

Notas Y Más

Dec 2019 | Jan 2020

Brief news items on upcoming community events.
Send items for Notas y Más to: lavoz@esperanzacenter.org
or mail to: 922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212.
The deadline is the 8th of each month.

The **Spanish Governor's Palace** in , 105 Plaza de Armas in downtown San Antonio will offer free museum entrance and tours at the **Four Seasons Indian Market** on Saturday, December 14 at 11am to 3pm. Hosted with **American Indians in Texas at the Spanish Colonial Missions**, the event will feature artwork by *Grandmother Coyote*, **Emma Ortega**, dance performances, music, food, demonstrations and local vendors selling their wares.

In Celebration of the **50th Anniversary of Earth Day**, the February 2020 issue of *Voices de la Luna*, will focus on the environment, *Earth in Peril / In Praise*, edited/curated by members of **STONE IN**

STREAM/ROCA EN EL RIO (Writers, Artists, and Activists for the Environment). They are now accepting written entries about the environment: poems, short stories and/or creative entries—also, images of art in all mediums addressing our environment are being accepted. Submit entries or inquiries to Jim LaVilla-Havelin, lavhav@gmail.com or Mober Warren, mobiwarren@gmail.com.



The Patchwork Healing Blanket / La Manta de Curación art project in

protest of violence against women and our mother earth has been reset for January 26, 2020 at the Zócalo in Mexico City. An

enormous quilt of squares from around the world will be exhibited. See: patchworkhealingblanket2019@gmail.com or go to FB for info.

Canaan Fair Trade Olive Oils: Organic & Extra Virgin with a variety of flavors are available from www.canaanusa.com/shop/olive-oils/

Take 50% OFF everything at **HaymarketBooks.org** through January 5th! Check out their holiday gift guide!

For bilingual (Spanish/English) holiday books, especially for children, & young adults check out **Cinco Puntos Press @ www.cincopuntos.com**.

Palestine as a Cancer Patient

With dread, I move my head to see the ultrasound—the tangled roots, the white clot that map the occupation.

Green is Palestine. White is Israel. Palestine, disappearing in four maps: 1947, 1949, 1967, today.

Green Palestine shrinks, consumed by thick, white clumps, clusters of cells that spread subtly or suddenly, without mercy.

The varied forms of occupation: bombed wards, burned groves, walled cities, closed shops, blocks of apartments built quietly in the night.

“What kind is it?” I ask the doctor when biopsied. Invasive ductal carcinoma, he says. Grade three. Aggressive cancer in my left breast.

The nurse guides my fingers to the tumor I fear to touch. I jerk my hand from hers in panic. The lump is large, hard, not abstract.

Palestine and I do not posture. We face erasure.

Rachel Corrie, young US activist, knew nothing of cancer, invasions. Still, having studied the maps, the murky, frightening images, she faced a bulldozer to save others



from annihilation and so died.

Edward Said, humanist doctor in exile, turned his scalpel like a skeleton key to unlock healing memories. He braved death threats, obloquy, censorship, but leukemic white blood cells ravaged his marrow, ending him.

Ghassan Kanafani, father and husband, author and revolutionary, leading member of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, was bombed in his car by the murderers known as Mossad who materialized out of nowhere, killed him robotically, machine-like, a metastatic mystery.

Barbara Harlow, my mentor, full professor of literature, loved Palestine, Palestinians, their culture.

To favored students, she brought souvenirs from her most-loved land: Fakhoury pottery, Kanafani's poetry, a checkered keffiyeh. Resisting Zionism, settler colonialism, she succumbed to the claims of esophageal cancer, her throat ravaged by caterpillars. From a hospital bed, she raised a vodka toast. Her last words: “Fuck Trump.”

Her courage in resistance is an after life. She exhorts us to struggle and so live. Green Palestine, she says, must not disappear.

My own poem of defiance is no dirge or lament. Palestine and I are cancer patients steeled for surgery, scars, nausea, hair loss.

Cancer, friends tell me, is not the death card it was in the past. I should expect a future.

What I can say is that I plan to live. Doctors tell me I will. I will.

— Rachel Jennings