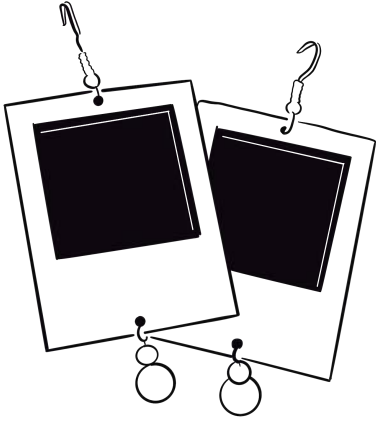


ALTAR-ING: A LATINX MEMOIR WORKSHOP SERIES



autohistoria – Gloria Anzaldúa coined this term, as well as the term “autohistoria-teoría,” to describe women-of-color interventions into and transformations of traditional western autobiographical forms. Deeply infused with the search for personal and cultural meanings, or what Anzaldúa describes as “putting Coyolxauhqui together,” both autohistoria and autohistoria-teoría are informed by reflective self-awareness employed in the service of social-justice work. Autohistoria focuses on the personal life story, but as the autohistorian tells her own life story, she simultaneously tells the life stories of others.

autohistoria-teoría – Theory developed by Anzaldúa to describe a relational form of autobiographical writing that includes both life story and self-reflection on this storytelling process. Writers of autohistoria-teoría blend their cultural and personal biographies with memoir, history, storytelling, myth, and other forms of theorizing. By doing so, they create interwoven individual and collective identities. Personal experiences—revised and in other ways redrawn—become a lens with which to reread and rewrite existing cultural stories. Through this lens, Anzaldúa and other autohistoria-teoristas expose the limitations in the existing paradigms and create new stories of healing, self-growth, cultural critique, and individual and collective transformation. Anzaldúa described *Borderlands/La Frontera* as an example of one form autohistoria-teoría can take, *Light in the Dark* illustrates another.

Light in the Dark / Luz En Lo Oscuro: Rewriting Identity, Spirituality, Reality, by Gloria Anzaldúa and Analouise Keating, Duke University Press, 2015, pp. 241–42.

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Contributions by participants of *Altar-ing: A Latinx Memoir Workshop Series*

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78205

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ALTAR-ING: A LATINX MEMOIR WORKSHOP SERIES



San Antonio Public Library



EMMA CHRISTINA HERNÁNDEZ

'regreso pronto'

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You're holding our hearts in your hands.

BONNIE ILZA CISNEROS



Within this zine you will find a collection of *altares*, from the Latin *altare* (podium, stage) and *adolere* (to adore), created by twenty or so San Antonians who took a groundbreaking (yeah, I'll say it) interdisciplinary writing workshop at the Latino Collection and Resource Center at the San Antonio Public Library.

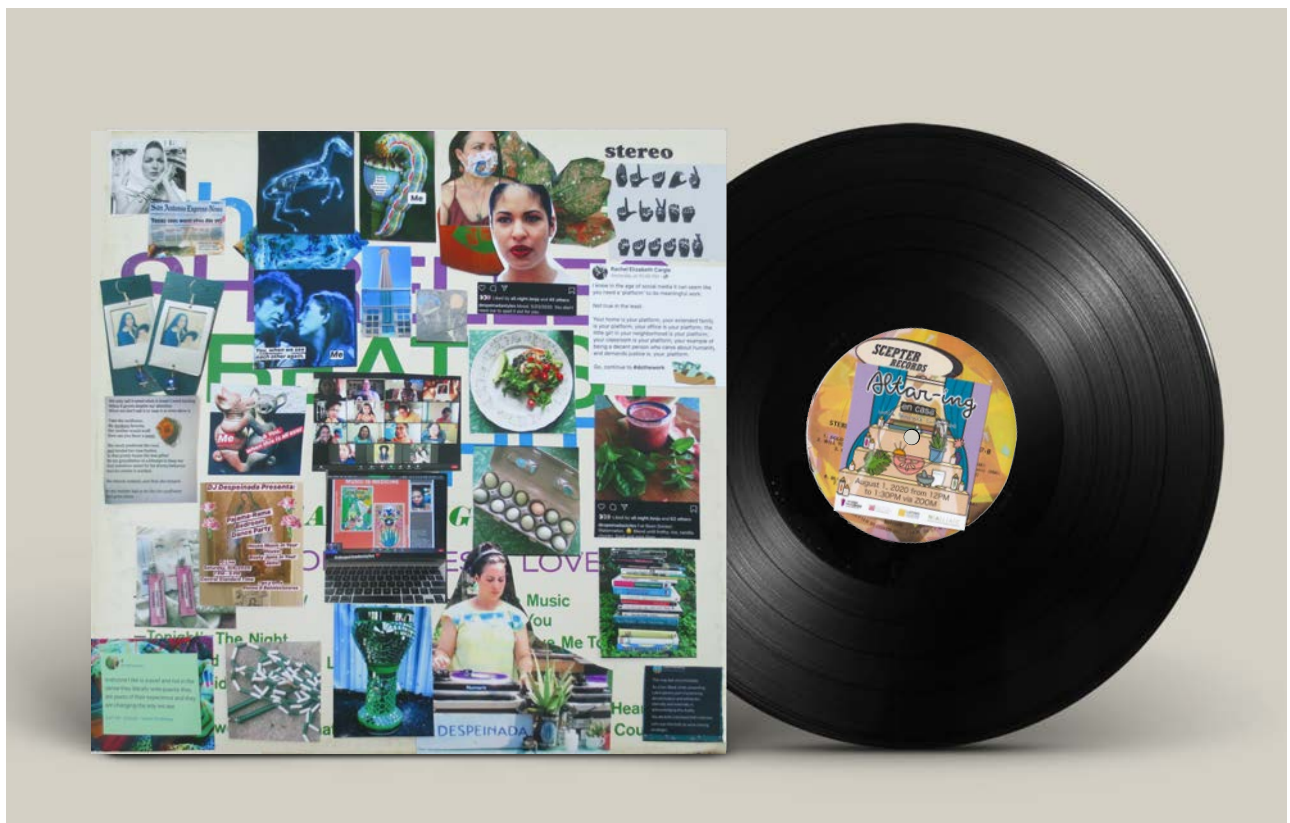
Participants are from similar, yet unique, backgrounds: they are a cross-section of local artists, teachers, writers, cultural preservationists, DJs, researchers, mothers, *tías/os/xs*, and spiritual activists.

Within this collection you will discover our memories, recipes, and get glimpse of our traditional and non-traditional *altares*. We've even included QR codes that will take you to curated musical playlists that will give dimension to each altar.

This work was created in quarantine. We altered our altar-ing projects to reflect where we are in this place: a global pandemic and a social justice movement. Black lives matter. There is no turning back.

Altar-ers were asked to photograph their *altares*, and some chose to create at home, or in a park, or in a garden, on digital canvas. I couldn't muster the energy to build a physical altar, so I printed out photos from my Instagram, cut them up, and made a collage on the Shirelles Greatest Hits record that warped in the sun before my very eyes while I filmed a backyard DJ set for Ruby City + Spare Parts' Bubble Fest...the record warped, but my urge to preserve it as an artifact of this time inspired me to make something out of it.

During quarantine, my IG became a teaching space for me: a place to express, share, laugh, and connect with others more deeply, so it makes sense that my altar is a pastiche of homemade memes, inspiring tweets, masked selfies, zoom meeting screenshots, and posts that define this time for me.



So now, a bit about the roots of this project:

Altar-ing is one facet of Bodies of Agua, my 2018 literary project supported by the National Association of Latino Arts and Cultures, Southwest Airlines, and the City of San Antonio Department of Arts & Culture through a grant from the NALAC Fund for the Arts Grant Program. The original Bodies of Agua project is three-fold: my as yet unfinished personal essay/ autohistoria collection, Mexican-American memoir/MAS curriculum for middle and high school, and bonniecisneros.com, aka my digital altar.

The tree itself is my unfinished essay collection, so this workshop is a limb of the magnificent Altar-ing tree.

In 2019, I presented my curriculum project at a MAS teacher academy at UTSA, and by that time I had altered the title of my project to Altar-ing. Technically, the MAS literature unit falls under the umbrella labeled Memoir, but I'm Anzaldúan, which means the curriculum taps into student memory, home life and family knowledge, ancestral inheritance and cultural arts, geography, language, and the natural world.

Students are guided to flip through photo albums and analyze sacred images, assemble family trees, and identify South Texas trees and plants, analyze the origins of their names, tap into kitchen memories and recipes, recognize the rhythm and music of how Tejanx/a/os talk, and dig up the roots of Latin music. Selections of Mexican American poetry and nonfiction support the lessons; I was an literature teacher for five years, after all.

It felt really good presenting my work to educators. I had never really done that, and it gave me the confidence that I don't have to have my own classroom in order to educate.

So imagine how overjoyed I was when LCRC Program Manager Emma Hernández, who attended the presentation and must have liked what she heard, contacted me soon thereafter and suggested I adapt my curriculum for a workshop geared towards grown folk at the center.

Side note here, I must pause and give shine to my SAPL, to our SAPL, for being the beacon of books, palace of palabras (or however I described it in my Big Read Zine poem) and sanctuary of silence that it is: Central Branch, I'm looking at you when I say that my life has literally revolved in and out of your automatic doors, and your escalators have carried me up and down so many paths and projects and phases. I mourned you and missed you immediately after lockdown. When will I see you (safely) again?

With all that said, of course I immediately said

yesssss to Emma, she who has done so much in the past three years to bring the LCRC to life. I have to take a moment to applaud Ms. Hernández's visionary programming and welcoming hospitality. This project would not have happened without her initial spark.

We took two months to solidify the plan. Altar-ing would be workshopped over the course of three Saturdays from January to March 2020, with a community exhibit of final altar projects at the LCRC in April.

It was surprisingly easy to adapt a ten-lesson unit geared for middle to high school students for grown folk because the ground we cover is universal. We all come from somewhere, in this case we all call South Texas home, and just by signing up, participants already expressed an interested in family history, culture, and memory.

