Story #2

A few months ago at the bus station, a father and son were

dropped off from the Karnes Detention Center. I could tell immediately that the father was very stressed. He shared with us that he and his son had been separated from his wife and baby girl shortly after crossing the border after a long and dangerous journey and he had no idea where she was. I tried to find her through the locator website to no avail. I called a RAICES volunteer who had spent a lot of time in the detention centers and asked if he could help me



she was right there in Dilly. He called me back and said he

was going to try and get her on the phone and to stand by.

About two hours later and about 10 minutes prior to the father's boarding time, my phone rang and the RAICES volunteer says, I have her here. I handed my phone to the father and his son and they held each other, tears streaming down their faces.

They thanked me at least a dozen times and that father was smiling and laughing with his son as they boarded their bus.

These are the moments that provide some measure of healing for our families and for us.

-Submitted by Jan Olsen

find this mother. As it turns out, he was at the Dilly Detention Center that day. He said he would try to find her and set up a phone call which usually takes 5 to 7 days. It turned out that

Calavera migrante/la caravana La Calaca taquera

La calavera migrante muy contenta camina con ellos, En la frontera mexicana Muchos los esperan con buena gana

Al cruzar en balsas el Suchiate los centroamericanos migrantes, con esperanza y alegría caminan todo el día, pero en Chiapas ya los espera la policía y con gases lacrimógenos intenta detener la osadía.

La calavera migrante muy indignada le reclama a la policía esa inhumana fechoría. "Déjenlos en paz, que continúen su travesía" Así mañana mis queridos hijos migrantes Alejados de la represión su meta ya no será tan distante.

Ay mis hijos inmigrantes sus anhelos son muy sanos Y su caravana si saldrá adelante Y aquí entre ustedes caminare como hermanos Pero si algún loco ignorante no los deja salir avante Con mi guadaña en mano verán que le echo el guante.

Cuando lleguen al Rio Bravo muchos uniformados estarán del otro lado más no se preocupen, ya lo tengo todo controlado. Al nefasto güero copetón ya lo tengo al tanto Y si con ustedes se porta mal, me lo llevo al camposanto. -Víctor M. Cortés

Por la dieciocho la huesuda andaba Vendiendo tacos a todo aquel que encontraba, Tacos al carbón, del perro que maté en el callejón. Tacos de tripita, que es cola de ratita Tacos joven, tacos;

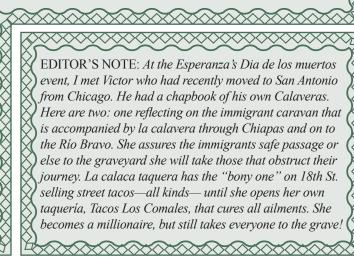
La calaca con sus tacos ya prosperó Y hasta una taquería en la dieciocho abrió

Tacos Los Comales, para que se curen todos sus males,



Tacos de carne asada, para acabar con toda la perrada

La calaca vendiendo tacos, millonaria se volvió Pero a todos mis amigos de Chicago, al panteón se los llevó -Víctor M. Cortés



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