

Feliz Día De Las Madres



" Linda Madre "

Madrecita de mi alma

Hoy te vengo a cantar

Esta linda canción

Que para mi es sin igual

En esta fresca mañana

Y este cielo asolado,

Escucha esta inspiración

De tu Hijo adorado

Que lindos son los jasmínes

Los rosales y las flores,

Pero mas linda es mi madre

Que es el amor de mis amores.

Este día es tan grande

Que quiciera llorar,

Y a todas las Madrecitas

Yo quiero felesitar.

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A Mother's Message Emerges

By Yolanda Nava

The last six weeks of my mother's life became an opportunity for me to seek wis-

dom, give thanks for all she had given me, and to rectify old hurts between us.

I was adamant about not leaving any unfinished business. I wanted to end our time together on good terms. Why else was I given a warning about Mom's limited time on this planet just days before her terminal diagnosis?

The warning came in the middle of the night while I was in a twilight dream state. "It's time for me to go, it's time for me to go," I heard her tell me. I jumped out of bed, dressed, and drove to her home, about 20 minutes away.

I half expected her to be gone already when I arrived, but when I walked softly into her bedroom, she woke up immediately. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I dreamed you told me it was time for you to go, and I didn't want you to leave until I told you I love you."

"I love you, too, but not at 4 o'clock in the morning," she replied. That was Mom's wry sense of humor. Four days later, she collapsed. The doctor told me she was suffering from kidney disease and gave her six weeks to live.

My mother was a small woman, 5 feet-1. She had only an eighth-grade education and as a young woman made her living as a seamstress. She was a woman of tremendous character and discipline.

I remember how, when I was in high school, she chose to re-enter the classroom herself, to set a good example for me. She persevered to earn her high school diploma. She labored daily to improve her English by reading the newspaper out loud. She was always helping friends and relatives work through their struggles.

She read biographies and autobiographies written by famous, often self-made, men and woman, along with fine literature and poetry. She read lessons from the Bible and "Science & Health With Key to the Scriptures" each morning before going to work. Mom was strong,



tough-minded, wise, practical and refined, as well as gracious.

As she lay in bed a few weeks after the grim diagnosis by the doctor, I asked her what made her so strong. The sun was streaming through the French windows of her bedroom. I leaned forward in anticipation of the wisdom I was about to receive. I was sure it would transform my life.

I had expected to hear her draw from the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science, and one of her role models. Instead, she replied "Beans. Beans have made me strong."

I laughed, perplexed. That's all she told me. Beans.

It wasn't until months after her death, as I was preparing frijoles en la olla (in a pot) and recollecting Mom's instructions on how to cook the perfect pot of beans, that I realized the power of her deathbed message to me.

Mom took great care in washing and sorting her beans. After running water over them several times, she would spread the beans out on a tray or large dish and then pick out and discard any imperfectly shaped, shriveled or dark-colored beans.

Always, she eyed the beans with great care. Each pinto had to be flawless. "A bad bean can sour the pot," she would say.

Mom also cautioned me against adding cold water to the cooking pot if the water evaporated below a certain

point. The beans would turn dark and lose their fresh appearance when served. Her beans had to be not only delicious, but pretty.

While I was cooking, Mom's message came more clear.

Not only are beans the staple of the Mexican diet, filled with strength-giving iron, but the rigor she applied to eliminating any undesirable beans mirrored the exacting attention she paid to eliminating character flaws and weaknesses in herself and those around her. The beans were a vivid example of what she had tried to teach me when I was a young girl.

And so I finally got it -- what all that tough love was about, the emphasis on developing character and self-control, of taking in only the good and rejecting the bad. That day in the kitchen, I understood why beans made my mother so strong.

Yolanda Nava, a former California television broadcaster, is a columnist with Eastern Group Publications in Southern California.

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News Briefs

California City Favors Affirmative Action Plan

Six months before California voters will be asked to curtail government-run affirmative action programs, San Jose's city council is set to endorse a plan Tuesday to steer more city contracts to women and minorities, reports the San Jose Mercury News.

The plan is likely to win approval even though a new analysis suggests the November voter initiative would invalidate most of it, and even though city officials now say women and minorities are faring better than previously thought in securing purchasing and service contracts - the bulk of the new program.

Under that program, San Jose would attach voluntary affirmative action goals to more than \$70 million a year in city business, ranging from street sweeping to financial consulting. Acknowledging the legal and political complexities of expanding affirmative action now, the plan emphasizes special rules to ensure more bids from women and minorities - but says race and gender shouldn't be a factor in the final selection.

The city's new affirmative action program would:

- Set goals to award 25 percent of purchasing and service contracts and 20 percent of consultant work to minority- or women-owned firms.

- Classify the Portuguese as a minority -- though not as Hispanic -- for contracting only, not for city employee hiring.

- Require city officials to find a minimum number of minority- or women-owned firms to make bids and then, on large contracts, provide a detailed explanation if none should get the job.

- Provide new training for minority, women and small business owners on how to compete for city work.

Senate OKs Immigration Bill

The Senate passed a bill Thursday that would nearly double the number of border patrol guards and limit the ability of documented immigrants to qualify for public benefits, reports Associated Press.

The measure would also authorize creation of pilot projects enabling employers to verify easily whether a worker is eligible for a job in the United States and increase penalties for document fraud and alien smuggling.

House and Senate conferees will have to resolve differences between the two bills, and both chambers will have to vote on the compromise measure before it can go to President Clinton.

The Senate bill would also repeal rules limiting asylum-seeker's rights to enter the country, a change approved Wednesday, just a week after those rules became law.

Minimum Wage Bill Blocked

Senate Democrats pressed their demand for a vote on a minimum wage increase Tuesday by blocking action on an unrelated Republican proposal concerning the White House travel office, reports Associated Press.

The Senate failed to cut off debate on a bill to pay the legal expenses of seven travel office employees who were fired and accused of mismanagement by the incoming Clinton administration. Democrats had sought to add a minimum wage increase as an amendment to the bill and refused to allow it to go forward without a Republican pledge to address the minimum wage issue.

House Majority Leader Richard Arme said Tuesday the minimum wage issue will be on the House floor in the next few weeks, when the House debates GOP legislation to cut billions from welfare and perhaps Medicaid.

Appeal to Cigarette Companies Not to Advertise to Kids

President Clinton appealed to cigarette manufacturers Tuesday to "do the right thing" and not aim advertisements at young people, reports Associated Press.

"You in the tobacco business now surely see the clear, emerging consensus in America that advertising, billboards and promotions should not appeal to the children of this country," Clinton said.

Last August Clinton proposed a series of regulations that would reduce the access by young people to cigarette vending machines and free samples, and would restrict advertising that appeals to youngsters. The regulations are still under review at the Food and Drug Administration.

Clinton said to tobacco companies, "Join with us. Do the right thing. ... Do it now and help us. Play your role in stopping this problem before it starts for millions and millions and millions of young Americans."

Clinton commended the A&P grocery store chain for a proposal to discontinue the use of vending machines and 3M for agreeing to accept no more tobacco advertising on its billboards.

Clinton's New Welfare Plan for Teen Moms

President Clinton announced Saturday a four-step plan designed to keep teen-age mothers at home, in school and preparing for a job, reports Associated Press.

"We have to make it clear that a baby doesn't give you the right and won't give you the money to leave home and drop out of school," the president said in his weekly radio address.

Clinton said he will start with an executive order requiring every state to put in place a plan to keep teen mothers who are on welfare in school. The government also will require teen-age mothers who are also school dropouts to go back to school "and sign contracts to spell out exactly how they're going to take responsibility for their own lives," the president said.

States will be given immediate authority to provide bonuses to teens who go to school and graduate and to cut back the (welfare) checks of those who don't, he said. And he wants to make sure states use the authority they have to make sure teen mothers stay at home.

However, if there is an abusive situation at home, Clinton said children should be placed in another "safe, responsible setting."

Comentarios de Bidal

by Bidal Aguero

I was looking through last

Sunday's paper to check out where my softball team could go play this next week. To my surprise, no tournaments were

scheduled. First I was puzzled and then I even thought of making my own tournament. Then I remembered that Sunday is Mother's Day. Sorry guys, we all know that momma doesn't let us play on her day.

