



Mr. David E. Alvarez of Hoffman Estates

March 5, 1929 - January 5, 2023

David E. Alvarez, 93, of Hoffman Estates, Illinois.

Loving father of Lisa (Shane Wallace) Alvarez, David J. (Myrna) Alvarez and Jennifer (Shawn) Segur; cherished grandfather of Samantha, Max and Xavier; brother, uncle, cousin and friend to many.

Visitation will be Sunday, January 22, 2023 from 10:00 A.M. till time of funeral service at 12:00 P.M. at Morizzo Funeral Home, 2550 West Hassell Rd., (Northeast corner of Barrington Rd.), Hoffman Estates, IL. 60169.

In lieu of flowers, donations to the American Cancer Society (https://donate3.cancer.org/?campaign=default&lang=en&_ga=2.142000379.870287466.1673905999-858018089.1673905998) would be appreciated

The family has created this Life Tributes page to make it easy to share your memories, photos, and videos. For further information please contact the Morizzo Funeral Directors at 847.752.6444. For those of you that would have attended services and would like to express your condolences to the family, please click on the link above and you can leave the family a message, with the share a memory link. If you wish to send a Sympathy Card to the Family, please feel free to send it to Morizzo Funeral Home, 2550 Hassell Road, Hoffman Estates, Illinois, 60169 c/o The Family. We will gladly forward it on.

Cemetery Details

The Directors at Morizzo Funeral Home entrusted with any Visitation, Funeral & Committal; requested.

2550 Hassell Road
(Northeast corner at Barrington Road)
Hoffman Estates, IL 60169
(847) 752-6444
ross@morizzofuneralhome.com
<http://MorizzoFuneralHome.com>

Previous Events

Visitation

JAN 22. 10:00 AM - 12:00 PM (CT)

Morizzo Family Funeral Home, Cremation Services, and Cemetery Memorials
2550 Hassell Road
Hoffman Estates, IL 60169
(847) 752-6444
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Funeral Service

JAN 22. 12:00 PM (CT)

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Tribute Wall

IS

“ My mother worked for Mr. Alvarez, “Don David” as she called him, for about 15yrs and she recently told us a story about him. I decided to google him and came across this page. My mom loved him very much and considered him a good friend!

Irma Sierra - September 06, 2025 at 08:24 PM

“ A memory from Elizabeth L.Najera, loving sister of Dave

When I was between five and ten years old, Dave lives in the back apartment of our multi-unit household, in the Little Village neighborhood of Chicago. He comes upstairs, after work and sits at our kitchen table for supper.

He works at Lincoln Park Conservatory. He is a horticulturalist. He has had a steady job since he is 15 years old. He eats at a leisurely pace and talks about his day. He enjoys painting a picture of each of his co-workers in a non-judgmental way. I sit at the table in a chair close to him and lean in to watch him. He makes eating a dining experience. Once, I say to him, you make the food look so good! He'd be amused by this and sometimes call me "Buzz", I guess because of my hovering. And he'd call me "Petunia", because those are the flowers he grew in the greenhouse.

He'd call me "the coolest cucumber", I guess because I appear calm on the outside.

Dave develops an interest in photography. He buys a camera and takes pictures of all of us on special occasions, like Easter or Thanksgiving. He takes lots of pictures of me. He tells me, one day, to pose beside some of the plants in our house. This makes me feel special.

He drives his 1952 Ford he bought and washes it on weekends, then meets his friends to go to a dance ballroom, then, with them, to Miller's Pub. He gets along with my older sisters' husbands, even though each share varying points of view on politics. He goes to Cuba with them and learns to dance the Mambo.

It was a lifestyle one could emulate. Stability. A love of good food, conversation. An understanding of how to maintain friendships and relationships. And a love of dance.

And more than forty plus years later, Dave and I rekindle our relationship and begin to have talks together about our family history. Our children are grown, he is retired and we are both retired.

Over the course of those years, Dave and I converse in restaurants

or at his condo. During the pandemic we talk over the phone. Dave tells me, one day, about how he helps family members when they need it. He tells me Elias was needing guidance when he was an adolescent and he introduces him to wrestling. Dave was a wrestler in high school and went all the way to State semi-finals. When he suggests, to him he take up wrestling, he does and does well. They both win medals.

And when Elias is older, Dave introduces him to dance. This becomes a lifelong passion for them both.

We talk, on another occasions, about when my sister Esther hasn't yet discovered what she wants to do in her life. He asks her and she says, go to Beauty School. He researches to find the best Beauty School.

He relates how he contributes part of his paycheck for the monthly payments on our new home in the Little Village Community. It's important to him and my parents that we are in a safe, supportive community.

He tells me these stories and many others, not to be boastful or with regret. He wants me to know, because, he says, that's what families do for each other, you make your contribution to their well-being.

Elizabeth L. Najera - January 23, 2023 at 04:58 PM

“ From Diane Breitenbach,

Good morning! I have delayed sending my thoughts and recollections as a result, I think, of not facing the fact that another beloved relative is gone. This loss is another reminder of our mortality, of how fast life goes by and how important it is that we take the time to live and love well. Too bad it takes the wisdom of age to bring home that point.

As for my memories of Uncle Dave, I have a child's perspective for the most part, as it was as a kid that I interacted with him the most. I remember a man with a sweet, kind of crooked smile, who in those moments with a squinty eye and look so reminiscent of Pa, would spout limericks or amusing anecdotes. One of those limericks got me into a bit of trouble at age five. I recall being in Mrs. Caneff's kindergarten class and asked to recite a poem in front of the class, not unlike what we used to do in my own classroom. I sidled up to the big black piano (I was later informed) and placed my hand on the top and began to recite a limerick my Uncle Dave had taught me. It went like this:

*"There once was a lady from Rum- Dumbdee
and out of her butt grew a plum tree
but none of her neighbors would eat any of her fruit
because they knew it came
from her rooty-toot-toot!"*

My parents were called to the Principal's office soon after.

It was this wonderful, albeit oftentimes wicked sense of humor and reminiscences of his travels that I will remember most. His thoughtful, deliberative method of speaking persuasively on a subject was calming and, even if we did not agree, was never demeaning or pushy. This is how I see my Uncle Dave, even now that he is gone from this plane, I pray that he is without pain and indeed - sharing his stories and bawdy limericks with those who

passed before him.

To my cousins and family members who are grieving, my family sends our prayers for your recollections to be happy ones...

We hope to see you soon.

Hugs,

Diane and Lee

Elizabeth L. Najera - January 23, 2023 at 04:53 PM

EG

“*Eloise (Ellie) Guerra-Brock purchased the Ocean Breeze Spray for the family of Mr. David E. Alvarez of Hoffman Estates.*



Eloise (Ellie) Guerra-Brock - January 18, 2023 at 12:22 PM

AM

“*We share in your loss of a wonderful man, father, brother, uncle. He will remain in our family's memories and in our hearts. He shared his travel experiences with us through family slide shows with descriptive narration. We were so young and he inspired our love of Mexico and travel. He's left a beautiful legacy for his children and all that love him.*

Anita Sanchez Mazy - January 13, 2023 at 08:11 PM