WHERE IS THE EMERGENCY?

The TRUMP Presidency IS THE real EMERGENCY!!

#wherestheemergency
The Las Palmas Nature Trail of the Loving Laredo Hike would disappear if a wall is built and

By Melissa R. Cigarroa, Board President of the RGISC
Tricia Cortez, Executive Director of the RGISC

NOTE:
In February the President declared a National Emergency at the southern border. Since then what began as a brazen attempt to subvert federal dollars to execute an empty campaign promise has turned into a humanitarian crisis. The President and his supporters are hell-bent on building a boondoggle along the border that will address none of the security issues used to justify its construction while ignoring the humanitarian imbrigo the Administration’s policies have created. This national emergency declaration is no more than a vehicle to circumvent the will of Congress which has refused to appropriate funds for border wall construction amounts to the confiscation of land and property, the destruction of natural resources and wildlife habitat, exacerbates the extinction of endangered species, threatens the only water supply of millions of people, exposes the community in more flooding and soil erosion, and degrades the cultural, trade and economic fabric of our border region.

Plans for Laredo

Customs and Border Protection is the agency created to control the flux of persons and goods through U.S. borders. CBP’s plans for Laredo include a 127-mile bollard-style barrier system along the Rio Grande, a 150-foot enforcement zone that clears all vegetation between the wall and river, and the use of high intensity floodlights and cameras, and an all-weather road. Gates will be built for ranchers and property owners to access their land on the river side of the wall. This will cut through the heart of Laredo which includes downtown, the Laredo College campus, densely populated middle-class and low income residential neighborhoods, and prime parks, trails and habitat for recreation, kayaking, and birding, which have made Laredo and the lower Rio Grande Valley a destination for eco-tourists. Our region will soon become a vast wasteland of environmental degradation.

Laredo is a historic community in the South Texas borderlands. Its lifeline, the Rio Grande, has always been its No. 1 asset since our community’s founding 264 years ago. In 1755. The consequenc-es of constructing a wall in Laredo’s urban center would devastate our landscape, ecology, cultural heritage, and quality of life. It is clear to us that the historic Latino and frontier border communities in South Texas, singled out by the Trump administration, would be disproportionately impacted by the construction of a wall.

As was true before, security is not the issue. A Wall will not address the surge of Central American migrants fleeing violence, poverty and climate factors. A Wall will not prevent the vast majority of migrants from reaching US soil on the river side of the Wall and legally seeking asylum. A Wall will not stop the migrant caravans from coming. Nor will it curb the labor force demands in agriculture and construction that still rely on migrant labor.

A wall will not prevent drugs from entering the United States, of which more than 90% enter through legal ports of entry. It will, instead, divert billions that should be strategically invested in our ports to intercept the drugs that supply America’s insatiable demand, and to stop the southbound flow of guns and cash into Mexico that embolden the cartels with greater resources.

A Wall will do nothing to relieve the overburdened US immigration court system that reviews asylum claims — the backlog of 800,000 cases is only growing. (source: bit.ly/plan-fails). A Wall would not have prevented the 700,000 who overstayed their legal visas in 2017 and remain illegally in the U.S. nor those overstaying before then and now. A Wall is not an immigration policy. (source: bit.ly/immigration-crisis)

The Rio Grande

The Rio Grande river exists in an over-stressed basin and is the only source of drinking water for Laredo and many other cities. It is the primary source of water for drinking and irrigation for more than 6 million people and 2 million acres of land and countless species of animals that depend on it for their survival. It continues to rank as one of the 10 most endan-

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Voz Vision Statement: La Voz de Esperanza speaks for many individual, progressive voices who are cultural & political, multi-racial and indigenous. We are diverse survivors of materialism, racism, misogyny, homophobia, classism, violence, earth-damage, speciesism and cultural and political oppression. We are recognizing the powers of alliance, activism and healthy conflict in order to achieve interdependent economic, social and political transformation. La Voz provides bold actions in response to local and global problems, with the knowledge that the world we take for the earth, our body, and the dignity of all people will result in profound change for the seven generations to come.

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Eleanor H. Hilsman
August 30, 1923 - June 11, 2019

The Esperanza staff and buena gente express heartfelt condolences to Amy Kantes, Esperanza board member and legal adviser, on the recent passing of her dear mother at 95 years of age. Much of Esperanza’s success is due to the involvement of persons such as Amy who have dedicated much time and love to the organization and its gente. No doubt Amy, who is so committed to social justice, learned to be who she is from her mother. And for that we thank her mother. Our hearts and spirits join Amy and her family in sorrow wishing them solace and comfort in the memories of happy times spent with their mother. May she rest in peace.

The July/August 2019 La Voz de Esperanza is an expanded 24 page issue with contributions from San Antonio and beyond! Many thanks to all who made this special issue possible.

Eliana L. Sánchez
La Voz de Esperanza

Policy Statements

Our Lady of the Lake English/Creative Writing/Social Justice submissions:

- Rice by Emily Yglesias & Nuestro Westside by Sanatana Ceballos
- The Dungeon by Josefina Beatriz Longoria, Azrril B. Porter & Don T Tell Me by Monica Arredondo
- Re-Rethinking Impeachment After the Mueller Report by Elliot Benjamin 16 & 17
- The Status of Women in SA, An Overview by María Eugenia Guerra 9-13
- Writing on the Wall: Zapata County residents speak up… by Maria Eugenia Guerra 10
- Our Lady of the Lake English/Creative Writing/Social Justice submissions: 7 & 8
- In the Shpoe of a Gun by t.s.ihami
- Pray for the Shape of a Gun by t.s ihami
- The Noise of Highway 90 by Larissa Hernández
- New documentary on Amy Hilsman
- La Voz Mail Collective

Happy Summer!

Eliana L. Sánchez
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to improve physical barriers along Webb and Starr counties was a naked partisan move. And even the City of Laredo’s proposal to conduct credible fear screenings, and provide the right services and treatment for asylum seekers. And despite current numbers, these aren’t record numbers. The Department of Homeland Security (DHS) reports that 132,877 apprehensions took place in May 2019. But prior to 2008, monthly crossings were consistently over 100,000 and were higher than 200,000 per month in 2000. Clearly, our country has faced this situation before.

Migrants and Apprehensions at the Border

Despite current headlines of migrant crossings that can seem frightening for anyone who doesn’t know or live on the border, we must clarify that there is no national emergency. Without a doubt, the problem is acute: some ports of entry are seeing the arrival of family units and many of our border residents have not handled these numbers of family units in the past. For decades, the typical migrant profile was a single man from Mexico looking for work. Today, it’s a Central American family or unaccompanied minor seeking asylum.

