



Marcelino Valido

APR 28, 1928 - AUG 16, 2023



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*Memorial
Plan*SM
Cemeteries & Funeral Homes

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Marcelino Valido

APR 28, 1928 - AUG 16, 2023

Marcelino Valido, residente de Miami, originario de Cuba, falleció el 16 de Agosto de 2023.

Le sobreviven su amada esposa Ana Gloria Valido; amorosos hijos Iliana Acosta y su esposo Marcos y su hijo Jorge Valido y su esposa Fela Valido; queridos nietos Sergio y esposa Adriana, Marcos Daniel, Anailys y esposo Rafael, Danny y esposa Astrid & Jorgito; y adorados bisnietos Emilio, Emanuel, Leahna, Emma Grace, Oliver, Franco y Emma.

La familia pide, si prefiere no enviar flores, por favor donarle a alguien necesitado.



Events

Marcelino Valido

APR 28, 1928 - AUG 16, 2023

Velorio

Tuesday, August 22, 2023

6:00 PM - 11:59 PM ET

Memorial Plan Westchester Funeral Home
9800 SW 24th Street, Miami FL 33165



Entierro

Wednesday, August 23, 2023

1:00 PM - 1:30 PM ET

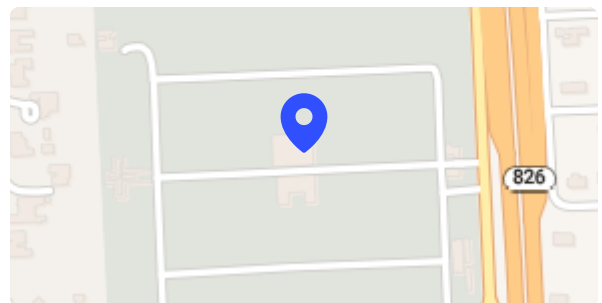
Memorial Plan at Miami Memorial Park Cemetery
6200 SW 77th Avenue, Miami FL 33143



Cemetery Details

Memorial Plan at Miami Memorial Park Cemetery
6200 SW 77th Avenue, Miami FL 33143

(305) 351-9460





Tribute Wall

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Marcos Acosta shared 5 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.



My grandfather was a bright light in this often dark world and those around him were fortunate to bask in his light– it was warm and comforting and safe. Abuelo was so much fun, never a dull moment, a flame hard to extinguish. He had a magnetic personality and he was so unequivocally authentic—one of a kind! Still, he was humble and appreciative and vulnerable. He had a great laugh—it was contagious. Like a wildfire that swept right into your soul. Abuelo was so generous with his time. Always available, you always felt like you were the only person in the room with him. He made you laugh out loud, he made you think—he challenged you to be better. He was a great story teller and his punto guajiros were enthralling and fine-tuned. He was a great friend and his closest consortes cherished his company. It was easy to get sucked into his orbit. He loved cigars and Cuban coffee! He loved a good fart joke. He tended to his garden with care and devotion making sure that his trees were fruitful and plentiful—and yet in an instant he would give away that same fruit of his labor without hesitation. He walked the yard and with a puffed out chest boasted about his kingdom of mango, mamey, fruta bomba, platano, aji, guanabana, caña to name a few. I never knew him to take anything, he just gave of all his possessions and his time. He had an impeccable work ethic and he took pride in quality work, never settled for mediocre. I fell in love with baseball because of Abuelo. As a child I looked forward to visiting just so I could sit with him in the Florida room for hours and analyze every pitch, every play, listen to stories about a sport he obsessed over. Baseball was the link between his past and present, it was his sanity. He was so passionate, during one play he'd affirm a player was the best in the league and just one at bat later they were trash! The year the Marlins won their first World Series was a wonderful memory. Game 7 me, Sergio and Abuelo were on the edge of our seats. That last single down the middle by Renteria was one of the happiest most singular memories I hold onto. I remember the big smile on his face. Priceless! For years he hosted Christmas Eve and til this day his roast pork is the best I've ever had—so much love went into every nuance of the process. I loved being part of this process from the early drive to the slaughter house to the prep-work at home with the sour orange and mojo to the hours of flipping and covering the soon to be meal with palm leaves as he stoked the flames to get the perfect crisp on the chicharron. I'll forever cherish this great tradition he cultivated. With just a bunch of cinder blocks and a few bags of charcoal he showed me the greatest love for family. My grandfather left this world on my birthday. It will now be a day to celebrate his life. He will be a reminder to live life to the fullest and focus on the things that matter most. His passing breathes new life into my life, his ember will never extinguish in my heart. I'm grateful to have known him for 40 years and can only hope to be half the man he was. I dream that El Cabo is back in his beautiful island of Cuba with a cigar hanging from his lower lip with all the coffee and espuma he can drink watching a Cuba vs USA ball game, where regardless of the outcome he'll have a proverbial grin on his face.