Another note, mostly because I myself am still not over it, is that I promoted the workshop on social media, specifically @despeinadastyles, and by the time we opened up registration, the workshop filled up in a matter of hours. We even had to set up a WAITLIST of people who were willing to wait for a spot to open up. We raised the cap to 30 participants, and I was to giddy and honored to know that people were clambering to spend three Saturdays with us. Did I mention that *Altar-ing* was free?

You're probably asking yourself what all the hubbub was about, so here's the course description: participants will excavate family histories, dreams, recipes, and biographies, as well as research cultural texts from the Latino Collection and Resource Center in order to compose autohistoria-teoría, a term coined by Gloria Anzaldúa to describe writing that weaves together elements of "cultural and personal biographies with memoir, history, storytelling, myth, and other forms of theorizing.....(to) create new stories of healing and self-growth, cultural critique, and individual and collective transformation" (Light in the Dark/Luz en lo Oscuro, 242) Participants will create a three-tiered altar for an group exhibit at the LCRC.

Early on, I knew I wanted to invite featured guests to present related content in order to enrich each session with another layer of learning. Here's how I organized the content of each session:

Session I: A Foto is Worth a Thousand Palabras

"Personal experiences—revised and in other ways redrawn—become a lens with which to reread and rewrite the cultural stories into which we are born"

—Gloria Anzaldúa, now let us shift...

That first Saturday I opened the workshop by presenting on the history and meaning of altars, sprinkled in some Anzaldúan theory, and reviewed the genre of memoir (from the French for “mindful” or “remembering”). We read a Lorna Dee Cervantes poem called “Stenciled Memory” about a grandma who “patched together a blanket of us.” I gave them some tricks and tips for remembering and assigned some “poem-work” (get it?) in which they were to translate a sacred family photo into poetry or prose.

Our featured guests were Sylvia Reyna and Heather Ferguson from the 6th floor Texana department, who presented about researching genealogical records, and also digitized our family photos with their handy dandy Memory Lab.

Session II: Recipes for Remembering

“Tacos are more than tacos. Food is more than food. Culture is more than culture. We are more than we seem to be”

Denise Chavez, A Taco Testimony.

In the next session, I got a little science teacher-y and presented on olfactory memory, the idea that “smells ring bells” and how our brain’s limbic system, which controls mood, memory, behavior, and emotion, is where smells and emotions intertwine to produce memories.

We got a little literary and discussed Proustian (involuntary) memory, aka the madeleine moment; that’s when cues in everyday life evoke powerful recollections of the past. We talked about taste and the idea of flavor, and I brought in little containers filled with common Mexican ingredients like cilantro, canela, comino, manzanilla, and hierba Buena to inspire memories and prove the science true. We explored cookbooks from the Texana department, and dove into *Voices in the Kitchen* by Meredith E. Abarca to learn terms such as *charlas culinarias* (informal kitchen chats), *sazón* (the sensory logic of cooking with chiste), and how *la cocina* is a place where family memory is stored and shared.

We read Brenda Cardenas’s “Cornflowers,” I gave them more tips and tricks for kitchen writing and assigned them the task of collecting and documenting an heirloom recipe.

Our featured guest was Chicana/x/o Studies professor and scholar activist Dr. Lilliana Saldaña, who gave an illuminatingly beautiful presentation on her journey into ancestral foodways, and we all left that afternoon looking forward to the next session, not knowing that the world as we knew it was grinding to a halt.

We were scheduled to meet for our third session on March 14, 2020, but as the week progressed, it became very clear that San Antonio was spinning towards a lockdown the likes of which none of us had ever experienced. Shelter in place, they said, so we cancelled our workshop and braced ourselves for what was about to unfold. I heeded the concerns of Altar-ers (as I had decided to refer to our group members) and followed my own instinct and called off our meeting the day before the City shut everything down. Looking back, we probably would have been fine. But we didn’t know that then. We just wanted to take care of each other, right?

Time passed. We readjusted. I reached out to Emma in May. That’s how long it took for me to muster the desire to finish the series. I didn’t like the feeling of not completing the series, and I knew our group needed to reconvene. I also knew I had to adapt the original plans for the last session. How could I not?

Session III

Rasquache Craftiness: Música, Jewelry, and Other Place-Making Pleasures in Quarantine

Rasquachismo was always going to be at the heart of the third session, but something about a global pandemic really put things into perspective for me. We reviewed the roots of rasquache, how it used to have negative connotations, but the Chicano Movement set to reclaim the term as positive. It takes skill and style to be rasquache, as well as smarts: an ability to make the most from the least, find use for what’s unwanted, and invent new uses for what’s perceived as broken or useless is what we humans need to heal our sickly beautiful world, wouldn’t you agree?

More than anything, I knew that we were all harnessing our ingrained rasquachismo during quarantine, even if we couldn’t specifically name it. To quote Dr. Tomás Ybarra-Frausto, “to be rasquache is to be down, but not out, fregado pero no jodido.” As I presented over Zoom that day, I felt the energy of “survival and inventiveness” he mentions. We made it happen: “remendado.”

In my research, I was surprised to find the connection between rasquachismo and gentrification, how when neighborhoods change, the “white spatial imaginary” seeks to erase what is deemed poor, in bad taste, or of color.

We read Carmen Tafolla’s “Tía Sofia,” where bilingual text mirrors the way we speak and write, and I assigned the group to create a playlist of songs (online or old school) that define the words home, healing, familia.

I shared some of my personal research from the LCRC

MEETING
11:30AM to 2PM
SAT, JAN 11
SAT, FEB 8
SAT, MAR 14

Altar-ing is three-part writing workshop series facilitated by Bonnie Cisneros that excavates family histories, dreams, recipes, biographies and more to compose *autohistoria-teoria*, or autoethnography, in the form of a three-tiered

Space is limited, register at: tiny.cc/AltarSAPL

Latino Collection and Resource Center at Central Library
600 Soledad, 78205 • 210.207.2500

on the importance of jewelry in the borderlands, especially earrings, and how Mexican women are “never really dressed without her aretes.” I talked to them about Diana Vreeland’s ideas on vulgarity as a form of vitality, and what power there is deciding what’s beautiful.

They completed a Place-Making questionnaire about how they’ve adapted in quarantine, and then we split them up into breakout rooms to get a chance to talk to a few people more intimately, something I know a lot of us were really missing the past months.

We talked about the new format for the final exhibit (shout out Emma for quickly changing the format from public exhibit to published zine!), and I shared with them that I didn’t actually feel like making an altar right now. I showed them how I altered my idea of what an altar could be.

Emma and I felt like it was key that participants felt free to create what brought them joy and that the form could manifest in different ways.

Our featured guest was Linda Monsivais, a local self-made illustrator and self-proclaimed “trash artist” whose story and art so perfectly reflects *rasquachismo* that I almost couldn’t believe my own foresight in inviting her.

Linda told her story, it was her first but not last formal presentation, from border punk kid making her own clothes to one of San Anto’s most prolific artist/jewelry designers. She led the group in a crafty activity, and showed us how to assemble the Polaroid earrings she made from trashed aluminum cans for every Altar-er. We printed out their sacred family photos so they could wear frames like mini altars.

Five months after lockdown, Altar-ers reconnected over Zoom and were asked to create altars including components of activities from each of the three workshops. This zine serves to document what we learned, who we are, where we come from, and where we’re going. It’s very San Antonio, it’s very South Texas, it’s spiritual and poignant and nostalgic and cute.

I am astounded by the quality and beauty of the submissions we received, and I’m honored to present this work to y’all.

This zine is an altar composed of many altars.

Please enjoy.

Altar-ing
en casa
with Bonnie Cisneros

August 1, 2020 from 12PM to 1:30PM via ZOOM

SAN ANTONIO PUBLIC LIBRARY
SAN ANTONIO PUBLIC LIBRARY FOUNDATION
LATINO COLLECTION
NIALIAC

ISABEL ANN CASTRO

I'll never forget how the sweat would form above his eyebrows. How he'd take a bandana from his back pockets and lift his hat to wipe it away. He planted small prickly pear cacti along the East fenceline. My mom told him not to because Mrs. Quick, our neighbor, would get mad. He didn't care. He grew them from cuttings. They thrived, growing taller and taller, pushing on the chain link fence. Sprouting the most delicious tunas. I feel joy when I'm standing beside them where he once stood. Sweating but proud to see them still thriving.



Pozole

Ingredients

- Salsa Valentina
- A shit load of limes (skin like paper)
- Pollo
- Red radishes
- 3 white onions
- Tostadas (HEB Brand, Orange Bag, not Green)
- Pork Hocks
- Boneless Pork Carnitas (Fresh)
- Pepsi
- Bush's Best White Hominy (Large Can)
- Oregano
- Granulated onion
- Granulated garlic powder
- 3 bay leaves
- Cabbage
- Purple Onions
- Avocado

Directions

1. Boil water in a big ass pot.
2. In a large bowl in the sink, let me sit in water to wash out blood.
3. Add like a teaspoon of granulated onion and another of granulated garlic powder into boiling water.
4. Add a big pinch of oregano.
5. Add 3 bay leaves
6. Add the pork carnitas into water.
7. Remove skin of the pork hocks, cut in half, add them to the pot.
8. Cut up chicken, remove skin, add to pot. Stir.
9. Let cook for 15 minutes on medium heat.
10. Add large can of hominy
11. Let cook until ready.

Serving

Dice up cabbage, purple onions. Halve limes. Cut sides of radishes. Cut up an avocado. Have Valentina Hot Sauce and tostadas available. Ice cold Pepsi, preferred.



scan here for jams



BÁRBARA MIÑARRO
Solamente tu

*Siempre ausente
Y te amo por siempre
Nunca presente*

— milanesas empanizadas

Ingredients

- Egg
- Worcestershire sauce
- Soy sauce
- Maggi sauce
- Salt (to taste)
- Pepper (to taste)
- Garlic powder
- Onion powder
- Pan molido bimbo (bread crumbs)
- Pulpa negra (round tip steak milanesa)

Instructions:

Mix your eggs, Worcestershire sauce, soy sauce, maggi sauce, salt (to taste), pepper (to taste), garlic powder and onion powder.