This change in migrant profile requires a different type of leadership and action - we need more personnel to: process migrants, conduct credible fear screenings, and provide the right services and treatment for asylum seekers.

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Where’s the National Emergency? Campaign

This past spring, we joined a powerful and diverse coalition of voices in Laredo with a campaign called “Where’s the National Emergency?” that seeks to show our own reality on the border.

FBI Uniform Crime Report data shows that we live in some of the safest cities in Texas and the country. Trade is flourishing. In 2018, Laredo processed nearly 40 percent, or $234.7 billion, of the total value of U.S.-Mexico trade, making us the largest inland port in the nation. In March, we pulled ahead of Long Beach to become the No. 1 port in the United States. Despite this economic and security success, the Trump administration continues to lie about the security threat. The Texas Legislature’s attempt this session to create a slush fund of nearly two hundred million state dollars

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Above is a chart produced by the Office of Immigration Statistics for a 2017 DHS report titled “Efforts by DHS to Estimate Southwest Border Security Between Ports of Entry.” Figure 8 shows Southwest Border Apprehensions by U.S. Border Patrol from 1970-2016.

According to a report by the Council on Foreign Relations, “violence and rampant crime have driven asylum seekers from El Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras to the United States.” Migrants from all three countries cite violence, forced gang recruitment, and extortion, as well as poverty and lack of opportunity, as their reasons for leaving. Guatemala, El Salvador, and Honduras have the highest homicide rates in Central America. Despite these significant issues in the region, the U.S. has not confirmed an Ambassador for the countries of Mexico, Honduras and El Salvador, among other countries. Latin America in general has been largely ignored.

Ugly Racial Undertones

Meanwhile, why is it that our state’s most powerful politicians will go on for private property owners along the Red River who faced federal land grabs and yet remain not just silent but a potentially active player in one of the greatest federal land grabs along the Rio Grande?

When the federal Bureau of Land Management under the Obama administration began surveying land along the Red River in 2009, claiming a nearly century-old Supreme Court decision allowed the federal government control of the land, (Gov. Greg) Abbott, (Attorney General Ken) Paxton, (Senator Ted) Cruz, and (Senator John) Cornyn sprang into action to fight on behalf of the families that had lived on that land for generations. They became deeply involved in a long and drawn-out legal battle.

In 2015, Abbott sent a letter to the Bureau of Land Management, calling on the agency to “end this unacceptable land grab.” Paxton applauded landowners for fighting the federal government, and he quickly filed an amicus brief on their behalf, saying that “the borders of any state arc a fundament” expression of its sovereignty, and are established through extensive surveys and legal precedent. We will not allow the federal government to arbitrarily infringe upon Texas land and undermine the private property rights of our citizens.”

More than a Wall & More Lawsuits

The Wall is a radical assault on the ecology of an already threatened river. A Wall will not solve the current migrant situation on the border. Only comprehensive immigration reform will resolve the current situation.

This is about more than a Wall. It’s about a process that is leaving border residents with no legal recourse to have a say in what happens in our communities. If we lived 100 miles north, or perhaps along the Red River, the environmental protection waivers would not apply. This is about how we are going to allow the government to treat us. The laws should be applied equally. We should have the same protections as other people in the rest of the country.

The good thing is that we are not alone. In addition to our lawsuit, there are numerous cases against Trump’s emergency declaration and the misallocation of funds to build a border wall. These cases are related, but in different courts and moving along slightly different tracks.

There are two cases in federal court in California – one filed by the ACLU on behalf of Sierra Club and one filed by the State of California on behalf of 20 states. In DC, where our case is also filed, the U.S. House of Representatives filed its own lawsuit challenging Trump’s misallocation of funds for the border wall. The judge recently denied the motion holding that the court doesn’t have jurisdiction to resolve a political dispute between the Executive and the Legislature. This was quite a surprise and the House is likely to appeal.

Things have also progressed with our case. On June 1, the government filed a motion to dismiss as we expected they would, so the legal fight has only begun.

Where is the National Emergency? It is not on the southern Border. Here we deal with a humanitarian crisis that has been per- versely exacerbated by this administration’s own policies. Rather, the emergency is in the White House, whose 10,000 lies include the one that says a Border Wall is a solution to anything.

The Rio Grande International Study Center (RGISC) is an envi- ronmental advocacy group in Laredo, TX. Founded in 1994. For contact: la@esperanzacent.org

Declaration of a National Emergency on February 15th of 2019.

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Prayer in the Shape of a Gun

Author's note: This Poem/Performance Piece/Meditation about gun violence in America is also the final component of the service learning project for my MA/MFA in creative writing and social justice through OLLU this semester.

*insert today’s shooting*

The thing that feels most holy in this country
Is shaped like a gun.
The thing and the theory and the theology
That most distinguishes Americans for me
revolves around the gun.
The Second Amendment is an immutable sacrament.
All other laws and philosophies and sciences
Demanding constant examination, re-drawing, and
the most minute of shifts.

For not me the platitudinous thoughts and prayers.
Worshipful words, attached as they are to organized religion,
are no convincing substitute for action or a soothing salve for sheer tragedy.

But I have watched America, over the decades, mere itself
exhortations to pray because anything else is tasteless
and unseemly and too soon.

No matter the scope and daily horror, seeming to prefer platitudes to the hard work
of shifting the faulty frame on the church of firearms
that has taken root here.

Each mass shooting now runs one into the other, on a daily basis.
I lose track
On the same day of reports on the casualty rate of one event
another killer is cocking his gun
Beginning his unholy mission to move down innocent people.

Each cry of “Enough! We must do something!” is drowned out by exhortations to pray because anything else is tasteless and
unseemly and too soon.
The Sikh temple in 2012
Sutherland Springs in 2017
Surely Americans will do something now?”
But here, guns are the untopple-able idol.

Children march for their lives and are mocked as crisis actors
Politicians respond with suggestions of buckets filled
with stones, removal of doors and arming of teachers
You lost your minds. You have lost. You have been lost.

New Zealand just banned assault weapons days after their tragedy.

But here, guns are the untopple-able idol.

This country technically not at war prefers to train
its youngest citizens to accept
the increasing possibility
that they might actually die in their classroom.

We want them to accept their nightmares
And yet.

We protest, we march, we push back.
I don’t pray.

I keep waiting for this country to decide it’s time to lose its religion
the one built around cold steel, cocked triggers and deadly ricochet.

And I wonder if it ever will.

–s.t.shimi

Editor’s note: Thank you to the students from Our Lady of the Lake's program in English Creative Writing/Social Justice with Dr. Kevin Scott Jobe who chose to share their writings with readers of LA VOZ.

