

ODE TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS,

by Rosemary Reyna-Sanchez

It was fascinating growing up in the 1950's and 60's.

- Songs from that era were special and had a true meaning of love!
- Having a soda or an ice cream, OMG was a special occasion!
- If we received a whole quarter, we'd run down to the neighborhood "Tiendita" and buy penny candies then go to the neighbor's house and share them!
- Occasionally, we'd sit around at night and share scary stories like La Lechusa (½ winged owl and ½ woman), The Donkey Lady (½ donkey and ½ lady), and of course the classic La Llorona. Heaven forbid if you had to go to the outhouse in back of Abuelita Maria's house at night! You had to watch out for "El Cucuy"!



The best memories were going to 'Apa and 'Ama's house for Christmas. During the day we'd get together to make tamales, then at night we'd enjoy eating them while aunts and uncles would dance polkas in the living room bumping into each other because it was so small. What a joy to hear their laughter and contentment with just a simple radio having a wonderful time with each other. They're gone now to the Great Ballroom in the Sky, 'Ama, 'Apa, Tias y Tios and some Primos.

It's time for our generation to instill these good times to the young and show them the true meaning of Love. LOVE CONQUERS DEATH, LOVE CONQUERS ALL! Happy Holidays!



Recently the Donkey Lady has been the subject of artwork and a podcast by Marisela Barrera and La Llorona is the subject of various movies.



Loretta Lynn, Country Music Queen



When I worked in the fields with my mom and dad, we always had the radio playing on our way to the onion fields. Early mornings, before the sun cracked, we'd sit in the cab of my dad's red Chevy pick-up truck listening to static music, usually country cuz that's all that came in over the airwaves. When Loretta Lynn came on, my dad would reach over with his calloused hands to turn up the volume. My mother would not protest. In fact, she'd tap her hand and nod her head to the rhythm. I swear, I could hear their hearts sing in perfect harmony with "we were poor, but we had love" or "all day long hoin' corn." Eastern Oregon & Kentucky both seemed like home to me.

Hearing Loretta Lynn followed up by Freddy Fender was a sign of a good day's hard work. Somehow that

Coal Miner's daughter connected to a family of Mexican-American Farmworkers on their way to cut out weeds from the beet or onion crops with a sharp backhoe.

Well, on this day, from the cab of a red Chevy pick-up truck to a cabin in Butcher Holler, thank you for the memories & the music.

Rest In Peace,
Coal Miner's Daughter.
Loretta Lynn, Presente!

—*María Salazar,*
October 4, 2022



April 14, 1932 – October 4, 2022