August 22 at 2:17 PM



Iliana Acosta August 23 at 8:38 PM

Without words. You were his first born grandson in US since he met Sergio when they came from Cuba. He loved you so much



Tribute Wall

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Blanca María Yanes Valido lit a candle in honor of Marcelino.



August 21 at 8:04 PM



Blanca María Yanes Valido posted:

No estoy presente, pero mi corazón está con ustedes, con tía Gloria, su amada novia, con mis primo@s herman@s Iliana Acosta y Jorge Luis Valido. Mis prim@s : Marcos Daniel, Anailys, Dany, Sergito y Jorgito. Un beso y mi último adiós desde tu amada Cuba. Tu sobrina que te ama, Blanquita.

August 21 at 8:01 PM



Iliana Acosta August 21 at 11:33 PM

Sequene tubamor por él ybpor mi dmfamilia es genuine y verdadero, mi prima. Graciasvpor apoyarme en la distancia. Te quiero mucho



Iliana Acosta lit a candle in honor of Marcelino.



August 21 at 1:04 PM



Elaine Hernández Valido August 21 at 1:59 PM

Que la gloria de Dios siempre lo acompañe más allá de la vida y su legado permanezca en cada uno de los corazones de las personas que lo amaban y admiraban. Descansa en paz Tío Marcelino.



Tribute Wall

Marcelino Valido

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Anailys Acosta shared 10 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

Abuelito Lindo, You have been a strong, amazing and loving grandfather, great grandfather, father, son, brother, husband and friend. I have so many fond memories with you and of you. In particular, when you would gather us, your grandchildren, in your terrace and crack coconuts and take out the coconut meat so I could eat it. It was one of my favorite. You would also peel the caña so we could bite and suck on it and drink all that sugar! You were my Mango King, too! I loved spending time with you. You were so cool! The way you took care of your back yard fruit trees and garden was so admirable. I loved playing and running there, too! I learned to fish with you, using the "Cuban Yo-yo". We would go to the lake in your front yard and sit there to find and watch crocodiles. You never went a day without handing me unos pesitos so I would always have \$. I remember when I would stay on summer days and after school, I couldn't wait for you to come home. I would go outside and watch you bring in all of your lawn mowing equipment and I would follow you back to the shed as you told me about your day. Abuela would tell me to come in and get you water and I was so happy and proud to. Your words of wisdom and life were so inspiring. You were a man of respect. You were selfless and kind. You went through so much and worked so hard. You were as humble and as generous as they come. You have been a mountain among rocks. I will miss your funny sounds and gestures. I will miss seeing you lift up abuelas bata de casa to get her mad so we could all laugh. I will miss walking into your house and seeing you watching tv on your recliner. I enjoyed a lifetime of you and I'm glad my children got to meet you and you them. As they grow, I will only have wonderful things to share to them about you. You are resting in peace alongside our Almighty Father, now. I know you will be watching over us and will be with us in the years to come. Please show up in my dreams. I love you ❤️



August 18 at 7:13 PM

IA **Iliana Acista** August 21 at 11:38 PM

Gracias Jorgito. Lo conocistes hace muy poco y en ese poco tiempo, compartises con él en varias ocasiones. Le regulates unos momentos de felicidad hablando contigo.