On May 16-18, 2019 over 200 scholars, activists, artists, and writers gathered for an intense conference titled “Gloria Anzaldúa: Traduire les Frontieres/Translating Borders.” The international conference on the Chicana queer writer’s work sponsored by over a dozen academic centers and departments including Laboratoire Études de Genre et de Sexualité (LEG), was held at three different Université Sorbonne campuses in Paris, France. Because I had attended conferences on Chicana Literature at the Sorbonne before, I had an idea of what to expect in terms of the culture of conferences in Europe—more like the Congresses in Spain or in Mexico—where you don’t pay a registration fee and things are less structured, rarely starting on time. Had I not had these experiences before, I would’ve panicked when the first cab refused to stop at the Paris 8 campus because it was so far.

The first Plenary, titled “Gloria Anzaldúa, Feminist Decolonielle Theorist, Queer Color” (Gloria Anzaldúa: Decolonielle Feminist Queer of Color Theorist), was to set the stage for the next three days with an assessment of shifting the faulty frame on the church of firearms that has taken root here. On the same day of reports on the casualty rate of one event another killer is cocking his gun.

NOTE: This conference honored both the thirteenth anniversary of Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza and its translation into French. The main unifying thematic was the concept of borderlands as conceptualized by Anzaldúa, and its multiple situated potential interpretations and elaborations. For Anzaldúa, borderlands with a small “b” signaled the geographical space of national division, such as the space of her birth at the U.S.-Mexican border. When she wrote Borderlands with a capital “B” the concept-term signified many other dimensions including psychic, sexual, spiritual, and energetic divided spatialities, as well. In sum, together the notions of borderlands and Borderlands up a world of possibilities for feminist and queer theory, literatures, historiographies, arts, which were invited to converge in this conference. Continued on Page 18
The Noise of Highway 90

By Larissa Hernández

Author’s Note: This creative nonfiction essay centers around my experience as a homeowner and married woman. It weaves struggles of maintaining a property and a struggling marriage into my experience as a homeowner and married woman. It weaves the pain of tilling the clay-like soil, the September sun burned into our skin. It cooked us until our hearts popped like fat on a hot pan. And the pain in our backs forced us to lie dormant for several days, allowing the new grass to settle beneath the water and the oppressive heat. The complacency of a half-finished yard cooled us.

The Taking of those productive, privately-owned river vega lands took with it, too, massive swaths of history, culture, architecture, a local economy dependent on agriculture, and Zapata’s international bridge.

Maria Eugenia (Meg) Guerra has chronicled the news of South Texas and her native Laredo and its residents for more than two decades. Maria Eugenia (MEG) Guerra is the publisher of LaredoEOS, A Journal of the Borderlands at laredosnews.com. She is a rancher in Zapata County. She can be reached at meg@laredosnews.com.

ZAPATA – News of border wall construction and the accompanying void of information for where it will be built, continues to foment an atmosphere of uncertainty all along the frontera and no less so in Zapata County, which is still in economic recovery from the plummet in natural gas tax revenues from $300 million a year in 2007 to the present $20 million a year.

For some Zapata ranchers and hay farmers, the taking of land that came from the attic and beneath the house. A pier and beam home surrounded top to bottom by ternin and reaches. The mice cried from their sticky messentraps, throwing their bodies to freedom that only came from their skulls being smashed in, at last. They say it takes two years to truly know someone. I was horrified to learn that my husband wound the mice up in plastic bags and bashed them against the concrete until the squealing of pain stopped. For me, it was easier to sit on the couch and ignore them until it was necessary to peek at the screaming bodies from around the corner. Well, what was worse? Allowing them to starve or to strain themselves to death? Or was it kinder to end it quickly?

We overlooked the mulch-covered front yard and what must have been millions of tiny rocks that covered the backyard. Two years earlier we had looked at multiple houses. Houses with back-splashed kitchen counters, houses with covered carports, houses with grass. We had asked for an appraisal or two the first time around. But the second time we chose the first house that met some of our needs—three bedrooms, fenced, near my grandmother, built before 2001. The house was on a remodeled property that used to hold tiny shacks that hid prostitution and drug abuse. The ghosts of these vices are now buried beneath the tons of rocks, landscaped into the background of our new neighborhood.

We overlooked the glass that was intentionally hidden beneath the tarp that held the mulch. “A crazy ex-girlfriend,” a neighbor told us, who was strung out and angry with a baseball bat in her hand. “And that huge tree in the back got struck by lightning before they finally cut it down.” Our previous landlord warned us before buying a house that it typically took about a year before all the debris came out in a house. I think on the surface we may have seen some, but the convenience was too easy. We overlooked the cyclone fence that could barely hold itself together and the noise of highway 90 that swept through the open aluminum diamonds of the back fence, a persistent buzz like a nearby bumblebee or a hornet wasp. The yard took several hours over the course of a few days to prepare for the sod we had loaded into the back of the car. Throughout the ordeal of tilling the clay-like soil, the September sun burned into our skin. It cooked us until our hearts must have sized and popped like fat on a hot pan. And the pain in our backs forced us to lie dormant for several days, allowing the new grass to settle beneath the water and the oppressive heat. The complacency of a half-finished yard cooled us.

We overlooked and underheard the sounds that came from the attic and beneath the house. A pier and beam home surrounded top to bottom by ternin and reaches. The mice cried from their sticky messentraps, throwing their bodies to freedom that only came from their skulls being smashed in, at last. They say it takes two years to truly know someone. I was horrified to learn that my husband wound the mice up in plastic bags and bashed them against the concrete until the squealing of pain stopped. For me, it was easier to sit on the couch and ignore them until it was necessary to peek at the screaming bodies from around the corner. Well, what was worse? Allowing them to starve or to strain themselves to death? Or was it kinder to end it quickly?

We overlooked the drivers who took the curve too fast near our house. On the night a grocery store worker crashed his car into our fence, we glanced out from our laundry room window until we realized it was our backyard he had sped into. For days we picked up pieces of iron from the good fence that had flown throughout the rock-covered backyard. This mess we could at least see. Beneath us, as we walked around picking up the mess of car parts and metal, were the remains of past homes broken in their own ways, demolished by time and by wrecking crews. And, when our home was broken into, we overlook again the disease of poor lighting and bad timing in a neighborhood plagued with crime. Here was an American dream mowed down to the greenest blade of grass, boarded up until the dogs could no longer escape, overlooked until happiness could be found again beneath the tarp and the glass fragments.

