

**JASON MOSLEY**  
San Cristina desk clerk

Jason Mosley was a friendly young desk clerk who, everyone could see, was blooming like a spring flower. At 29, he had turned his life around. He loved his job at the San Cristina hotel on Market Street. The residents appreciated his smiling face and that he was always eager to help. He was going to get married soon, too, and he was excited about becoming a father.

But his life ended April 27 at 6 p.m. when he was shot in his Western Addition neighborhood near Fulton and Octavia streets. He was pronounced dead at the scene and the police had no suspects.

An April 28 Examiner story on the weekend's shootings described the incident without naming the victim. But the numbing truth spread quickly among San Cristina's residents with news no one wanted to hear.

"He was always smiling, courteous and considerate — the kind of people we need," said desk clerk Paula Elliott as people filed into the community room for Mr. Mosley's May 2 memorial. "There was nothing about him to suggest this (the shooting)."

The tragedy gripped the 30 mourners. Some had to stand for lack of seating.

"My name is Rita and I lost my son in West Oakland in December," said a woman who came to the front of the room. "He was shot in the head."

Then she sang her strong Mahalia Jackson rendition of "How Great Thou Art" and the burst of applause that followed seemed to momentarily relieve the intensity of grief.

Another mourner said he recently lost his mother and it was only with courage that he could come to this memorial to pay his respects when it brought so much sadness. "But my uncle said, 'It's a good old world, if your knees don't weaken,'" he said.

People said amen to that.

Still, Selina Arceneaux, Mr. Mosley's mother who was sitting in the second row, was overwrought. After they spoke, mourner after mourner came to hug her. She repeatedly thanked them for their kindness and support. It was her only child, she said, her baby, and suddenly he was gone. The inescapable thought nearly made her delirious.

"He would come home and fix meals for his grandmother and take care of her and walk the dog," she said. "He was a good boy."

"Yes," the audience chorused.

"I tried so hard," she continued, speaking with difficulty from her seat to the full room, clutching a handkerchief. "I made him come here and take this job — and he became interested in it. And he came home and fixed dinner for me and his grandmother and went out to his car and it was the last I saw him. My baby, my baby, my baby."

Mr. Mosley was the only man in the family and his manner of death scared his mother and she feared for her own life.

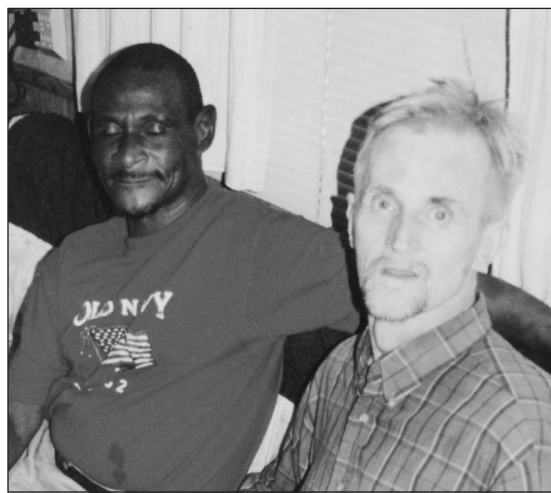
In others' descriptions, the stocky Mr. Mosley grew in dimensions he never heard for himself. They loved his smile, his desire to learn, his gentleness, they said. He never bothered anyone, knew his job well and when to be calm. One man said Mr. Mosley's love of his job and delight at becoming a father were an inspiration to him. Another said he came across a homeless man who said Mr. Mosley gave him a dollar every time he saw him.

A tall, husky young man named Roger said he wanted people to know Mr. Mosley wasn't in a gang but "was a victim of where he was staying." The young man choked back tears when he said he had been Mr. Mosley's mentor and one night had sat with him in the street discussing life crises, and crying, holding hands and praying.

"I want you to know," he said to the mother, "that he had Christ in his life."

Ms. Arceneaux could not linger afterward with the mourners as they delved into three large trays of sandwiches and drinks. The funeral for her son was the next Tuesday across town, she said, and she had to finalize arrangements and deliver the clothes he'd need for his final viewing. ■

—TOM CARTER



James Marshall (left) and George Stoltz

**JAMES MARSHALL**  
Died in best friend's arms

For 24 years and in several central city apartments, James Marshall and George Stoltz were roommates and best friends. Their happiness at the Alexander Residence, where they lived for the last four years, was cut short when Mr. Marshall died April 21.

"James was the most loyal, most truthful person I ever met," Stoltz said at the April 28 memorial for Mr. Marshall. "He died in my arms here at the Alexander."

Mr. Marshall was 62.

About 20 people attended the service, officiated by Chaplain Clinton Earl Rogers of the San Francisco Rescue Mission.

"I can see that James was a person with many friends, and that's a blessing — none of us can do it by ourselves," Rogers said.

Rogers related a few facts about Mr. Marshall's life, which Stoltz had shared with him before the memorial: Born in Oklahoma, he had two brothers and no children. He served in the Army, saw action in Vietnam, attended nursing school but never practiced, working instead in restaurants. A recent serious lung condition required him to use oxygen full time.

