

El Editor

"El Respeto al Derecho
Ajeno es la Paz"
Lic Benito Juarez

Casualties of
War in Iraq
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¡Ajuuua! y Feliz Navidad!



Hundreds of children gathered this year to greet the grey bearded old man from the South Pole known by many Lubbock and West Texas as Pancho Clos. Pancho Clos is hosted every year as it has been for 35 years by the American GI Forum.

According to legend Pancho Clos is Santa Claus cousin who gets on his wagon, instead of a sleigh, pulled burritos every year instead of reindeer, to deliver toys to all the children who have been good. Pancho Clos gave out over 1500 bags of fruit and candy at Maggie Trejo Center this year.

Comentarios

de Bidal Aguero



Christmas brings out the best in most people and I hope that this Christmas season those people in that it doesn't stay out of my way and let me enjoy the season to the fullest.

This Christmas we want to thank all our people that have helped our newspaper. Foremost we want to wish all our advertisers a very merry Christmas. Where would we be without them!

We also want to thank all those that work and help to put out our newspaper every week. Our employees, Amalia, Gilbert and all our printers and people who help use: Alex, Johnny, Jimmy, Andres, Cindy, Marisol.

Our special thanks to our family, my wife Olga who works without pay every week. A very merry Christmas to her.

The rest of our family who are always there to help us also: Zenaida, Amalia, Joe Adam, Marisol our cuñados, primos y todos los demas.

And how can we forget our readers!

A Very Merry Christmas to all our readers
Gracias
Feliz Navidad

Las Tradiciones Mexicana de Navidad

La Navidad es una festividad religiosa entre las familias tradicionales y en las zonas rurales. La Navidad significa el nacimiento de Nuestro Señor Jesucristo. Para prepararnos para ese día en que celebramos simbólicamente Su Nacimiento, tenemos Posadas. Estas posadas son una "Novena" o nueve días antes de la Noche Buena, que es el 24 de diciembre.

Las Posadas son una actuación de la penuria que pasaron San José y La Virgen María para encontrar posada o albergue en su viaje a Belén para cumplir con el Censo de acuerdo con las Escrituras. En español les llamamos "Los Santos Peregrinos José y María". Cada familia en un barrio se turna una noche y celebra con una posada en su casa; empiezan el 16 de diciembre y terminan el 24 en la Noche Buena.

En cada casa hay un Nacimiento. Los anfitriones representan a los hosteleros y los niños del barrio, así como los adultos, representan a "Los Peregrinos" quienes piden posada con un cántico simple a sus versos. To-

dos llevan en sus manos velitas encendidas y se escogen cuatro adolescentes para que carguen a Los Peregrinos, que son dos pequeñas estatuillas de San José jalando a un burro en el cual va montada de lado la Virgen María. La procesión va guiada por una vela dentro de un "farolito", que es como un acordeón de papel de colores con un apertura arriba y una vela adentro. Los Peregrinos piden posada en tres diferentes casas pero solamente la tercera les dejará entrar. Esa es la casa a la que le corresponde la posada esa noche. Cuando los hosteleros les permiten pasar, el grupo de invitados entra en el hogar y se arroja alrededor de el Nacimiento y reza el Rosario. El Rosario es una oración católica que consiste en 50 Ave Marías, 5 Padre Nuestros, 5 Glorias, y la Letanía, que es una serie de alabanzas para la Virgen María, además también se cantan canciones tradicionales de Navidad, como Noche de Paz, en español ¡por supuesto! Después de todos estos rezos, sigue la fiesta para los niños.



Se les celebra con una Piñata, la cual está llena de cacahuates (maní), naranjas, mandarinas, cañas de azúcar, y a veces caramelos envueltos. Por supuesto, también hay cánticos para entonar mientras que el niño en turno trata de romper la piñata con un palo y con los ojos vendados.

Aunque la Piñata es originaria de Italia, se ha convertido en una tradición mexicana para cualquier tipo de celebración en la cual hay niños. La Piñata

se hacía con un jarro de barro y se decoraba con papel crepé de diferentes colores. Hoy en día, las piñatas están hechas de cartón y de papel maché y se decoran con papel crepé. Este cambio fue hecho para evitar que los niños se cortaran las manos cuando se tiraban al suelo a recoger las frutas y los dulces al quebrar la Piñata ya que los pedazos de barro rotos eran peligrosos. Hay todo tipo de diseños, además de la estrella, que es la piñata tradicional de Navidad.

(sigue a la pagina 8)

Nació Un Niño

Era un 24 de Diciembre Maria y Jose iban camino a Belen, Jose iba a pie y Maria sentada en un burro. Maria estaba embarazada y esa noche tendra a su hijo, el que se llamara Jesus.

Tiempo atras el arcangel Gabriel visito a Maria y le dijo que en su vientre llevaba al hijo de Dios, al que debía llamara Jesus.

Maria y Jose buscaron donde dormir esa noche, pero nadie podia alojarlos, estaba todo ocupado.

Un señor de buena voluntad les presto un establo para que pasaran la noche, mientras Jose juntaba paja para hacerle una cama a Maria, "en el cielo nacio una estrella que iluminaba mas que las demas."

En el oriente, lejos de Belen estaban tres sabios astrologos, se llamaban: Baltazar, Melchor y Gaspar.

Ellos sabian que el nacimiento de esta estrella significaba que un nuevo rey iba a nacer.

Los tres sabios a los que conocemos como "Los Tres Reyes Magos" fueron guiados por la estrella hasta el pesebre del nuevo Rey, Jesus.

"El nuevo Rey ha nacido" dijeron los Reyes Magos y le regalaron a Jesus oro, mirra e incienso.



Asi como Baltazar, Melchor y Gaspar llevaron regalos a Jesus ... Ahora nosotros celebramos esta navidad, celebramos cada año el nacimiento de Jesus.

BEHIND THE BLUE WALL OF SILENCE

A Commentary by Abel Cruz

Editor's Note: As we go to press on Wednesday (12/20) afternoon, Channel 11 news is reporting that Lubbock Police Officer Jacob Opperman has resigned from the LPD. The information was released too late to be included in this commentary piece.

- The Code.**
- The Code of Silence.**
- The Blue Curtain of Silence.**
- The Blue Wall of Silence.**

By whatever name you may know it, all the above terms describe a code of silence which has long been seen as an integral part of being a member of a law enforcement agency or police department.

Perhaps one of the most well known cases involving the "code of silence" fellow police officers refer to when describing the code that they live by, was portrayed in the 1973 Al Pacino movie "Serpico"; a movie about "an honest New York City cop who blew the whistle on rampant corruption in the force only to have his fellow police officers turn against him". After all as the movie tag line said, "Many of his fellow officers considered him the most dangerous man alive - an honest cop".

The code of silence is a code which says that under no circumstances, will a police officer inform or "rat out" if you will, a fellow officer.

Whether or not it is true that police departments operate under an unspoken "code of silence", one thing is for sure; in most cases involving police misconduct or corruption, rarely will a police department's internal investigation result in finding an officer at fault.

That has been proven time and again in situations involving police departments around the country.

And what about here; in the "Giant side of silence"? Well, judging by the LPD's recent history, it seems to me that the LPD is no different.

Exhibit A

In April of this year in the case involving Lubbock resident Juan Manuel Nunez, an internal police investigation took place, and to no one's surprise, it found that the officer acted appropriately when he tased Nunez; which ultimately resulted in Nunez's death. An internal investigation resulted in predictable results. A civil lawsuit is still pending.

Exhibit B

This past summer, a LPD officer was videotaped tasing Lubbock resident L. J. McCallan almost instantly after approaching McCallan during a routine traffic stop. The victim filed a civil lawsuit against the LPD and now the city has responded to the lawsuit saying that the officer, Marsh Blackmore did nothing wrong. No charges were filed against McCallan even though the city's response claims that McCallan did not obey the officer's commands. There are two other officers listed in the lawsuit, Lieutenant Chris Powell and Lieutenant Jonathan Caspell; who both played a part in the internal investigation.

(A sidebar to this exhibit if you will: Representing the city in the McCallan case is attorney George Thompson. Thompson you may recall was in the news in 1999 when he was accused of using a racial slur. Here's how it was reported in the Lubbock AJ in September 1999, "About two years ago, (Attorney Kevin) Glasheen and Thompson met prior to the start of a legal proceeding and Thompson allegedly asked Glasheen, "Do you know what you would call the Flintstones if they lived in East Lubbock,". Thompson then used the racial slur in providing the answer".

According to the report, Glasheen reported the incident to the city. And the city's reaction? Well you decide. Here's how it was reported in the AJ: (City Attorney Anita) "Burgess said her office investigated the claim and found no evidence that Thompson used a slur."

"I think there are a lot of people that would like to see Mr. Thompson not work for the city. He's a powerful advocate," Burgess said. "It's a tribute to Mr. Thompson's skills and to his accomplishments that people want him off cases for the city."

Again an internal investigation produces the same results; no one did or say anything wrong. By the way, McCallan is African American)

Exhibit C

Last Thursday, an LPD officer, Jacob Opperman, was reported driving his police cruiser with two flat tires and the other two missing or flat also. A citizen called 911 and when police arrived, Opperman refused a breathalyzer and field sobriety tests. The officer is arrested on "suspicion of drunk driving" and is now on administrative leave with pay. In addition one local TV station has played the recording of the 911 call. Although too lengthy to transcribe in this space, it won't surprise you to know that the 911 operator asked to speak with and spoke to Opperman before taking action on the call. How many of us would get that opportunity?

The LPD says it is investigating and will report its findings.

We can hardly wait!

If the typical pattern is followed, I suspect the report will conclude that no one did anything wrong; Opperman will probably get to keep his job, no one will be penalized for damaging or vandalizing public property and what really happened will be kept behind the blue wall. All we, the public will get, will be either a "no comment" or a "that is not relevant to the case", or a "we do not comment on internal police matters" kind of comment. It will say that it was just a case of "boys being boys", drinking a few too many and having fun at the expense of a 22 year old police officer who was TOO DRUNK TO EVEN REALIZE THAT HE WAS DRIVING ON TWO FLAT TIRES AND TWO TIRE RIMS!

We live in an age where drunk driving is strongly discouraged and laws have been toughened to penalize drunk drivers. In this city alone, many Lubbock resident's lives, or those of their loved ones, have been permanently changed due to a death or deaths caused by drunk drivers.

Yet here we allegedly have a bunch of "Lubbock's finest" allowing one of their own to leave a party, too drunk to know that his tires have been flattened by one or more of his fellow officers as a prank! And these are the very people who have taken an oath to "serve and protect" and enforce the drunk driving laws? If true, that they vandalized public property; they allowed a drunk driver to threaten the safety of the very citizens they took an oath to protect. They endangered public safety. If true, that night, public safety

took a back seat to reckless conduct. If true, those involved must be held accountable. The big question though is; will we ever know the truth?

And then, you have Opperman himself refusing to undergo a breath and field sobriety test. The very tests he has probably performed on other people; some who might have initially refused as he did but agreed after being scared out of their wits.

I consulted a local attorney regarding just what happens when a person refuses a breath test. Essentially, a person's license is taken from them by the officer and they are issued a temporary one. The DPS will then send the person a letter informing them that their license is suspended for 120 days. A person can request a hearing, but must request it within a certain amount of time; otherwise the suspension is automatic. A person must also pay a fee in order to get the license back after the 120 days. There is no penalty for refusing a field sobriety test.

In this case, Opperman was charged with suspicion of drunk driving, was taken to jail and should have spent a minimum of 4 hours in jail; he should have been brought before a magistrate to have the charges against him read, and bond set. The question is, did this happen? If so, it is improbable that Opperman could have gotten out of jail before noon. Just when Opperman got out of jail is another question that the LPD needs to answer. Another is: Did the officer receive special treatment?

Internal Investigations?

To begin with, I place zero credibility in "police department internal investigations"; especially when most investigations lead to the same old "no-fault" results. Most of the time the people in charge do not want to know what really happened for fear it will reflect badly on their department and let's face it, most people will be reluctant to cooperate; especially if it means that they might incriminate themselves.