Mother's Day has always been a very special day for Chicanos. Our mothers are very special place in our hearts and any foul word directed to them are immediate fighting words.

It really bothers me to hear that this tradition is not being passed along to our young persons. Many times as I walk or ride through the streets of los barrios, I hear young kids calling each other mother.... without hesitation and in what they consider a joking manner. When I was growing up those words were only used if you were ready to fight for you life using knives, guns or whatever you could get your hands on.

Well enough of that. Let's hope that all our madresitas have a very special day this Sunday. Feliz dia de las Madres a todas y especialmente a Olga and my sisters Marta and Alicia.

All we can do now is wait til next week so we can start playing some ball again.

*****Pico de Gallo*****

Our very special thanks to all those who attended the production of "La Muerte de Una Adelita" and especially to Lubbock Power and Light who was our major sponsor. Call them and say we appreciate it.



A Nurturing Process That Opened Up Worlds

By Patricia Rodríguez

In 1972 I stepped onto a dark street and looked north on the Pan American Highway, which sliced through the middle of my hometown of San Miguel in El Salvador's eastern province. My mother would be on the next bus. She was coming back because my grandmother, her mother, had passed away.

I was only 6, but I distinctly remember wondering if I would recall her features. She and my father had left for the United States when I was 3. In her letters that my aunt read to me, she said that she loved and missed me.

It was at that point my parents decided to bring my sister Milly and me to the United States. They had left El Salvador years before the start of the civil war, which broke out in 1979.

For Milly and me to follow them took an extra year of paperwork and waiting. I was excited about going to a new place. We left everyone and everything we knew behind.

My father met us at the airport. After he treated us to a bag of M&Ms, we took a cab to the Mount Pleasant room where they lived in a poor section of Washington, D.C. For a long time, we shared a house there with five other families - one family per room.

Mount Pleasant later became the point of entry for hundreds more Central Americans. When the neighborhood erupted in two days of disturbances in 1992, we had long since moved away to the Virginia suburbs.

Following our arrival back in '73, the excitement wore off

quickly. I begged my parents to send me back to San Miguel. Most foods tasted bland. I wanted fresh milk, straight from the cow, not some carton. These are frijoles? They don't taste like beans. And where are the tortillas?

I ate mostly fruits that were delicacies in El Salvador, like apples and grapes, and dreamed of the tropical kind I was accustomed to - mangoes, marañones, guayabas.

The real disappointment came when we started school. On several occasions, I was beaten up. Being brown, Milly and I were not really accepted by the black kids, who said we were lighter than they were so we must be white; nor by the white kids, who said we were too dark so we must be black. The black students would touch my hair and wonder why it was curly, not kinky.

Milly and I did not speak a word of English, and there were no children who spoke Spanish in my class. No ESL program. No bilingual education. Sink or swim.

Somehow, we managed to swim. Mrs. García, my third-grade teacher, helped me keep up my Spanish. My parents, of course, would never let us lose it. Unlike people who claim to forget their first language once they learn English, we spoke Spanish at home and taught our parents some more English as we learned it.

With my parents working day, night and weekends at such jobs as kitchen helper, salad maker, office cleaner and parking attendant, Milly and I were fortunate to receive a parochial school education.

When we decided to go to college, my mom and dad pooled their resources to help us. Despite, or maybe because of, their limited schooling, my parents believed that a quality education would provide us with better futures. That would be their legacy.

My sister has attained a graduate degree in public health. As I work toward finishing my master's in public

policy, I thank my parents for their toil and their vision in an environment that often sent the wrong messages to Hispanics and to girls.

The other part of their contribution to our education was their instilling pride in our heritage, ensuring that we grew up bilingual and bicultural. For their daughters, they opened the doors wide to two worlds and taught us to reach for the best of each.

Un Proceso De Enseñanza Que Abrió Dos Mundos

Por Patricia Rodríguez

En 1972 salía una calle obscura y miré hacia el norte por la Carretera Pan-Americana, que cortaba por el centro a mi ciudad natal de San Miguel, en el departamento oriental del mismo nombre. Mi madre vendría en el próximo autobús. Ella regresaba porque mi abuela, la madre de ella, había muerto.

Yo tenía sólo seis años, pero recuerdo distintamente haberme preguntado si recordaría su apariencia. Ella y mi padre se habían marchado a los Estados Unidos cuando yo tenía tres años. En sus cartas, que mi tía me leía, ella decía que me quería y me echaba de menos.

Fué en ese punto que mis padres decidieron traernos, a mi hermana Milly y a mí, a los Estados Unidos. Ellos habían salido de El Salvador años antes del comienzo de la guerra civil, que empezó en 1979.

Para que Milly y yo los siguiéramos, se necesitó un año adicional de papeleo y

espera. Yo me sentía emocionada de ir a un lugar nuevo. Dejamos atrás a todos y todo lo que conocíamos.

Mi padre se nos unió en el aeropuerto. Después que él nos convidó a una bolsa de "M&Mds", tomamos un taxi hacia la habitación de Mount Pleasant en que ellos vivían, en un barrio pobre de Washington, DC. Durante mucho tiempo compartimos una casa allí con otras cinco familias, a razón de una familia por aposento.

Mount Pleasant llegó a ser después el puerto de entrada para otros cientos de centro americanos. Cuando la vecindad estalló en dos días de disturbios en 1992, hacía tiempo que nos habíamos mudado a los suburbios de Virginia.

A continuación de nuestra llegada, allá por 1973, la emoción se desgastó rápidamente. Supliqué a mis padres que me enviaran de regreso a San Miguel. La mayoría de las comidas eran insípidas. Yo quería beber leche fresca.

Continue on Page 4

sign of the times

by: Alberto Pena

Most major news media reported this week that it has now become possible for parents to select the sex of a child before it is in the womb. The process, they say, is relatively simple, male sperm carry "y" chromosomes while female producing sperm carry "x" chromosomes: select a female egg that has been fertilized by the desired sperm and wha-la, you've got a child of your choice. Like most people, my first reaction was to wonder about moral and ethical questions such a procedure might raise. However, one needs only review current or ancient history (take your pick) to arrive at a conclusion about what sex selection really implies.

The proponents of sex selection will sell the idea by claiming that the procedure will only be used in rare situations, to save lives perhaps. Next they will advance their arguments to it's freedom enhancing benefits such as, "It gives parents a Choice".

The whole time they will shield from public debate the fact that the procedure costs more than most parents can afford or that as an option, it is only available to the wealthy. Once major news organizations realize it and began to report it, a few token poor will receive pro-bono care.

But let's not be cynical, most likely the procedure will be the latest high-tech form of discrimination against females. For economic reasons a male would be preferable since males cost half as much as females to raise over a twenty plus years period. Males are more likely to be corporate presidents or CEO's. Should the child grow up to be a major league football or basketball star his potential life-time earnings would be far above any female.

From a social perspective, males are more likely to gain fame. Can anyone remember the name of Mr. Winston Churchill's wife or secretary? Politically, women are bitches or bimboes while men are poor saps who might be foolish enough to get themselves caught with one of them. However it is the religious aspects of this issue that must be at the forefront of any balanced debate. Such a procedure must be considered the moral equivalent of female infanticide as practiced in China. If you're unconvinced, wait about five or ten years, you'll see.

'Cultural Dexterity' An Affirmative Action Hoop For Latinos

By Antonio M. Stevens-Arroyo

It should not have been a surprise that in March the federal appeals court in Texas ended affirmative action for university admissions. The three judges there, all appointed by Republican presidents, parroted the Rush Limbaugh line that "affirmative action is reverse discrimination."

With this legislation by judicial fiat (something the right wing used to be against), the policies set by the 1978 Bakke Supreme Court decision were thrown out the window.

The logic of the Republican judges is suspect. They said, for instance, that the Supreme Court justice who wrote the majority decision in Bakke, now-retired Justice Lewis Powell, "spoke only for himself," as if the other four Supreme Court justices of the majority decision were morons.

But even if this most recent decision is questionable, it reflects the mood in Euro-America during an election year. The public and media will feed off of it. Most likely, it will go to the Supreme Court.

