

# Pedro Delgado

## 1910 – 2003

I am a daddy's girl. Us, kids, were all born at least 5 years apart so I felt that I had Dad all to myself. Dad grew up on a farm in Flatonía, Texas. He and mom were children when they met at a family wedding. Mom was eating an ice cream and dad came up to her and licked it. Mom told her brothers but they just stuck out their tongues at him. From then on, they took notice of each other. Dad and his brother, Jorge, provided music at many family gatherings. Dad played the bajo sexto and Jorge sang. At 20, he moved to San Antonio and lived with his older sister working at her flower shop. He studied with Maestro Mandufano and performed in the community. He also tried writing songs and for a while was with a group called *Los Zapatas*. They went to do a recording. Dad was disappointed when they told him "just play, do not sing". That was his life as a musician.

When they began married life they became very involved in the community as founding members of St. Augusta Catholic Church. Dad was President of the Holy Name Society and was also a CYO baseball coach with the St. Augusta Braves. A favorite memory is about sharing hot dogs with dad during games at the old Mission Stadium. Another favorite pastime was sitting next to Dad watching TV—the Untouchables or a Western. We had many talks about gangsters and prohibition afterwards.

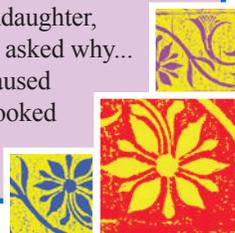
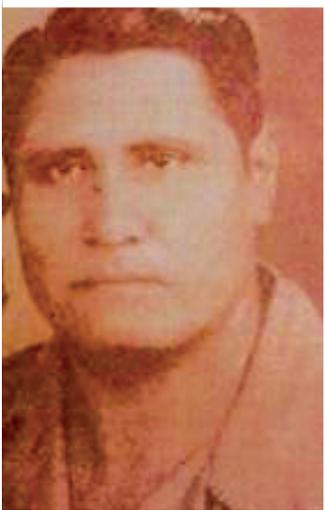
Dad worked as a house painter doing a lot of the interior stenciling and decorative arts in some of the city's historic buildings and would often take us on Sunday drives to show us the places he worked at. He greatly admired the work that Walter Mathis was doing restoring homes in the King William area. That's what inspired my interest in historic preservation.

Mom and Dad continue to live in our hearts. Dad always made the funniest comments. One day we all piled into the car and he declined to join us. His granddaughter, Amy, asked why... He paused and looked

at her and said "the dogs do not give change". —Rachel Delgado



Juanita & Pedro Delgado



# FLOR DE PITA



## A HOMAGE TO MY MOTHER, CONCEPCIÓN O. ELIZARDE

Passing by your house  
Only a hollow shell remains  
A carcass of memories in shadows  
Tus plantitas are long gone  
And the Gulf winds strip away daily at the paint  
Only the stoic Ébano remains  
A silent witness to your glorious life

Choosing not to engage in the ancient death rituals  
Of my ancestors that could help release this  
Deep well of sadness, I am stuck in the black void  
Estoy en Luto.

I yearn to call out to you just once,  
"¡Amaaaaa! ¡Ya llegué!  
¡Que Bueno hija, Gracias a Dios!"

I am afraid  
Tengo miedo.  
The clarity of collective memories  
Fading like white cirrus clouds

Pero este valle de nopal y mesquite  
Calls me back to these fleeting glimpses:  
*Ya mero va florear La Pita, hija. A ver cuando vienes al Valle  
Las comadres y yo vamos a tener estas comidas de Cuaresma:  
Flor de Pita, nopalitos, frijoles refritos, chile del monte, arroz,  
atole con cilantro y capirotada*  
Entice me away from the business of my life.

And the laughter of your Comadre Pilar  
As she watched me pelar nopales painstakingly  
While her arthritic hands were able to clean the prickly pads  
With Fluidity, grace and speed  
Is forever etched in my heart.

Your voice in Ehecatl calls out to me,  
"Do not grieve for me forever  
For I have already arrived.  
Is it not a fact that you no longer see my bodily presence  
In your dreams"?

"Be happy for me. Bask in my joy.  
No me vayan a traer flores a mi tumba.  
¿Pa que"?

Instead, Bless yourself with the medicine of her pencas  
And don't forget to look for me each Spring  
In her—while blossoms, soon turning brown, fall into the bosom of  
The dark Earth—dissolving into dust.

—Margarita Elizarde



Concepción O. Elizarde