In all organizations, the possibility of malfeasance or unlawful conduct exists; a police department is no different. And in this case, from what I have heard or read something definitely happened and that requires that many, many questions be answered. The problem is that we have to depend on the very people who were involved to answer the questions. And if they are answered honestly, will those conducting the investigation be willing to be open and candid about what happened; and take the heat for making all the facts public?

Sadly, I don't think so.

In the field of law enforcement, those who take an oath to enforce the law should be held to a higher standard. A law enforcement officer has a duty and takes an oath of office to not only enforce the laws but abide by them as well. When a question arises as to whether someone within a particular law enforcement agency has acted inappropriately or broken the law; it should be left up to an outside body, such as a Citizens Review Board to determine the facts: in order to avoid the appearance of partiality, bias or predisposition to protect one's own.

A citizens review board would in the very least, provide that credibility factor that seems to be so lacking whenever a law enforcement agency is allowed to investigate itself.

Where are Mayor Miller and the rest of the Lubbock City Council?

To the mayor and the rest of the city council, I would say this: Where are your voices? Are you not the least bit concerned that LPD officers have been involved in at least the 3 questionable instances cited above? Where does accountability begin and whose responsibility is it to demand it? Is it not your responsibility as elected officials to make sure that "government of the people and for the people" is conducted out in the open?

To Mayor Miller: Is this the kind of police force you want for the model city you keep talking about? Take a page out of Houston Mayor Bill White's mayoral book who has called for an independent study on the use of Tasers by the Houston PD; after members of the Houston community charged that Tasers were being used disproportionately on black residents.

To Mrs. DeLeon and Mr. Price: It's no secret that relations between the mostly minority communities that you represent have a long history of experiencing problems with the LPD and poor police relations; where are your voices in the McCallan matter; in the Nunez matter? When will you decide that it is time to address these issues; no matter how unpopular they may be?

And to Mr. Boren, Mr. Gilbreath, Ms. Jones, and Mr. Leonard: Need I say more?

My Conclusion

As usual, in cases such as these, there are more questions than answers. But it is time. It is time for an independent review board. The board could consist of both citizens and representatives of the LPD. The board would have the power to review all internal investigations after they have been concluded and follow up until they are satisfied that all questions surrounding the investigation have been answered. Only then will we have meaningful accountability and not just secret internal investigations which just result in citizens becoming more disunited and more fearful of a police department that is supposed to protect them.

It is time for this city to be run as a city of over 200,000

DIVERSE people and not as a city that believes that these kinds of things don't happen here. It is time we devoted as much time to these polarizing issues as we do to things like red light cameras and revenue producing annexations.

Because if we don't, we'll wake up one day and realize that the dreams held by some that Lubbock can somehow become a model city will have disappeared behind the blue wall.

Because until we do, we'll just keep wondering why officer Marsh Blackmore made the statement that he did when he finally turned on his microphone after tasing McCallan and said:

"I'm gonna need a lot of help on this one, Holy Crap."

It's time...

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My Christmas Wish For You

By Abel Cruz

Over the past year, I have taken up this space to share with you my thoughts and commentary on the world and city we live in. Most of the time, I tried to pick topics that I thought were relevant and interesting; I hope I succeeded at least some of the time.

Earlier this fall, I decided to take a break and stop writing for awhile. I must admit that it has been harder than I expected. Almost weekly, I see things happen in this city which should be discussed in open forums such as the one El Editor provides and I am tempted to do so, but I remain convinced that we all have to take a break sometime. This week, as you may have already seen, I gave in to the temptation to weigh in on a very important topic.

Perhaps the New Year will bring new opportunities to share some more thoughts with my "5 faithful readers" and if so I look forward to that.

Perhaps it takes day to day issues to get us to reflect on what the spirit of Christmas truly means in our daily lives.

To me it is about caring; not only for a few short days out of the year, but throughout the whole year. That's the tricky part though. We get all wrapped up in the spirit of giving to those in need at Christmas time, but forget about their needs the rest of the year. It is hard to maintain that spirit of generosity, joy, and sense of meaning. But we can try.

It is about living in the spirit of the season when the trials become too difficult to handle and the problems seem insurmountable.

It is about finding that inner peace within ourselves and sharing it with those around us.

It is about looking within and realizing that the true meaning of Christmas lives within all of us.

We all just have to choose to let it live. But that's the hard part.

I leave you with this short Christmas essay as my way of saying, "I wish you peace, love and joy this Christmas and throughout the whole year".

I Will Look Within

This Christmas, I will look within

I will look within and see the memories of Christmas' past.

I will look within and see my mom and dad's Christmas spirit and the way they shared it with their family

I will look within and realize just how much I have been blessed

I will look within and ask God to take care of those less fortunate than I

I will look within and see the faces of the people who have helped me along the way and I will be grateful

I will look within and see the faces of family and friends who are no longer with us

I will look within and reflect on the Christmas memories that were shared together

I will look within and miss them but remember that their spirit and their memory lives on in the faces of their children

I will look within and seek inner peace

And once I have found it this Christmas

Then, I will look outward and offer it as my Christmas wish for you

Wishing you and yours a very Merry Christmas and a Wonderful and Happy New Year

Abel Cruz

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At Age 60, Raymond Composes a Special Letter to Santa

By Raymond Rodriguez
Santa, as I get older and hopefully wiser, my personal Christmas wish list gets shorter and the list of things that I am thankful for grows longer. This year I am going to celebrate my 80th Christmas.

There is nothing more that I desire for myself. However, I am going to pester you with gift suggestions for children everywhere. These gifts cost practically nothing but keep on giving the year around.

Santa, please have parents spend more time with their children. Hug them and praise them. Relate to them at their own level. Guide and discipline them with affection.

Santa, have the adults read to the children every day. The delights and wonders found in books are joys that no child should be denied. A child who enjoys reading is

never bored or lonely.

Santa, have moms and dads spend more time in the kitchen with their youngsters. Help them bake cookies or make fudge. Yes, sometimes they make a mess, but the glow on their faces exceeds the heat emanating from the oven. Remember how much fun it was licking the wooden spoon? It still is.

Santa, persuade the grownups to get down on the floor and play with the kids, no matter how foolish the game may seem. Play just for the fun of it.

Sometimes education needs a time-out.

Santa, remind families to plant something, even if it's only in a clay pot. The children will enjoy watching their plant grow. Let them water and care for it. Children are fascinated by its budding and blooming. Perhaps they sense the miracle of their own creation and development.

Santa, encourage families to build things together. Combining adult skills with the enthusiasm and imagination of children can transform a chunk of wood or a cardboard box into something magical. It really doesn't matter what you make. The feeling of accomplishment is what counts.

Santa, don't let families forget to share household chores on a regular basis.

It makes the children feel they play an important role. Youngsters raised in a family that enjoys working together seldom stray from the values they are taught. They learn by precept as well as concept.

Santa, make sure someone takes the children to the library, to the museum, to an open-air concert or some other social event, to appreciate the richness of the community in which they live. Such experiences will nurture the essence of what they may someday become.

Santa, please have someone take the children for walks in the park, the seashore or rustic trail. Let them set the pace, and kneel to see things at their level. The adults will be surprised at how much more they too see when viewing the world through the eyes of a child.

I know you are busy, Santa, but please check my list twice and see if I have overlooked something important. If I have, draw on your boundless love and wisdom and add anything you deem desirable. And please remind adults that love, the gift children need most, cannot be purchased in a store. Love begets love when we give freely of ourselves throughout the year.

Best of all, it doesn't have to be wrapped.

EL EDITOR

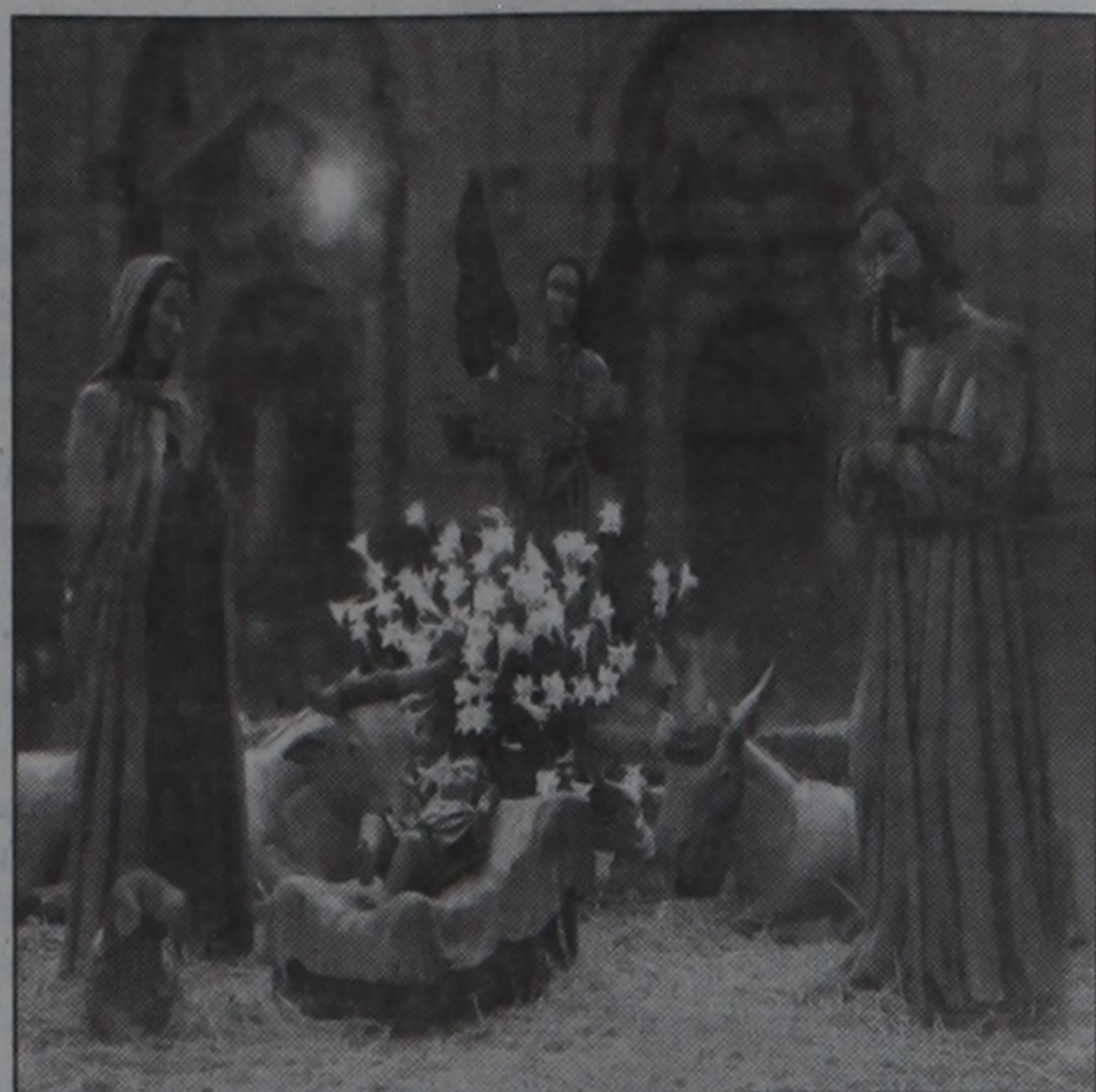
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Hispanic Christmas Traditions

For Hispanics Christmas remains a predominantly religious holiday. The ties and traditions that are well established into the culture itself have remained. The holiday of Christmas is a season more than a day to celebrate. As with most traditions in the Hispanic culture, the celebrations of the Christmas season are devoted family times. The season of Christmas traditionally lasts from the beginning known as



Advent through the Baptism of Jesus.

Traditionally the holiday season begins with Advent. Advent is the Latin word for arrival or coming. It is the time when the traditional Catholic prepares for the coming of the Lord. Advent begins four Sundays before Christmas. One of the most popular traditions in celebrating Advent is the Advent wreath. Traditionally there are three purple colored candles and one that is rose colored. The rose colored candle is lit on the third Sunday of Advent. The purple candles are to remind the celebrants to turn their hearts to God and the rose colored candle is to symbolize joy. The white candle, lighted on Christmas, is called the Christ Candle, and represents purity.