I think it is time that we Latinos face up to the worn-out legal premises of the current affirmative action laws. Rather than run the risk of wasting energies in a losing cause, we should redefine the battle lines. We need to undercut the right wing's contention of "reverse discrimination."

We ought to turn away from affirmative action that can be defined as a negative value and make it into something positive.

I propose that we change the law from defining race as the characteristic and instead use the term "cultural and linguistic dexterity."

This would mean that a Latina, for instance, could be selected for college over someone with a higher SAT score, because the Latina spoke Spanish and knew how to celebrate traditional fiestas. The university would admit her not on the basis of "being" Latina, but for "doing" Latina.

No one challenges giving athletic scholarships in basketball on the basis of race, even though it can be statistically proven that basketball scholarships at Division I schools go disproportionately to African-Americans. That's because the dexterity -- in this case athletic -- is a

positive attribute.

The ability to play sports is not measured by an SAT score or a physical attributes chart alone. The coach, acting as admissions officer, decides in favor of a candidate's abilities. The decision does not reflect a racial preference.

We should do something similar with affirmative action. As Latinos, we need to recognize that the law was initially designed to benefit our African-American brothers and sisters, which is why race rather than culture or language was the determining factor.

Later on, gender was included, and that has benefited all women, especially Euro-Americans. Latinos need to seize the moment now to recast the purpose of affirmative action to fit our situation.

Affirmative action should no longer be projected as "making up for past discrimination." That idea is a loser because it antagonizes the Euro-American population, most of whom played no personal role in slavery or Jim Crow laws. We need to accentuate the positive and say that young people should be given preference at universities when they bring cultural and linguistic dexterity.

That will particularly benefit Latinos, because many (not all) Euro-Americans have lost these skills.

A dexterity policy would improve the U.S. educational experience for everyone. By being friends with people of different cultures who speak more languages that English alone, Euro-Americans will become better prepared for the global economy.

The same sort of thinking would benefit Asian, Native Americans and African-Americans. It would also bolster the efforts for second- and third-generation students with Italian, Polish, Irish, Jewish and other backgrounds to preserve their heritage, rather than sacrifice it.

Since colleges and universities set their own standards for positive attributes, from basketball talent to mathematical prowess, this policy could not be easily challenged by the right wing.

We Latinos have a obligation to act now to preserve cultural and linguistic diversity in this country. The right-wing judges in Texas may have done us a favor by their own brand of March Madness.

El Mensaje De Una Madre Surge De Una Olla De Frijoles

Por Yolanda Nava

Las últimas seis semanas de la vida de mi madre se convirtieron en una oportunidad para que yo procurara sabiduría, le diera las gracias por todo lo que ella me había dado y rectificara antiguas rencillas entre nosotras.

Me empecé en no dejar nada sin terminar. Quería pasar nuestro tiempo juntas de buen grado. ¿Por qué otra cosa se me dió una advertencia sobre el tiempo limitado de mi madre en este planeta, sólo días antes de su diagnóstico de incurable?

La advertencia llegó en medio de la noche, mientras yo estaba en un estado de sueño crepuscular. Yo la oía a ella decirme: "Es hora de que yo me vaya; es hora de que yo me vaya".

Salté fuera de la cama, me vestí y conduje hasta su casa, a 20 minutos de distancia.

Casi esperaba que ella hubiera muerto al llegar yo, pero cuando entré suavemente en su habitación, ella se despertó inmediatamente. "¿Qué estás haciendo aquí?" preguntó ella.

"Soñé que tú me decías que era hora de que te fueras, y no quería que te marcharas hasta decirte que te amo".

"Yo te amo a tí también, pero no a las 4 de la mañana", contestó ella. Ese era el sentido del humor irónico de mamá.

Cuatro días después, ella se desmoronó. El médico me dijo que estaba sufriendo de enfermedad renal y le dió seis semanas de vida.

Mi madre era una mujer físicamente pequeña, de 5 pies y 1 pulgada de estatura. Ella tenía sólo una instrucción de octavo grado y, cuando era joven, se ganaba la vida como costurera.

Ella era una mujer de carácter y disciplina tremendos. Recuerdo cómo, cuando yo estaba en la escuela secundaria, decidí volver ella misma a la escuela, para darme un buen ejemplo. Ella perseveró hasta recibir su diploma de secundaria. Trabajaba diariamente para mejorar su inglés, leyendo el

periódico en alta voz. Siempre estaba ayudando a los amigos y parientes a resolver sus dificultades.

Ella leía biografías y autobiografías escritas por hombres y mujeres famosos, que a menudo habían salido adelante por ellos mismos, junto con literatura y poesía finas. Leía lecciones de la Biblia y "Ciencia y Salud con Clave para las Escrituras" cada mañana, antes de ir a trabajar.

Mamá era fuerte, de mente recia, sabia, práctica y refinada, así como gentil.

A medida que yacía en la cama pocas semanas después del diagnóstico sombrío del médico, le pregunté qué la hacía ser tan fuerte. El sol penetraba a través de las ventanitas francesas de su dormitorio. Me incliné hacia adelante en anticipación de la sabiduría que estaba a punto de recibir. Estaba segura de que transformaría mi vida.

Yo había esperado escucharla tomar de las enseñanzas de Mary Baker Eddy, descubridora y fundadora de la Ciencia Cristiana, y uno de sus ejemplos.

En vez de eso, ella dijo: "Los frijoles. Los frijoles me han hecho ser fuerte".

Reí confundida. Eso es todo lo que ella me dijo. Los frijoles.

No fué sino hasta meses después de su muerte, mientras yo estaba preparando "frijoles en la olla" y recordando las instrucciones de mamá sobre el modo de cocinar la olla perfecta de frijoles, que me di cuenta del poder de su mensaje para mí en su lecho de muerte.

Mamá tenía gran cuidado al lavar y clasificar sus frijoles. Después de enjuagarlos en agua varias veces, ella desperdigaba los frijoles en una bandeja o una fuente grande y entonces seleccionaba y descartaba cualesquiera que estuvieran formados imperfectamente, resacos o de color obscuro.

Ella siempre examinaba los frijoles con gran cuidado. Cada frijol tenía que ser impecable. "Un frijol malo

puede echar a perder la olla", decía ella.

Mamá también me previno contra agregar agua fría a la olla de cocinar si el agua se evaporaba por debajo de un cierto punto. Los frijoles se ennegrecerían y perderían su apariencia fresca al servirlos. Sus frijoles no sólo tenían que ser deliciosos, sino bellos.

Mientras yo estaba cocinando, el mensaje de mamá se hizo más claro.

No sólo son los frijoles básicos en la dieta mexicana, llenos de hierro que da fuerza, sino que el rigor que ella aplicaba para eliminar cualesquiera frijoles indeseables reflejaba a la atención exigente que ella prestaba a la eliminación de los defectos y las debilidades del carácter, en ella misma y en quienes la rodeaban. Los frijoles eran un ejemplo vívido de lo que ella había tratado de enseñarme cuando yo era una niña pequeña.

Y así lo comprendí por último -- de qué se trataba todo

aquel amor fuerte, él énfasis para desarrollar el carácter y el control propio, de tomar sólo lo bueno y rechazar lo malo.

Aquel día, en la cocina, comprendí por qué los frijoles hicieron tan fuerte a mi madre.

Yolanda Nava, que fué antes comunicadora de televisión en California,

Poema a Mi Madre Muerta

Por Joe Reyna

Madre Querida

Madre Adorada

Tesoro Inmenso

De todo Bien

Ti que en mi cuna

Frajl Belastes

Desde la noche

Al amanecer.

Cuanto te quiero

Cuanto te adoro

Y hasta te llora

Mi Corazon

Nunca te olvido

Madre Querida

Y hoy en tu dia

Te doy Mi Amor

The Procession I Follow Every Mother's Day

By Elisa Martínez

On Mother's Day I will go visit the cemetery. That's where they all are now...my mother, my grandmothers and my tías (aunts).

Yesterday I glanced over toward the empty lot next door and I noticed that the maguey -- the century plant I planted many years ago on the corner next to my house -- is blooming.

The round, green, wormlike stalk is gushing forth from the center, pushing up higher and higher. It's very impressive. It's so solid and strong looking. The stalk will continue to grow to about 10 feet and then it will bloom.