Now dip your milanesa steaks in your egg mixture. Leave it there for at least five minutes.

In a flat tray add your bread crumbs. Now bread cover your stake on both sides with the bread crumbs.

Next up, get pan and add vegetable oil and heat it up. Fry until golden brown, 2-3 mins on each side.

Now add some sides to your plate! We recommend mashed potatoes.

Enjoy!



ELIZA PEREZ

The Níspero en El Valle

How much did you all love each other,
when they placed you in front of the *níspero*?
Could you feel what was to come, Mom?
A bountiful harvest awaited you - *naranjas*,
toronjas, *limones*, *papayas*, *ciruelas*, and my
favorite - *nísperos*.

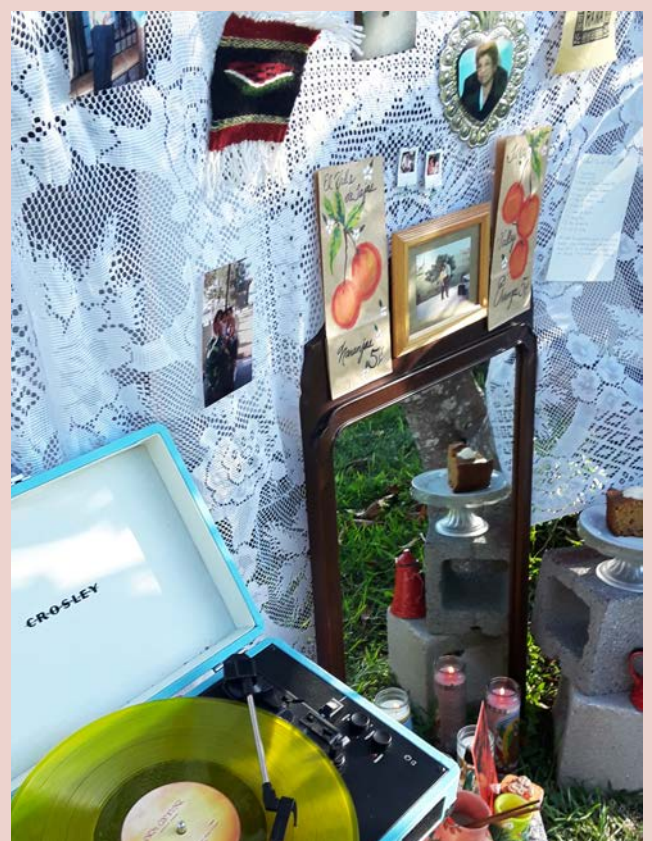
Could the bare *yarda* feel that you would
pour yourself into it? Give love to the *tierra*
that you would call home for the next decade?
Do you think the *níspero* remembers you?
After all these years, Mom? Do you think the bees
that visit your *framboyan* in San Juan whisper to
the *níspero* in Pharr that you're doing alright?

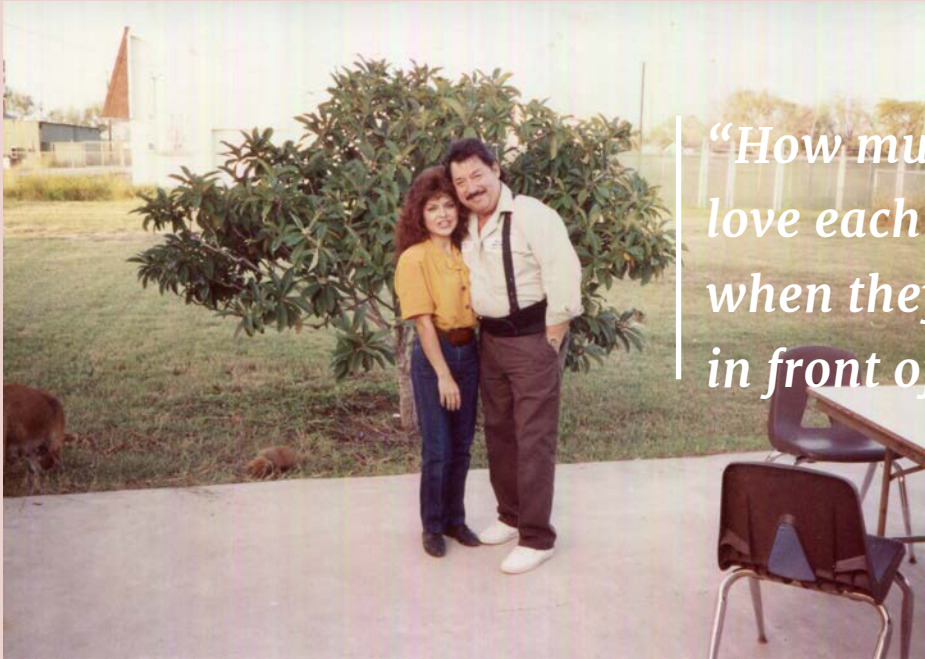
Does the *níspero* also remember when my
grandma held it, before giving it to my dad?
Just a sapling with woolly twigs when he first
planted it in the 60s.

Over 50 years later, when its fruit is ready to be
picked, Dad will remind me of this story as I climb
onto our roof to shake the *níspero*'s branches and
collect clusters of its sweet and tangy fruit.
Does it know this?

Does the *níspero* know that I've missed it?
That I was barely a dream when my parents stood
in front of it together for the first time.
But that I've loved it since the beginning.
Does it know that I've collected the fruit of
nísperos in San Antonio? Wishing I was in the
Valley to taste its bright yellow fruit instead.

Does the *níspero* know that it's photo hangs in
my room? That it is a memory of a new world,
a memory of a long-gone spring,
a memory of tender beginnings,
a memory of my parents together.





“How much did you all love each other, when they placed you in front of the níspero?”

My project

began with a photo of my parents in front of the níspero tree in the backyard of my childhood home. With each component of the project, memories of my childhood were woven in from using regional music in my playlist to cooking pan de elote which always reminds me of visiting Mexico. I was able to create my altar in front of the same tree, though a large part of it was lost during Hurricane Hanna in the beginning of August. My project led me through many different parts of my life, and reminded me that I have a lot more life left to live. It also gave me hope, that although the world is burning, a new world is possible.



Mom's Pan de Elote

INGREDIENTS

- 2 tazas de Pioneer Pancake Mix
- 1 taza de Pioneer Cornmeal
- 1 taza de azucar
- 3 tsp de baking powder
- 1 taza de aceite
- 1 taza de leche
- 2 blanquillos
- 2 tsp de vainilla
- 1 bote de elote



Mix todo los ingredientes, menos el bote de elote. Después, agrega el bote de elote and mix otra vez. Horno 350°F pa 35-40 minutos, o hasta que este dorado. Póngale mantequilla y provecho.

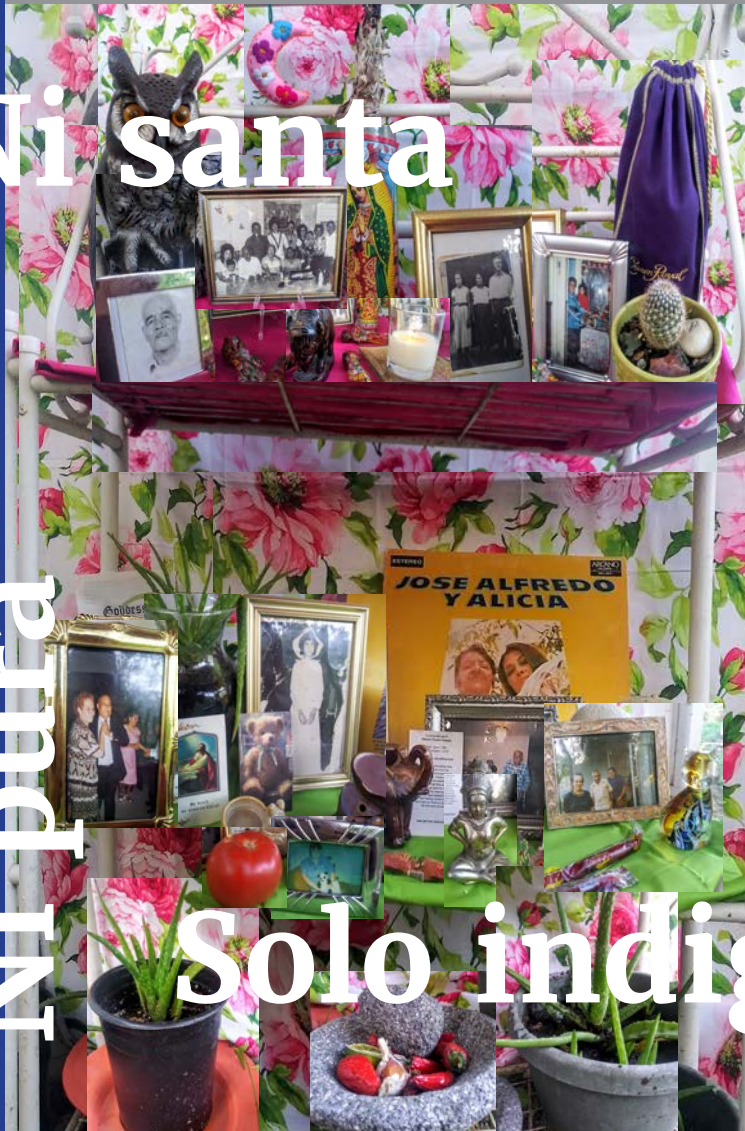
NOTES

I wanted to make a vegan version of this recipe, so I ended up using soy milk and Bob's Red Mill egg replacer. In the spirit of using what I have, instead of going out during a pandemic, I also substituted the regular granulated sugar for a mix of brown sugar and piloncillo. And instead of pancake mix, I used a mixture of all-purpose flour and corn flour since those are the ingredients in the Pioneer mix. I also used grapeseed oil since it has little to no taste that would affect the corn flavor.