JO **Jorge** August 21 at 2:14 PM

Mi tío te fuiste pero siempre vas a estar en el corazón de todos tus familiares y amigo gran ser humano con una sonrisa increíble el cielo ganó un gran ángel Epd

AA **Anailys Acosta** August 21 at 7:36 AM

Abuelito lindo, Has sido un abuelo, bisabuelo, padre, hijo, hermano, esposo y amigo fuerte, asombroso y amoroso. Tengo tantos buenos recuerdos contigo y de ti. En particular, cuando nos reunías a nosotros, tus nietos, en tu terraza y cascabas cocos y sacabas la pulpa del coco para que me la comiera. Fue uno de mis favoritos. ¡También pelarías la caña para que pudiéramos morderla y chuparla y bebernos todo ese azúcar! ¡Tú también eras mi Rey de Mango! Me encantaba pasar tiempo contigo. ¡Eras tan genial! La forma en que cuidaste los árboles frutales y el jardín de tu patio trasero fue tan admirable. ¡También me encantaba jugar y correr allí! Aprendí a pescar contigo, usando el "Yoyo cubano". Íbamos al lago en su patio delantero y nos sentábamos allí para encontrar y observar cocodrilos. Nunca pasabas un día



Tribute Wall

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AA

sin darme unos pesitos para que siempre tuviera dinero. Recuerdo cuando me quedaba en los días de verano y después de la escuela, no podía esperar a que vinieras a casa. Saldría y te vería traer todo tu equipo para cortar el césped y te seguiría de regreso al cobertizo mientras me contabas sobre tu día. Abuela me decía que entrara y te trajera agua y yo estaba muy feliz y orgullosa de hacerlo. Tus palabras de sabiduría y vida fueron muy inspiradoras. Eras un hombre de respeto. Fuiste desinteresado y amable. Pasaste por tanto y trabajaste tan duro. Fuiste tan humilde y generoso como parece. Has sido una montaña entre rocas. Extrañaré tus divertidos sonidos y gestos. Extrañaré verte levantar la bata de casa de abuela para enojarla y que todos nos riéramos. Extrañaré entrar a tu casa y verte viendo la televisión en tu sillón reclinable. Disfruté toda tu vida y me alegro de que mis hijos te hayan conocido y tu a ellos. A medida que crezcan, solo tendré cosas maravillosas para compartirles sobre ti. Estás descansando en paz junto a nuestro Padre Todopoderoso, ahora. Sé que nos estarás cuidando y estarás con nosotros en los años venideros. Por favor, aparece en mis sueños. te amo ❤️

YC

Yuraimys Chaviano lit a candle in honor of Marcelino.

August 19 at 8:45 PM





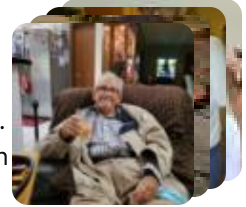
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Daniel Alexander Acosta shared 6 photos and a video to the **Tribute Wall** album.



Abuelo, my hero. You have lived your life with love, compassion, and understanding. I am smiling because it is amazing to know how pure your heart is. I have learned so much by simply watching you live. You never had to sit me down to teach me anything about life because you lead by example and the lessons have been instilled in me in such a natural and real way. You never thought twice about slipping me a \$20 of your hard earned cash, you never thought twice about giving, period. You are a giver and you give so much to so many and never ask for anything in return. You always say, "I'm a poor man, but I live my life as if I am a rich man." You know that true wealth comes from within, true wealth is always having food on the table and being able to feed anyone who walks through your door. True wealth is in loving your family and friends and knowing that they know that you will never fail them. I cherish every memory abuelo. I am in awe of you and I will always remember the cigars we shared, your stories of Cuba and the struggles that shaped you, watching you tending to your fruit trees, chopping down sugar cane and just sitting down with you enjoying its sweet juices. Memories of watching you and your best friend Alejandrino grating coconut meat to make dulce de coco. Watching the Marlins games on TV and how you love (and hate) that team so much. You are not just a grandfather to me; you are a friend, a mentor, and a role model. Te quiero abuelo. Abuelo, mi héroe. Has vivido tu vida con amor, compasión y comprensión. Estoy sonriendo porque es asombroso saber cuán puro es tu corazón. He aprendido mucho simplemente viéndote en vivir. Nunca tuviste que sentarme para enseñarme nada sobre la vida porque predicabas con el ejemplo y las lecciones me han sido inculcadas de una manera tan natural y real. Nunca pensaste dos veces antes de darme \$20 de tu dinero ganado con tanto esfuerzo, nunca pensaste dos veces antes de dar, punto. Eres un dador y das tanto a tantos y nunca pides nada a cambio. Siempre dices: "Soy pobre, pero vivo como si fuera un hombre rico". Sabes que la verdadera riqueza viene de adentro, la verdadera riqueza es siempre tener comida en la mesa y poder alimentar a cualquiera que entre por tu puerta. La verdadera riqueza está en amar a tu familia y amigos y saber que ellos saben que nunca les fallarás. Aprecio cada recuerdo abuelo. Estoy asombrado de ti y siempre recordaré los tabacos que compartimos, tus historias de Cuba y las luchas que te moldearon, observándote cuidando tus árboles frutales, cortando caña de azúcar y simplemente sentándome contigo disfrutando de sus dulces jugos. Recuerdos de verte a ti y a tu mejor amigo Alejandrino rallar carne de coco para hacer dulce. Ver los juegos de los Marlins en la televisión y cómo amas (y odias) tanto a ese equipo. No eres solo un abuelo para mí; eres un amigo, un mentor y un modelo a seguir. Te quiero abuelo.

