



Juan Rivera

July 25, 1930 - December 8, 2021

Juan Rivera, 91, of Lancaster, passed away Wednesday, December 8, 2021 at Hospice and Community Care in Mt. Joy. He was the husband of the late Sofia Pazos. Juan was born in Montevideo, Uruguay on July 25, 1930, son of the late Braulio Rivera and Dorotea Diaz.

He was a retired truck driver. Juan enjoyed watching soccer.

He will be missed by his son, Juan, husband of Leyla Rivera of Lancaster, his daughters Susana, wife of Jorge Caporale of Montevideo, Uruguay, Alicia Fernandez of Boca Raton, FL; grandchildren, Patrick, husband of Loren Rivera, Marcelo Rivera, Veronica Vann, Jorgito Caporale, Sylvanna Caporale, Andrea Canedo, Melanie Canedo; great-grandchildren, Sophia, Gianna, Enzo, Braulio Rivera.

Family and friends are respectfully invited to attend Juan's viewing and funeral service on Monday, December 13, 2021 from 10 AM to 2 PM from Melanie B. Scheid Funeral Directors & Cremation Services, 317 E. Orange St, Lancaster. Interment will be made in Mellinger's Mennonite Cemetery.

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC 13. 10:00 AM - 2:00 PM (ET)

Melanie B. Scheid Funeral Directors & Cremation Services
317 E. Orange Street
Lancaster, PA 17602
(717) 393-1776
mbscheid@aol.com
<http://www.melaniebscheidfh.com>

Tribute Wall



“ *Juan Rivera*

October 22, 2023 at 10:35 PM



“ *Juan Rivera*

October 06, 2023 at 08:29 AM



“ *Juan Rivera*

October 05, 2023 at 11:43 PM



“ *Juan Carlos Rivera lit a candle in memory of Juan Rivera*



Juan Carlos Rivera - December 11, 2021 at 01:50 PM



“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



Lauren Rivera - December 10, 2021 at 10:16 PM

PR

“ 59 files added to the tribute wall



Patrick D Rivera - December 10, 2021 at 10:09 PM

LR

“ 3 files added to the album Memories Album



Lauren Rivera - December 09, 2021 at 11:30 PM

LR

“ I have to say I was extremely intimidated to meet Abuelo Chiquito, as he was my husbands favorite human to walk this earth. The first time I had the pleasure of sitting down to talk to him, with Patricks help of course, I asked a ton of questions. I wanted to know about his life in Uruguay and growing up in a large family. He told me about all of his siblings (nicknames included)and about his house and favorite hobbies. By the end of our conversation, I knew I hadn't even grazed the surface of who he was as a person. I did however understand why my husband had such a strong bond with this wonderful and kind hearted person.

Once Enzo was born and although we weren't close in location (COVID made it even harder), we made it a point to FaceTime Abuelo Chiquito once a week. There were weeks we went without a call but never more than one before we made sure to schedule another appointment. It was because of this that I had the opportunity to see a bond develop between Enzo (my son) and Abuelo Chiquito or as he calls him “Abuelo Chico”. He was always so excited to FaceTime and couldn't wait to show him all of his toys. As a 2, almost 3 year old, there are a lot of things he often doesn't want to do, but he was always interested and happy to talk to “Abuelo Chico”. As my husband left to say his goodbyes “ Enzo said, I need to say goodbye to Abuelo Chico too.”

I am extremely grateful to have met Abuelo Chiquito, to pass down his fathers name to my son and to continue the Rivera lineage. The world, especially my world, is a better place because he was in it.

Abuelo Chiquito,

We all love you and will miss you terribly.No amount of time will ever be enough.

Lauren Rivera - December 09, 2021 at 11:02 PM

PR

“*"Chiquito", as many of you know my Abuelo as was the best grandfather a person could ask for. As a child, he held my hand while I slept because I was scared. He taught me how to knot a tie as teen, while we got ready for a wedding. I learned through watching how he loved my grandmother unconditionally to be a loving husband. I've picked up the enjoyment of morning routines such as enjoying the stillness and quiet of the morning, drinking mate with him.*

My favorite memory with him was as a young kid when we went together to the baker, the butcher and supermarket early in the morning. We picked up a spread just for us two. We went back to his house and ducked through the tight stairwell to the roof top. Together on a gorgeous day in Uruguay, we sat on a table over looking his neighborhood. We sat there conversing while eating pastries, cold cuts and sipping mate.

Although he's no longer here physically to hold my hand as I write this scared and saddened with grief, I have the comfort to know he will forever hold a place in my heart.

Macanudo Abuelo, te amo!

Patrick D Rivera - December 09, 2021 at 03:55 PM