Ni santa

Ni pura

Solo indigena



KIMBERLY RENDON

**Alegre
Pasionada
Siempre con una sonrisa.**

**En mis ojos fuistes tan santa
Siempre rezando a tu Diosito
Un Santuario de La Virgen en nuestro
hogar.**

**Adorned with flowers, angels and
adapted for the season:
una vela de San Judas,
el Nacimiento,
even bunnies or santa
clause,
an assimilation of
cultures.**

**On this day, it was
tiempo de Navidad
el olor de tamales
replaced
the fresh smell of
tortillas de harina.**

**It must have only been
a couple of years
after you uproot and
find your way to
Houston.**

**It's in these formative
days-
familia means
everything
all the dinner
gatherings
los partidos de softball
todas las fiestas, quinceañeras y
bodas.**

**It's where you cut up
donde puedes bailar a tu gusto,
cantar tus canciones favoritas
Paquita, Jose Alfredo, Juan Gabriel y
muchas más.**

**It's where you have yourself a drink
guilt free
because growing up we were told
you never drank**

**pero ese Crown Royal bag sure
made the perfect bolsa para tus
joyas.**

**It's also where I recognized your
duality.**

Tu santidad y pecado.

**Siendo producto
de machismo y
colonización.**



**You sought refuge in your cultura
Your spirit dancing to your
ancestor's heartbeat.**

**Espiritu salvaje
Una dicotomía de identidad.
Reconociendo expectación y
gusto.**

**Ni Santa Ni Pura
Solo Indigena.**

VIKTORIA VALENZUELA



VALENZUELA

Missing Limbs

At Christmas in San Antonio
all the Valenzuelas gathered
Into the one bedroom house that Grampa built.

Her smile upside down, Gramma was gifted
a sewing chest in the photo
to cradle every spool of thread under her sewing
machine desk.

I was one year and almost one month old
The first daughter of their first born son,
far from home in Indiana, where we did abide.

One of the Valenzuela siblings
Sent this photograph across the states
To dad, eight born of ten, this opportunity missed.

Grampa and Gramma sat together on their bed
His smile wrapped around her in the photo
She held tight to his leg until diabetes took it all.

A Mickey Mouse drenched in tears or sweat, a tribute
to music making,
serenades
from a primo-drawn poster on the wall. Like smoke
and ash caught in the eye,
the gift was Grampa's illustrious orquesta caree and
legacy.

NOPALES, FIGS,
AND
POMEGRANATES,
LIKE SO MANY
CHILDREN

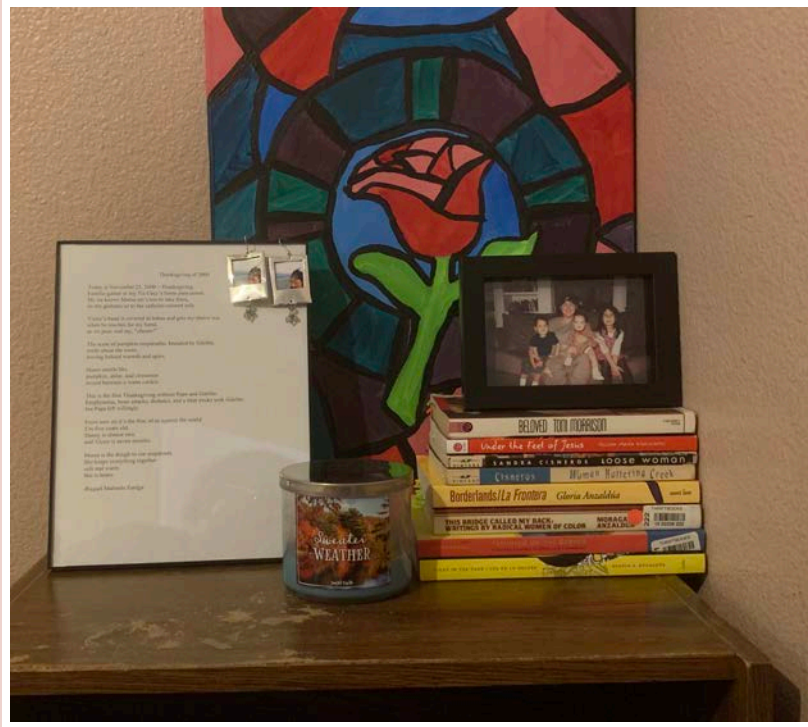
*grew wild
and free in
Granda's
garden.*

VIKTORIA VALENZUELA



December 25 1977
Mama and Daddy were laughing
because Daddy put the
ashtray you gave him on
Mama's face. It was
funny, I should have
snapped the picture.

The caption reads December 23, 1977, Mama and Daddy were laughing because Daddy put the ashtray you gave him on Mamas face. It was funny, I should have snapped a picture.



After three sessions of altar-ing workshop with Bonnie Cisneros, I have created two pieces, a poem inspired by a family photo and a playlist, that reflect on the different eras of my life.

RAQUEL MARISELA ZUNIGA

Thanksgiving of 2000

Today is November 23, 2000—Thanksgiving.
 Familia gather at my Tía Cecy’s home para comer.
 My tía knows Mama isn’t one to take fotos,
 so she gestures us to her cafecito-colored sofa.

Victor’s hand is covered in babas and gets my sleeve wet
 when he reaches for my hand,
 as we pose and say, “cheese!”

The scent of pumpkin empanadas, kneaded by Güelita,
 wafts about the room,
 leaving behind warmth and spice.

Home smells like
 pumpkin, anise, and cinnamon
 mixed between a warm cookie.

This is the first Thanksgiving without Papa and Güelito.
 Emphysema, heart attacks, diabetes, and a fatal stroke took Güelito,
 but Papa left willingly.

From now on it’s the four of us against the world.
 I’m five years old,
 Danny is almost two,
 and Victor is seven months.

Mama is the dough to our empanada.
 She keeps everything together
 safe and warm.
 She is home.



A Healing Recipe in These Times: My Mom & My Tortilla Soup

DENISE M. HERNANDEZ

My dear friend Bonnie Cisneros is an amazing mother, author, scholar, teacher, community creator, fashionista, DJ, and history preserver. Her presence in my life has been profound, and most recently I have been participating in her Altar-ing community course, held by the Latino Collection and Resource Center of the San Antonio Public Library. Our local library system is amazing for many reasons (that's another blog post!), and I will be its biggest fan forever. The ability to attend this course is another reason why I stan. In our second gathering together we were told to examine family recipes and different smells that incite memories. I realized I didn't have a recipe that had been passed down for generations, maybe because I haven't asked. But this recipe was the first to come to my mind in embodying family, healing, love, and comfort. It is also something that is uniquely shared between my mom and me besides our eyes and silliness. So in the spirit of our Altar-ing course, and because so many of you wanted this recipe outside of Instagram stories, here it is with an annoying blogger story you can scroll past to get to the recipe y todo.

I caught a nasty sinus infection when I was 14. If you live in San Antonio it's kind of inevitable during cold allergy season. My mom suggested we go to Jim's for their chicken tortilla soup. I loved it so much I craved it nearly every day after, and especially when I wasn't feeling well. Crunchy chips, melted cheese, chicken, spice, SOUP! My mom and I found a recipe online and decided to try it with some tweaks. We've since edited this recipe to fit our preferences. We like it with more onion, garlic, and spice from the serrano peppers. We crisp the onions a little for more flavor. We never wrote down measurements, and I like to think my ancestors tell me when enough salt is enough: "Ya mija!"

I make this soup every time someone is sick. The serranos always clear out any congestion or nasty head fog. I make this soup to show people I care about them especially. Since meeting Anthony, and using his food products for nearly everything I cook, using Adelita's tortillas is the only way to make this soup now. The fresh ground corn flavor has elevated the body of taste that makes it somehow even more delicious, and the thicker fried tortilla strips don't get soggy sitting in the soup. If you don't like spice that much you can always use a jalapeño instead of a serrano, but please use one or the other for flavor. I have considered making a vegan version, and will post it if I get

bored enough here in self-isolation to experiment. This recipe is mine and my mama's, one I will pass down to my (hopeful) children and theirs. It is one of maybe 3 or 4 things I know how to make off the top of my head and from my heart. I hope it comforts you as much as my mama does me, especially during these confusing times. Much love and hugs to you all!

Recipe

Prep time: 10 minutes

Cook time: 25 minutes total

Feeds 2 comfortably if we each get 2 bowls. 1 bowl usually fills me up!

**This soup also somehow gets better sitting in the fridge. Make double this recipe and save some to heat up quickly in a small pot the next day.*

- 1/3 cup of vegetable oil
- 1 pack of Adelita's corn tortillas (10 count is fine for this recipe, but buy more for other meals!)
- cut tortillas into 1/2" strips
- 3/4 cup white onion, diced
- 4 cloves of garlic (the larger the better!), minced
- 2 serrano peppers, 1 diced, 1 sliced into rounds – (or substitute 1 jalapeno, de-seeded if you don't like spice!)
- 1 can of fire-roasted tomatoes (HEB has my favorite one)
- 1 - 32oz box of chicken broth
- kosher salt
- 1 bunch of cilantro, chopped
- 1 - 7 to 8 piece pack of boneless, skinless chicken breast tenders
- Limes
- Avocado
- Mexican-blend cheese

Instructions

In a soup or stock pot, bring vegetable oil to heat over medium high heat. Once heated, fry your corn tortilla strips until they are golden brown and crispy. Reserve them on a plate of paper towels to drain.

Season your chicken strips with salt and pepper. Put a teaspoon of vegetable oil in a frying pan and cook your chicken for about 15 minutes or until MOSTLY cooked through. We will later add the chicken to simmer down with the soup and it will fully cook there.

Once all tortilla strips are fried and resting, fry the onions in the same pot. You can fry them until they're softened (about 2 minutes) or fry until they get crispy edges but not burned – this is how we like them! Toss in garlic and diced serranos, fry those with the onion. Once cooked down or a little crispy, add your can of fire roasted toma-

toes and MOST of the 32 oz of chicken broth. (I say MOST because I don't have an exact measurement of how much chicken broth I use. I pour most of the box in but leave a little at the bottom so the soup isn't thinned out. Use your best judgment.) Add the sliced serranos if you like spice. Add about a tablespoon of salt. This is where my ancestors tell me, "Ya mija!"