There will be a mass of white flowers that will adorn it for a while; then they'll dry and drop off. The plant will shrivel and finally topple over.

The maguey blooms only

once and stands there in all its glory and then it dies. This particular plant was a baby taken years ago from another one that died soon after we moved into our new home.

I remember my abuelita (grandmother). She had her entire life packed into her petaca. That trunk went with her everywhere. It contained snatches of most of the memorable occasions of her life.

My mother had boxes. Boxes that had been recycled for this particular purpose. There were boxes full of pictures and others with tiny crushed silk shoes stiff with age, small wrinkled outfits and dresses and well-worn toys, yellowed invitations, receipts, diplomas and other legal documents.

There were pieces of braided hair tied at both ends with silk ribbons to prevent unraveling

Continue on Page 5

Training Welfare Recipients "Foolish"

A University of Chicago economist said that training welfare recipients, older workers and those with low or no skills is "foolish," reports the Chicago Tribune.

Before a forum on the increase of inequality among incomes, James Heckman said that based on the available research, "programs that have improved earnings of welfare recipients barely lifted the recipients out of poverty." He advised that efforts be focused on children.

Nine other economists at the forum also stressed the importance of investing in children so they would be able to gain the skills needed in a more technological society. The forum was hosted by the D.C.-based Employment Policy Foundation.

The economists, who ranged from liberal to conservative, agreed that there has been a troubling, growing gulf in family incomes.

Kenneth Deavers, chief economist for the Employment Policy Foundation, said that in the 10 years that ended in 1989, "about 25 percent of the people who disappeared from the middle class ended up at lower incomes...[those] people have fallen behind absolutely, not just relatively."

Laid-off workers who find new jobs on average are paid 10 percent less than they were in their old ones, the economists said.

The research of Erica Groshen, an economist with the New York Federal Reserve Bank, indicates that, increasingly, only a dramatic change can positively alter the income prospects for workers who remain employed.

"They've got to change occupations or change employers," she said. "That's the only way they're going to move up on the income ladder. Working hard at the same job and not getting a promotion (the case for many workers) is not going to do it."

The consensus was that the ultimate answer to the U.S. wage gap is not a quick one: Raising the nation's economic growth rate. "More economic growth is going to mean fewer losers," said Timothy Smeeding, an economics professor at Syracuse University.

GOP Push for Medical Savings Accts

Republicans are intensifying lobbying efforts in Washington to include an income tax exemption for medical savings accounts in the bipartisan insurance bill now under negotiation in Congress, reports Associated Press.

Some of the groups joining with Republicans in support of the accounts are the newly formed Coalition for Patient Choice, the American Medical Association, the Council for Affordable Health Insurance, Americans for Tax Reform, Small Business Survival Committee, Concerned Women for America and Christian Coalition.

As the bill heads to a House-Senate negotiating committee in the next few weeks, those opposed to the accounts have in turn organized their own lobbying efforts.

Consumers Union held a news conference with Kennedy and groups opposed to medical savings accounts, saying the accounts are for the healthy and wealthy, would increase premiums, lack consumer protections and would cost taxpayers about \$1.8 billion a year.

Consumers could put into MSAs tax-deductible contributions of up to \$2,000 a year for an individual or \$4,000 annually for a family, and employers could contribute some or all of that. Their insurance company would provide a catastrophic health plan for big medical expenses. Money from the account would be used to pay for routine medical expenses, and unspent money would roll over into the next year.

Gun Companies Face Lawsuit for Sales to Teens

A federal judge has ruled that victims of handgun violence can proceed with a lawsuit against the firearms industry to discover whether it had failed to take adequate steps to prevent weapon sales to illegal buyers like teenagers, reports The New York Times.

The ruling by Judge Jack B. Weinstein of U.S. District Court in Brooklyn comes at the early stage of a lawsuit brought against 47 weapons producers by the families of two New Yorkers killed by handguns.

The decision also opens the doors for plaintiffs' lawyers to delve into the files of the world's biggest firearms companies to learn whether the industry has been negligent in preventing weapons from flowing into the illegal market for guns.

In the past, gun producers have been successfully sued for selling defective weapons, and dealers have been held responsible for selling their guns to illegal buyers, like people who were drunk. But several legal experts said the current case appears to be the first that involves the industry's marketing practices.

"This is the first case that I'm aware of where someone has tried to hold the industry collectively liable," said Dennis Henigan, a lawyer for the Center to Prevent Handgun Violence in Washington.

Celebración de 5 de Mayo de Centro Aztlan Tiene Exito

Photos by Ricardo Aguero and Myra Rodriguez



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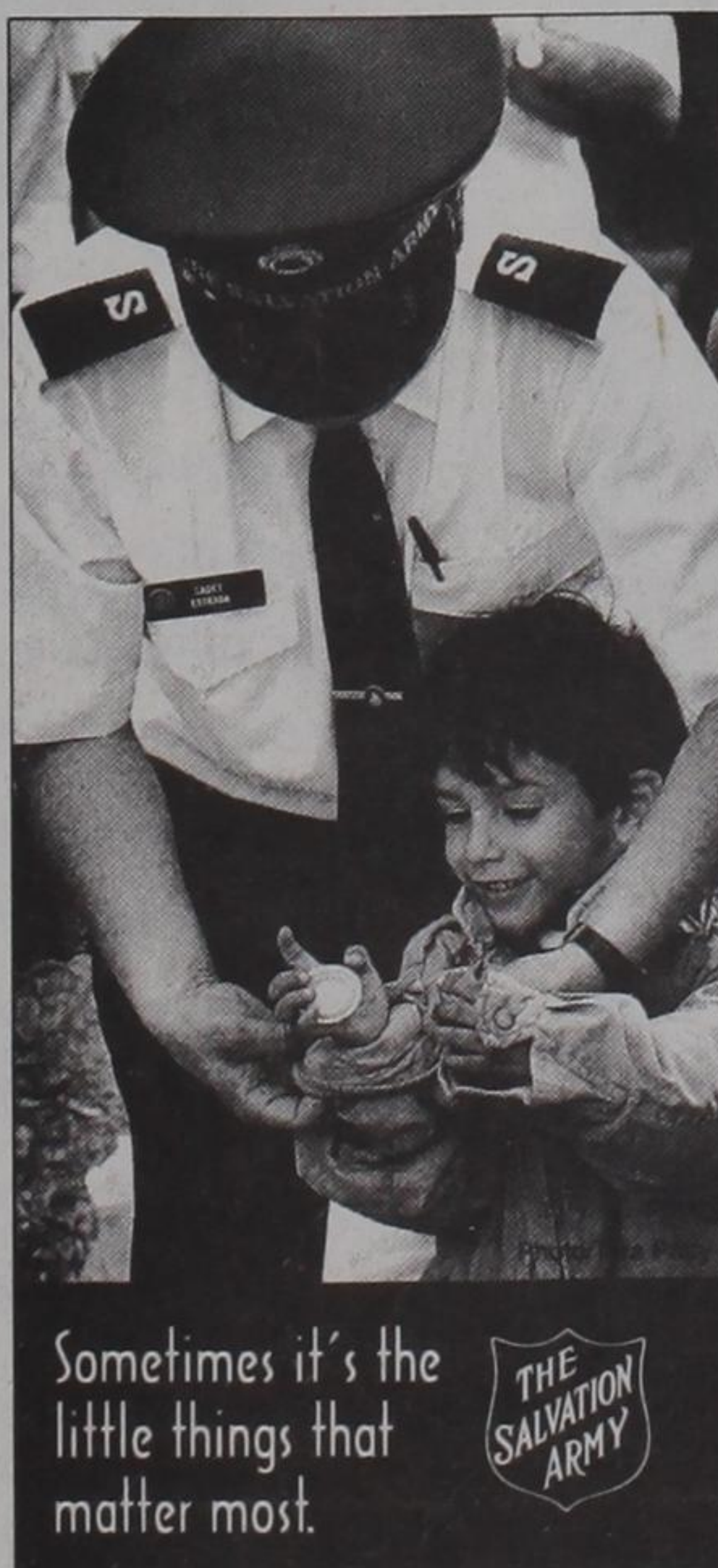
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Adams: Oilers Would Draw Well

HOUSTON - Houston Oilers owner Bud Adams says he believes the team would draw well at the gate if forced to remain in Houston next season.

