



Susana Rivera Pascua

MAR 7, 1959 - AUG 17, 2025



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MEMORIAL PARK & MORTUARY

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Susana Rivera Pascua

MAR 7, 1959 - AUG 17, 2025

Susana Rivera Pascua, 66, of Waipahu, Hawaii passed away on August 17, 2025. She was born on March 7, 1959 in Bacarra, Ilocos Norte, Philippines.

She is survived by her sons, Tyler Pascua, Matthew Pascua, and Jordan Pascua (Megan); brothers, Juanito Rivera (Norma), Hilario Rivera (Veronica), Carmelo Rivera (Clarita), Pedro Rivera (Jessie), and Aurelio Rivera (Cely); sisters, Irene Grover (Charles), and Florentina Way (Stephen).

Funeral service will be held on Tuesday, October 7, 2025 at Mililani Mortuary Mauka Chapel. Visitation begins at 8:30 am and service at 9:30 am.

Burial to follow at 11:00 am at Mililani Memorial Park Cemetery.



Events

Susana Rivera Pascua

MAR 7, 1959 - AUG 17, 2025

Visitation

Tuesday, October 7, 2025

8:30 AM HST

Mililani Memorial Park & Mortuary - Mauka Chapel

Mililani Memorial Park Road at Ka Uka Blvd.,
Waipahu HI 96797



Service

Tuesday, October 7, 2025

9:30 AM HST

Mililani Memorial Park & Mortuary - Mauka Chapel

Mililani Memorial Park Road at Ka Uka Blvd.,
Waipahu HI 96797



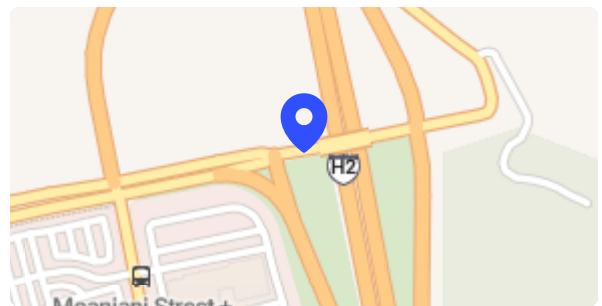
Burial

Tuesday, October 7, 2025

11:00 AM HST

Mililani Memorial Park Cemetery

Mililani Memorial Park Road at Ka Uka Blvd.,
Waipahu HI 96797





Tribute Wall

Susana Rivera Pascua

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Catherine Jollimore posted:

Kelligrace Dettman shares her memories of Aunt Susana: When I think about my Aunt Susana, I think about the cheesecake in little cupcake tins she made. I think about the refreshing taste of cold guava in the fridge. The smell of fresh, damp island air. Running through the garage in my sandals and rummaging through the cereal and snack cabinet. To me she wasn't just a family member, she was the embodiment of Hawaii. I still remember her laugh, loud and a little husky, and her wide smile. The way her hugs felt and the way everything in that house smelled like. I even remember her trying to feed me peas from a jar when I was in the highchair. One memory that sticks out the most was the time I called 911. I remember it was just me and her that were home at the time and, being a curious little girl, I dialed then immediately hung up. My little heart raced in fear when they showed up at Aunt Suzanna's door. I locked the room door that I was in, terrified that I would get in trouble. I cried through the door when she knocked. She didn't spank me or yell at me like I thought she would. She told me why we don't call 911 and hugged me. Every Christmas holiday and birthday I looked forward to her care packages she would send me. Inside, it was filled with beautiful clothes and dresses and my favorite chocolate covered macadamia nuts. To this day I will go out of my way to buy Hawaiian Host chocolate covered macadamia nuts. She told me of a time when we were at the store or a mall, and I was around maybe 2. She had just bought some things and I, being a curious child again, went off to explore. She told me how she dropped everything to try and find me. Running around frantically looking for me. Obviously, she found me, but the items she had bought had been stolen. The last time I saw my Aunt Susana was the day of my grandpa Rollies funeral. I hadn't seen her since I was around 14 and I had missed her. I would have hoped we would have kept in touch. I gave her my number, but I unfortunately did not get hers. Fate had other plans, and I regret never having been able to say goodbye or talk to her. My Aunt had an impact on many people's lives, and I truly hope that she is living in a beautiful oasis. She will be missed.

October 5 at 6:54 PM



Tribute Wall

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Catherine Jollimore posted:

Memories of Aunt Susana written by Kelligrace Dettman: When I think about my Aunt Susana, I think about the cheesecake in little cupcake tins she made. I think about the refreshing taste of cold guava in the fridge. The smell of fresh, damp island air. Running through the garage in my sandals and rummaging through the cereal and snack cabinet. To me she wasn't just a family member, she was the embodiment of Hawaii. I still remember her laugh, loud and a little husky, and her wide smile. The way her hugs felt and the way everything in that house smelled like. I even remember her trying to feed me peas from a jar when I was in the highchair. One memory that sticks out the most was the time I called 911. I remember it was just me and her that were home at the time and, being a curious little girl, I dialed then immediately hung up. My little heart raced in fear when they showed up at Aunt Suzanna's door. I locked the room door that I was in, terrified that I would get in trouble. I cried through the door when she knocked. She didn't spank me or yell at me like I thought she would. She told me why we don't call 911 and hugged me. Every Christmas holiday and birthday I looked forward to her care packages she would send me. Inside, it was filled with beautiful clothes and dresses and my favorite chocolate covered macadamia nuts. To this day I will go out of my way to buy Hawaiian Host chocolate covered macadamia nuts. She told me of a time when we were at the store or a mall, and I was around maybe 2. She had just bought some things and I, being a curious child again, went off to explore. She told me how she dropped everything to try and find me. Running around frantically looking for me. Obviously, she found me, but the items she had bought had been stolen. The last time I saw my Aunt Susana was the day of my grandpa Rollies funeral. I hadn't seen her since I was around 14 and I had missed her. I would have hoped we would have kept in touch. I gave her my number, but I unfortunately did not get hers. Fate had other plans, and I regret never having been able to say goodbye or talk to her. My Aunt had an impact on many people's lives, and I truly hope that she is living in a beautiful oasis. She will be missed.

October 2 at 10:33 AM



Stephen Way shared a video to the **Tribute Wall** album.



October 2 at 10:33 AM



Stephen Way shared a video to the **Tribute Wall** album.

October 2 at 10:33 AM





Memories only last if you share them

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



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