At this point your chicken should be mostly cooked. Take it off the pan and shred with 2 forks. (I always save a strip or 2 for my dogs. Sosi likes catching the chicken if I drop it from up high.) Put all the chicken into the pot and bring to a boil then reduce to simmer for about 15 minutes.

In the last 5 minutes of the simmering process, add your bunch of chopped cilantro and stir. Let it simmer for the remaining 5 minutes.

In bowls, put some cheese first, ladle soup in to your liking, and top with lime wedges, avocado slices, and your crispy Adelita tortilla strips. Enjoy!



A Letter To My Grandparents In Their 20s

DENISE M. HERNANDEZ

I am your granddaughter, Denise Marie Hernández, from your third child, a daughter, Diana Gloria. Her middle name came from a baby that miscarried before my mother was conceived. I learned your name, grandma, is Carmel and not Carmen - that white people changed it one day and you didn't want to make a fuss. Grandpa, Octavio, I wonder where your nickname "Nacko" came from. I've looked it up before and found nothing.

I've always been curious about you two, both together and separately. I've only ever known you separately, divorced, and as two awkward, polarizing energies at communal family gatherings. The tension had always been a mystery for me to untangle. How do you have four children, seven grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren, a whole past life, but only say cordial greetings once a year?

How do you have pictures looking so in love to end up here, separate and in very different lives? How do you spend decades together to only end in lots of unspoken pain? Do people not grow with you and you're supposed to leave them behind? The thought worries me now. I've never seen a marriage, or even a partnership. I've created mine all on my own after many tried and failed attempts. And still, it is work, a choice made every day. As an adult now, nearing 30, I understand more how quickly things change.

I don't have children yet. You had three of the four by my age, in Wichita Falls, Texas, far from your family and homes on the Westside. You both grew up poor, products of a city that decided your skin and your name and your refusal to speak English meant you were second-class citizens. And here I am, to say your granddaughter knows this about you and is grateful to be from you, resilient and smart and strong. You were taught to measure your value by standards of whiteness, to appease whatever gringos did, and I understand why you did it - to survive. I don't think I would be who I am or occupy these spaces so confidently without your sacrifices and pride. I grew up in the house you bought to get out of your circumstances, one of very few Mexican families in the area at the time. I grew up climbing the pecan trees you planted when you moved in. Is that not a legacy of its own?

Grandpa, you sacrificed family time and love for this life. I have overheard my uncles, aunt, and mother say they never heard you say "I love

you” growing up. I’ve learned you weren’t there when mom was born, but in Vietnam as if you had a choice. I’ve learned you were hardly home, always working and in school. And now, a lifetime later? Two large homes, one next to the beach in Port Aransas with an elevator, never without what you need or want. A poor Chicano boy, a former gang member with a record. Nacko.

Through these stories I have come to honor you, grandma, in so many different ways than just the expected ones. You raised us. You are a constant in my life. I don’t know a memory of my childhood without you in it, without your unconditional love and singing and chorizo con huevo tacos with homemade tortillas on Saturday mornings. You love your family so much. I feel your prayers with me every day. There is no doubt I would not be as blessed without them. You are my number one cheerleader and have always been. You are one of my best friends.

Octavio and Carmel, barrio kids from the Westside who somehow found each other in the back streets of San Antonio, I am your granddaughter who loves you and sees you just as you are, who sees herself in you so clearly and with pride.

*I am your
granddaughter who
loves you and sees you
just as you are, who
sees herself in you so
clearly and with pride.*



Untitled

Am I doing what I am supposed to?
 ¿Estaré rezando lo suficiente?
 Is the answer in our mujeres hands?
 I thought I knew myself.
 All the things I should have done
 All the things I will do
 I prayed for loved ones everyday.
 Now I pray for the world.
 Burn sage, copal y palo santo
 respira profundo, deep breath.
 One big ceremony for healing and knowledge.
 Con cariño y respeto
 Anita Exilda Cisneros



Who am I?

Parts of me remain
 others I want to change
 ¿Quién te cortó las alas?
 Fear, no more
 Butterfly or phoenix
 We will rise.

Xicanita c/s
 2020



Receta: Lentejas

Ingredientes:

Media bolsa de lentejas, un jitomate, un cuarto de cebolla, sal y ajo.

Instrucciones:

Hierva las lentejas, sal y ajo en 4 vasos de agua por 10 minutos. Añada jitomate, cilantro y cebolla cocer a fuego lento por 15 minutos más o hasta que estén cocidos.

Mi abuelita Doña Anita, would make lentejas during Cuaresma (Lent). She made nopalitos with chile colorado, white rice with garbanzos and tortas de camarón. Our everyday meals consisted of beans eggs, sopitas and freshly made corn tortillas from la tortilleria that was two blocks away, meat and milk or anything additional were a luxury we could not afford. Mi abuelita made particular foods for special occasions una receta es el champurrado, she made this as a yearly offering to La Virgen de San Juan y La Virgen de Guadalupe. She hosted un rosario, she would set up a special altar en el patio. My grandmother's champurrado would bring 20 to 30 people to her rosario. She once told me that she did this because La Virgen performed many miracle for her, one saving my tías life cuando el techo de la casa se colapsó (paja, barro y barrotes) and my tía was unharmed. At the time I was not a believer, I became a catholic at nine when she made me get baptized (I came to live with my grandmother at age 8). Cuando le fuí a preguntar a mi apá why I had no religión? He answered, I wanted you to choose your own when you were old enough. Both my grandmother and dad shared opposing wisdom with me.

My devotion came in my mid-20s, when I learned about Tonantzin and Juan Diego. The indigenous version of her captivated me. Learning stories of other apariciones and experiencing my own vision made me a believer just like my grandmother. I begged, cried and hollered for a miracle when my middle child was in the emergency room. Analuisa was having a seizure, the third episode and the doctors could not control it. I was loud and scary, my husband was trying to calm me down and one of the nurses said it was ok, that we should keep talking to her. That was the last time she was in the hospital. She was on medication for two years. She has been seizure free for two years G.A.D. We had a rosario to give thanks, when she came out of the hospital. My uncle Pancho brought us an image from México. I had a rosario the following December, made champurrado for the family. My devotion is separate from the institution of church; it is unique and personal. Tonantzin belongs to no one, she can appear in many forms, she is all of us.

ANITA EXILDA CISNEROS

KAREN GUTIERREZ

My Altar is a written tribute to my family that began with a favorite foto of mine. In this foto, my father is holding my baby brother, *resen nacido*, in his right arm and his left arm is holding my three year old self. He is in his work uniform and you can see his embroidered name patched over his heart. We are in the living room of my childhood home and my mom is taking the picture of us. This image has guided me throughout this writing process flourished a lot of sweet and intimate memories of my childhood and the songs I have chosen on my playlist carry these specific memories in their lyrics and sound. Here is my family story.

Recetas de mi Familia

As far back as my mother can remember, nopales have always been an important component of my grandmother's diet. She cooked nopales as a main or side dish and a means to survive *la pobreza* in Mexico. Her method of cooking them was to saute fresh nopales in a pan of hot oil, rather than boil them tender, to preserve their nutrients. The Nopal cactus grew in the back of her *casita* in Eagle Pass, TX and stored large ziplock bags of nopales in her freezer. In the Summer when she would visit us in San Antonio, she'd pick the wild cactus that grew in the creek behind our backyard. I'd watch her sit outside and remove the thorns from the nopales with two buckets in front of her and a small machete in her bare hands. *Manos de Oro*.

Mama's Nopales

As remembered by my mother

Ingredients

- 2 Cups of fresh Nopales cleaned and cut *estilo juliano* (long and rectangular)
- 1 Chorrito of cooking oil - *aceite de maiz*
- 1/4 Onions chopped
- 2 Cloves of Garlic chopped
- 2 Tablespoons of Cilantro chopped
- 1 Teaspoon of Salt - *mas o menos*
- 1 Teaspoon dried Mexican Oregano leaves

Instructions

After rinsing in fresh water, pat dry your nopales and heat one chorrito of *aceite de maiz* in a pan on medium heat.

Add in chopped onions, garlic, cilantro and nopales and sautee them together for about 10 minutes or until the natural goo of the nopales begin ooze out.

Throw in *dos cucharas de agua para soltar* the rest of the goo until the nopales are tender but still a bright green.

Pinch a teaspoon of salt, *mas o menos*.

Carefully remove *los palitos largos* from the dried mexican oregano leaves and gently crumble the leaves in your hand over the nopales to season for added flavor.

Serve with Love.



Manos de Oro

My Grandmother's hands were big and freckled with petal-soft palms that hid deep creases resembling the letter M.

They were strong with fingertips that beamed the scent of garlic and cilantro so brightly, you'd think they grew from the spaces between her fingers.

And just as the earth rotates on its axis, her hands remained in constant motion.

Cooking, cleaning, sewing, planting--
"swish, chop, sew, plop"

Outside on hot summer days her hands bathed in the sweet juices of mangos, manzanas, piña, and sandia. "Un poco sal para sabor," me decía.

Armed in oro, her manos battled against sharp needles on the flesh of nopales and thorned rosales in her garden. With steady patience, her hands pierced thread through thin sheets of fabric and infant earlobes.

At night, aromas of comino would faintly kiss the tip of my nose as her hands raised up towards the sky *para oración*:
"Padre nuestro que estas en el cielo, santificado sea tu nombre..."
I'd giggle.