Adams made the remarks Tuesday at the NFL owners meeting in Palm Beach, Fla., as chances increased the team would remain in Houston for at least another season.

"We'd have good support," Adams said.

One reason Adams is optimistic about 1996 Houston attendance is the team's home schedule.

"We play the 49ers, Miami, Pittsburgh, Kansas City - we have a great schedule this year and I think we will be playing great football," he said.

Also, club officials hope interest in second-year quarterback Steve McNair, the team's most exciting rookie since Earl Campbell in 1978, and a possible playoff bid would lead to big crowds.

The Oilers drew more than 30,000 fans per game in 1995, despite a second straight losing record and ill will generated by the team's threat to leave.

Many fans believed the Oilers would move to Tennessee for the 1996 season for various reasons, including the lack of

plans for distributing season ticket order forms in Houston.

However, Houston Mayor Bob Lanier has threatened to keep the team in Houston until its Astrodome lease expires after the 1997 season. That has led to growing expectations the Oilers won't be in Tennessee this fall.

Lanier and Harris County Judge Robert Eckels have said they would force the Oilers to stay in Houston through 1997 unless the NFL promises the city another franchise.

In Wednesday's editions, the Houston Chronicle quoted an unidentified source close to the team as saying the relationship between Lanier and Adams has deteriorated to the point that Adams "would fall on his sword" before he would help Lanier.

"He's just not going to help the mayor, even if he has to suffer a little bit himself," the source told the newspaper.

NFL officials have not indicated they will make any promises for Houston, and Adams is not pressuring the league to strike a deal with the city.

Cleveland Browns owner Art Modell moved his team to Baltimore and NFL owners gave Cleveland another team, beginning in 1999.

Oilers officials said repeatedly they would not object to playing in the Astrodome for two more years, though they would prefer to play in the Liberty Bowl in Memphis while a stadium is being built in Nashville.

However, Oilers officials are not convinced staying in Houston would hurt their pocketbooks, even with small crowds. Adams could move the team early if he would agree to pay the city, county and Astrodome USA a tidy

sum. "It's very possible he could save more by staying in Houston than by leaving," the source said. "And if the Oilers make the playoffs, they could have a good year in Houston."

It is unlikely the NFL will vote this week on his proposed move to Nashville.

El Editor Newspaper The Best in News

Olympic Torch Is On Its Way

OLYMPIA, Wash. - The American way: families, flags, school bands and (fill in corporate sponsor here).

All the ingredients are in place as the Olympic flame winds its way through Washington en route to the summer games in Atlanta.

The flame entered the state Monday via bicycle over the Columbia River Bridge in Longview. Its itinerary today called for it to be carried through Olympia, Tacoma, Bremerton and Seattle.

After spending the night at the state Capitol, the torch resumed its journey this morning in the hands of Edward Herrera, 35, of Olympia.

"It's an honor, but I'm kind of scared," Herrera said with a laugh. He noted that if it goes out, "5,500 people will be mad."

The flame, which was lit in Olympia, Greece, began its 84-day cross-country trek on April 27 in Los Angeles. After passing through California and Oregon over the weekend, it entered Washington Monday in surprisingly pleasant and dry Northwest weather.

"I think this is the most exciting thing I've ever done," said Marion Mefford, a flight attendant who carried the torch on a 1-kilometer leg after a brief celebration in a Longview park.

"My biggest problem is trying not to set my hair on fire," she said.

In Longview, hundreds of flag-waving people cheered during a brief ceremony brimming with patriotism and commercialism.

Everywhere people turned, soft-drink giant Coca-Cola, which is sponsoring the relay, hawked hats for \$20, pins for \$6 and an "I saw the flame" license plate for \$4, all bearing a prominent Coca-Cola label.

Even the torches are for sale. Each participant can buy a torch for \$275.

"It's sort of hokey," said Bill Houston, a Department of Transportation worker who stopped to see what the commotion was all about.

But that didn't detract from the overall enthusiasm.

One of the biggest hits was Michael Tougher, who risked his life last year to help rescue an injured mountain climber.

"It was fabulous," Tougher, 39, of Battle Ground, Wash., said after his two-kilometer torch-bearing run in Oregon. "It was the opportunity of a lifetime. Everyone here is so open and friendly."

Tougher, pronounced toe-

ker, can thank his wife, Dana, for the experience. She nominated him as a "community hero" after last July's experience at Glacier Peak in Snohomish County.

Tougher was on a mountain climbing trip in the Cascade Mountains when a companion slipped and fell into a 60-foot crevice. Tougher lowered himself into the crevice while other climbers alerted a mountain rescue team. The injured climber eventually was rescued by helicopter.

"I'm glad to do something for him because he deserves it," Dana Tougher said as children lined up to pose for pictures with her husband.

"This is my 15 minutes," he said with a grin. Indeed, when the relay ends July 19 at Atlanta, some 10,000 people, including "community heroes" and Olympic athletes, will have enjoyed a stint in the spotlight as they carry a 3 1/2-pound torch by foot, bicycle, boat, horseback, wheelchair, plane and train 15,000 miles through 42 states.

español en casa y enseñáramos a nuestros padres un poco más de inglés a medida que lo aprendíamos.

Ya que nuestros padres trabajaban de día, de noche y los fines de semana en empleos tales como ayudante de cocina, preparador de ensaladas, limpiador de oficinas y ayudante de estacionamiento, Milly y yo tuvimos suerte de recibir enseñanza en una escuela parroquial.

Cuando decidimos continuar en la universidad, nuestros padres aunaron sus recursos para ayudarnos. A pesar de, o puede que debido a su instrucción limitada, mis padres creían que una enseñanza de calidad nos proporcionaría futuros mejores a nosotras.

Ese sería su legado. Mi hermana ha alcanzado su título de graduada en salud pública. Mientras yo trabajo para terminar mi maestría en cursos de acción públicos, agradezco a mis padres por sus esfuerzos y su visión, en un ambiente que a menudo enviaba los mensajes equivocados a los hispanos y a las muchachas.

La otra parte del aporte de ellos a nuestra enseñanza fue el que nos instilaran el orgullo de nuestra herencia, asegurándose de que creyéramos siendo bilingües y biculturales.

Para sus hijas, ellos abrieron las puertas de par en par hacia dos mundos, y nos enseñaron a tratar de alcanzar lo mejor de cada uno de ellos.

Patricia Rodríguez vive en Phoenix, Arizona.

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La Procesion Que Sigo Cada Dia De Las Madres

Por Elisa Martínez

El Día de las Madres iré a visitar el campo santo. Es donde están todas... mamá, mis abuelitas y mis tías.

Ayer me fijé que el magüey que está a un lado de mi casa va a dar flor. Yo lo planté allí hace muchos años. De su centro está brotando un vástago grueso y verde como un gusano gordo. A mí me causa impresión por que sé lo que indica. Así seguirá brotando hasta llegar a la altura de unos diez pies. Entonces dará flor. Las flores blancas duran unas semanas, luego se marchitan y se caen. El magüey se va secando hasta que el vástago largo se ladea y se cae. Así es, nada más una vez da flor y luego se muere. Este magüey fue retoño de otro que estaba en el patio cuando compramos esta casa.

Me acuerdo de mi abuelita. Tenía su vida guardada dentro de su petaca. La petaca que la seguía doquiera que iba. Allí adentro habían pedacitos de todos los los eventos memorables de su vida. Mi mamá usaba cajas. Las guardaba precisamente para esto. Tenía cajas llenas de fotografías y otras con zapatitos de seda, aplastados y endurecidos con los años. Habían trajectos arrugados, juguetes desgastados e invitaciones, recibos, diplomas, anuncios y otros documentos viejos y amarillentos con los años. Habían cabellos trenzados con listones apretados para que no se deshicieran. Había frascos llenos de pétalos secos. Había un vestido de novia con un velo despedazándose y un sólo zapato de tacón de satín color crema,

muy manchado... uno nada más.