By Larissa Hernández

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We overlooked the glass that was intentionally hidden beneath the tarp that held the mulch. “A crazy ex-girlfriend,” a neighbor told us, who was strung out and angry with a baseball bat in her hand. “And that huge tree in the back got struck by lightning before they finally cut it down.” Our previous landlord warned us before buying a house that it typically took about a year before all the debris came out in a house. I think on the surface we may have seen some, but the convenience was too easy. We overlooked the cyclone fence that could barely hold itself together and the noise of highway 90 that swept through the open aluminum diamonds of the back fence, a persistent buzz like a nearby bumblebee or a hornet wasp. The yard took several hours over the course of a few days to prepare for the sod we had loaded into the back of the car. Throughout the ordeal of tilling the clay-like soil, the September sun burned into our skin. It cooked us until our hearts must have sized and popped like fat on a hot pan. And the pain in our backs forced us to lie dormant for several days, allowing the new grass to settle beneath the water and the oppressive heat. The complacency of a half-finished yard cooled us.

We overlooked and underheard the sounds that came from the attic and beneath the house. A pier and beam home surrounded top to bottom by ternin and reaches. The mice cried from their sticky messentraps, throwing their bodies to freedom that only came from their skulls being smashed in, at last. They say it takes two years to truly know someone. I was horrified to learn that my husband wound the mice up in plastic bags and bashed them against the concrete until the squealing of pain stopped. For me, it was easier to sit on the couch and ignore them until it was necessary to peek at the screaming bodies from around the corner. Well, what was worse? Allowing them to starve or to strain themselves to death? Or was it kinder to end it quickly?

We overlooked the drivers who took the curve too fast near our house. On the night a grocery store worker crashed his car into our fence, we glanced out from our laundry room window until we realized it was our backyard he had sped into. For days we picked up pieces of iron from the good fence that had flown throughout the rock-covered backyard. This mess we could at least see. Beneath us, as we walked around picking up the mess of car parts and metal, were the remains of past homes broken in their own ways, demolished by time and by wrecking crews. And, when our home was broken into, we overlook again the disease of poor lighting and bad timing in a neighborhood plagued with crime. Here was an American dream mowed down to the greenest blade of grass, boarded up until the dogs could no longer escape, overlooked until happiness could be found again beneath the tarp and the glass fragments.
vegetable growers at the expense of Zapata County — excluding San Ygnacio — the greater good virtues of hydroelectric power generation, conservation, and flood control were the justifications extolled for a bi-national project that bore so vast a devastation of a way of life.

The greater good of President Trump’s declaration of a national emergency to fund a border wall does not align with Zapata County residents who are calculating what the wall will wreak on personal property, agriculture, a way of life, the ceding of land and water, and wildlife habitat. Nor will it, they say, stop the flow of immigrants or drugs.

“This is nothing less than the fulfillment of a racist campaign promise that will change the lives of millions of Texans who depend on the life-giving Rio Grande for water, agriculture, and commerce,” said hay farmer Romeo Uribe.

“So huge and determined is this effort that 48 federal laws that protect us, water, land, and wildlife have been waived, including the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA), the Endangered Species Act, the Clean Water Act, the Clean Air Act, the National Historic Preservation Act, and the Safe Drinking Water Act. The government has a green light to destroy this river,” Uribe said.

These are the voices of several Zapata County residents opposed to the declaration of a national emergency and to the construction of a border wall.

“Agribusiness is now the primary business of Zapata County, as it once was. The economic impact of the proposed border wall on ranching would be a hard blow,” said Judge Joe Rathmell.

“No one disputes the need for a secure border. Most, if not all ranchers welcome Border Patrol onto their property. Most of those ranchers will tell you the wall is not the answer to increased security,” he said, adding, “They will tell you more Border Patrol agents and more technology are a better answer.”

Rathmell, a rancher himself — as was his father Jake, who also served as Zapata County judge in the 1970s — runs a commercial cattle operation on family land adjacent to a tract of river vega that he leases from the IBWC.

Those acres on the river provide water we depend on and grass for the cattle. The loss of access to water and grazing rights would put me out of business,” he said, adding, “The economic impact of the wall to ranching would decimate local businesses that provide the goods and services ranchers need.

He said that there may be a change afoot in IBWC’s grazing leases, “which are billed to the lessee and are renewed by note by mailing in a check. “I’ve heard of checks not being cashed and the IBWC not returning phone calls. If there is a policy change, no one has been advised,” he said, adding that he has recently asked U.S. Congressman Henry Cuellar for clarification.

Rathmell said the lack of specifics and reliable information about the wall has sat many on edge. “Where will the wall be? What is the design? What impact will it have on us and on wildlife?”

Joe Rathmell, 58
Zapata County Judge, Rancher

Javier Zapata, 60
Rancher, Feed Store Owner

“Cuales asesinos, cuales matones? Es fantasia, y son mentiras.” Zapata Feed Store owner Javier Zapata is unequivocal about the Trump administration’s justifications for the border wall. “And even if it was true that assassins and murderers were crossing the border to kill us, a wall would not stop them,” he said.

He is quick to point out that illegal immigration is not endemic to the border with Mexico. “They come from Canada, they enter at Florida. The whole Gulf Coast is open to undocumented immigrants who enter this country illegally. Are we going to pay for walls everywhere? Why here where the numbers for illegal entry and apprehension have dropped drastically?” he asked.

Zapata farms 230 acres on the river near San Ygnacio.

“I bought this property 13 years ago. I have a $160,000 investment in tractors and baling equipment so that I can grow and bale about 1,000 round bales a year, some which I feed to my own cattle and the rest to sell at my feed store in Zapata. Part of my land is a peninsula in the river. When the government builds the wall, they won’t follow the shape of my land. They will follow a straight line and cut me off from half of my property. Is that just? I have worked hard to pay for it and to keep it productive. I own 800-acre feet of water rights,” he said, adding, “The hay sales are very important in times of drought, which is often.”

Zapata said that ranchers who are not on the river may say they are for the construction of the wall. “But many of us who have land on the river are not. We use the river to raise crops and to water our cattle. We understand the value of having access to the river. No one wants less security on the border, but do it another way. Use technology, not a wall that will change our lives, take our land, drop our land values, and affect wildlife,” he said.

“The way our land looks and feels to us, the vista from our homes, the way cattle run in the river and the wildlife, will be destroyed. That will have an impact you cannot measure,” Zapata continued.

“The wall will not stop immigrants or contraband. What it will do is make concrete and steel suppliers and contractors wealthy for life. A wall that costs billions of dollars is a round circle, a business for profit for those chosen for the work. A tunnel under the wall costs a million dollars. By the time that tunnel is discovered, many millions will be recovered in traffic or contraband by the ones who built it. If the wall is made of steel, torches will cut it. If it’s too high, ladders, ramps, and tunnels will circumvent it,” he said, adding that money for the wall construction could be put to more beneficial use, for education and to feed school children who live in poverty two nutritious meals a day.

“Why is this wall aimed at cattle ranchers and those who raise hay for cattle? We small ranchers feed the nation, and we carry the financial burden of doing it. We buy our own feed and veterinary medicines. We pay for fences on our ranches and make improvements to make our operations more efficient. I work hard to send 80 or 90 calves to the market every year,” Zapata said.