August 18 at 7:13 PM

IA **Iliana Acosta** August 19 at 4:46 PM
Gracias Wendy

WE **Wendy** August 19 at 11:40 AM
De pequeña siempre escuché de mi tío abuelo...lo que más escuchaba era Marcelino ayudo a...Marcelino me mandó...debido a la sequencia de escaseses de Cuba ...el nunca se tomó la coca cola de el olvido...su familia siempre fue su familia...aunque no pudo venir a Cuba se q su corazón nunca se fue de esta tierra ni de su familia...q puedo decir como la nueva generación



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DA

hoy soy la memoria de mi abuela ...siempre será recordado por su corazón gigante.... Marcelino Válido..aún si haberte conocido te conocí

IA

Iliana Acista August 19 at 5:30 AM

He felt the same about you. I thank you for always being there and always honoring him.and showing him your love

IA

Iliana Acosta posted:

Mi padre era un gran hombre, bondadoso, generoso e íntegro. Lo mas importante para él era su familia la cercana y tambien sus hermanis y hermanas. De niña crecí oyendolo hablar de su niñez y de lo feliz que fue comiendo boniato y leche en San Andres de Cayguanabo, en Pinar del Rio donde nacio. Sus cuentos y anecdotas de su niñez y de si vida en Cuba, algunas buenas y otras malas, pero abiertamente me contaba si vida. Me siento orgullosa y feliz de tener un padre que se sentia que podia tener la confianza de contarme su vida . Como no voy a extrañarlo?. Me resigno a no verlo porque se y entoendo que todos tenemos que morir, pero mi vida nunca será la misma. Descansa en paz, querido padre

