), Irina, Iliana, Amelia and 2 great grandchildren, Tony and Frankie. Extended family members and friends in Arizona, Texas and Monterrey, Mexico. He is preceded in death by his mother Maria Torres and Anita T. Navarro.

We will always remember our beloved Oscar for his straightforwardness, quick wit and humor.

Previous Events

Visitation

JUN 3. 5:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Brookehill Funeral Home
711 SE Military Dr
San Antonio, TX 78214
(210) 923-7523
<https://www.missionparks.com/>

Military Honors

JUN 3. 6:00 PM (CT)

Brookehill Funeral Home
711 SE Military Dr
San Antonio, TX 78214
(210) 923-7523
<https://www.missionparks.com/>

Holy Rosary

JUN 3. 6:15 PM (CT)

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<https://www.missionparks.com/>

Tribute Wall

AP

“ It broke my heart into a million pieces that the man I truly loved. has passed on 2 b with the Lord He was truly a good and wonderful man who I will never 4get and 4ever b in my heart. Always ,Belated prayers 2 the family. Marie

Alice marie prevo - August 11, 2025 at 08:34 AM

MA

Farewell my dearest Oscar always Marie

Marie - September 16, 2025 at 07:07 PM

IT

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Irina Torres - May 29, 2025 at 02:37 PM

MA

Forever n my heart u will always be. Marie

Marie - September 16, 2025 at 07:09 PM

BT

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Benjamin Torres - May 29, 2025 at 02:36 PM

MA

Missing you marie

Marie - September 16, 2025 at 07:03 PM

MA

My heart is still hurting over you being gone.sleep well my love til we meet again over the Rainbow. 4-Ever N My 💔

Marie - October 07, 2025 at 08:54 PM

AP

Almost a year that u been gone it still hurts. Marie

Alice Prevo - May 14 at 01:27 PM

IT

“ *Irina and Grandpa at IHOP.*



Irina Torres - May 29, 2025 at 02:19 PM

MA

Just missing u a lot.just can't get over that ur gone. Marie

Marie - September 16, 2025 at 07:05 PM

MA

Still missing u Marie

Marie - October 07, 2025 at 08:44 PM

AP

I c u n my dreams can't over losing you marie

Alice (Marie) Prevo - October 16, 2025 at 01:13 PM

BT

“ It’s a strange thing, being in my 50’s and suddenly feeling like a kid again.

Life doesn’t stop. There are still texts and emails to respond to, calls to answer, routines to continue, and dogs expecting walks. But inside, something has gone still. Like a quiet, constant hum that had always been in the background... suddenly disappeared. My father is gone.

Lately, I’ve been going back in my mind to those early mornings. He’d already be up, coffee in hand, ready for work. I’d be groggy, pulling myself together before school. There was always music playing. We didn’t talk much during those moments, but we didn’t have to. Just being in the same space, moving through the start of the day together, was enough. That’s the kind of presence he had. Solid. Steady. Reassuring, without needing to say much at all.

I think of the fishing trips too, long, quiet stretches on the water. No big conversations. Just side-by-side stillness. He let the quiet be quiet. There was no pressure to perform, no lesson being forced. Just time. Time with him. And that was everything.

He wasn’t perfect. Neither am I. But he showed up, for the small things and the big ones. Even when life placed distance between us. And in these last two and a half years, we spoke on the phone every single day. Every day. Sometimes it was only for a few minutes. Sometimes we talked longer. But no matter what, we checked in. That daily connection became something special, woven into the rhythm of life without either of us ever needing to name it.

I catch myself still preparing to call him, thinking about what random thoughts and musings we’d be sharing soon, how our days went, the important sporting news of the day, and of course about the things we remembered and things we’d shared, but now that those calls have stopped, the silence is louder than I expected.

Still, I hear him. In little things, phrases I use, the way I react to the world, moments where I catch myself moving like him or thinking like him. That's the legacy of a father who loved quietly but consistently. He never needed to say much, he lived it. And now I carry that with me.

If I had one more moment, I'd say:

Thank you, Dad. For the coffee mornings, the music, the stillness of the water, and the steadiness of your love. For showing up, for all the phone conversations, for staying close even when the miles weren't. You are with me, still and always.

Grief, they say, is love that has nowhere to go. So maybe this is where I'll leave a little of it. For him. For me. For the boy I was, and the man I've become. I love you, Dad.

Benjamin Torres - May 28, 2025 at 11:45 AM

AP

That was truly beautiful every word of it is so about him he will always be in my heart. Marie

Alice marie prevo - August 15, 2025 at 01:00 PM

MA

Still missing you marie

Marie - November 09, 2025 at 05:28 PM

AP

6 months has passed since Oscar been gone it still hurts me a lot. Marie

Alice Prevo - February 17 at 12:47 PM