Posadas is a tradition that many Hispanic cultures share. Posadas mean literally shelter or lodging. It is a reenactment of Joseph and Mary's journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem and their search for shelter. This tradition is celebrated by a group of people traveling from house to house through

out a community asking for shelter. All are to refuse them until they come to the last house in which they are all invited to come in. The ritual lasts for nine days (December 16-24).

*There are some other traditionally catholic days

of celebration that are a part of the Hispanic culture.

*The feast of the Immaculate Conception is celebrated on December 8th.

*The Feast of the Holy Family is celebrated on the Sunday after Christmas or on December 30 when Christmas falls on Sunday on Dec. 31. The Epiphany, the oldest of the Christmas feasts, is also known as Three Kings Day for the three magi who found the Christ

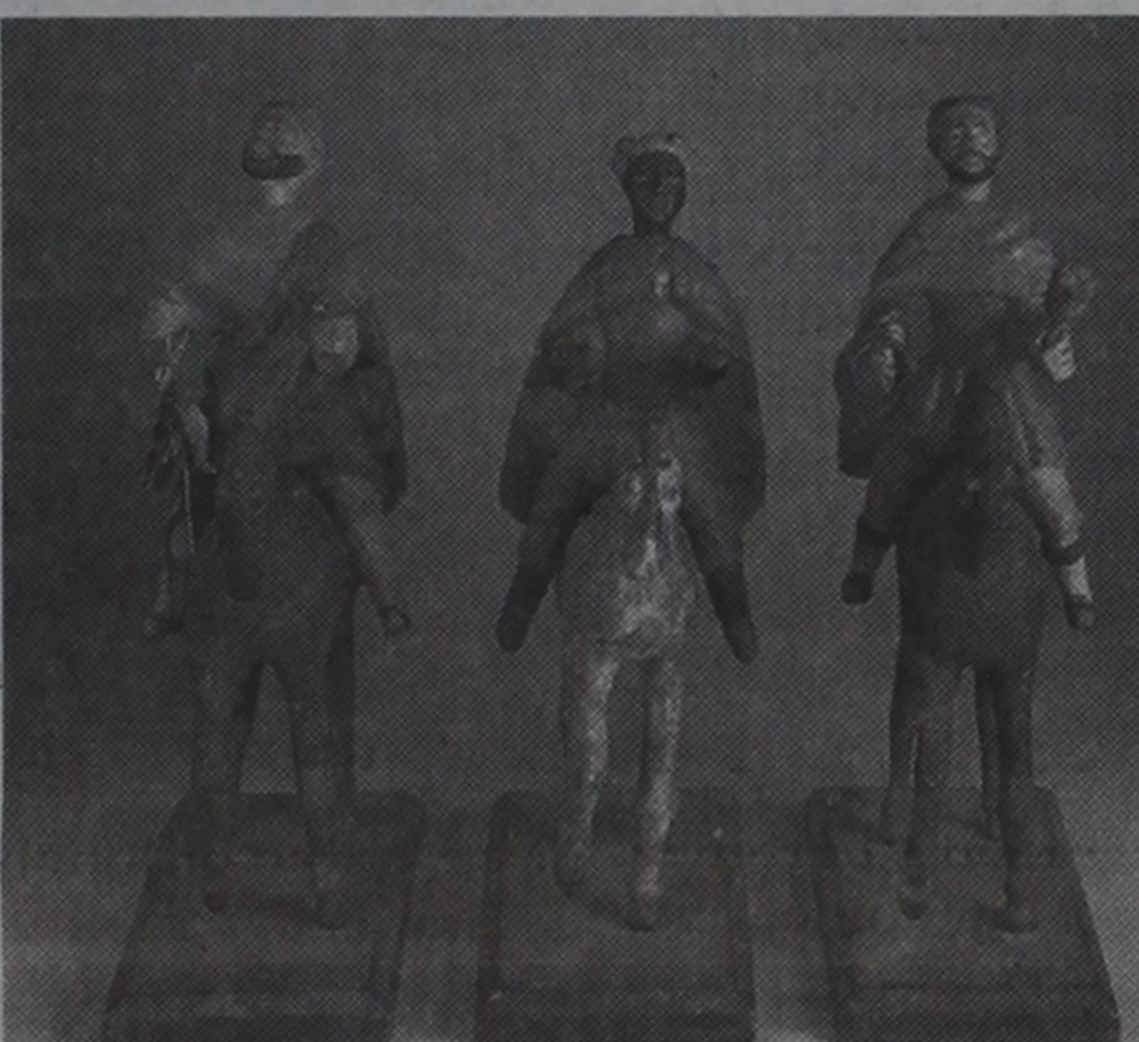
Child after following a star to Bethlehem. It is celebrated on Jan. 6 and is the major holiday of the Christmas period in the Eastern Church. This is the day traditionally to give gifts as opposed to Christmas day as in other cultures.

*The Baptism of Our Lord brings the Christmas season to a close. It is celebrated on the first

Sunday after the Epiphany.

There are also many unique traditions for celebrating the Christmas Holiday seasons that each nationality has.

The Hispanic Tradition of celebrating the Three King's Day or El Dia De Los Tres Magos actually holds its roots in Catholic Traditions. In the Catholic Tradition, the 6th of January is set aside to celebrate the coming of the three magi to offer gifts to the newly born king. According to the bible, the three kings set off following a star that foretold of the birth of the king of the world. In ancient times there were many who studied the stars to tell of future events. They were known as astrologers and were highly regarded for their skills. When the stars foretold of the birth of a great king there was a set of kings who set off to offer gifts to the king. These Kings came to King Herod and told him that they were going to honor the newly born king. As the record goes, the King Herod was very jealous and wished to destroy the Jesus. King Herod told the Magi to go and find the



baby Jesus and to return to him and let him know where he might also go and pay tribute to the

King.

The Magi continued on their journey. After they departed, King Herod plotted to find out where the baby Jesus was so he might kill him.

When the magi came to where the child was, no age is stated; they laid before him Frankincense,

myrrh and gold. When they had finished paying tribute to the newly born king, they departed. On their return journey and angel appeared to them and told them of King Herod's plot to kill Jesus and advised them to not go and see him again. Taking the advice of the angel, the magi turned away from Bethlehem and returned home. When King Herod found out, he was very mad and ordered all children under the age of two be put to death to ensure the death of Jesus there by protecting his reign. An angel then appeared to Joseph and Mary and told them to depart so that Jesus would be spared.

On January 5th, children prepare a box as if for the baby Jesus to lie in. Many of them line it with hay but you can surely use whatever you have, old rags or dry grass. The children then place the boxes under their beds. On January 6th, in the morning they wake up to find three presents in the box for them, or sometimes at the foot of the bed symbolic of the three gifts that were given to the baby Jesus by the Magi.

This Holiday is known to many other Catholics as the Epiphany and is celebrated with a special mass at church. In following with the faith of the Catholic Church, Hispanic Catholics go to mass and celebrate that day with a dinner prepared in celebration. In some Hispanic traditions, they also have that day a King Cake, which is a cake in which is hidden a plastic

baby. The lucky one to get the baby Jesus is named the God Parent of the Statue from the Nativity until the following year. They are to prepare and outfit for the baby and to present the statue for baptism at the Catholic Church on the day of Los Calendarios. This is the last day of Christmas and the day in which all decorations are put away until the following Christmas season.

What is so very nice about celebrating the Christmas season is that you stay focused on what the season is really about. Celebrating the birth of Jesus as well as maintaining the purity that comes with the avoidance of commercialization. Another wonderful thing about celebrating traditionally according to Hispanic manner is that you have many opportunities to teach your children about the history and traditions of your faith. The fun is surely there from all the parties and family as well as all the church functions, but you avoid a great deal of the commercialization of the holidays. In turn, you have a longer season of celebrating with fewer costs, more family bonding and more teaching of the religious faith to your children. All those after Christmas sales sure do make for a Merrier Three Kings day for the kids and the parents as well since after all, you do not have to max out your cash supply or credit cards to pay for a one-day event. Instead, you have a fun filled season opposed to a day, covering several days and several parties, with a limit on gifts given only to children on El Dia De Los tres Mago.

¿Que Pasa?

WPS is Hosting its Annual Drive

Women's Protective Services is preparing for Christmas at the shelter with its annual Christmas Drive, "Stuff the Chimney".

The community is asked to donate new, unwrapped gifts to WPS. There are several ways to help. Individuals, businesses or organizations may Adopt-A-Family, woman or child, or donate gifts to the general client population.

The drive began Nov. 24 and ended Dec. 15. Donations were collected at ALL Bodyworks Fitness locations at.

Volunteers also needed during the Christmas holidays to help with the drive or to host Christmas parties for the clients. WPS hopes to bring holiday cheer to all of its clients. Last year WPS served more than 150 residents clients during the Christmas holidays as well as many non-resident clients. For more information on how you can help, please contact Roy or Nana at (806) 748-5292.

Toys, Fruit Bags, & Hot Dogs for Children

St. Joseph's Church, Univision, Guadalupe Economic Services and St. Nike will be passing out toys, fruit bags, and hot dogs to children of all ages farmworkers and everyone is welcome. Saturday, Dec. 23, 2006 from 11 am to 2 pm at 102 N. Ave. P.

Christmas Distribution Continues at South Plains Food Bank in Lubbock

The season of giving goes on at the South Plains Food Bank in Lubbock. Distribution of Christmas boxes will continue through noon Friday (22 Dec.) at the Food Bank, 4612 Locust Ave., and then resume on December 27.

Officials expect to hand out nearly 5,000 boxes by the end of this year's holiday season. The boxes go to individuals and families holding vouchers issued by local churches and charitable organizations.

Food and other items in the boxes came from the recent "U Can Share" drive and other Food Bank sources.



Hojala que usted y su familia tengan una Feliz Navidad

TIEMPO DE REGALAR CON COCA-COLA'



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Feliz Navidad

Las Posadas, A Bilingual Celebration for Christmas

What Are the Posadas?

Las Posadas is a traditional Mexican Christmas celebration that is quickly becoming a cherished custom of both Hispanics and non-Hispanics alike throughout the United

States. Posadas traditionally takes place on the last nine evenings before Christmas between December 16 and 24. The traditional Posada song tells the story of Mary and Joseph. The nightly procession is a way of reliving Mary and Joseph's search for shelter (cf. Lk 2:4-7). Posadas means "inn or lodging." How to Have a Posadas Those celebrating the Posadas gather together. Children can be dressed as Mary and Joseph. Adults, carrying candles and representations of Joseph and Mary (these are called los misterios), and in some places even the little donkey, form a procession with the children and



prepare to go in search of posada (shelter). The procession visits homes (usually three per night), which have been designated ahead of time. Mary, Joseph, and those in the procession approach the door of the first home, singing in

Spanish: "Do you have lodging?" The people inside the house respond by singing, "Go away. This is no inn." The procession moves to other houses, and again they are refused lodging. At the last house, however, the "inn keepers" relent and welcome the exhausted travelers. They sing, "Enter, holy pilgrims. Come into our humble dwelling and into our hearts. The night is one of joy, for here beneath our roof we shelter the Mother of God." Everyone enters the house and a celebration begins. There is usually food, beverages, and a piñata for the children.

The Posadas Song

(English)

Outside
In the name of heaven,
I ask you for shelter
because my beloved wife
can continue no longer.

Inside
This is no inn,
continue on your way.
I am not about to open.
You may be a scoundrel.

Outside
Don't be inhuman.
Have charity.
For the God of the heavens
will reward you.

Inside
Now you can go
and don't bother us
because if I get angry
I will hit you..

2
Outside
We come exhausted
all the way from
Nazareth;
I am a carpenter
by the name of Joseph.

Inside
I don't care what your
name is.
Let me go back to sleep,
I am telling you
I am not about to open.

Outside
The queen of heaven
is asking for shelter,
dear landlord,
just for one night.

Inside
Well, if it is a queen
who is asking,
how is it that at night
she travels so alone?

3
Outside
My wife is Mary,
she is queen of Heaven,
and she will be mother
of the Divine Word.

Inside
Are you Joseph,
your wife is Mary?
Come in, pilgrims,
I did not recognize you.

Outside
May God reward
your great charity, good
people,
and fill the heavens
with happiness.

Inside
Blessed the house
that shelters this day
the pure Virgin,
the beautiful Mary!
Final verse upon entering.