“The president says the wall is a response to an invasion. The Alamos was an invasion. This is not. When Falcon Lake was built, the federal government condemned our farms and ranches on land that had been given to us by the Spanish crown. Now they want more land and to remove us from the water. No es justo.”

The greater good of President Trump’s declaration of a national emergency to fund a border wall does not align with Zapata County residents who are calculating what the wall will wreak on personal property, agriculture, a way of life, the ceding of land and water, and wildlife habitat. Nor will it, they say, stop the flow of immigrants or drugs.
Renato Ramirez, 79
Banker, Rancher

As a banker, and a pivot upon which commerce in Zapata turns, Ramirez is all about numbers, but today the number that’s on his mind is the one that has been part of the history and the lexicon of Zapataans since the construction of the Falcon Dam, “the 307” — the IBWC’s engineering demarcation for the flood stage of the Rio Grande in language that stipulates that the government owns river land below the 307-foot traverse; and that land above the 307, excepting park land, can be privately owned.

Ramirez said that if the wall builders follow the 307 traverse, the wall would encroach upon or cross U.S. Hwy. 83 at Tigno Chico and Tiguero Grande creeks, as well as the Veleño, Arroyo el Burro at Ramírez, El Grullo and San Francisco at San Ygnacio, and Dolores near the Zapata-Webb county line.

He said the 314 line is four feet below the top of the dam. “In a flood, the proposed wall would sometimes be under water.”

Like many other county ranchers, Ramirez leases land below the 307 from the IBWC for grazing. He has a lease for a 900-acre tract that abuts his property on Veleño Creek, one of the largest water-moving tributaries to the river.

Ramirez ranches on both sides of the Veleño and has built a bridge to reach the leased land below the 307.

He recalled that when the river rose to 305-feet in heavy rains in 2010, it crested just two feet below the flood level. “Livestock and white tail deer and other wildlife ran to the infertile land of the surabuts his property on Veleño Creek, one of the largest water-moving tributaries to the river.

Romeo Uribe, 59
San Fermino Ygnacio Ranch and Mine

“The Great Wall of China bankrupted the Ming Dynasty. The Maginot Line between France and Germany, though concepts lived in it, was still permeable, as this proposed wall will certainly be,” said Laredo business owner Romeo Uribe who grows and bales Coastal White tail deer and other wildlife ran to the infertile land of the surabuts his property on Veleño Creek, one of the largest water-moving tributaries to the river.

Ramirez said the wall “poses a sad situation for immigrants who come here to work.” He continued, “We are not the solution for poverty-stricken populations of the world. We ought to be talking to the governments of those countries to create job opportunities for their citizens. The wall builders will make generous donations to the politicians who gave them the work. This is called graft,” he said.

The conversion turned to numbers once more.

“I cleared 600 acres at a cost of $60,000. Why will it cost the federal government $43,560 per acre?”

Joel Ruiz, 82
San Ygnacio RV Park Owner

Joel Ruiz bought the land for an RV park in San Ygnacio while he was in service to the U.S. government as a navigator in the Air Force. After a distinguished career in the Vietnam War, he retired with the rank of Major in 1974, decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross. He said he once flew over San Ygnacio as a civilian pilot, like the oldbuildings, and decided to make his home there.

“The wall, if it comes here, will be a hard inconvenience. Those of us with pumps on the river have been assured by Border Patrol that we will still have access through gates, but they won’t be handing out keys that’s for sure,” he said.

He noted that some San Ygnacio property owners will likely become familiar with the dreaded words “eminent domain.”

The native Laredoan said that if the wall traversed the historic part of San Ygnacio, it would spell disaster for the town’s historic district of sandstone block structures that date back 200 years. “Especially the Treviño-Urbe Fort, which is listed in the National Register of Historic Places. It is just above the drop to the 307,” he said.

As Ruiz drives along the river vega below the RV park in an F-150 he is part tackle box and part tool box, he cites chapter and verse the history of the river at San Ygnacio — how a handful of ranchers and veterans saved the town from condemnation and inundation when the

Elsa Hull, 50
San Ygnacio Viejo Road

Environmental Investigator

Elsa Hull, an environmental investigator with the Texas Commission on Environmental Quality, believes the hidden beauty of the river lies just outside the windows and doors of her home at land’s end on San Ygnacio Viejo Road. “It’s right here,” she said, “Everything that depends on the river — birds, wildlife.”

Hull said there is a measure of disbelief that the wall is an inevitability. “Will they really build it and destroy the riverbanks, the wildlife habitat, and the way of life of so many?”

On a cool morning faced with birdcalls and livestock lowing in the distance, she provides details of the 20-year relationship she has had with the river, initially further upstream in San Ygnacio for five years and more recently over the last 15 years on the acreage on which she now makes her home about two miles south of San Ygnacio.

On this particular Saturday Hull’s daughters, Lata and Ilana, are visiting from Laredo. Over the years, they have enjoyed kayaking on the river, putting in at the nearby upper fork, which forms a lake that cuts into the Laredo channel.

“Being observers of nature in this beautiful place has been good for us,” she said, calling the proposed concrete and steel wall “an eyesore that will remove us from the river.”

Hull said that trespassers on her property are not people. “They are my neighbors’ cattle and sheep, and that is no national emergency.”

She advocates for a virtual wall of cameras, sensors, and drones for border security. Hull has firsthand knowledge of the efficacy of electronic sensors. “As an environmental investigator, I cover a 1000 county area, much of it on the river. We routinely trip Border Patrol sensors, and they respond immediately,” she noted.

She said that the wall is a violation of the rights of those who drink from the river, and use it recreationally.

“This is a blatant affront, the opposite of taking care of your citizens. This isn’t just a bad idea. It is dividing the American people. We should be working together to solve our problems,” she said.

Hull has not been contacted by surveyors for access to her property.

“They won’t get onto it. They’ll need a court order,” she said.

Hull’s voice is tinged with adumbration and conviction, but there’s also a timbre of passion to her words, “I am speaking up because I believe in a just environment and human health. If you told me 20 years ago I would still be living on this river I would have told you otherwise. How can you live here and not be against the wall?”

Falcon Dam was being built in the early 1950s, the historic crests of the river, and the relationship of landowners with the bureaucrats of the International Boundary and Water Commission. He points out the IBWC’s 307 line, after which land drops to the verdant riverbank. “The 307 follows the contours of the land and the arroyos. At times the 307 and the 314 meet on maps as the same line. It will be a feat for the wall builders to follow the 307. In a major rain event, water at the 307 covers Hwy. 83 at Arroyo Grullo.

