

Isabel Casillas Sánchez, *abuela de la Esperanza*

Yo parí una luchadora

Si la vieran a mi hija
Se acordarán de la rima
Quien a buen árbol se arrima
Buena sombra le cobija
Como el oro es su sonrisa
Y la libertad añora
Me bendijo Dios, señora
Su furia es como la mar
Cómo poderle explicar
Yo parí una luchadora

Hubo un silencio rotundo
Cuando declaró que amaba
A otra mujer que luchaba
Por la justicia en el mundo
El amor es mas fecundo
Que la ignorancia traidora
Si usted me insiste y me implora
que yo le cuente algo de ella
Es mi hija la más bella
Yo parí una luchadora

Un experto a mi me dijo
Que en cuestiones del querer
El hombre es pa' la mujer
y la mujer pa' los hijos
yo le dije, con permiso
no me tildo de doctora
Tampoco de pensadora
Despierte usted de ese sueño
La mujer no tiene dueño
Yo parí una luchadora

Y a pesar de lo que cuenten
Nosotros la respaldamos
Y donde quiera que vamos
Nuestra hija está presente
Yo estaré con ella siempre
Hasta que llegue mi hora
Hasta mi última aurora
Pues sus manos no se cansan
Y me fundó una esperanza
Yo parí una luchadora

Junto con Enrique
Yo parí una luchadora



Isabel and her daughter, Graciela Isabel Sánchez.



L to R: Lourdes Pérez, Isabel, Annette D'Armata & Enrique Sánchez



Isabel & Enrique dance side by side next to Annette & Lourdes at an Esperanza outdoor event at 922 San Pedro.

Isabel Sanchez - beloved, unconditionally loving, tradition-bearing, revolutionary, iconic, tiny, giant, storytelling, dancing woman ...we will miss her as long as we live. The air is different and we are left in silence. Words dissolve into tears. We have lost our mother. – Lourdes & Annette

I Gave Birth to a Fighter

If you were to see my daughter
You would be reminded of the saying
He who stands near a good tree
Will be sheltered by good shade
Like gold is her smile
And it is for liberty that she yearns
God has blessed me, ma'am
Her rage is like the sea
How can I explain it to you?
I gave birth to a fighter

There was a dead silence
When she declared that she loves
Another woman that fights
For justice in the world
Love is more fertile
Than ignorance, the betrayer
If you insist, and you implore me
To tell you something about her
She is my daughter, the most beautiful
I gave birth to a fighter

An expert told me that in matters of love
The man is for the woman
And the woman for the children
I said, excuse me, sir
I don't call myself a doctor, or a philosopher
Wake up, sir, from that dream
Women are not owned by anyone
I gave birth to a fighter

In spite of what they say, we back her
And wherever we go
Our daughter is present
I will be with her always
Until my hour arrives
Until my last dawn
Her hands never get tired
And she founded for me a hope
I gave birth to a fighter

Together, with Enrique,
I gave birth to a fighter

Words and music by Lourdes Pérez,
Musician & Writer [lourdesperez.com]

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of Isabel's major contributions to the Esperanza Peace & Justice Center was in giving birth to Graciela Isabel Sánchez, Director of the Esperanza. The song, Yo parí una luchadora by Lourdes Pérez inspired by a conversation with Isabel in 1992, details the story of Graciela and her mother, Isabel, who "birthed a fighter".*