Enter holy pilgrims,
pilgrims;
Accept this corner.
Although the dwelling is
poor,
I give it to you with all
my heart.

Let us sing with joy, joy.
Let us reflect together,
that Jesus, Joseph and
Mary,
have come today to honor
us. (Repeat)

Lubbock Pan-American Golf Association

Gilbert Moreno has been elected President of the Lubbock PAGA Chapter for the 2007 year following the organization's election meeting Sunday after the last tournament of the year.

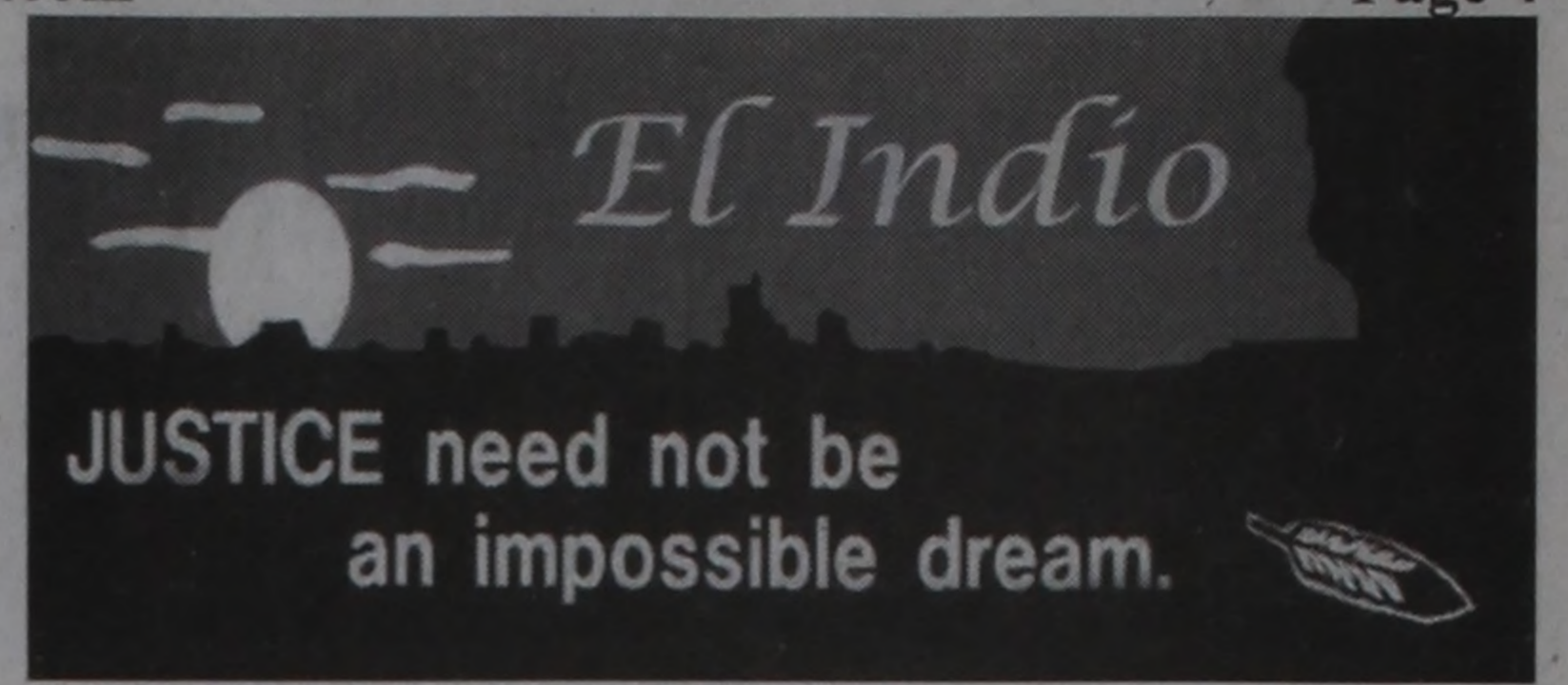
Lubbock PAGA was organized in 1975 and is one of 48 chapters in 9 states. It's goals are to promote amateur golf among chapter members by instilling fair play and support any charitable purposes and provide

assistance and scholarships to students in need of advanced education.

A schedule of tournaments will be announced at a later date along with a purposed West Texas tournament with chapters out of Amarillo, Plainview, Abilene and Odessa. The elected officials as follow: Gilbert Moreno, President; Roy Galaviz, vice-president; co-Tournament Directors, Michael Bentancourt, Rene Vargas; Rachel Moreno-Secretary; Juan Dominguez-Treasurer; Rudy Esparza-Public Relations; and Board Directors Roy Moreno, Ben Jaime, Kevin Ortiz, Marc Chavez and Ryan Rogers.

Winners of the 2-Man Low ball Tournament that was held on Sunday, Dec. 17 at Meadow Brook Golf Course: Championship 1st Ryan Rogers & Ron Rogers; 2nd Billy West & Sam Ortiz; 3rd Ben Jaime & Mild Martinez. 2nd Flight 1st Santos Prieto & Manuel Prieto; 2nd Ray Villareal & Roy DeLeon; 3rd Roy Galaviz & Claudio Rosales. 1st Flight 1st Abel Marquez & Vince Dominguez; 2nd Gilbert Cuevas & Roy Moreno; 3rd Juan Dominguez & Shawn Bentley.

All the support and effort that took place during this tournament is greatly appreciated by the organization as a whole.



Many Thoughts on Many Things at Christmastide...
by Roger Quannah Settler El Indio
For those of you who have read "News of the Weird" in The Austin Chronicle and other newspapers...Lubbock has its own version of the "Weird".....

The Lubbock City Council, which seems to be driven ONLY by money and power, is rushing to judgment again...this time with the highly controversial "red light cameras". Knowing FULL WELL that even the Texas Legislature, the heart of the beast, is unlikely to sanction these money-grubbing devices, our esteemed City Leaders are bent on buying...and installing...these cameras...Just like the ill-advised and taxpayer-financed Electronic Voting Machines, these Red Light Cameras are destined for the dusty confines of a warehouse...a very large one, given the Lubbock penchant for wasting taxpayer dollars. And...yes, this waste goes into the MILLIONS of dollars...a sad thing, considering how hard most Lubbock residents...and our El Editor readership...work to make ends meet, given the FINES and FEES and TAXES and UTILITY BILLS that the average Joe...or José...must pay.

TAKE NOTE that only JOHN LEONARD voted against this boondoggle...and this writer must apologize to JOHN for misjudging him in the past...he has turned out to be the LONE VOICE for common sense on this Council.

Our fine-feathered "Minority" representatives? Yep, you guessed it...both LINDA DeLEON and FLOYD PRICE voted to tax and fine the average citizen once again...LINDA even went on camera saying, "If you don't break the law", you won't get a ticket in the mail...wanna bet? Wanna wager that folks who are opposed to Lubbock politics as usual suddenly get loaded up with mysterious red-light fines?

The only way to avoid these mail-order tickets is to AVOID those intersections...when the cameras go up, look to this column for a list of the locations...and a word to the wise...if you wish to avoid being a victim of the red light scam, AVOID those places...drive a block or two out of your way...avoid major streets and the Interstate...and you'll be safe. An early Christmas gift...KNOWLEDGE...

While we're on the subject of our minority "representatives"...check out the Red Light article in the Lubbock Avalanche-Journal this week...just below the story about the cameras:

"The council declined to up the pay of three recently promoted assistant city managers. Phyllis Jones motioned to include the pay increases as part of the city's budget amendment. The increases were not included on the city agenda. But Mayor David Miller and Councilmen Gary Boren, Jim Gilbreath and John Leonard voted against that. 'We had an agreement we weren't going to take this up until after the beginning of the year,' Leonard said. 'I don't appreciate this surprise attack.' Miller said he would have voted for the increases had they been listed on the agenda."

CHECK IT OUT...once again, our minority "representatives" voted to INCREASE the pay of outrageously overpaid Assistant City Managers...remember, folks, these are individuals who make between

\$ 125,000 and 200,000 dollars per year...there is a LONG LIST of these people. Yes, the money that the Council so craves...badly enough to annex the strip, install red light cameras, and God knows what else... goes to fund these salaries...at the expense of all of us who struggle to pay Utility fees, taxes, fines and now, red light tickets...

Speaking of overpaid, out-of-control people...the Lubbock Police Department has distinguished itself once again. Another new item, worthy of Austin's "News of the Weird", concerns the alleged DWI antics of a new police recruit, Jacob Opperman...yes, the very Jacob Opperman, the poster boy for hiring new recruits, the guy who went to the media with Floyd Price's help, to plead for the restoration of 25 police recruits in last year's budget cycle.

The overlooked item in all of this is the police misconduct at the party Opperman allegedly attended, with several other police officers, according to the media. These marvelous guys removed two of his tires and flattened the other two as a "prank"...CHECK IT OUT...if any of us had participated in the destruction of City property, particularly a police cruiser, indictments would be very quickly meted out. But since "Lubbock's finest" are involved, this allegation wasn't even mentioned in the early news reports. Yes, Opperman should be punished if indeed he is guilty...but so should the other officers who allegedly committed "criminal mischief" or "destruction of public property". This shameful incident once again points out the CRYING NEED for a Police Review Board...most major cities have one, and Lubbock will never grow up until we have one too. These shenanigans should be investigated by someone outside of the department, an impartial body with the PUBLIC INTEREST in mind.

ABEL CRUZ has once again performed a great public service by writing about the overuse of police "tasers". The latest outrage is the racially-motivated incident involving L.J. McCallan, Jr., the young man who was repeatedly tased while trying to comply with police orders at a routine traffic stop. Even the District Attorney's office recognized that he wasn't "resisting arrest", and did not deserve the treatment he received. Another case for a Police Review Board!

This writer also wishes to praise CHARLIE DUNN's well-written article on "Where Are the Minority Leaders" two weeks ago in El Editor. Charlie wrote that: "As long as we have a civil and criminal justice system that refuses to hold police accountable for police brutality, it will continue. As long as we have a community in which minorities are disproportionately stopped, searched, tased, and arrested, and minority community leaders and non-minority community leaders remain silent, it will continue. When the Hampton Basketball Coaches were illegally arrested in the Wal-Mart parking lot several years ago, I was stunned at the reaction from the minority elected officials and leaders. Nothing but silence. In the years since, nothing... has changed. Still silence, nothing but silence. We either have no minority leaders in Lubbock, or we need new ones. As they say in Spanish, Su Vota es su Voz."

Another article of great import was last week's "Super Precinct Experiment Inconclusive" with contributions by County Commissioner YSIDRO GUTIERREZ and County Democratic Chair JOHNNIE JONES. This writer has opposed "Super Precincts" from the very beginning of the proposal locally, and was quite alone in my early opposition to this scatter-brained and ill-advised proposal...except for a fellow long-serving Precinct Chair, SARA McLARTY, and later, Dr. NEALE PEARSON, who urged in vain that the Overton area be represented in the November "experiment". Sara wrote an excellent "Letter to the Editor" of the Avalanche-Journal, in which she addressed the A-J Editorial Board: "These facts make me think the experiment may not be the "super success" you think it was." Three weeks ago, Neale published a well-researched analysis of "Super Precinct" results here in El Editor, in which he said that "County officials should rethink the decision of closing down familiar polling places."

One of the officials on the panel during the public hearing phase even called me a "nut" for opposing this "super" proposal...but now the TRUTH is out in the open. Not only are "Super Precincts" destructive of the Precinct Chair/Election Judge system used through Texas history, but "Super Precincts" caused long lines, voter confusion, and SEVEN THOUSAND fewer voters than in 2002, the last statewide non-Presidential election.

Johnnie "entered into this pilot program with the anticipation that this pilot would increase voter participation in Lubbock County. Unfortunately, this was not the outcome of the experiment." Ysidro concluded that "there is no evidence on which to recommend the Super Precinct program for implementation in the other 253 counties in Texas." AMEN!

Next week, I shall write about a Lubbock take on the Christmas classic "It's a Wonderful Life"...our version is an updated vision of "Pottersville"...and...you guessed it... "McDougalville", first in Lubbock and COMING SOON to Irving!