Wherever it is built, they will tear up the super-hard stone. The disturbance of soil on the vega and above will send a flood of dirt into the river;” Ruiz said.

“As of now, very little information is known about the wall. Border Patrol consults us and tells us it may not affect us. Even so, we know this wall is about politics and money — a waste of money, our money. I’d like to see a balanced budget before I see one to the owners of the vega that will enrich a chosen few,” Ruiz said.

Elsa and Joel Ruiz
San Ygnacio RV Park

Joel Ruiz

The land Uribe leases stretches from U.S. Hwy. 83 and drops to the vega and above will send a lot of soil into the river;” Ruiz said.

“As of now, very little information is known about the wall. Border Patrol consults us and tells us it may not affect us. Even so, we know this wall is about politics and money — a waste of money, our money. I’d like to see a balanced budget before I see one to the owners of the vega that will enrich a chosen few,” Ruiz said.

Elsa and Joel Ruiz
San Ygnacio RV Park

Joel Ruiz

Reprinted with permission from LareDOS, A Journal of the Borderlands (March 21, 2019) at laredosnews.com.
My mom has always struggled with making Spanish rice. She could never quite get the rice to be this flavorful, crisp, yet soft dish. She boiled the rice as she grabbed a couple of huge towering cans of whole tomatoes and tomato paste. She wrangled the rice as she grabbed a couple of huge towering cans of chicken broth. She took her time with the process. She boiled the rice and plopped it on my plate. What was this stuff? I sat at the table and moved my fork around the rice. It danced around the plate mingling with the queso and guacamole, but I couldn’t bring myself to eat it. All of my co-workers around me flung it around their plate as well.

“Why is this so bright orange?” My co-worker whispered to me afraid that one of the moms of the PTA would hear her comment. I was unsure. It didn’t even carry the texture of Spanish rice. It looked like someone spilt Orange Fanta on white sticky rice. I looked at my co-workers pushing the rice around on their plates. They weren’t going to touch it, but I had to know if this was edible. I picked my fork up and poked at the rice, but I couldn’t do it. I wanted to see what the others had thought of it. My co-worker, Chelsea, dug her fork into the mysterious rice and began to eat it. I tilted my head like a dog wondering what its master had just said. She thought it the rice tasted good. Since she dared to taste it, I had to taste it, too. So, I picked up my fork and slid a small amount onto my fork and forced it into my mouth. This was not rice.

This was not even close!

by Emily Yglesias

Rice

Nuestro Westside

Home of our ancestors
Who remember those days when
La Gloria stood proud.

Nuestro Westside
With people who remember
Their childhood homes—
Even if the home isn’t there anymore.
La tierra guarda memorias.

—Samantha Ceballas

“La Gloria” by Mary Agnes Rodríguez

Asylum

Desperation suffers
No retreat
While whispers
Above dawn
Present themselves.
As pleas for humanity
Gathered in line
To wait their turn
At freedom.

Hardened hearts
Harbor indifference
When muted mouths
Speak no truth,
And are silent
To oppression.

Torn up palms
Desire walls between
Themselves and fear
Finding none
Are separated from children
Without number
Who neglected
In systems of hate
Seek recourse.
Finding none
They retire promise
But not hope
For emptiness is measured
In pain’s single refrain of loss

—Monica Arredondo, OLLU

The Dungeons

By Josefa Beatriz Longoria

You are being expelled from the productive world and relegated to the sub world of motherhood, where moms convince each other that what they do matters. Your nest grows prettier, twigs and leaves turn into shiny golden bars, which in turn become a golden cage. The bait that lured you in were the four hundred thread Egyptian cotton sheets, rugs, and pillows but ultimately the promise of a happy marriage. The professional terrain does not coexist with diapers, strollers, and high chairs. Family-friendly places are in the periphery of society. Children are set aside like cute domestic animals. You lose your passport to adulthood and get deported into the land of the small people, where the conversation revolves around green tables and red chairs. Your brain goes into hibernation mode and is frozen into a long winter that will last a decade. When you want to address this issue, it is treated as irrelevant. You feel resentment towards the women at your bridal showers for not fully explaining what was about to happen. You have joked about fairy tales and the happy ending as an ellipse. Why doesn’t anybody explain how mothers are thrown into the dangers of society by taking care of the little people? Your voice fades into the choir of pedagogical techniques and decoration advice. In all those years of being single, you did not even smell dissatisfaction. Women, like other powerless factions of civilization, are Oscar-deserving actresses, pretending to each other that this is all they ever wanted. You did want to have children, but at the entrance of this jail, you left your civilian clothes. Men pretend mothers are behind the scenes, but mothers are the hidden iron rod inside the pillars of society. When you hear other mothers, you witness how they all support their families. They manage the emotional patrimony of the world. They create Christmas from scratch. From stuff found on sale in stores, they make homes. They do not build equity, there is no return on investment or profit. Their allowances are hugs and kisses, smiles and cuddles, lullabies, and bedtime stories. The male conspiracy claims all of this is priceless, but there is no dollar value set on a woman’s work and dedication. Mothers become like children themselves, taken care of by male adults who run the world.

Don’t Tell Me

Don’t tell me to be Rita Hayworth
For I would rather be Margarita Cansino
Keep your bleach, skin cream, hair dye
And your cruel vision of beauty
You want us to be vain,
Concerned only with appearances
Like soldiers in red uniforms
The blood is still there, indebted

—Arrie B. Porter

Don’t tell me what language to speak
For I would rather choose for myself
Keep your disgusting hate speech
And your narrow definition of American
You want us to be ignorant
Somebody to be displayed, not understood
Like pristine leather bound books
Our knowledge is still there, beckoning

—Monica Arredondo, OLLU
Trump as the least danger

ity Leader Nancy Pelosi’s in 2020, I went along with Time Has Come: Laurence Tribe

I’ve Warned that Impeaching Trump is Dangerous but the

However, on April 21, 2019, Tribe published an article entitled investigations may be able to at least partially resuscitate though perhaps there are some recent hopeful signs that the

pages of it

References

Author’s Note:

By Elliot Benjamin, Ph.D.

ous activities with Russia[4]. The situation is so extreme that Congress, and in addition that the Democrats should do everything to publicly expose Trump’s flagrant violations of the Constitution to enough middle-of-the-roaders to defeat him in 2020. I strongly believe that what ever it takes to secure the testimonies of witnesses such as Trump’s former personal attorney Don McGahn should be undertaken, even if it means putting him in jail (cf.[3]). I also think that as much as he does not want to do so, Mueller should be called upon to pub

no alternative other than impeachment to publicly expose

... the fact that there is virtually no chance that Trump will be convicted and removed from office in the Senate is not in itself a reason to forgo impeachment in the House.

