

OFRENDAS 2016



Fidel Veloz

My elder brother was a lifetime resident of San Antonio and was named after my paternal grandfather. In June 2016 at the age of 82, he died at home surrounded by his seven children and his many grandchildren.

My brother, just like my father, loved baseball and especially the San Antonio Missions. After 40 years with the Yellow Cab Company, he retired and enjoyed spending time with his family and especially his grandkids. He was a very private person but had a great sense of humor. He would probably not want me to write anything about him.

These few lines are a small tribute to a loving and caring person, my brother, Juan Fidel Veloz.

—Brad Veloz



Art: Catalina Delgado-Trunk

Madrina

Ando por rumbo ajeno.
 Pues, es que me fui pa' el Norte,
 Dejando atras mi querida tierra.
 Pero siempre llevaré las tradiciones
 En mi corazón y mi alma.
 Recuerdos y cositas
 Que son homenaje a mi Madrina.
 Pongo papel picado por aqui
 Y algunas velitas por alla.
 Acomodo calaveras, fotos, el Rosario.
 Y flores con la fragancia de cempasuchil.
 Llegan todos a celebrar.
 Ni se nota la diferencia
 Entre la Vida y la Muerte.
 Siempre escucho la voz de mi Madrina.
 Su presencia esta siempre conmigo...

—Anita González

A Mother's Love

A single income parent before her time
 She was a nurse and sold Avon.
 Proud of her uniform so clean and white
 She took the two o'clock Prospect Hill
 to be at Robert B. Green by three.

I watched her as she walked away
 Not a hug or a kiss, just a wave goodbye.
 Our love was mentally understood
 Although the words were never said,
 I knew she loved me just the same.

At 98 and ill, she needed me.
 I cared for her so tenderly.
 One day before I left, she said
 "I love you" miija.
 Surprised—I said I loved her, too.

She left us not long after that
 A part of me went with her.
 I lost my mom but not the memory
 Those words she said to me
 Are etched inside my heart.

—Esther Cantú



Art: Catalina Delgado-Trunk

Mi Familia

BELOVED FATHER

Jacinto "Chito" Efrain Eguia
 Born July 9, 1927 to Tules Eguia.
 Married, had one daughter
 who died shortly after birth.
 Married Jovita Salinas in 1962.
 Died of congestive heart failure, 2012.



BELOVED MOTHER

Jovita Salinas Eguia
 Born February 15, 1927.
 Married Jacinto Efrain Eguia in 1963.
 Worked many years at Audie Murphy
 Hospital cafeteria until her retirement.
 Died in 2013 of complications with
 congestive heart failure.



BELOVED UNCLE

Ernest García, born April 17, 1923.
 Married Maria Benavides who worked
 for Texas State Optical as
 Office Manager for many years.



BELOVED GRANDMOTHER

Sista O. Salinas
 born February 28, 1898.
 Had 6 children: María, Servando,
 Jovita, Vita, Esequiel and Susie.
 Raised 2 grandchildren:
 George and Rachel.
 Worked for Jefferson High School
 When WPA hired mostly women.



BELOVED SON

Ernesto Luis Martínez
 Born August 11, 1987 to
 Rachel and Juan Manuel Martínez.
 Graduated from South San High School
 Worked at San Antonio State Hospital
 Adolescent Unit. Died February 26, 2004
 at 27 years of age.



Mi papi

José de la Cruz Zentella • 1910-2007

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Beloved Grandmother

Tules Eguia, original owner of
La Chiquita Bakery.
Widowed at the age of 28.
Worked hard and invested
her money in real estate.



Beloved Aunt

Maria Benavides García
Born September 16, 1923.
Married Ernest García.
Never had children. Was a devoted
daughter who cared for her mother
and various nephews and nieces.
Worked at Ft. Sam Houston cafeteria.



Beloved Mother-in-Law

Adelina Z. Martínez, Agujita,
Coahuila, Mexico



Beloved Father-in-Law,

Samuel Martínez,
Agujita, Coahuila, Mexico



Beloved Granddaughter

Rachel Stephanie Jiménez-Hernández
Stef was born in 1983.
Graduated from Churchill High School.
Attended college. Wanted to be a doctor.
She worked as an Apartment manager
at Marbach Apts.
Died in an auto accident in 2013.



Beloved Friend

Mary Louise Aguilard



Beloved Granddaughter

Rachel Stephanie Jiménez-Hernández



Ahora estarás corriendo por los muelles de Progreso
Jugando con tu perrito del que tanto me contabas
Estarás feliz como niño, libre y curioso
Tirándole a las olas con conchitas
que encuentras en la arena



¿Te acuerdas de mi, papi?
Te he sentido, a veces, muy cerca,
como la noche de mariachis que me tocaste el brazo.
Sentí tanta felicidad al saber que estabas sentado a mi lado.
¿Te gustaron los mariachis? Eran los favoritos de mamá.
Juega, papi, juega. Sigue feliz que aquí te espero.
Soñando en que me digas—“me acuerdo de ti, Yoly,
aunque este jugando en los muelles de Progreso.
¡Si, de veras, me acuerdo de ti!”

—Yoly Zentella • Las Vegas, NM

LA DESPEDIDA

My Tia Gloria died at the age of 26 in the spring of '65. At that time there were no medical advancements for kidney failure; she had given birth to 3 sons at a very young age, taking a toll on her young, frail body. The day of her burial it was decided by our parents that we'd spend the night at my grandparents' house; I was only 8 years old and my prima Adela was 6. As the adults took all the bedrooms, Adela and I were told to sleep “en el Sof-A” in the living room. Preparations for our sleeping accommodations were made and we lay down for the night. I drifted into sleep and started to dream of the events of the day, when suddenly I heard a blood-curdling scream come from Adela which jolted me from my sleep. My Tios and Tias ran to the living room where we lay; they turned on the lights and asked Adela what happened. (Since I was next to her they gave me a look like, “What did you do this time, Rosita?”). Adela was shaking and couldn't stop crying, so Ama, our grandmother, prepared her a “tesito”; she drank it and after a few minutes, she calmed down, and explained what had happened. She said that after lying down she saw something in the adjoining hallway that caught her eye. She described it as a white mist that turned into “a lady in white” floating down from the ceiling. The apparition saw us on the couch and started “floating” towards the sofa; then she stopped at the edge, stared down for a moment at both of us, and was about to bend down, when Adela got scared and yelled out. As Adela ended her story she looked at the wall behind my Tia Lupe and stared for a time in astonishment. They asked her what was wrong; she pointed her little finger towards a picture on the wall and everyone in the room turned and looked, as she said, that the woman in the picture was “the lady in white”. It was a picture of my Tia Gloria in her wedding dress with a beautiful smile on her face! Ama let out a sigh and sat down shaking her head in disbelief. She said that a few minutes before the excitement, she felt someone kiss her on the cheek, she opened her eyes and no one was there. She then said in her calm, voice that it WAS Tia Gloria that had come to visit and gave us “La Despedida” (the last goodbye)! LOVE CONQUERS ALL! LOVE CONQUERS DEATH!

—Rosemary Reyna Martinez