In just a few days, Christmas 2006 is going to be here at last...from all of us here at El Editor, we wish you and your family a most Merry Christmas! Feliz Navidad!



¡Feliz Navidad!

Merry Christmas!

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Haciendo Tamales en Navidad: a Hispanic Tradition

When everything Christmas comes with a shortcut - the pre-signed Christmas card, the pre-decorated tree, even cookies already cut because who has time for slicing - the high-maintenance homemade holiday tamale is facing grim times, indeed.

Tamales are a beloved icon of local culture, but those lovely, luscious bundles can take three days to prepare. The recipe has to be extracted from generations of memory: Many of those nanas refused to write it down. And assembling the precious dozens requires a horde of helpers who must eke a spare Saturday out of December's insanity. All of this, and you can get a dozen from the drive-through for \$18.

The cultural sellout is tempting: You'd still have tamales for Christmas. But there would be guilt. And disappointed children. And somewhere, up in heaven, a disgusted nana shaking her head.

Some Latino families now sacrifice the homemade tamale to modern times, buying a few dozen or picking up pre-made masa and mixed meat from the market.

But others pony it up and slug through the kitchen fest in the name of preserving their rapidly assimilating culture and saving a fading tradition.

"We make ourselves do them," says Margaret Macias, 53, of Phoenix, who has pared her yearly 35 dozen tamale tradition to a trim 20 bundles. "It was just too much. Nobody likes to do it anymore. It's just a lot of work. It can be fun. . . . And then it's like I still make 'em because I don't wanna lose that knowledge."

Then, when the cooking is done, "you have so many pots to wash out, and it's 'Oh, my God, who's gonna do the pots?' But we all enjoy that day, even if we're dead tired."

In today's rapidly merging Hispanic and American cultures, "there are a lot of traditions that kind of dissipate," says Abelardo de la Peña Jr. of Los Angeles, a strategist with Iconculture, a consumer research group. "The use of Spanish as a primary language, the telenovelas. But (tamales) are something that can be passed on in a cultural way, a culinary way, in an authentic, real fun way of passing on food and party and enjoyment."

Of course, this "passing on" means that you get yourself to a kitchen and you watch and help and learn. The first ingredient in this recipe is time, and the rest is absorbed just by being there and getting your hands into some

dough. Twelve-year-old Lorena Ledezma of Phoenix has been haunting the kitchen at tamale time for as long as she can remember. She can't wait until it's her turn to learn - maybe this year, her mother says. She loves being in there with her mother and all of her aunts, everybody focused on making morsels of joy.

"Everybody's all talking and talking and making tamales and it's 'pass me the meat' and 'pass me the

make them?'" Tamale-making is learned by rote. After 40 dozen, you've figured out the right ratio of masa to meat. You've memorize how to fold the corn husks into neat packages after doing it again and again.

Being there is how this custom is carried on, and there is immense pressure, even if you're working, even if you have kids and a household, to be at tamale day and uphold your culture.

"If you don't go, you hear it



chile,' and I'm in charge of cleaning up the leaves," Ledezma says.

Ledezma walks with agility between her two cultures. She loves Hello Kitty and Rebelde, translates Spanish into English for her parents at home, and worships Jack in the Box. But the tamale is something she plans to hold dear.

"So that when I grow up, I'll be able to make some for my children. So I won't have to be like, 'Mom, what's the recipe? Will you help me

from everybody," says Stephanie Gonzales, 27, a receptionist in Phoenix. "It's 'Where were you? Where were you? Where were you?'"

And if you're not there, well, there may be no tamales for you. The handmade tamale is a rare treat, a labor of love, and doled out accordingly. The temptation to horde is strong.

"My husband promises everybody tamales," says Rosie

High-tower, 50, of Phoenix. "We grind the masa, boil up the chile, the whole works. We'll make 25 dozen, and I think there's two dozen left for us. And I'll say, 'OK, that's it, we're not going to do any more of this.'"

So the official word this year is that she's not making any at all.

"If I say I'm not making any, they'll leave me alone," High-tower says. "If I just make 15 dozen, it won't be so bad."

"You've gotta keep 'em going," she adds. "It's too easy, too easy to just buy 'em. It's about the feelings that you put into it when you're making 'em. You think of who you're making them for and how they appreciate the tamales."

Specifically, she thinks of her husband's friend, who got his hands on a dozen of her tamales and in his glee ate all 12 on his drive home.

The tamale was almost lost in Anita Luera's family. Her mother died about a year and a half ago, and she "was the glue who used to hold the tamales together."

In their sadness, Luera and her siblings were tempted to just let it go, but instead "it's developed into a family rebuilding effort," the 51-year-old Tempe woman says.

Their dedication to the tamales involves considerable schedule wrangling, and they all have to be there because no one knows the entire recipe. They have to pool their memories of Mom.

"We're all working, we all have families, we all have different priorities," Luera says. "We start the conversation via e-mail: 'What's a good date?'"

This year, Saturdays were shot, so they're all taking a Friday off of work to celebrate each other and their culture and to make their familial holiday magic.

"You just can't do it one person on their own," Luera says. "But once we come together, we remember all those lessons that were taught over the years of fixing the ojas and how to spread masa. If one doesn't remember, then the other reminds."

And sure, there's a shortcut involved - store-bought masa - but in the end, it really doesn't matter.

"Being from a big family," Luera says, "the best blessing is that we can all come together for this tradition."

A LOS 80 AÑOS, RAYMOND LE ESCRIBE UNA CARTA ESPECIAL A PAPA NOEL

Raymond Rodríguez Papa Noel, al irme haciendo mayor, y más sabio (así espero), se reduce más y más mi lista de deseos de Navidad, mientras que crece más y más mi lista de cosas por las que doy las gracias. Este año habré celebrado ochenta veces la Navidad - toda una vida. Ya no deseo nada más para mí mismo. Eso sí, te voy a fastidiar con sugerencias de regalos que hacerles a los niños por todo el mundo. Los dones que recomiendo no cuestan casi nada, y sin embargo, siguen regalando durante el año entero.



Papa Noel, haz, por favor, que los papás y las mamás pasen más tiempo con sus hijos; que les den abrazos y los alaben. Que sepan hablar con ellos al nivel de madurez en el que se encuentran. Que con cariño los orienten y los disciplinen.

Papa Noel, haz que los papás les lean libros a sus hijos todos los días. Los deleites y las maravillas que en los libros se encuentran son alegrías que todo niño se merece. Un niño o una niña a quien le gusta leer nunca se aburre ni siente la soledad.

Papa Noel, que las mamás y los papás pasen más tiempo con sus pequeños en la cocina, ayudándoles a preparar pasteles y dulces. Es verdad que a veces ensucian, pero el resplandor de su rostro colma hasta el calor del horno.

Papa Noel, convence a los adultos que se pongan a jugar con los chicos en el suelo, sin importarles lo tonto que parezca el juego. Que jueguen por el simple placer de jugar. A veces la educación necesita un recreo.

Papa Noel, recuérdales a las familias que siembren algo, así sea en una maceta de barro. A los niños les fascinará ver crecer su plantita. Que ellos la rieguen y la cuiden. Quedarán encantados con verla echar brotes y florecer. Tal vez intuyan el milagro de su propia creación y desarrollo.

Papa Noel, anima a las familias a construir cosas juntos. La combinación de las destrezas de los adultos con el entusiasmo y la imaginación de los chicos puede transformar un pedazo de madera o una caja de cartón en algo mágico. No tiene importancia alguna lo que se construya. Lo que cuenta es sentir orgullo por haber logrado algo.

Papa Noel, que las familias no se olviden de compartir siempre las tareas caseras, porque así sienten los niños que juegan un papel importante en la familia. Los jóvenes que crecen con una familia que disfruta colaborando, rara vez se derivan de los valores que han aprendido en casa. Aprenden tanto por precepto como por concepto.

Papa Noel, no dejes de asegurar que alguien lleve a los niños a la biblioteca, al museo, a un concierto al aire libre o a otro evento social, para que aprecien la riqueza de su comunidad. Estas experiencias nutren la esencia de la persona que algún día serán.

Papa Noel, haz, por favor, que alguien lleve de paseo a los chicos al parque, a la playa o por un sendero rústico. Que los chicos mismos marquen el paso, y que los adultos se acucillan para ver lo que ellos ven, a su mismo nivel. Se sorprenderán de lo mucho más que verán al mirar el mundo por los ojos de un niño.

Yo sé que estás muy ocupado, Papa Noel, pero te pido que me revises la lista dos veces por si se me olvidara algo importante. Si falta algo, sírvete de tu gran amor y sabiduría y agrega lo que te parezca mejor. Y, por favor, recuérdales a los adultos que el amor, aquel regalo que más necesitan los niños, no se compra en una tienda. Del amor brota el amor cuando damos sin recelo de nosotros mismos todo el año.

Y lo mejor -- no hay que envolverlo.

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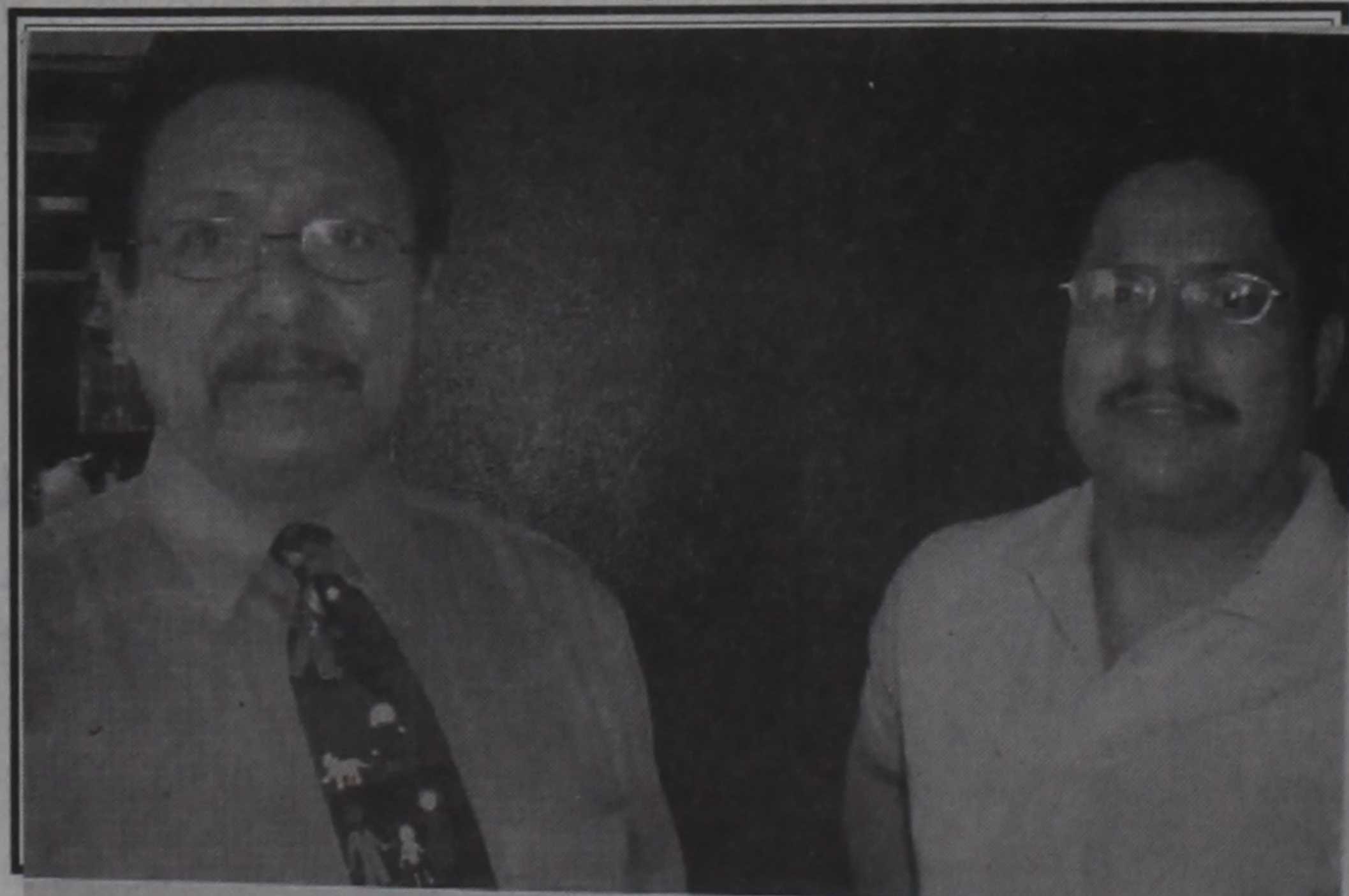
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El Maravillos Traje de Santa Clos

Un Cluento de Navidad
Por Bidal Aguero

Ya solo faltaban cinco días para Navidad y todavía era poco difícil para que Jose sentiera el espíritu navideño ya que

Navidad se miraba poco triste para su familia la cual consistía de su esposa, Matilde, sus dos hijos, Juan y Pedro y su hijita, Teresita.