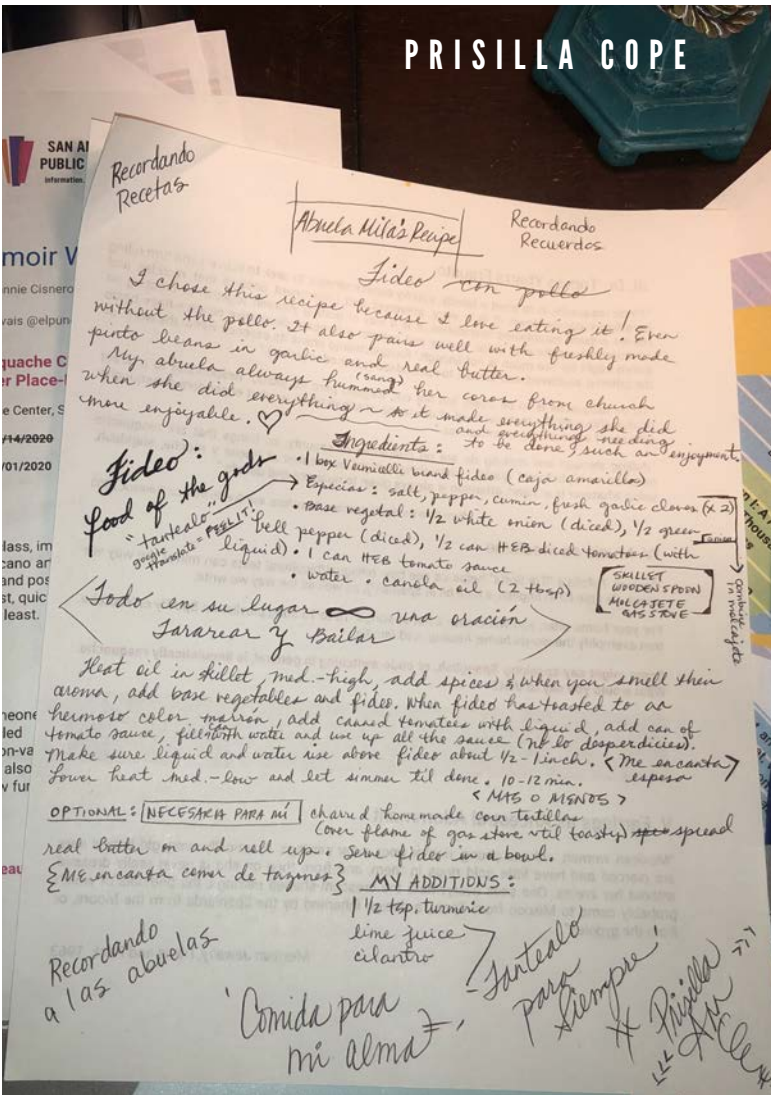
In bed, I'd wait for the warmth of grandma's hands to grip the edges of my blanket, tuck me in as tightly as the sábanas tucked sobre los sillones in her living room.

A final bendición:
"Buenas noches, Mamá. Hasta mañana."

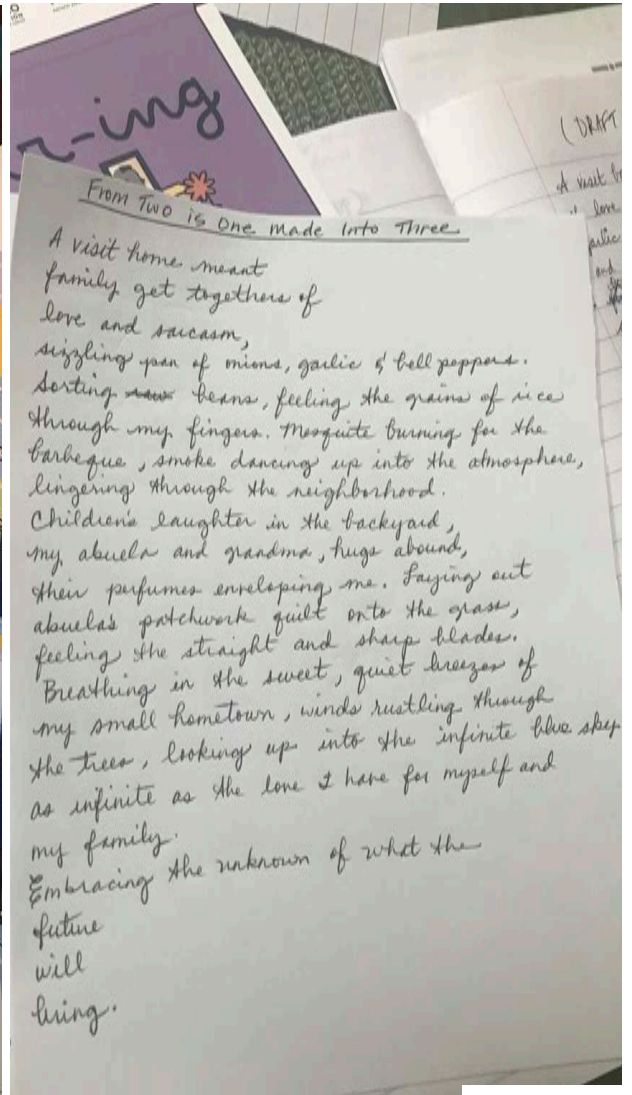
Her fingers graze over my forehead and down my cheeks til her sweet palms swallow my ear whole. I indulge in her love as she whispers back, "si dios quiere."



Altar in a bookcase (alterar en estanteria). Small house filled with small things (pequena casa llena de pequenas cositas).



PRISILLA COPE



From Two is One made into Three

A visit home meant family get together of love and sarcasm, sizzling pan of onions, garlic & bell peppers. Sorting beans, feeling the grains of rice through my fingers. Mosquito burning for the barbeque, smoke dancing up into the atmosphere, lingering through the neighborhood. Children's laughter in the backyard, my abuela and grandma, hugs abound, their perfumes enveloping me. Laying out abuela's patchwork quilt onto the grass, feeling the straight and sharp blades. Breathing in the sweet, quiet breezes of my small hometown, winds rustling through the trees, looking up into the infinite blue sky as infinite as the love I have for myself and my family. Embracing the unknown of what the future will bring.



Music Room

They are in the music room.

Lydia
Gloria
Rosie
Blanche
Irma

I am born but somewhere else. Ashlee.

My cousins must be around.

Gilbert Anthony
Kathy
Nina

And all the others whose
mothers are not in the picture.
My uncle's kids.

The original is behind glass sitting in
the bar.
I can see it now.

The originals are down to two.



San Fernando #2, to be exact

And Fort Sam
And a green urn sitting on a mantel in Richmond.

But more came.
And will keep coming.

Lily
Lila
Valentina
Amelia
Lydia
Gaby

Lyndzee
Brenna
Ford
Zoe
Ella
Bella

Jeremy
Victoria
A.J.
Alyssa
Celeste
Luis Alberto

We are here.

ASHLEE DELEON

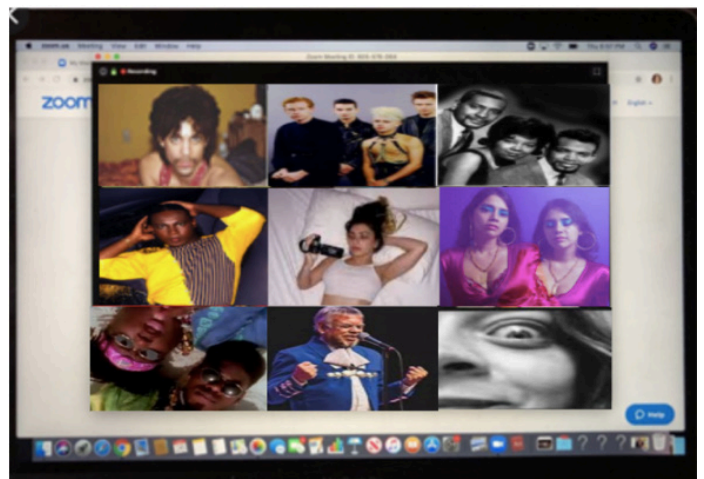
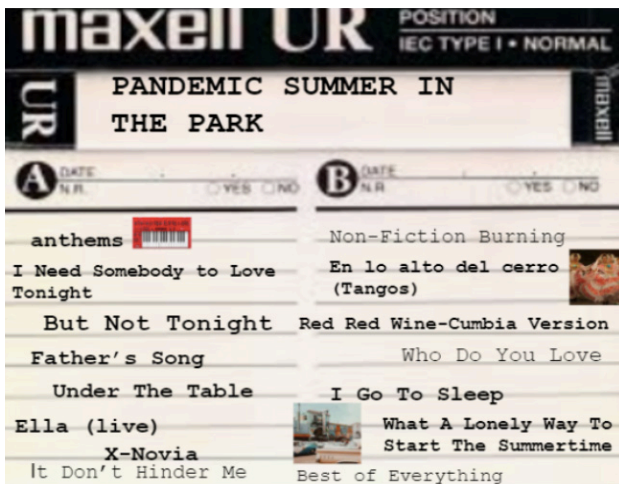
The water that hydrates, keep me moving.
The Mother I pray to, protect us all.
The plants I walk through, thank you.
The fire that lights, lead me to a different
place.

The words I read, teach me.
The words I write, heal me.
The creativity of others,
God Bless You.

The cloth that keeps me safe, encourage me.
The music,
The music,
The music, ease me.



