



Mary Theresa Navarro

June 24, 1956 - March 7, 2026

Mary Theresa Navarro, 69, of Houston Texas passed away peacefully on March 7, 2026.

Theresa was born on June 24, 1956 Houston, Texas to Juanita Z Quiroz.

Teri was a skilled accountant and served many years at the IRS and had personal clients she helped during many tax seasons. Teri was known for being a role model to many with her independent qualities, academic and professional pursuits despite physical handicaps associated with polio. She earned a degree in Accounting from University of Houston. She loved living on the west side of Houston, she loved family, music, Chihuahua dogs especially Nacho and carried her faith well.

She is survived by siblings, Ester G. Quiroz, Joe E. Quiroz, Angie Quiroz Aunt; Angelina Padilla and many, many, beloved nieces and nephews.

She was preceded in death by siblings Frances Quiroz and Gabriel Riojas, Mother Juanita Z. Quiroz, Frances Ramirez, Grandmother Mary E. Savala.

In lieu of flowers, those who wish may make a memorial donation to help with expenses.

Teri will be remembered for her inspiration, kindness and deep love she gave so freely .

Tribute Wall

“Tesa — that’s what I called her. I think maybe my brother and I were the only ones who called her that. I guess it was how we said her name when we were little, and somehow it just stayed.

I have so many memories of Tesa from my childhood. I remember when she lived at my granny Frances’s house. I remember her going to night school at U of H downtown, and sometimes I got to go with her. She was in her early twenties, and I must have been about six or seven years old. I would pack up my coloring books and sit beside her in class like I belonged there.

I remember her friend Cindy coming by Granny’s house in a red Volkswagen Beetle. I remember Tesa teaching me exercises she did while sitting on the floor. She had a funny way of scooting across the floor, and to me it looked like great fun, so she let me do it with her. I remember her asking me to hand her “her legs” — that’s what she called the metal braces she strapped on to help her walk with crutches. I can still hear the sound of her walking: tap, tap, click, click. It had its own rhythm, and somehow it is still stored away in my memory.

For a short time, she worked at Foley’s Department Store, and because she got a discount, she bought me Snoopy and Woodstock stuffed animals and little outfits to dress them in. To a child, that felt like pure treasure.

She also took me to my first concert — Rick Springfield. There were so many times she would come pick me up, and I would help her clean house while we listened to records. To this day, when I hear Rod Stewart or Bob Seger on the radio, I think of her.

She had a teasing side too. When I would kiss her goodbye, she would joke that I had stabbed her with my nose. When other people told me how cute or pretty I was, she would lovingly tease me about my pointy nose and pointy chin. I think that was her way of keeping me grounded. She had a way of loving you with both tenderness

and humor.

Some of these memories may not seem especially big or important on their own, but together they mean so much to me. The time I spent with her during those early, formative years left a mark on my life. She showed me determination and independence while living with the challenges of polio. I never heard her complain. I am grateful that, as a young child, I had the gift of knowing someone who faced physical limitations with such strength and dignity.

I also remember her taking me to the family open house at the institution where she had spent part of her life. Looking back, I am even more thankful for the way she included me, poured into me, and made space for me in her world.

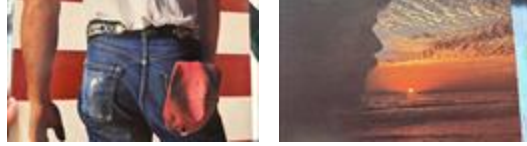
At the funeral home, I heard some of her other nephews sharing similar memories, and that did not surprise me. She really was a special lady. I am deeply thankful that I was able to tell her so — both through messages and through a few visits to her home, even during that wild Houston snowstorm a couple of years ago.

I wish I had more photos, but the Polaroid moments live on in my mind.

When a loved one passes, it seems old grief comes knocking too. Tesa was a living connection to so much of my past — to my granny, my dad, Louis, and my mom. They are all gone now, and now Tesa is gone too.

I pray it is a beautiful reunion in heaven. And I will hold onto the picture of her dancing on streets of gold — whole, joyful, and finally walking on strong and perfect legs.





Gabby Upham - March 25 at 04:57 PM

GU

“ *Gabby Upham lit a candle in memory of Mary Theresa Navarro*



Gabby Upham - March 25 at 04:02 PM

LR

good lord all the memories are just happy. she put up with me, and i loved her

lou ramirez - April 01 at 09:24 AM