La tristesa se debía de que Jose apenas habia empesado este trabajo con el gobierno municipal hacia dos semanas.

El trabajo lo encontro despues de estar sin trabajo por casi 6 meses. Jose, estaba bastante agradecido a su patron, Charlie, por darle la oportunidad de trabajar.

El trabajo de basurero no era un trabajo de catagoria pero era un trabajo humilde y honesto que le hiba ayudar poner una poquita de comida en la mesa para su familia.

El trabajo de basurero no pagaba mucho dinero. Lo poquito que ganaba se tenia que usar para pagar la renta, utilidades y el resto de las cosas necesarias en la vida.

Apenas hoy en la mañana habia estado hablando con Matilde tocante la Navidad. Recordaba las palabras exactas de Matilde, "Los niños comprenden queno tenemos dinero y que no vamos a poder darles mucho para Navidad. Quisa nos alcance para comprar unos dulces a Juanito y Pedro y para Teresita podemos buscar algo bueno para ella."

Pero Jose sabia que Juanito, quien tenia 8 años, y Pedrito, quien tenia 7 años, estaban ya en la escuela y ademas sabia como eran los niños en Navidad. Ya se imaginaba que ellos se ponian a platicar con sus amigotes y discutir se que les iba traer Santa Claus. Se imaginaba que algunos de sus amigotes tenian padres quien tenian dinero y les iban a dar a sus hijos cantidades de regalos.

La realidad de que Jose no iba poder darle a sus hijos esos tipos de regalos le traian lagrimas a sus ojos.

El siempre habia soñado de poder darle halgo bueno a sus hijos. Quería hacerlo porque el siempre habia sido pobre y sus padres no habian tenido el dinero para regalos.

¿Pero que podia hacer? Jose se tenia que resignar a el hecho de que esta Navidad hiba ser como muchas otras en que el y su esposa les daban a sus hijos lo que pudieran.

Jose y Matilde se conformaban con recibir los abrazos de Juan y Pedro. Al pensar eso, a Jose le dio bastante tristesa ya que se acordo de Teresita. Sabia que un abrazos de Teresita seria casi imposible.

Desde que nació Teresita, hace 4 años, habia sido muy callada. Ella no lloraba como los otros niños. Jose sabia que no estaba muda porque si hacia algunos ruidos y de vez en cuando y a los tres años, habia varias veces que el escuchaba a Teresita

hablando o cantando mientras estaba sentada en su esquina.

Ya le decian "su esquina" porque parecia que Teresita gastaba como 90 porciento de su tiempo en esa esquina jugando sola. A veces jugaba por horas y horas con una tapadera de un frasco, dandole vuelta y vuelta.

Jose y Matilde sabian que Teresita tenia algo mal y que deberian de llevarla a ver un doctor, pero actualmente no

tenian el dinero. Si la hubieran llevado a la clinica social de niños, seria muy difícil para que ellos le explicaran a los doctores americanos las sintomas. En el pueblito donde ellos vivian no habian doctores Mexicanos. Ademas cuando la examinaban los doctores ellos siempre decian que Teresita estaba en buenas condiciones físicas y que no hablaba mucho porque estaba su desarrollo mental era "un poco despacio."

Jose y Matilde sabian que estos doctores estaban completamente mal. Ellos sabian que Teresita ya sabia todo y su mentalidad para ser niña de cuatro años era superior. Sabian que muchos niños a la edad de 4 no se vestian solos. Ya Teresita ademas de vestirse se peinaba. Por seguro, no se peinaba exacta pero bastante bien.

Cuando Matilde dijo que tenia que buscar algo bueno como regalo para Teresita, Jose sabia que no le iban a poder dar solamente un dulce o un juguete cualquiera. Teresita no jugaba mucho con juguetes. Le gustaba mas estar en su esquina jugando con cosas que dieran vueltas y vueltas.

"Jose, Jose." Era su patron Charlie. Mientras pensaba de sus hijos, se le habia olvidado que estaba trabajando y era tiempo para bajarse de la troca para empesar a tirar los botes de basura de otro de los callejones. Al bajarse de la troca se reprocho por si mismo por no poner atención en su trabajo.

Al llegar a la mitad de el callejon, Jose encontro algo en uno de los botes que lo hizo una vez mas empesar a pensar de Navidad. Era un traje de Santa Claus. Por seguro el residente de la casa habia comprado uno nuevo y habia tirado el viejo.

Aunque se encontraba un poco roto en partes, estaba en buenas condiciones y estaba completo con barbas y cabellera blanca.

Despues de examinarlo un poco, se le vino una idea a Jose. Asi como encontro este traje quisa si buscaba en otros botes mas cuidadosamente podia hayar regalos para su familia. Sabia que no iba hayar nada elegante pero tambien pensaba que en estos tiempos mucha gente tiraba los juguetes viejos para hacer campo para los nuevos que recibieran los niños en Navidad. El

hecho de que ya era el ultimo callejon que trabajarian este día, Jose se resigno empesar, con el favor de Dios, en su proyecto el proximo día. Solo le quedaban 4 días para su tarea.

El día siguiente que llego al trabajo Jose, lo primero que hizo fue preguntarle a su patron Charlie por permiso de seguir con sus planes. La noche antes le habia enseñado el traje de Santa Claus a Matilde y le habia explicado de sus planes diciendole que estuviera segura que no vieran el traje los niños. Matilde fue la que le habia alvertido que estuviera mejor si le preguntara a su patron si no era encontra de las reglas del municipio quedarse con cosas que se hayaran en los botes de basura.

Charlie le dijo que estaba bien que buscara para regalos en los botes de basura pero que la unica regla era que si encontraba algo de bastante

valor o que se notara que el dueño le habia tirado por equivoco, tenia que regresar lo que se habia hallado. Jose le aseguro que al hayar algo haci de inmediato se lo entregaba.

"Yo no quiero nada que le pertenece a alguien mas," dijo Jose. Charlie tambien le dijo que estuviera seguro de no impedir el progreso de el camion. Es decir, que el camion no iba caminar mas despacio para darle tiempo a Jose que 'esculcara los botes para sus "regalos".

Esto queria decir que Jose iba tener que trabajar mas duro ya que si deberas queria buscar por los botes, tenia que andar caminando rapido o casi corriendo de un bote al otro. Esto no se le hacia muy difícil a Jose ya que el estaba mas que seguro que encontraria sus regalos sin mucho trabajo. Pero su tarea se hizo mas difícil de lo que el pensaba.

Para medio día Jose se dio cuenta que a lo contrarió de lo que el pensaba, los residentes de casa no tiraban los juguetes viejos antes de Navidad. Por lo mayoreo, los juguetes se tiraban despues de Navidad. Asi es que encontro muy pocos juguetes. Los que encontraba estaban completamente rotos. Aun esto Jose seguia con su promesa y corria de bote en bote buscando sus regalos.

Ya para las 3 de la tarde Jose andaba bastante cansado y todavia no encontraba nada de regalos. Fue detras de una casa blanca donde encontro lo que quizas podria ser un regalo para Juanito.

Alli detras de los botes de la casa blanca estaba una bicicleta. Le faltaba la llanta de enfrente, el asiento y la llanta de atras estaba rota. Aun que le dio poquita esperanza hallar la bicicleta, de pronto penso que iba ser poco difícil encontrar las partes que necesitaba. Jose subiu la bicicleta en el camion por si acaso no hayaba nada mas y seguio con su busqueda hasta la hora de salir.

Al terminar el día y despues de descargar el camion, Jose se

encontraba examinando la bicicleta cuando se acerco Charlie.

"Fue todo lo que encontrates ahora?", pregunto Charlie.

"Si, y no se si la puedo usar, no tiene llanta, y es difícil para hayar una," le contesto Jose.

"Pues porque no te fijas alli atras de la finca de los camiones, parece que yo "vide otra bicicleta," dijo Charlie.

Jose de pronto le dio las gracias y se fue a buscar detras de la finca. Alli a su maravilla estaba otra bicicleta pero desafortunadamente tenia solo la llanta de atras tambien. Pero eso no desiluciono a Jose porque de pronto penso que podria desconectar y quitar el freno de la llanta y trabajaria casi como una llanta de frente.

Luego le quedaria solo el cargo de hayar un asiento.

Jose trabajobastantes horas en tratar de hacer la llanta que trabajara. Estuvo mas complicado de lo que pensaba pero al fin lo logro. El problema de el asiento se resolvio con una tapadera de llanta de carro. Joe la doblo, la enrredo de garras ycon un alambre la monto como si fuera silla. Aun que las dos llantas estaban rotas, sabia que sus amigotes de el departamento de mecanica le ayudarian componerla y le darian poquita tinta para pintar la bicicleta para que pareciera nueva.

Ya tenia uno de los regalos y solo le quedaban 3 días para Navidad.

Jose entro al trabajo el siguiente día con una actitud bastante positiva. Ya habia hablado con los mecanicos tocante componer las llantas de la nueva bicicleta de Juanito y le habian asegurado que ellos se encargaban de componerlas. Ademas le habian dado un tubo de tinta colorada y antes de empesar su trabajo del día habia logrado ligar la bicicleta y darle una pasada con la tinta. Al terminar el día le daria otra pasadadita para que deveras brillara.

Ahora si sentia el espíritu de Navidad Jose. Ahora se iba dedicar a hallar otro regalo que fuera para Pedrito o para Teresita.

Al subirse a el camion para viajar a la vecindad donde iban a trabajar ese día, Jose se puso a pensar otra vez tocante Teresita. Anoche cuando los niños estaban dormidos, el y Matilde se pusieron a platicar. Matilde le habia dicho que parecia que Teresita se estaba poniendo peor. Le habia dicho que ahora Teresita nomas al despertar se iba para su esquina y empesaba a jugar con sus tapaderas y empesaba a mésar para atras y para adelante. Matilde habia tratado de hablar con

Teresita pero no habia podido comunicar con ella.

Matilde hasta le habia dicho que quiza Teresita estaban enbrujada.

Tocante eso Jose le habia dicho que era ridiculo eso de ser enbrujado y que tenia que ser una enfermedad.

"Pues porque no te fijas alli atras de la finca de los camiones, parece que yo "vide otra bicicleta," dijo Charlie. Jose nunca habia creído en brujerías y cosas asi. Quiza era porque sus padres le habia dado unos buenos consejos tocante todo lo que pasa en la vida. Quiza no tenia una educación formal

pero el pensaba que tenia bastante sentido comun.

"Jose, Jose." Le estaba llamando "Charlie. Otravez lo habia pescado soñando.

De pronto se bajo Jose de el camion y empeso su busqueda de regalos.

Eran ya casi el medio día cuando en uno de los botes detras de una casa muy grande y lujosa, Jose encontro lo que nunca en su vida esperaba. Alli



Eliana Reyes (arriba) y Azelia Reyes platicando con Pancho Clos durante su visita a Lubbock



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Music by Rosa Salazar and Gabriel Supporting Crew
Emily Diller, Olga Riojas-Aguero, Marisol Aguero, Molli Riojas
Gracias y Feliz Navidad

El Maravillos Traje de Santa Clos

sigue de la pagaina 6 entre algunas cajas se hayo una caja sin abrir. Al mirar adentro, sentio un gusto que hasta escal le descalofrio. Era un trompo desos de muchos colores que estaba decorado con lo que en ese momento, para el, parecian hoyas, aunque sabia bien que por cierto eran romas decoraciones.