Así fue como yo llegué a conocer a algunos miembros de mi familia. Así fue como supe de sus momentos alegres y de sus tristezas. Mis tías tenían paredes cubiertas de fotos y allí pude relacionar las fisionomías con los nombres. Las tías se paraban y apuntaban a las personas en los retratos y nos explicaban los parentescos de cada quien. Nos relataban cuentos interesantes de todos. Algunas veces meneaban la cabeza de lado a lado y sonreían, tal vez recordando algo que no debía de ser escuchado por nuestros oídos. Era un conjunto guapo de nombres antiguos e interesantes. Anastasia, Zefora, Crescencio, Matiana, Blasa y Faustina se combinaban con los nombres bíblicos de Eliseo, Jacób, Samuel, Moisés, Abigail y Ruth. Muchos de estos nombres siguen dentro de la familia.

Aquellas señoras trabajadoras, de naturaleza fuerte y sentimientos nobles, tenían manos hábiles que preservaron cuidadosamente las reliquias de la familia. Cada artículo tenía su historia y yo la escuché repetidas veces mientras las contaban con lágrimas en los ojos mezcladas con una sonrisa de resignación. Pude tocar estas vidas con mis manos y pude entreverar sus alegrías y tristezas con sus dedos. Tantas vidas guardadas en una petaca. Tantas vidas amarradas con listoncitos, todas encajadas cuidadosamente en cajas de cartón. El último esfuerzo del magüey me recordó a aquellas señoras. Todas esas

mujeres que ya descansan en el campo santo y que conmemoramos cada Día de las Madres. Mi mamá, mis abuelitas y mis tías... todas muertas ya.

Ahora yo soy la que tengo los pedacitos de sus vidas encer-

radas en mis cajas de cartón. Yo también guardo pañuelos arrugados, flores desteñidas, trozitos de cabello, peinetas, chales, hojas de música viejas y fotos borradas por el tiempo. Fotos de sus caras sonrientes congeladas en el

espacio del tiempo.

Mis hijas también han pasado esas vidas por sus manos y han entreverado esas memorias por sus dedos como yo lo hice.

Cuando seque el magüey va a haberán retoños en su base.

Plantaré otro y lo veré crecer.

A todas las madres, las abuelas y las tías les deseo felicidad en su día.

Elisa Martínez, de El Paso, Texas, es maestra.

Propiedad literaria registrada por Hispanic Link News Service en 1996. Distribuido por The Los Angeles Times Syndicate

Procession From Page 2

and glass jars full of faded flower petals. There was a wedding gown, a wispy veil and one scuffed ivory satin high-heeled pump...just one.

This is how I met most of my relatives and traced their lives through sad and happy times. My tías had walls covered with pictures, and from them I associated the names with the faces.

They would stand in front the framed photographs and point at each one and explain who was related to whom and tell some interesting vignette about each. Sometimes they would shake their heads from side to side and chuckle softly, remembering something that our ears were not permitted to hear.

A handsome group they made with all their strange names. Anastasia, Zefora, Crescencio, Matiana, Blasa and Faustina mingled with biblical Eliseo, Jacob, Samuel, Moises, Abigal and Ruth. Many of these names are still in our family.

The ladies, the strong-willed, hard-working sentimental ladies, preserved the mementos carefully with their nimble hands as they stashed and hid their collection of their life's memories. Each treasure had a story and

I heard the story hundreds of times as they would wipe away their tears and replace them with smiles of acceptance.

I touched their lives with my hands. I ran their thoughts and feelings through my fingers. I smelled the lingering perfumes. I smiled with their joys and shared their sad times.

Years and years, all packed in a trunk. So many people's lives neatly tied with ribbons and tucked into yellowed envelopes carefully packed into boxes.

For this reason these ladies come to mind as I see the magüey's last burst of life. These ladies who are buried in the Campo Santo and whom we commemorate each Mother's Day. My mother, my grandmothers and my tías...all gone.

I have pieces of their lives in my boxes now. I too have yellowed handkerchiefs, faded flowers, locks of hair, peinetas (hair combs), old sheets of music and faded photographs of faces smiling, all frozen in time. My children too have touched their lives with their hands and run the memories through their fingers as I did.

After I remove the dead magüey, there will be babies

under it. I will plant another in its place and watch it grow.

To all mothers, grandmothers and tías... Happy Mother's Day.

Elisa Martínez, of El Paso, Texas, is a teacher. Readers may communicate with her care of Hispanic Link News Service, 1420 N St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20005.

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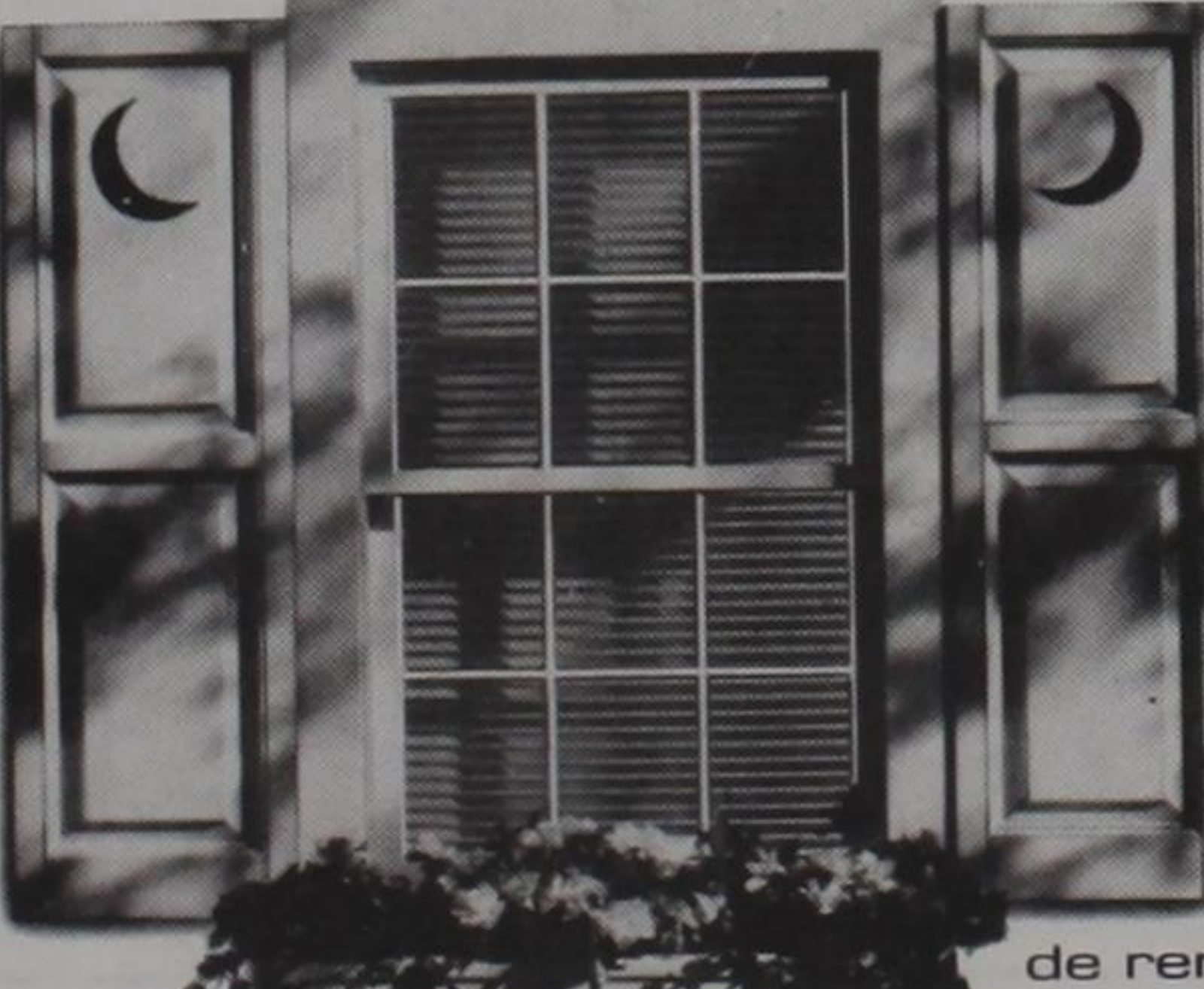
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Un Rayito De Luz

por Sofia Martinez

Los hombres y las mujeres son seres racionales compuestos de alma y cuerpo: Dijo Dios: "Hagamos al hombre a nuestra imagen y semejanza. Que mande a los peces del mar y a las aves del cielo, a las bestias y fieras salvajes y a los reptiles que se arrastran por el suelo". Y Dios creó al hombre y al mujer a Su imagen. Y los bendijo, diciéndoles: "Sean fecundos y multiplíquense. Llenen la tierra y gobiernen a cuanto animal viva en la tierra, a los peces del mar y a las aves del cielo."