But, what is it that I myself now think about impeachment, all things considered? Do I still think that the dangers of impeachment outweigh its benefits, in regard to defeating Trump in 2020? The truth is that I don’t know, but I don’t think anyone else knows, either. However, what I do know is that the Democratic congressional investigations are in danger of not going where myself and virtually all progressives had hoped they would go, with the effect of weakening Trump and making him “unelectable” in 2020 (though see Note 3). I have been concerned that the Mueller report may get buried, unless a forceful assertion is taken up to public

But, what is it that I myself now think about impeachment,...
The United Nations has defined gender equality as goal 5 among its 17 sustainable development objectives. In order to sustain a better and more sustainable future, it is essential that girls and women seize the opportunity to realize their full potential as active participants in their lives, those of their families, and their communities. Societies lose when young girls and women are shackled to traditional lives that keep them from developing their full social, economic, and political potential.

According to the latest world Economic Forum’s ranking of countries around the world with respect to the goal of gender equality, the United States was ranked 51st on the composite index of gender equality.

Obviously, there is a lot that still needs to be done in our country to increase gender equality. Despite policy changes extending back over a half century, women in the U.S. continue to lag significantly behind men on a broad variety of measures.

While women have experienced important gains in educational attainment, there continues to be a wide gender gap in earnings. For example, according to the 2017 American Community Survey, women working full-time, year-round in the U.S. earned approximately $1 more for every $1 dollar earned by men. At the rate at which the gender gap in pay is changing, the Institute for Women's Policy Research estimates that the gap will disappear in 2059, four decades from today, while parity for Latinx American women would come by 2119 and for Latina in 2224. The glass ceiling has also kept women from rising to the highest echelons of the corporate world.

The City of San Antonio commissioned this report to examine the status of women in San Antonio today. We use a variety of data sources to analyze the status of women in San Antonio on the following dimensions:

- Health and well-being
- Education
- Work
- Economics
- Housing
- Digital access

For each of these 13 dimensions, we examine how women in San Antonio compare to women in Austin, Dallas, and Houston. We also compare White, Latina, Black, and Asian women in San Antonio along the different dimensions that we analyze.

The report is intended to provide a wide overview of the status of women on the 13 dimensions. In doing so, the report is meant to offer city officials a reconnaissance of major issues that limit the full potential of women to lead rich and successful lives in our community. As such, the report will provide a touchstone for community leaders as they seek to establish programs and policies to better the lives of women and, ultimately, to eliminate gender disparities.

Data and Methodology

Data from a variety of sources are used to obtain a series of indicators for each of the 13 dimensions outlined above. Much of the information used in the analysis is based on data from the American Community Survey 5-Year Estimates for the 2013-2017 period. However, numerous other data sources, including the Annual Survey of Entrepreneurs, Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, City of San Antonio, and the Texas Council on Family Violence — are also used in the analysis. The data sources will be introduced in the different sections of the report in which they are used.

While the focus of the report is on the city of San Antonio, particular data sources do not contain information specifically for San Antonio. In such instances, we use available data for Bexar County and for the San Antonio-New Braunfels Metropolitan Area (MA).

Key Findings

The data analysis reveals a broad portrait of the status of women in San Antonio relative to male, relative to women in the other three major cities in the state, and across racial and ethnic groups. Women in San Antonio. Unfortunately, the results point to few positive spots and many areas of concern.

There are a few bright areas. First, women in San Antonio have closed the gender gap with respect to the attainment of a bachelor’s degree or higher and now slightly surpass men in holding a university diploma. Second, women in Bexar County hold a noticeable edge over men in voter registration and in voter turnout. Third, women in the San Antonio-New Braunfels Metropolitan Area fare well in homeownership compared to women in the Austin, Dallas, and Houston metropolitan areas.
Some of the most alarming findings are the following.

- Higher rates of death from liver disease and cirrhosis compared to women in the other 3 cities
- Lower standing in business activity than women in the other 3 cities
- Under representation on City of San Antonio boards and commissions
- Historic and continual lack of representation in the positions of mayor and City Council membership
- Higher prevalence of disability than women in the other 3 cities
- In addition, Latina and African American women fare much worse than White and Asian women across the 13 dimensions. Some of the major areas where Latina and Black women have significant needs include the following:
  - Low earnings (especially Latinas)
  - Low levels of pre-K enrollment (especially Latinas)
  - Low earnings
  - High poverty (especially children)
  - Low levels of access to digital technology (particu-
larly Latinas)
  - Low levels of insurance coverage (in the case of Latinas)
  - High rates of women being classified as working poor
  - High prevalence of disability

- Low levels of retirement pension income among elderly women (in the case of Latinas)
- Low levels of home ownership (in the case of Blacks)
- Low levels of prenatal care in first trimester of pregnancies
- High levels of low-weight births and infant mortality (in the case of Blacks)
- High death rates associated with liver disease and cirrhosis (in the case of Latinas)
- High rates of drug-related deaths (in the case of Blacks)
- High levels of homicide of women (in the case of Blacks)

The successful San Antonio of the future that many of us envision can only come to fruition when barriers that hamper women from reaching their full potential are eliminated. When women achieve parity with men, not only will their own lives be enriched, but also those of their families and the sustainability of their communities. Simply put, everyone wins when we achieve gender equality and eliminate patriarchy.

**ACTION ALERT: The Patchwork Healing Blanket:**

Women from around the globe are invited to send in individual cloth squares [27½ x 27½ inches | 70 cm x 70 cm] of cotton, hemp or bamboo material in natural color that are hand-embroidered, painted, written or printed on that express women’s rage against violence. The squares will be connected to form a giant healing blanket that will be carried into the Zocalo in Mexico City as a massive public art project and peace demonstration on September 21, 2019. It will then be sent to the US border, where mourners will throw it over the wall to the sisters on the other side as a symbol of support and solidarity among women of the world.

For details on how to participate or host the blanket where you live contact Marietta or Alex, Maman Collective/Mujer Arte de Oaxaca by email at: patchworkhealingblanket@gmail.com

**Low Income Tenants Organizing For Justice**

By Pancho Valdez & James Hamilton, organizers and tenants of SAHA.

On March 19th San Antonio Police were summoned to 1215 Fair Avenue Apartments of the San Antonio Housing Authority Housing Location. On the 11th floor police discovered the decomposing body of 43-year-old Thomas Lyons who had been shot several times and stuffed into a closet. Lyons a plumber by trade with drug addiction issues was not a resident there. Despite tenant complaints of an odor for weeks – complaints were not seriously taken until maggots crawled under the door into the hallway. The man, Antonio López, who has a history of mistreating tenants had ignored complaints, as usual.