Summer Altar, 2020
Hardberger Park
Blanco side, by my Mom



JO REYES-BOITEL

in lieu of a poem, i'd like to again tell my grandfather

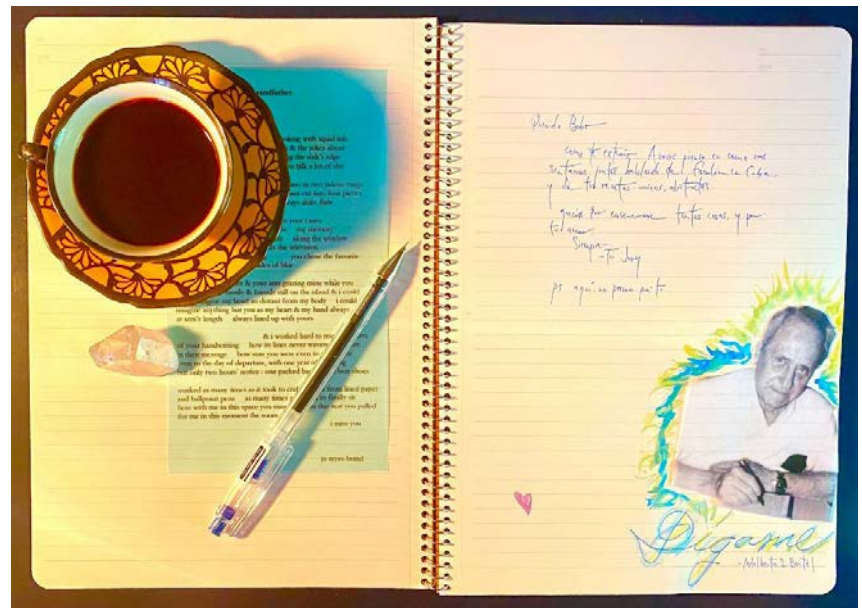


after Danez Smith for Adalberto S. Boitel

i miss you miss Saturday cooking with squid ink, rabbit & oxtail for a week of lunches & the jokes about your teeth sitting in a small glass along the sink's edge how they needed cleaning because you talk a lot of shit

& always café Cubano in two jadeite mugs topped with warm milk & buttered toast cut into four pieces fingers or squares you asked and me always dedos, Bobo

mornings quiet in your casita never a shortage of sun & i was safe my memory of everyday life wiped clean safe along the window the sun & me while baseball fills the television doesn't matter who is playing you chose the favorite based on the uniform's shades of blue



we would sit together & your arm grazing mine while you wrote letters to family & friends still on the island & i could never imagine my heart so distant from my body i could never imagine anything but you as my heart & my hand always at arm's length always lined up with yours & i worked hard to trace the curve of your handwriting how its lines never wavered so sure in their message how sure you were even to your spine even to the day of departure, with one year of planning but only two hours' notice : one packed bag & your best shoes

worked as many times as it took to craft a home from lined paper and ballpoint pens as many times as it took to finally sit here with me in this space you managed in this seat you pulled for me in this moment the room warm

Frijoles Negros

Cuba's signature dish

i miss you

Instructions

The beans will be cooked in the same way Cubans say goodbye – it is done cooking but then you wait a little longer and it is even better then once more.

Clean the beans and place in water, to cover at least 2 inches over the beans. Cook for about 45 minutes to 1 hour until the beans are tender. While they are cooking, sauté bell pepper and onion in the olive oil until the onion is translucent. Add garlic and seasonings until its fragrance is past the kitchen and to the front door.

Add this sofrito to the beans to beans and simmer together about 20 minutes. Remove bay leaf. Or, leave it and see who gets it on their plate.

Get a cup of the beans and puree or mash and return to the pot to thicken the rich black sauce that was created. Add vinegar and allow to simmer. Add sugar to taste. Let it sit for 10 minutes then serve with a little olive oil drizzled on top.

Ingredients

- 1 bag dried black beans, soaked overnight in water. drained
- water
- 1/2 white onion, chopped
- 1/2 bell pepper, chopped
- at least 3 cloves of garlic, smashed
- salt
- peppercorns, ground
- olive oil
- oregano
- comino
- bay leaf
- saffron
- splash of vinegar
- dry spanish wine
- 1 to 2 tablespoons of sugar

SYLVIA MENDOZA

unknown shadows

the ancestors
capture light and memory
capture

this skin
prieto moreno
in formation
with the saguaros
part of the landscape.

This is how we survive.
absorbing preserving
sun rain desert sky
Our spirits live
in the ribs of the
saguaros
in the soil
in this deep brown skin
I found you

the ancestors
in my skin
This is how we survive



Grandma Aviña's Shrimp Albondigas

When I started grad school and was surrounded by mostly Cali Mexicanx/Chicanx, I learned that albondigas was a caldo made out of meatballs that is so light, and beautiful and delicious. I grew up knowing the word albondigas as a shrimp patty. Every year during Lent/Easter time, my grandmother, and then my mother, would make these delicious fried little shrimp patties that they called shrimp albondigas. They didn't require a lot of ingredients, and they didn't seem too difficult to make, but there was something very special about the recipe and the time of year that my mother made them, and her intentions around making them. I recognized it as a sacred practice, as well as a rasquache recipe – this creative, low cost meal that honored the Lenten season, fed the family, and carried the legacy of my grandmother's Tex-Mex cooking.

Instructions

Peel the potatoes, then bowl in a medium pot. Once boiled, mash them in a separate bowl until soft, with little to no chunks. Let cool. In a sarten, heat the oil over medium-low heat. Add the onions and chile and sauté until onion is clear. Remove from pan and set aside in a separate bowl to cool. Separate the eggs, making sure there is no egg yolk in the whites. Whip the egg whites in a large bowl, then add the egg yolks and whip. Add the powdered shrimp (my mom says to taste, depending on how much shrimp flavor you want) and the cilantro to the eggs. Add the cooled onions and chile. Add the mashed papas. Fold the ingredients in together with a spatula until mixed. Add oil to the sarten (enough to fry in). Using a spoon, gently drop in the shrimp albondiga mixture. Fry for 2 minutes or until golden brown and flip over and fry another 2 minutes. Transfer to a plate covered with a paper towel. Can be eaten alone, or in a corn tortilla.

Ingredients

- one packet of powdered shrimp
- 2 eggs
- 2 small boiled potatoes
- About a quarter cup each of diced onion, serrano, and cilantro
- Oil, to fry in

MANUEL TLEYOLOTZIN DAVILA

Because I don't like the quality of boxed cake and brownie mixes, I'm sharing this foolproof classic brownie recipe. I call it my Búho (owl) Brownie recipe because I always make it in the middle of the night when I have an itch to busy my hands and bake. The top is decorated with the outline of a Great Horned Owl made of mesquite flour and garnished with spearmint leaves. In my family, visits from owls are omens of change and approaching big decisions.

Búho Brownie

- ½ cup melted butter
- ½ cup unsweetened cacao
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2 large eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ cup flour
- ¼ tsp salt

1. Preheat oven to 350F. Grease 8x8 pan, line w/ foil set aside.
2. In a medium bowl combine melted butter & cocoa and sugar. Stir until fully dissolved.
3. Add eggs one at a time, the vanilla, stir until well combined.
4. Stir in flour & salt. Careful to not overmix.
5. Optional fold in 1 cup of mix ins(chocolate chips, pecans, etc)
6. Spread in a pan & bake for approximately 20-22 minutes careful not to overbake.
7. Cool completely before cutting.

Doubling recipe: 9 x 13 pan add 5-7 minutes cook time.

Bake on the highest rack in the oven.



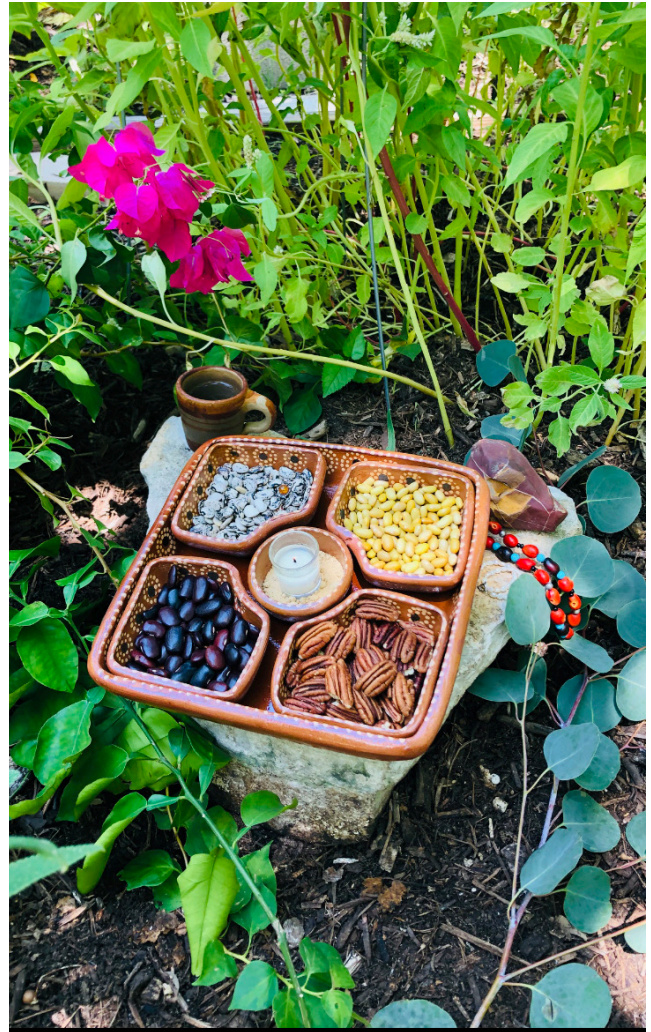
Abuelos

I ask "You there"?
 Cicada songs assure an audience
 Wonderment settles in
 What type of elder
 Dreamt me millenia ago?

Ofrendas of mesquite flour
 Frijole y agua
 Amaranto y ojas de naranja
 That 'apa brewed into tea
 Magic is the foret taste
 Pecans brother gathered
 Salvia y eucalyptus
 Wisdoms inherited

Tree talker
 Searching for roots once cut off
 To recall one place as home
 Birthright
 I want it for my body
 I need it for my spirit

Can i truly be the manifestation
 Of your prayer
 Answer given
 Peace is a breeze given by the sun
 Cicada song rose and fell in rhythm
 How alive your guidance is



A reflection on the acceptance I believe my ancestors would give me.

MARILYSE V. FIGUEROA

Mother right then

for my *sobrina*

If I was your mother right now, I would be taking you to astronomy camp, showing you how to hem your pants, asking for help replanting the pothos, making sure you knew it was okay to feel sad, that in our sadness we are still shining pieces of ourselves but seen in another way, and if I was your mother, though I am not, I would still make mistakes--there's no question about that, and I would ask for your forgiveness and your understanding but not in the way that makes you bend to my yell or my will. If I was your mother, there would be days where you would resent me and I would squinch my tears so tightly until they ripped out of me like lava but only when you left the room because if I was your mother, I'd have a hard time letting you see me cry; I never want to be the reason you cry.

Sometimes I wish I was your mother and then not--I watch in disbelief that she would not do everything to give you everything. Sometimes I wish I was your mother but then I forget about the wishing and I forget about the desire and you don't hear from me for long patches of time and I'm sure you forget I was a mother to you once because that part of your life belongs to the wonder years when adults can say whatever they want about a child and fool themselves into believing the children can neither understand nor grasp their emotions.