Nuestra alma es un espíritu creado por Dios a Su imagen, en cuanto es capaz de conocer, y amar y obrar libremente. Es indudable que nuestra alma es inmortal, porque, después de esta vida es cuando Dios va a recompensar la virtud y va a castigar el pecado de acuerdo a Su justicia.

Dios creó al primer hombre formando el cuerpo de tierra y uniendo a este cuerpo un alma que creó de la nada. Para crear la primera mujer, infundió Dios en el primer hombre un sueño misterioso; y mientras dormía, le sacó una costilla con la que formó a la primera mujer, y unió un alma a ese cuerpo.

El primer hombre se llamó Adán, y la primera mujer Eva. De ellos descendemos todos nosotros y por eso los llamamos "nuestros primeros padres". Dios colocó a Adán y a Eva en un lugar delicioso y hermosísimo lugar: "el paraíso terrenal". (Gen. 1, 26-31).

Cuidando Su Salud

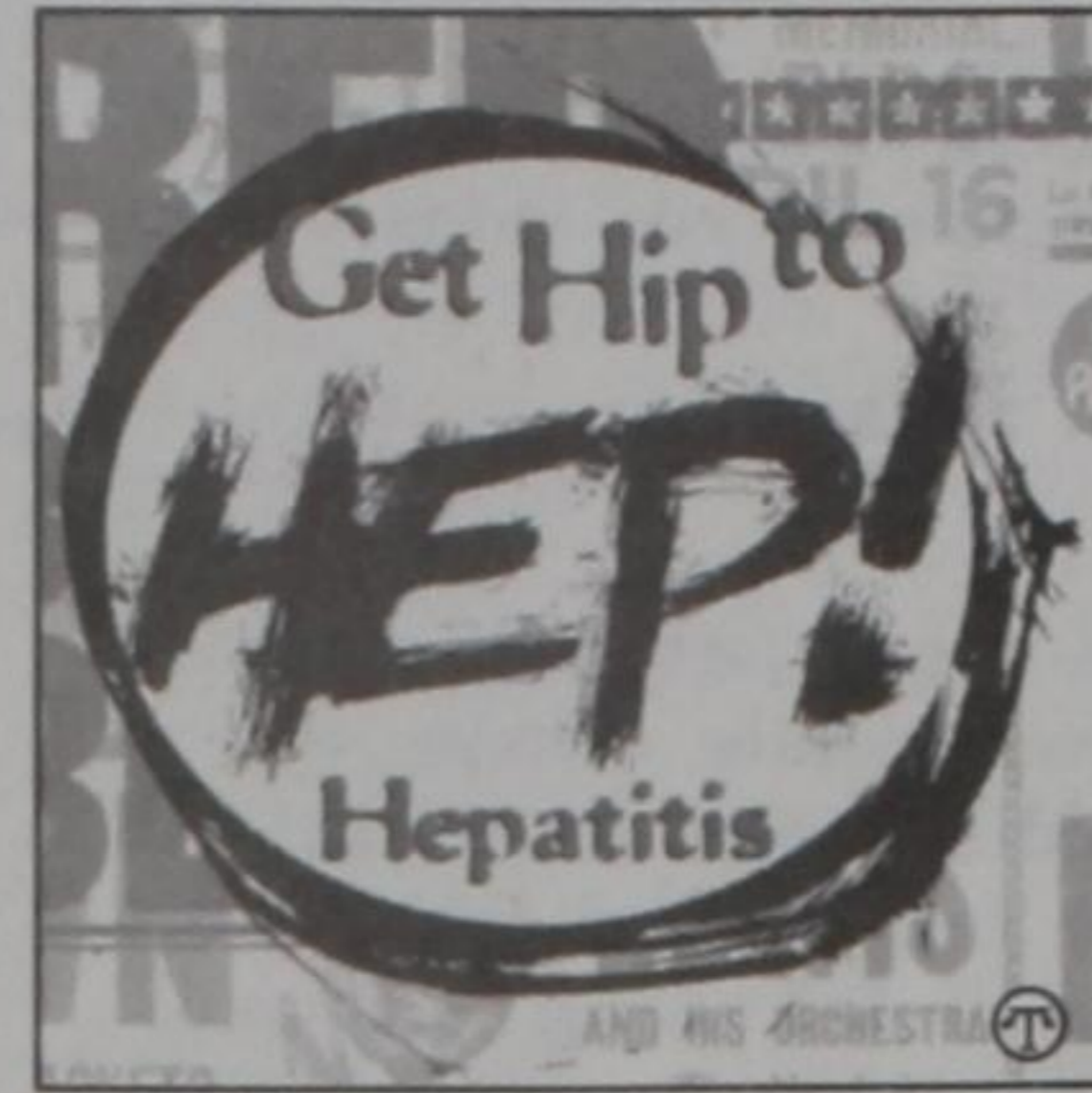
NOTICIAS DE SALUD

Alístese Contra la Hepatitis—Exámense

(NAPS)—A pesar de que comúnmente se cree que las personas con hepatitis viral, una seria condición del hígado, tienen los ojos y la piel amarillentos, usted puede sentirse y parecer saludable y aun así padecer la enfermedad sin saberlo. Este año solamente, cerca de 350,000 americanos se infectarán con las hepatitis B y C, los tipos más comunes y peligrosos de la enfermedad. Todos los tipos de hepatitis provocan inflamación del hígado y algunos pueden causar daño permanente al hígado.

¿Qué es la hepatitis? Usted debe estar informado sobre las hepatitis A, B y C y sobre como, sin saberlo, puede ponerse en peligro a través de actividades cotidianas. Generalmente, las personas contraen la hepatitis A a través del agua y de los alimentos contaminados. Este tipo de hepatitis no se torna crónico. Pero las hepatitis B y C, que invaden todo el cuerpo a través del flujo sanguíneo, pueden causar enfermedades crónicas del hígado. Si usted usa drogas intravenosas, si se ha hecho un tatuaje, si ha perforado su cuerpo, o si ha recibido una transfusión de sangre durante una cirugía ocurrida antes de 1990, puede estar en riesgo de haber contraído hepatitis B o C. Afortunadamente, toda la sangre donada ahora es analizada para detectar las hepatitis B y C, y hoy el riesgo de contraer la enfermedad a través de una transfusión de sangre es de menos del uno por ciento.

La hepatitis B puede ser transmitida sexualmente. La evidencia de la transmisión de la hepatitis C a través del contacto sexual todavía no es clara. Los investigadores creen que las hepatitis B y C también puede ser transmitida de una persona a otra al compartir enseres



Los virus de las hepatitis B y C son más comunes y pueden ser más infecciosos que el virus del SIDA. Si usted cree estar en riesgo, consulte a su médico.

del hogar tales como rasuradoras o cepillos de dientes.

Algunas veces personas con hepatitis tienen síntomas tales como fatiga, fiebre leve, dolores musculares y en las articulaciones, náusea y pérdida del apetito. Pero la mayoría de las personas no padecen de síntomas. Si la hepatitis B o C se torna crónica y no es tratada, existe riesgo de desarrollar daño permanente en el hígado e incluso cáncer del hígado. Su doctor puede llevar a cabo un simple examen de sangre para medir las encimas del hígado. Si están elevadas, se requerirán pruebas adicionales para hacer un diagnóstico definitivo.

Afortunadamente, muchos casos crónicos de las hepatitis B y C pueden ser tratados con una droga llamada Intron A (interferon alfa-2b). Lo importante es examinarse. Si usted sospecha que está en riesgo, consulte a su médico o llame a la Fundación Americana del Hígado al 1-800-223-0179 para obtener más información (en inglés).