Esto era el regalo perfecto para su querida Teresita. El ya sabia comotrabajaba el trompo. Le estirabas a la maneja para arriba y se la metias y el tompo daba vueltas y vueltas. Si, estaba seguro que Teresita estuviera muy contenta con este regalo que parecia habia caido del cielo.

Al mencionar Dios, Jose recordo algo. Charlie le habia dicho que si encontraba algo de bastante valor y que se notara que el dueo lo habia tirado por quivoco, lo tenia que entregar.

Se pregunto por si mismo, "Jose si este trompo era de mucho valor. Por cierto los dueños de la casa grande podrian comprar miles de este tipo de jugetes."

Para el no habia duda que si era de mucho valor. Jose decidio alzar su regalo recien hallado y decidir que hacer con el al fin del dia. Por mientras siquira con su buqueda.

El resto del dia no tuvo fruto para Jose ya que no encontro nada mas para sus niños. Todo el dia Jose habia pensado que hacer con el trompo, si entregarlo o quedarse con el. Quería con todo corazon quedarse con el ya que sabia que algo como eso, jamas lo iba encontrar. Una parte de su conciencia le decia que los ricos de la casa grande no les haria falta.

Pero su conciencia tambien le recordaba de la promesa que le habia hecho a su patron Charlie. Le habia prometido que entregaria de inmediato lo que se hallara de valor. Ya se acercaban a la hora de irse a la casa y todavia estaba incierto.

"Como te fue ahora Jose," era la voz de Charlie.

Ya tenia que hacer una decision.

La hora se habia llegado. "Pues...nomas Tencontre este," dijo Jose enseñandole el trompo a Charlie. "Y me imagino que esta cae bajo la regla que pusiste que obviamente se tiro en la basura por equivoco," dijo Jose. Y al decirlo sentio sus preocupaciones huir su cuerpo y se sentio su conciencia limpia.

"Pues," dijo Charlie "Para mi no es algo de mucho valor pero como dices tu, si parece que se tiro por equivoco. Lo que tendremos que hacer es comunicarnos con los residentes de la casa donde te lo encontrastes y hablar con ellos," continuo diciendo Charlie. "Solo tenemos que llamarles que si lo desean para atras, tienen Wque venir por ello aqui a la finca. Puede ser que no lo quieran y si asi es te lo regresare." Con eso Charlie se llevo el trompo, tomo la informacion tocante donde se lo habia encontrado Jose y se largo para la oficina.

Al ver a Charlie llevarse el trompo Jose sentia una poca de tristesa pero sabia que habia hecho lo mejor. Quisa la gente rica de la casa grande no iban a querer el trompo. Si haci era, ya tenia su regalo para Teresita. Si no, pues solamente tenia 2 mas dias para encontrar otro presente para Teresita y otro para Pedrito.

El siguiente dia Jose llevo temprano al trabajo.

La noche antes no habia dormido bien pensando en que era lo que iban a decir la gente de la casa grande.

Ya le habia dicho a Matilde lo que

habia pasado y ella estuvo de acuerdo con la decision.

Tambien esa noche, despues de que los niños se habian dormido, Jose se habia medido el traje de Santa Claus. Matilde lo habia cosido y compuesto para que le quedara bien a Jose. Dejo el traje con bastante sentura para que Jose pudiera meterse almuadas para parecer mas gordo. Matilde habia peinado la barba y la cabellera y se miraban como si eran de deberas.

Al ponerse el traje le dio mas animo a Jose en su tarea de buscar los regalos para sus niños. Matilde tambien andaba bastante excitada en anticipacion de

Navidad y en presentar a sus niños con regalos. Ella tenia bastante fe en Jose y era curioso que todo se miraba tan triste hacia 2 dias. Cuando Jose



hallo el traje de Santa Claus en el bote de basura parecia que todo habia cambiado para su familia.

Matilde sabia que los niños no sabian nada tocante los planes de Jose y ella. Ella sentia la felicidad que existia en sus humildes vidas.

Charlie entro a la cafeteria

endonde Jose estaba tomando un café y esperando para que se llegara el tiempo para empesar a trabajar. "Le llame ayer a la gente de la casa grande," empeso platicando Charlie con Jose. "Ellos dijeron que si querian el trompo."

Tomo una pausa Charlie y a Jose se le hizo un neudo en la garganta. Continuo Charlie diciendo, "Pero dijeron que quizas no tuvieran tiempo para venir a levantarlo y que si lo pudieran ir a dejar a su casa. Yo les explique que era encontra de nuestras reglas. Ellos dijeron que quizas pudieran venir ya que era un regalo para una de sus niña, pero que si no venian para visperas de navidad, que se lo dieramos a el que lo habia hallado."

En escuchar eso, Jose sentio la misma alegria que habia sentido cuando originalmente hallo el trompo

regresar a su cuerpo. Pero penso. "Que si vienen por ello? Bueno, sera la voluntad de Dios." Ya era tiempo para empesar a trabajar y empesar a buscar los regalos que le faltaban.

Era poquito despues de medio dia cuando Jose encontro lo que primero no sabia si pudiera ser uno de los regalos. Despues de examinarlo y de pensar un poco, Jose decidio que con poquito trabajo, el guallin viejo que encontro podria ser un regalo perfecto para Pedrito.

Jose sabia que ya Pedrito a la edad

de 7 años, no tendria mucho gusto en una guallin pero Jose recordo de cuando el estaba chico y hacian carretones de madera con nada mas que cuatro llantas, un mecate, poquita madera y clavos. Sabia que ese material lo hallaria muy facil endonde descargaban la basura. Pense que con un carreton y una bicicleta, Juanito y Pedrito podrian tener un buen tiempo jugando juntos. De pronto hecho el guallin viejo a la troca y se resigno hacer el carreton inmediatamente despues de salir del trabajo.

Ahora le quedaba solamente hallar un regalo para Teresita. Que bueno seria que estuviera seguro que los de la casa grande no vinieran por el trompo, asi ya no tuviera que buscar por nada mas. Pero no podia depender en eso. Tenia que seguir buscando otro regalo. Ya el siguiente dia era Visperas de Navidad y solo iban a trabajar medio dia. Solo ese tiempo le quedaba para hallar otro regalo y hasta esa hora tenian la gente de la casa grande para venir por su trompo.

Se llevo visperas de Navidad y al llegar al trabajo, lo primero que hizo Jose fue fijarse a la oficina para ver si la gente de la casa grande habia venido. El no habia tenido nada de suerte el dia antes despues de hallarse el guallin viejo el cual ya habia convertido en un carreton para Pedrito. Lo habia pintado del mismo color de la bicicleta de Juanito y ambos regalos estaban listos para sus hijos.

Al fijarse por la ventana de la oficina miro que el trompo todavia estaba en el mostrador donde lo habia dejado Charlie por si vinieran por el. Jose penso que todo todavia estaba bien. Solo le quedaban 4 horas a la gente de la casa grande para que reclamaran el trompo. Si no, Teresita tendria su regalo. Pero Jose decidio seguir su buqueda toda la mañana por otro regalo para estar seguro. Jose estaba listo y con ansias de salir en el camion.

Al entrar Charlie a la cafeteria donde se encontraba Jose y su compañero de trabajo esperando que saliera el camion, Charlie dijo que tenia una buena noticia.

Habia llamado el gerente de la ciudad y habia dicho que no tenian que salir en el camion ahora ya que solo iban a trabajar medio dia. Envez de salir, era mejor trabajaran alli en la planta haciendo algun mantenimiento. Al escuchar esto, Jose se preocupo bastante. Todavia tenia que hallar un regalo para Teresita. Si no salia el camion, la unica esperanza era que la gente de la casa grande no viniera por el trompo. No habia mas que hacer.

El resto de la mañana se hizo como un año. Ya solo quedaban 5 minutos para las doce medio dia. Ya Jose sabia que si no llamaban en los proximos 5 minutos, ya Teresita tendria su regalo. Los ultimos 15 minutos se los habia pasado Jose limpiando la oficiana de Charlie para estar se acaso llamadan.

Pense que quizas la magia y la alegria que habia creado el traje de Santa Claus en la vida de su familia, iba continuar hasta las 12 medio dia.

Se escucho el pito de las 12. No habian llamado los de la casa grande. Unos cuantos minutos despues entro Charlie y le regalo el trompo a Jose. Ahora su familia iba tener una feliz Navidad y para el los abrazos de ellos eran suficientes para complacerlo.

Solo le quedaba ir a su casa, arreglarse, comer y ya cuando obscuriera saldria escondidito de sus niños con el traje de Santa Claus para vestirse y regresar a entragar sus regalos a sus niños. Hizo arreglos con Charlie de dejar los regalos afuerita de la planta para regresar por ellos mas tarde.

La cena que Matilde habia preparado para Navidad estaba magnifica.

Actualmente no era nada diferente de casi todos los dias. Aunque si les habia alcandsado para comprar un pollo para comer con las tradicionales tortillas, frijoles y papas.

Jose ya le habia dicho a su esposa que la gente de la casa grande no habian llamado por el trompo. Ella tambien estaba alegre como Jose, pero no entendio como esa familia podrian olvidarse de ir a levantar un regalo para su nina.

"Es que esa gente por seguro es muy rica y un presente menos para su hija no hace mucha diferencia," le aseguro Jose. "Despues de la cena me ire escondidito de los niños a levantar los regalos. Me llevare el traje de Santo Claus y alli donde deje los regalos, me lo pongo," dijo Jose.

Llego Jose a la planta a levantar los regalos y los cargo a su caminocita vieja. Despues saco el traje de Santa Clos y empeso a ponerselo. Primero los pantalones, los cuales le quedaban como si estuvieran hechos para que dos personas cavieran el ellos, y despues el saco. Cuando estaba metiendo las almuadas adentro de los pantalones y el saco, Jos empeso a pensar en lo que habia transcurrido en los ultimos 4 dias y especialmente lo que Charlie le habia dicho y los que el le habia asegurado a Charlie. "Yo no quiero nada que le pertenesa a alguien mas."

Empeso a pensar que Charlie le habia dicho que el trompo era un regalo para una niña de la familia de la casa grande y que si lo querian pero quizas no tenian tiempo para ir a recogerlo.

¿Que no actualmente el trompo le pertenecia a la niña, hija de los de la casa grande? Siguiu pensando mientras se ponía las barbas y la cabellera. ¿Que si era un regalo especial para esta niña y la familia por emergencia verdaderamente no pudieron venir a recogerlo?

Al terminar de vestirse, Jose hizo la decision. Llevaria el trompo para la casa grande a entregarlo. Si ellos se lo querian regalara el, era decision de ellos y la conciencia de Jose estuviera clara de que no le habia quitado el regalo a la niña a la que actualmente le perteneciera.

Jose sono el trimbre de la casa grande todavia con poquita reservacion.

Todavia iba vestido en el traje de Santa Claus. Pense que quizas le daría

buena suerte. Contesto un señor la puerta. "Buenas Noches señor.

"Buenas noches Santa Claus," dijo el Señor.

"Buenas noches, mi nombre es Jose y trabajo con los basurereos.. Vengo a entregarle lo que habia tirado por equivico hace 2 dias," dijo Jose.

"A si, muchisimas gracias.. Si es un regalo muy especial para mi hijita y ibanos a pasar por ello, pero paso una emergencia y no pudimos pasar por su oficina antes de la hora de medio dia. Le agradeceemos muchisimo. ¿Le puedo ofreser algo por su cortecia?"

Jose al realizar que ellos se iban a quedar con el regalo, sentio una imensa tristesa. Teresita no iba tener regalo para navidad.

"No, No, muchas gracias señor," contesto Jose. Sabia que aunque el señor le daria dinero, ya era muy tarde, todas las tiendas estaban cerradas y no podria reponer el regalo para Teresita.

"Pues dejeme cuando menos invitarlo a un pastel," le dijo el señor. "No, es que tengo que irme con mi familia. Me estan esperando," dijo Jose.

"Pues me siento obligado. Aqui, tenga, llevese este pastel con usted para que comparte con su familia," dijo el Señor de la casa grande.

"Bueno, muchas gracias," dijo Jose regresando a su camiononsita vieja para irse a su casa y pensando, "Ahora que voy hacer?"