"But despite his illness, we've heard that he never bothered anyone with his problems," Rogers said. "Our memories of him are treasures — and everyone who knew him can keep these."

Alexander resident Donna Lisa, who attended the memorial with her small dog, Spike, described her longtime friendship with Mr. Marshall.

"James loved Spike and had to see him every night," she said. "James, We're all going to miss you so much."

Mr. Marshall had worshipped at Providence Christian Center (a.k.a. The Hot Dog Church) on Turk Street for 2½ years. His pastor there, Eric Gabourel, praised his faithfulness and loyalty.

"James had the gift of giving," Gabourel said. "He gave away things he thought people would like, CDs, paintings, poetry that he wrote."

Another Providence member, Tony Davidson, recalled that one of Mr. Marshall's gifts to others was less tangible — he stressed the idea that everyone should seize the day.

"Tomorrow you won't have that day, or the chance to tell others that you love them," Davidson said. "James was a very kind person in a community where a lot of people suffer from entitlement syndrome. He had dignity and courage in his sickness. I see a lot of people die here and I hope I can have as much courage as he did."

Toward the end of the memorial gathering, Rogers summarized Mr. Marshall's life neatly: "You know how there are people you'll cross the street to avoid? Well, James was someone you'd always cross the street to see." ■

—MARJORIE BEGGS

**AMBROSIO 'BRUCE' SIGUA**  
'A jolly spirit'

Everyone at the Alexander Residence called him Bruce — that's certainly how the 25 people at his May 14 memorial knew Ambrosio Sigua. He and his wife, Carmen, a handsome couple, moved into the Alexander 16 years ago when they came to the United States from the Philippines.

Mr. Sigua, a World War II Filipino veteran, died March 28 during surgery for an aneurysm. He was 82.

Almost all the mourners were Filipino and only four were men. Pastor Francisco Hidalgo, whose card reads "Jesus First Christian Ministry (SFMD Foursquare Church)," officiated at the memorial,

switching fluidly between English and Tagalog.

He began by leading a hymn, "Our Father," in Tagalog. People stood and raised their hands to shoulder height, palms out, or clasped the hands of their neighbors, and sang with emotion.

"I always called him Mr. B," Hidalgo recalled after everyone was seated. "He would laugh at that — Mr. B — he was always happy. And he was a strong man, though physically weakened. He was a jolly spirit. He knew when he was going to die and he's a happy person now, in death."

Hidalgo shared other memories of Mr. Sigua, who had been a regular at his church for five years. "When we'd come together in church to sing 'Our Father,' he was one of those who wasn't afraid to raise his hands."

The service stressed mortality but also the benefits of a life lived with respect for others. Hidalgo read — "especially for Brother Bruce" — an excerpt from Proverbs 22: "To be esteemed is better than silver or gold."

Mr. Sigua had such a good relationship with so many people, Hidalgo said, he personified that esteem.

Then, he quoted Ecclesiastes 7:1 — "A good name is better than fine perfume."

At the conclusion of the service, Carmen Sigua stood at the front of the room before vases of pink and white roses and hydrangeas and three candles burning for her husband. She thanked everyone for coming and invited them to share Filipino sweets and savories on a side table.

Married for 55 years, the Siguas' three children, four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren live in the Philippines. ■

—MARJORIE BEGGS



**LINDA SLINKARD PARSONS**  
Mother of three

The clients at Tenderloin Health were enamored of Linda Parsons' joy, and her smile and youth. But in the end, the 13 mourners who attended her May 22 memorial service knew she had gone to a better place.

"She was my friend," said a young man in a front seat in the center's lobby, "and she always had a kind word for everyone and a smile on her face. I heard she was in the hospital. And then I heard she had passed."

He turned and sobbed in the arms of a friend next to him.

Linda Slinkard Parsons died May 8 of liver failure after suffering in St. Francis Hospital for a month, her friends said. She was 37. Four pictures on a table in front beside a bouquet and two lighted candles showed her smiling; two of them were with her steady companion of three years, James Sellars, who didn't attend.

"I know she's in a better place," said her case worker, Sandra Torres. "She had HIV and hepatitis C and she was in a lot of pain."

"She had a beautiful spirit," said another, "and I just know she's up there looking down, hoping we're doing the right thing."

Five years ago, the blonde Ms. Parsons left her parents and her children — sons Jacob, Joey and Alex and daughter Amanda — in Sacramento. The case worker said the estranged young woman came to the city to party and didn't have HIV at the time. She was staying at a hotel on Leavenworth Street.

"She was sociable and caring and all she wanted was a stable, loving relationship," Torres said.

Ms. Parsons' therapist and Torres said that in her final days Ms. Parsons made up with her mother and oldest son, Jacob, 18. A service was held for her in Sacramento May 17.

Tenderloin Health holds memorials for its clients every fourth Thursday of the month. ■

—TOM CARTER

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