AIDS Drug Prolongs Life

According to a study by manufacturer Hoffman-La Roche Inc., a recently approved AIDS drug prolonged the lives of patients when it was combined with an older medication, reports Associated Press.

The Food and Drug Administration last year approved Roche's saquinavir, widely considered the weakest of a trio of new AIDS medicines, based on data that it helped patients' immune systems.

Until now, only one of these new medicines called protease inhibitors, Abbott Laboratories' zidovudine, had been proven to actually lower the risk of death.

Roche said Tuesday that its study proves saquinavir prolongs life, too. It sent copies of the results this week to AIDS researchers and the FDA, asking that the agency consider adding the information to saquinavir's label.

The 73-week study compared 978 patients who took either saquinavir, the older AIDS medicine ddC or a combination.

By the end of the study, 34 of the 318 patients who took saquinavir alone had died and 28 of the 314 who took ddC alone had died. But only nine of the 308 patients who took the combination treatment had died.



(DM)—Gabriela Salinas, una niña boliviana de siete años de edad cuya familia no podía asumir los gastos astronómicos para el tratamiento de un tumor canceroso en su espina dorsal, fue admitida al St. Jude Children's Research Hospital en Memphis, donde se han desarrollado protocolos específicos para su enfermedad, Sarcoma de Ewing, y donde está recibiendo tratamiento gratuito.

El sufrimiento de esta familia, reportado en el New York Daily News el 25 de marzo, conmovió a la actriz Marlo Thomas, hija del fundador del hospital, Danny Thomas, a coordinar el traslado de la niña del Mt. Sinai Medical Center en Nueva York al St. Jude en Memphis.

Marlo Thomas le presentó el caso al director del hospital, Arthur Nienhuis, M.D., quien inició el traslado de la niña con el apoyo de sus médicos en Nueva York al determinar que el St. Jude tiene un protocolo de tratamiento para Sarcoma de Ewing. Las reglas del hospital dictan que todos los pacientes tienen que ser referidos al St. Jude por parte del médico a cargo del tratamiento. Todos los pacientes son admitidos sin importar la habilidad de pago.

"Uno de los principios que mi padre estableció al fundar el St. Jude Children's Research Hospital es que ningún niño sería rechazado por falta de recursos económicos", manifestó Marlo Thomas. "Cuando leí la historia de Gabriela, realicé que admitirla al St. Jude hubiera sido el deseo de mi padre".

El Hospital St. Jude recibe aproximadamente 10 a 15 casos nuevos de Sarcoma de Ewing anualmente. Este es el segundo cáncer de hueso más común.

"Vamos a evaluar la condición de Gabriela para determinar el mejor curso de tratamiento", dijo su médico principal en el St. Jude, William Meyer, M.D. "Los niños con Sarcoma de Ewing típicamente reciben una combinación de radiación y quimioterapia".

Danny Thomas fundó el St. Jude Children's Research Hospital con el ideal de que ningún niño debería de



fallecer de enfermedades catastróficas por falta de tratamiento médico. Para realizar esa meta, la Asociación de Caridades Americo-Libanesa-Siria (ALSAC) recauda más de \$100 millones anualmente para apoyar la investigación y tratamiento de enfermedades catastróficas en niños, tales como el cáncer pediátrico, infección de SIDA y otras enfermedades de la sangre.

"El caso de Gabriela no es excepcional para el St. Jude", declaró Richard C. Shadyac, director ejecutivo nacional de ALSAC. "Gracias a las donaciones anuales de millones de personas, y gracias al espíritu generoso de Marlo Thomas, podemos ofrecerle a niños como Gabriela el tratamiento médico y el apoyo que necesitan".

St. Jude Children's Research Hospital le brinda tratamiento cada año a unos 4,000 pacientes de Estados Unidos e internacionales. Un programa de asistencia internacional fue inaugurado hace casi una década para mejorar mundialmente la cura del cáncer en la niñez mediante la educación, las consultas e investigaciones y la colaboración médica. Cientos de niños hispanos y latinoamericanos reciben tratamiento en el St. Jude cada año. Además, programas de colaboración con el St. Jude existen ya en México, El Salvador, Chile y Brasil.

Para hacer una donación al St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, puede llamar al 1-800-346-9944, o escribir a: ALSAC/St. Jude, 501 St. Jude Place, Department Help, Memphis, Tennessee, 38105. Mayor información sobre el St. Jude Children's Research Center puede ser obtenida en el Internet. La dirección es: <http://www.stjude.org>.

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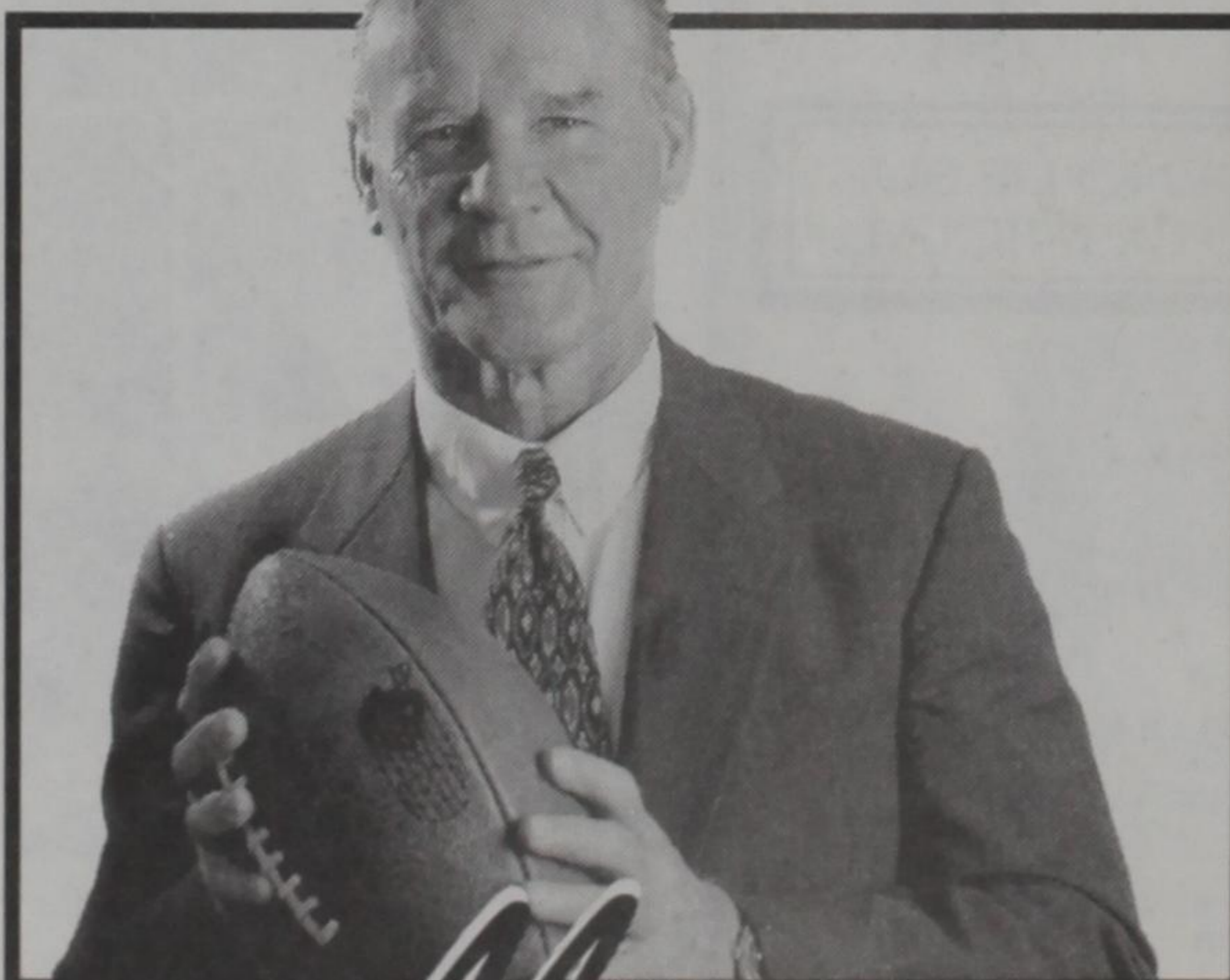


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