If I never was your mother, I would have never known the ache of missing you like a daughter. Like a cartographer wiping a beloved city off the map, you once were part of my homeland until the names changed and the boundaries were redrawn. But in my secret heart, you are the home I belong to and the home I birthed without bleeding. Does your mother know I belong more to you than she does? In the end, it's for you to say. Your mother and I, we were sisters until she went to the same well over and over again even when it was draining her. You almost fell in with her. That's when you got two more mothers.

If I was your mother right now, I'd share you with your grandmother who can't be erased from your early life story. Your grandmother misses you. She misses her chance of being grandmother to you. She misses mothering you. Or, what would you call how we carried you through rain and hurricane? Or, what would you call mothermother's hiatus and our transcendence from Títí & Abuela? Perhaps

mother is the wrong word, Lore. Perhaps you feel like no one and everyone is a mother to you.

I am too afraid to ask because I want to be the reason you cry for mother.

In a way, the cycle of mothering continues to rampage us, you, little mothers of porvenir. You have held two littles like they were in your belly and yet if you were really given the title of mother to your much younger siblings, the mothermother would balk and cry false mother! But I know what you do for those littles as we did the same-- *rururu sunshiine* -- for you when we were littler and braver, so naive that the well wouldn't consume us all.

I pray mothermother hasn't made you forget yourself, little mother. You are a birthmaker, creator, guerrera. You come from a long line of mothers. Of course, be proud. Of course, carry this and know. And know just because we have been motherers doesn't mean you have to question

What is a mother?

Mother?

What mother?



Receta - Recipe to survive your worst days - *It's gonna be okay*

You are the kitchen witch
 And I always worked with the grass and the fire
 and the moon
 But we each capture a difficult magic.
 You asked your horoscope when it would get
 better,
 When you could go outside
 When you could return to playing?
 But here is a secret about feeling better:
 Just like a good recipe,
 You have to eyeball it
 Because you can only cross that threshold into
 Being okay now
 If you have known what it was like to not being
 okay then.

And although I would take all your bad days
 and your days holed up behind curtains and
 screens
 and toss them into Mount Doom like the ring to
 rule all men,
 I can't scrape the darkness off you forever
 Unless you learn how to do it
 On your own.

When I'm gone,
 If the virus takes me or all of us
 From you,
 When I've met my mother, the moon,
 And you look up at me, orbiting spirit that I will
 be,
 I want you to remember my receta,
 My recipe to survive your worst days inside:

Breathe: time is temporary and you will not let it
 cast a shadow on you
 Remember: who you are in every moment is the
 perfect iteration of yourself
 Ground: roots are just lightning bolts in the
 ground, so dig deep and find your light!

Lastly, although it's been said so much, it's
 gonna be okay.

Monster Pancakes:

- 1 cup pancake mix to start
- 1 cup water to start
- 4 colors of food dye



Makes about 2-3 servings.

1. Mix the batter and water together in one cup
 to your desired consistency. Runnier batter will
 make for thinner pancakes and thicker batter
 will make fluffy and tall pancakes.

a. Add a fruit like raisins, blueberries, strawber-

ries etc. for fun! You can also add them after you
 cook the 1st side of your pancake.

2. Pour batter into 4 cups and add drops of food
 dye. More drops of dye makes the color deeper.
 Mix the colors to make more color combinations!

3. Heat up your pan (square, flat pans are best) to
 about medium hot. Add oil and swirl around the
 whole pan to coat.

4. Pour your pancake onto the pan--BUT WAIT!
 Make a squiggly shape instead of a tradition-
 al circle! Make a fun, unexpected shape! That's
 what makes a monster pancake!

*Try not to lump the batter in one area
 though or it might not cook all the way through.*

5. Flip your pancake onto the other side once it is
 starting to bubble and pop.

6. Cook the other side through. You can check
 if it's cooked by sliding your spatula carefully
 around the edges. The spatula should come out
 dry if the underside is cooked.

7. Provecho! Gobble up your monsters!



MIRYAM BUJANDA

Todo empieza con la familia

Todo empieza con la familia

En El Paso
en el paso del Norte

In a cinder-block home
Once a field workers haven
Surrounded by sprouting clouds
of cotton

Eramos siete
Viviendo la divinidad numérica
Con la realidad

Everything starts with family
Where love blooms
Como la flor en pancas de nopal

Everything starts with family
Where betrayal reconciles
Como cenizas en un hueco

Y atravez de los años
queda la imagen

Ahora somos seis

Y aún sientto

Todo empieza con la familia

Y
todo

todo

acaba allí

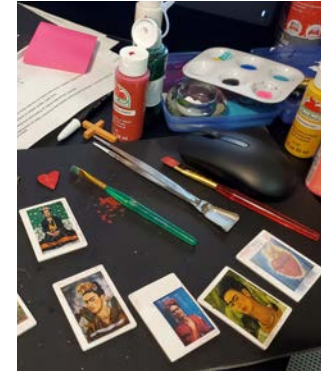
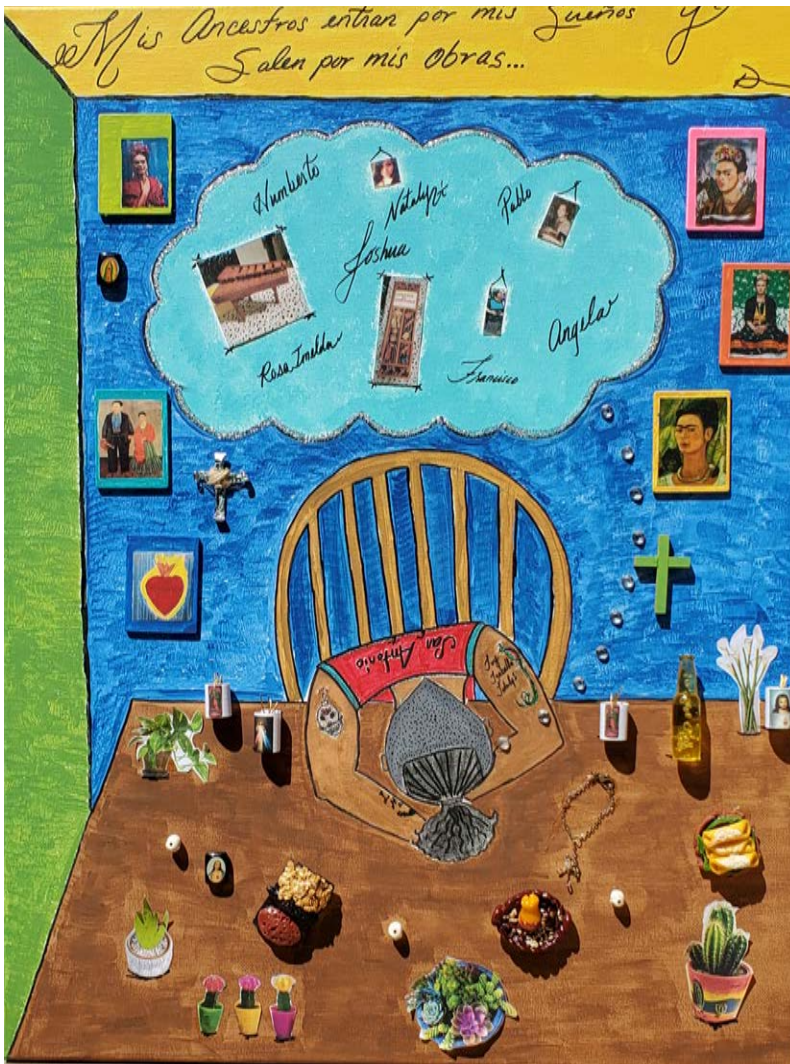


Receta de Spam o Winnies con papa, tomate y cebolla (aquí sin Spam o Winnies)

A la manteca, añade los winnies o Spam, freitar unos minutos y ponga papas para dorar.

Despues de otros minutos, ponga la cebolla en rajas y freitar hasta que las orillas esten quemaditas. Añade los tomates en cubitos hasta que se marchiten. Sirva con chile asado y tortillas.



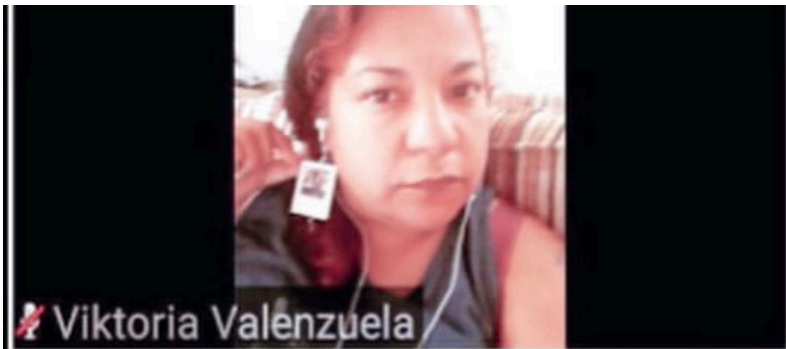


DENNISE FRAUSTO

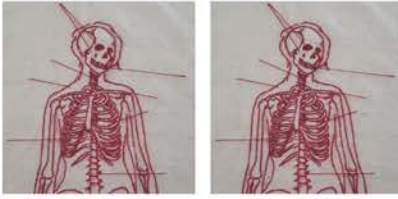
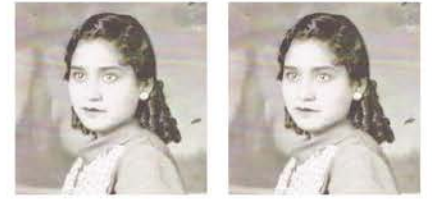
Art — Rasquache



“Mis ancestros entran por mis sueños..” Created mostly with items found around my home, broken jewelry, printed images, handmade items such as veladoras and cruz, represents how I often see my loved ones who have passed away too soon. Frida wall is something you will find in my home. Choice of wall colors are inspired by my mother’s home. And lastly, a self portrait representation of my body taking rest and being empowered by mis muertos.







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