Berta Cáceres, a resident, stated that drug dealing and prostitution is not uncommon in this area. The SAHA Administration building at 818 S. Flores. Much to their dismay many tenants were interviewed by media sources exposing the injustices at SAHA buildings.

On April 17th, a group of tenants met with SAHA Board of Commissioners. Chairman Dr. Morris Stribling, Commissioner Charles Check and newly appointed Commissioner Sofia López. They appeared astounded after listening to the testimony of tenants from Fair Avenue Apts., Lewis Chatham Apts. and the Marie McGuire Apts. They heard about the corrupt management practices | WOAI Board of Commissioners meeting.

Demand that he end the favoritism, the violence, the racism and the corruption in SAHA. The community should also know that HUD, a federal agency that is mandated to oversee SAHA, told three of us that they are NOT authorized to enforce the agency’s own regulations!

Thus, we organized with the Tenants Union of San Antonio aka TUSA to demand and secure justice. We ask for supporters to email David Nisivocca the CEO: davi_d_nisivocca@saaha.org. Demand that he end the favoritism, the violence, the racism and the corruption in SAHA. The community should also know that HUD, a federal agency that is mandated to oversee SAHA, told three of us that they are NOT authorized to enforce the agency’s own regulations!

Local tenants protest San Antonio Housing Authority management practices | WOAI

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Fuerza Unida, 710 N Laredo Hwy. www.fuerzaunida.org | 210.927.2294

Adults and Youth Welcome!

¿Todas Somos Esperanza! Start your monthly donations now!

Esperanza works to bring awareness and action on issues relevant to our communities. With our vision for a just, environmental, economic and political justice, Esperanza centers the voices and experiences of the poor & working class, women, queer people and people of color.

We hold pláticas and workshops; organize political actions; present exhibits and performances, and document and preserve our cultural histories. We consistently challenge City Council and the corporate powers of the City of San Antonio to develop policies and programs that benefit low-wage workers. It takes all of us to keep the Esperanza going.

What would it take for YOU to become a monthly donor? Call or come by the Esperanza Center today.

¡ESperanza vivE !

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Send your 2019 tax-deductible donations to Esperanza today!

I would like to donate $ ________ monthly, automatic bank withdrawal.
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www.ousanantonio.org | 210.492.5400
PFLAG, meets 1st Thursdays @ 7pm, University Presbyterian Church 300 Bushnell Ave. | 210.848.7407.

Parents of Murdered Children meets 2nd Mondays @ Balcones Heights Community Center, 107 Glennum | www.pomcanonatio.org
Rape Crisis Center, 4600 Centerview Suite 200, Hotline: 210.349.7273 | 210.521.7273 Email: sadewb@rapecrisis.org
The Religious Society of Friends meets Sundays, 11am @ The Friends Meeting House, 7052 N. Vidor | 210.945.8456.
S.A. Gender Association meets 1st & 3rd Thursdays, 6-9pm @ 611 E. Myrtle, Metropolitan Com. Church.
SA AIDS Edn, 818 E. Grayson St., offers free Syphilis & HIV testing | 210.225.4757 | www.saaidsedn.org
SA Women Will March: www.sawomenwillmarch.org | 830.488.7493
SIGA-USA LGBT Buddhists meet 2nd Sundays @ 11am @ 7142 San Pedro Ave., Ste 117 | 210.653.7755
Shambhala Buddhist Meditation meets Tuesdays @ 7pm & Sundays @ 10am & 1pm at 257 E. Hilldrand Ave. | 210.222.9303.

S.N.A.P. (Survivors Network of those Abused by Priests), Contact Barbara at 210.725.8329.
Voice for Animals: Call 210.737.3138 or www.voiceforanimals.org
SA’s LGBTQA Youth meets Tuesdays 6-8pm at 3100 Roosevelt University Presbyterian Church, 308 Bushnell Ave. | www.fiesta-youth.org

Food and Housing for the Homeless Inc.
821 San Pedro Ave. | www.mytle.org

For information on new exhibits, call 210-228-0201.
Free admission.

For more information, call 210-228-0201.
www.missionmarquee.com / 710 N. St. Mary’s St. | 210.349.7273

Send your 2019 tax-deductible donations to Esperanza today!

New Exhibit by Women and Activism in San Antonio’s Westside

July/August 2019

Call for Stories and Photos

A hundred years ago, on June 4, 1919, Congress passed the 19th Amendment, prohibiting the states and the federal government from denying the right to vote to citizens of the U.S. on the basis of sex. It was ratified on August 18, 1920 and became official law on August 26, 1920. Voting rights continued to be denied on the basis of racial and ethnic origin for years, making this a bitter-sweet victory for the women of color who fought for women’s suffrage.

Next year, to mark the centennial of the 19th Amendment, the Museum del Westside will present a new exhibit on Women and Activism in the Westside of San Antonio—our way of telling the full story of women’s political engagement despite the obstacles. If you have a story of a Westside woman artist you’d like to share please contact museo@esperanzacenter.org or 210-228-0201.

FOR MORE INFORMATION: 210-228-0201 or museo@esperanzacenter.org

Westside Community Oral History Training WORKSHOPS

Learn how to collect oral histories by attending one of our free summer oral history workshops led by the Museo del Westside Director, Sarah Zenaida Gould. Upon completion of the training program, participants will be eligible to check out a portable oral history kit to collect oral histories in the communities that will become part of the Esperanza’s digital history collection and help us preserve Westside San Antonio history?

Museo del Westside
922 San Pedro Ave
Wednesday, July 10, 2019
6 to 8 pm

Alexa’s 6 Comunity Room
1011 S. Brazos St.
Date and Time TBD

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New Exhibit on
Women and Activism in San Antonio’s Westside
Call for Stories and Photos

More information inside on p. 15!

Esperanza-Cinefestival
FILM SCREENINGS
Friday July 12, 2019

10am - Senior Cinema | FREE
Las Tesoros de San Antonio/
A Westside Story

4pm - Cine en el Barrio | FREE
A Strike and an Uprising! (in Texas)

7pm - Fronteras in Focus | $8
Femme Frontera Filmmaker Showcase
Six short films that center on female empowerment.

9pm - Out at the Movies | $10
The Garden Left Behind
Tina, a young Trans woman & Eliana, her grandmother.

Guadalupe Theater
1301 Guadalupe St. SA, TX
Call 210.271.3151 or visit
guadalupeculturalarts.org
to purchase tickets and get more info

Noche Azul de Esperanza
Saturday July 20
Saturday August 17
Huellas Gitanas
Africa Latina
Performances @ 8pm • Tickets $7 más o menos at the door
Esperanza Peace & Justice Center • 922 San Pedro Avenue, SATX

Esperanza Peace & Justice Center
922 San Pedro San Antonio TX 78212
210.228.0201 • www.esperanzacenter.org

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