Durante el viaje a su casa Jose iba piense y piense. Que le podre dar a su Teresita. Se habia quitado el gorro del traje de Santa Claus para poder manejar mejor. Al llegar a su casa, todavia no pensaba de nada.

Al ponerse el gorro del traje y en recoger el pastel que le habian regalado, se acordó una vez mas tocante cuando el estaba chico. Miro la cazuela del pastel la cual era de papel de aluminio. Pense de hacer un trompo de la cazuela con meterle un lapiz por en medio y doblarle poquito las orillas. Todavia tenia poquita tinta que habia usado para los dos regalos de Juanito y Pedrito y lo podria decorar el nuevo trompo un poco. Saco el pastel con cuidado de la cazuela y empeso a crear el regalo de Teresita.

Al entrar Jose a su casa vestido en el traje de Santa Claus, los ojos de Juanito y Pedrito brillaron. Y al ver los regalos que traiba se escucharon los gritos de alegria.

De pronto ellos empesaron a jugar

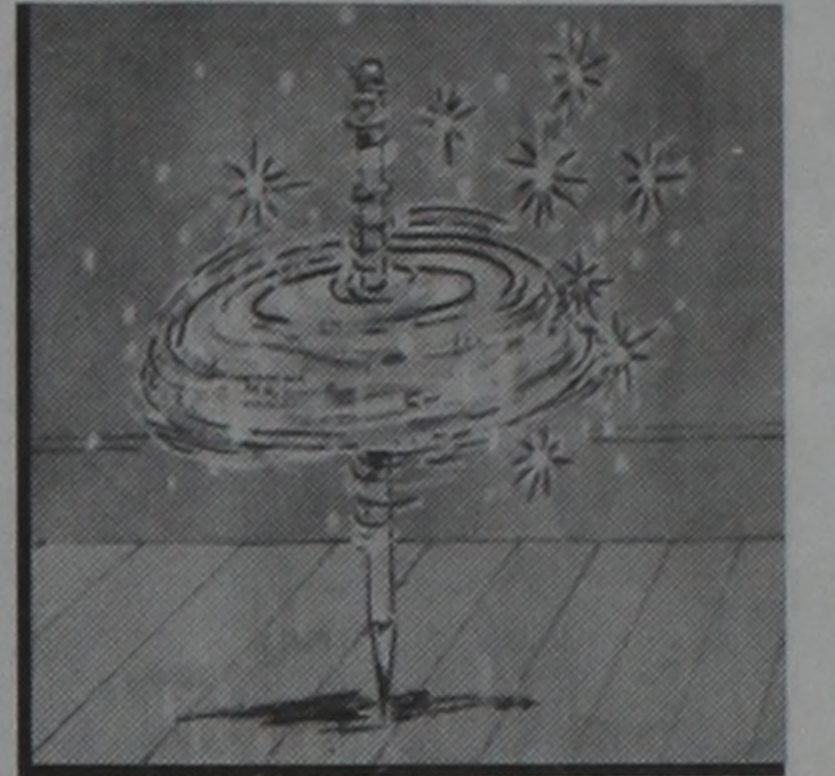
con sus nuevos jugetes.

Jose abrio sus brazos para recibir a sus hijos junto con su esposa y empeso a buscar a Teresita. Ella se encontraba en su esquina, pero el ruido que habian hecho los chamacos la habia hecho que mirara para arriba y dejar de jugar con su tapadera.

Jose en su traje, junto con Matilde, Juanito y Pedrito, se arrimaron a Teresita y al acercarse vieron lo que nunca habian visto ante. Teresita estaba sonriendo..

Al ver ese señal, Jose saco el trompo hecho de cazuela y un lapiz y se lo mostro a Teresita. Le dio vuelta y la luz que reflejaba de al cazuela encandilo a toda la familia.

Al terminar de dar vuelta el



trompo. Teresita miro a Jose y Matilde, se levanto y corrio a los brazos abiertos de sus padres. Se les arrimo Teresita y escucharon que les dijo, "Feliz Navidad, Mama y Papa."



Al terminarse Navidad, se also el traje de Santa Claus en uno de los roperos y arriba de el pusieron el trompo. Despues de esa noche de Navidad, Teresita jamas uso el trompo o la tapadera.

El traje de Santa Claus y la fe y amor de un padre habian causado mas que un milago esa noche de Navidad.

Fin



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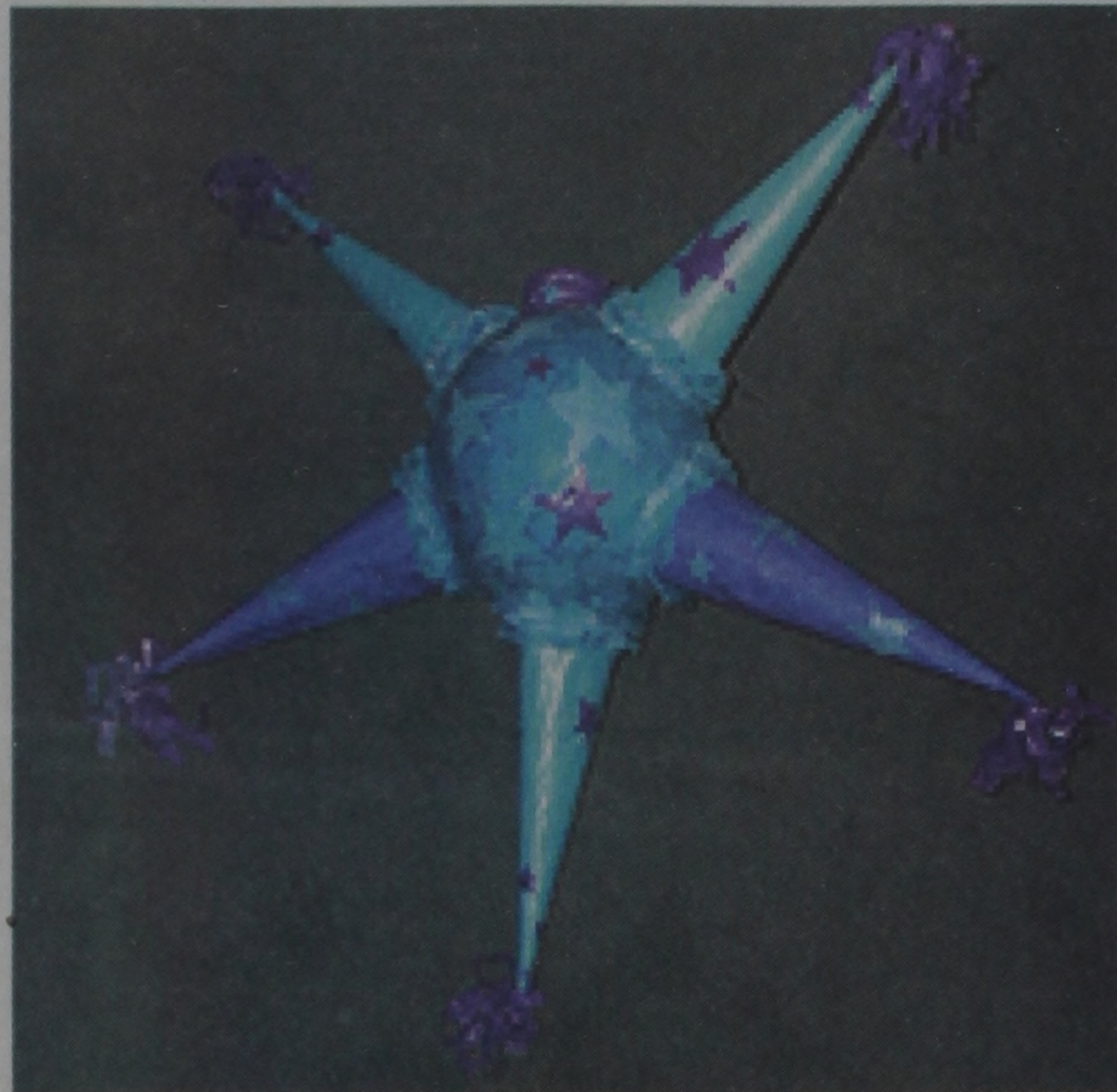
Tradiciones Mexicanas para La Navidad

(Viene de la Primera)

Para los adultos siempre hay "Ponche con Piquete", es una bebida caliente hecha con frutas de la estación con trozos de canela y con un poco de aguardiente (ron, tequila, mezcal, cognac, jerez, etc.). Un buen substituto en Ohio es la sidra de manzana con frutas, sin "piquete".

En la Noche Buena, el 24 de diciembre, todos van a

ellos quienes traen los regalos a los niños y a las niñas que se han portado bien. Los niños ponen sus zapatos cerca de la ventana para que los Reyes Magos le pongan el regalo en su zapato. Si el regalo es más grande que el zapato, entonces lo ponen al lado. Varios niños reciben un par de zapatos (calzado) nuevo como regalo.



la Misa de Noche Buena que es a las 12, o a la medianoche. Después de la misa, todos se van a sus respectivas casas a la Cena de Navidad con su familia y cualquier amigo que carezca de familia, siempre es bienvenido a participar en la celebración, pero lo más importante, es poner al Niño Jesús en el pesebre en el Nacimiento.

Los regalos no se reciben en la Navidad porque la Navidad es la celebración del Nacimiento de Nuestro Salvador.

La noche del año nuevo, hay una Misa de Gallo, se celebra a la medianoche también. Algunas familias optan por ir a la iglesia al anochecer para dar gracias por todas las bendiciones recibidas durante el año.

La celebración en la cual los niños reciben los juguetes no es sino hasta el 6 de enero, "el día de Reyes" o Los Reyes Magos. Fueron los Reyes Magos quienes le llevaron los regalos al Niño Jesús, por consiguiente, son

El día Reyes se celebra con una merienda que consiste de chocolate caliente y la Rosca de Reyes La merienda se lleva a cabo entre las 5 y las 7 de la tarde y no es una comida pesada, sino algo así como lo equivalente al "High Tea".

La Rosca de Reyes es un pan en forma de guirnalda que está hecha con muchos huevos y es muy grande, está cubierta con frutas cristalizadas y azúcar encima, pero adentro hay una figurita de cerámica que representa al Niño Jesús. La persona a la que le toque la pieza del pan con la figurita, tiene que ser el Padrino o la Madrina del Niño Jesus en el Día de la Candelaria, el dos de Febrero.

El día de la Candelaria es el día de la Luz, el día de la Purificación. Ese día se recoge el Nacimiento con una fiesta organizada por la persona que se sacó el Niño Jesús

en la Rosca de Reyes. Dicha persona es responsable por hacerle el Ropón al Niño Jesús. Se acostumbra a celebrar ese día con una cena con Tamales. (Los tamales son un platillo típico de México que se hace con masa de maíz y se rellenan con carnes en salsa o con pasitas y se le agrega azúcar para hacerlos dulces y se envuelven con las hojas del elote).

En la actualidad, estas tradiciones han sido modificadas. Por ejemplo, las posadas son fiestas que se celebran en diferentes casas nueve días antes de la Navidad, y son simplemente fiestas seculares. Asimismo, con la influencia del Tratado Libre de Comercio conocido como el TLC, ahora se celebra la Navidad al estilo de los Estados Unidos entre la gente adinerada, con Santa Claus y todas las tradiciones norteamericanas con sus platillos y los regalos. Otra gente se toma vacaciones para ir a esquiar a los Estados Unidos o a Europa, o viaja a lugares turísticos en México.



Todas las instituciones educativas tienen vacaciones por tres semanas y no regresan a las clases sino hasta después del 6 de enero. Asimismo, las oficinas de gobierno y sus dependencias cierran durante esas dos semanas

Feliz
Navidad
**to all
my
family &
friends!**
**Thank you
for reading
EL EDITOR**



Feliz
Navidad
from
Nicholas
Riojas &
family

Ysidro Gutierrez
Lubbock County Commissioner



FELIZ NAVIDAD

- y -

Prospero Año Nuevo

May the Lord Bless you today and always!

THE LAW OFFICES OF KEVIN GLASHEEN*

WISHES YOU SEASONS GREETINGS FROM EVERYONE AT OUR OFFICE



- | | |
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Paz