



La Voz de Esperanza

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- Opinions expressed in La Voz are not necessarily those of the Esperanza Center.

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Articles due by the 8th of each month

Policy Statements

* We ask that articles be visionary, progressive, instructive & thoughtful. Submissions must be literate & critical; not sexist, racist, homophobic, violent, or oppressive & may be edited for length.

* All letters in response to Esperanza activities or articles in La Voz will be considered for publication. Letters with intent to slander individuals or groups will not be published.

The weeks leading up to Easter, ‘Ama made us wonderful breakfasts: chorizo con huevo, papa con huevo, weenies con huevo, jamon con huevo, bacon and egg y mas! No pancakes or atole—we had to eat as many huevos as possible those weeks so we could have enough cascarones to decorate and fill with confetti, or something forbidden (salt, sand, or glitter?).

The week before Easter Sunday we spent dyeing and filling the cascarones and shopping—for Easter clothes, picnic supplies, food and a piñata. Magnus, who was at college, warned us NOT to get a bunny piñata this year. She had joined Voice for Animals on campus and DID NOT like the idea of hitting a bunny piñata.

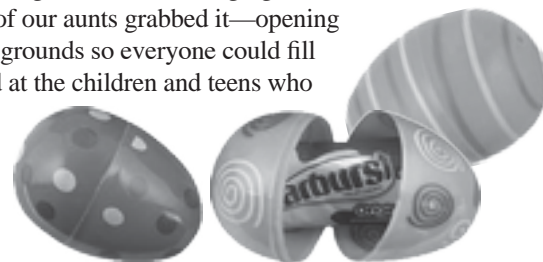
On Good Friday, Daddy and ‘Ama took us to the mercado downtown to witness la pasión y muerte de Jesús. After the dramatic performance on the streets, we sat together in San Fernando Cathedral to pray and reflect on Jesus’ death. Done with church, we walked to the old mercado to see the piñatas—but Daddy reminded us that we would buy our piñata from one of the Westside piñata shops. ‘Ama let us buy some baleros for our Easter baskets.

Saturday, Daddy dropped off our oldest brother, Sonny, with a tent and blankets at Brackenridge Park to save us a spot. They unloaded la troquita setting out grandpa’s barrel bbq pit, two extra tables and Abuela’s folding chairs made with webbing that Grandpa kept in vintage shape. My sister had packed the playpen to keep baby Ray from getting into mischief. We found a table close to the water. Sonny would be joined by teenage primos and a couple of tios who would spend the night in their tents with an ice chest of provisions.

On Easter Sunday, I awoke at home at 6am to the smell of beans cooking on ‘Ama’s olla. She already had bags of chips, bread, plates, cups, plasticware, napkins and food in containers packed into paper bags with handles. A bunny cake with coconut was enclosed in a plastic cake carrier. Four large ice chests with sodas, water and beer sat in the porch waiting to be iced down. Along the edge of the carport was a volleyball net rolled up and neatly tied with rope. Two volley balls sat on top of the net and two footballs. Sixteen cartons holding a dozen and a half of cascarones each and 3 dozen boiled eggs were packed into boxes. Two paper bags full of candy eggs, mini candy bars, jelly beans and plastic eggs sat next to six Easter baskets of various sizes filled with one small animal de peluche—a baby chick, duck, rabbit, or dinosaur for my little brother. It was time to load up the SUV at 7:30 am. We stopped at the ice machine and emptied the bags into the coolers. We, six, and our parents were crammed into the SUV finally on our way to Brack!

The day was filled with laughter as we ran around cracking cascarones on cousins, tios, tias, brothers, sisters and a few on ‘Ama, Abuela and Daddy. The food was plentiful and the BBQ from Abuelo’s pit was the best! The potato salad was addictive. Finally, the Easter egg hunt was on for the little ones and volleyball for the older kids. As my cousins, boys and girls, played football Uncle Carlos threw the ball so high that it got stuck in a tree. Climbing the tree didn’t work, throwing sticks did not work, shaking the branches did not work. The ball remained stuck! So, everyone took turns throwing the extra football up into the tree until finally one of the girls actually hit the ball in the tree. Down it came!

The grand finale was the Easter piñata, a giant cascarón bulging with all kinds of Easter candy. When it busted open one of our aunts grabbed it—opening it wide to scatter the candy throughout the grounds so everyone could fill their baskets and pockets. ‘Buelita laughed at the children and teens who scattered everywhere collecting candy and bringing some to ‘Ama, Daddy, Abuela and the Baby. Another memorable Easter at Brackenridge Park in San Antonio, TX. Will this tradition continue at Brack?



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VOZ VISION STATEMENT: La Voz de Esperanza speaks for many individual, progressive voices who are gente-based, multi-visioned and milagro-bound. We are diverse survivors of materialism, racism, misogyny, homophobia, classism, violence, earth-damage, speciesism and cultural and political oppression. We are recapturing the powers of alliance, activism and healthy conflict in order to achieve interdependent economic/spiritual healing and fuerza. La Voz is a resource for peace, justice, and human rights, providing a forum for criticism, information, education, humor and other creative works. La Voz provokes bold actions in response to local and global problems, with the knowledge that the many risks we take for the earth, our body, and the dignity of all people will result in profound change for the seven generations to come.