August 18 at 7:13 PM



Marcos Acosta shared 5 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

August 22 at 2:17 PM







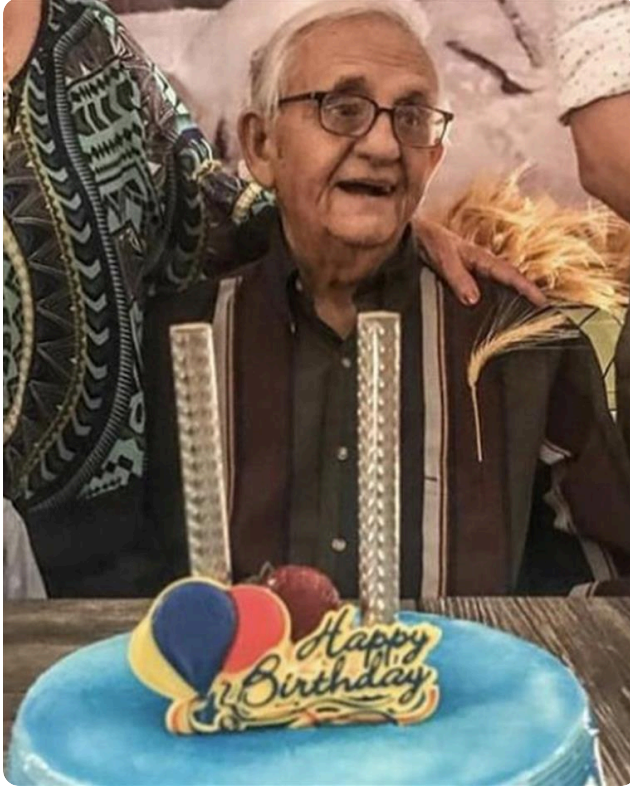
Media

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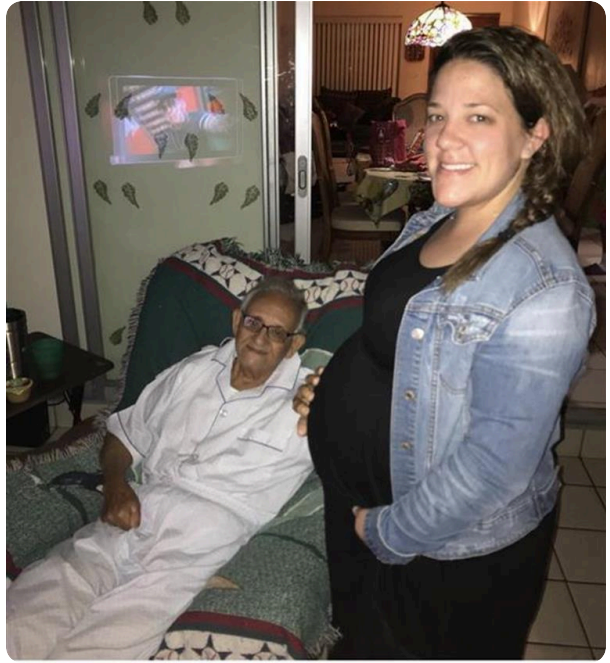
August 21 at 7:28 AM





Media

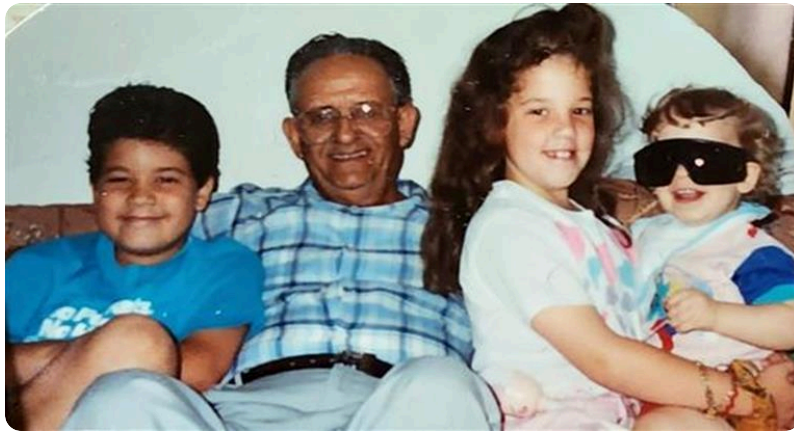
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Media

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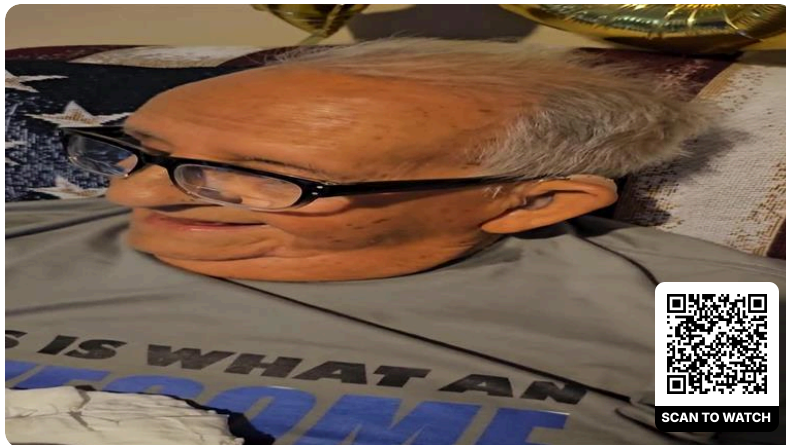
August 18 at 10:14 PM





Media

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Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Marcelino by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



Scan to Visit

