



La Voz de Esperanza

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- We advocate for a wide variety of social, economic & environmental justice issues.
- 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 Letters with intent to slander individuals or groups will not be published.



As summer quickly infringes upon our last days of spring with temperatures now in the 90s, I was prompted to reflect on my childhood upon reading Marilyn Wallner's poem "That tree." The mulberry tree (*árbol de mora*) was a constant presence in our barrio in East Austin. Our mora tree gave us plenty of opportunities to turn our lips and teeth purple and stained our shoes with the berries that we squashed beneath our feet. I remember picking moras and eating them—purple, red, white and green. Purple was the best. Years later, I would sing in jest —*Don't sit under the mora tree with anyone else but me... Anyone else but me, anyone else but me... No! No! No!* Of course, my friends would roll their eyes at me. But, sometimes I would fool one of them into thinking it was a real song—then I would remind them that the song was "*Don't sit under the apple tree...*"

My 93-year-old father, who was recently in rehab for a broken hip, recalled that when he was in elementary school in Lockhart they had a teacher who did not much care for them so they would sneak out of class to a tree that had a branch that would hold him and his friends (boys and girls) as they rocked up and down together.

I wonder what memories children of today will have as they grow up. Will they be of video games, cartoons, movies and school shootings? Or, do they still have time to enjoy the trees, spring time, rolling in the grass and running barefoot?

In this issue of La Voz, we have a special report on the bus ministry in San Antonio that assists immigrants released from detention centers heading to other parts of the U.S. where they are meeting up with sponsors. At the same time—we are hearing that orders have been issued to deliberately separate parents and children entering the U.S. without documentation. What memories will these immigrant children hold as their dreams of hope in the U.S. are shattered when taken from their parents. Is this who we really are?

Write your stories, poetry, political insights, etc. Send to: lavoz@esperanzacenter.org

—Gloria A. Ramírez, *editor*

That tree

is a Mulberry.
Its symmetry
perfect.
Now nearing its
seventieth year
to heaven,
I exult its survival
through drought
and a fire
that destroyed our home
and half of it.
Not its better half
I guess.
Its trunk's
more interesting
than before.
A Fruitless Mulberry



bearing light green
leaves it generously sheds
on cars and walkways.
These were once food
for fat saucy caterpillars
my children loved to stroke.
They waited vainly
for the metamorphosis
of caterpillar to butterfly.
It never happened
on their watch
then declaring every butterfly
in the neighborhood "ours".
Now though the leaves come
there are no caterpillars no butterflies.
They've moved on
like my children.

—Marilyn Wallner

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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.