“So scary are the consequences of a collapse of white privilege that many Americans have flocked to a political platform that supports and translates violence against the defenseless as strength.”

Toni Morrison (née Chloe Ardelia Wofford) 1931-2019

Toni Morrison was OUR writer. She wrote for Black people. She is quoted as saying:

“If there is a book that you read, but it hasn’t been written yet, you must be the one to write it.”

That is what she did. She wrote Beloved as a monument to slavery, because this country had no such monuments. I remember how white people complained that they couldn’t understand her novels. Many conscious, white people understand multiple languages. James Baldwin was a great example of this, full of gibberish (except as portmanteau) and rendering him a preeminent writer.

“Beloved” wasn’t gibberish, it was history, it was metaphor, it was symbolism; it was written FOR Black people and we understood. Many people understood the brilliance of Toni Morrison’s writings; she was the first Black woman to win the Nobel Prize in the literature in 1993. As a result, Morrison wrote many brilliant novels, nonfiction books and articles.

Dr. E. O. Wilson, in his misguided attempt to compliment Morrison as a writer once said to her that he didn’t consider her a “woman writer” or an “African American writer”, he considered her... she interrupted with “a white, male writer”. She was proud to call herself a Female, Black writer. Nothing less.

Toni Morrison set an example for all of us: we can’t separate what we do from the context in which we do it. We are writing in the world. I write and I must acknowledge it; as writers, we must write about it. Indeed she did. —Lillian Stevens

The quote on the front cover of La Voz comes from “Making America White Again” an article by Toni Morrison that appeared in the New York Times on November 21, 2016. The quote continues: “These people are not so much angry as terrified, with the kind of terror that makes knees tremble.”

When I went shopping at North Star Mall during the Black-Fri-day weekend it was very crowded with people—many kinds of people: different colors, different ages and ability levels, different genders and sexualities, different sizes, different cultures and languages—everyone excited—and having a good time. I wondered if I were a white nationalist would I be happy to among these folks? Probably not. I was happy to be among all these kinds of people who seemed only to exude love for each other. No fear, no hate.

It is my way of not allowing ourselves to become isolated and stop gathering in groups to shop, to play, to sing, to dance, to be together. The few white folks I saw there seemed fine, too. So, what is that which would make me—a white supremacist—so terrified, with the kind of terror that makes knees tremble?

I think that, perhaps, the terror that makes their knees tremble is the realization that they have been found—that we are watching them. It is only to say that they, the white supremacists, have committed so many atrocities in the name of “white supremacy.” That is a shameful realization that certainly would cause my knees to tremble. They are simply plain folks who, perhaps, will finally get the myth of white supremacy. They certainly would be better off being, one of us. —Gloria A. Ramirez, editor of La Voz de Esperanza

La Voz de Esperanza is a publication of Esperanza Peace & Justice Center 922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212

www.esperanzacenter.org

Gloria A. Ramirez, editor of La Voz de Esperanza

La Voz de Esperanza September 2019

Vol. 32 Issue 7

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Policy Statements

* We ask our articles to be provocative, instructive & thought-provoking. Submissions must be literal & critical on race, sex, racism, homophobia, classism, sexism, ageism, imperialism, and oppression & may be edited for length

* All letters in response to Esperanza activities or articles should be sent to lavoz@esperanzacenter.org. Articles due by the 15th of each month

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VOZ VISION STATEMENT: La Voz de Esperanza speaks for many individuals, progressive voices who are engaged multiple-visioned and marginalized in political, economic, militaristic, holocaustic, slavery, racism, patriarchy, nationalism, fascism, imperialism, anti-terror, classism, homophobia, classism, violence, earth-damage, supremacist and cultural and political oppression. We are recapitulating the powers of activism, alliance and human conflict in order to achieve interdependent economic, social, cultural, racial healing and fluence. La Voz voiced concern in the struggle for liberation, providing a forum for criticism, information, education and other creative works. La Voz provokes bold actions in response to local and global problems, with the knowledge that the many risks we take for the earth, our bodies, and the dignity of all people will result in profound change for the seven generations to come.

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Editor’s Note:

The following is an edited version of a talk delivered by Luz Guerra on June 23, 2019 to the Congress at the First Unitarian Universalist Church of San Antonio, TX in observance of the 50th anniversary of Stonewall.

I want to pause a moment to honor the native peoples whose land San Antonio was built on—the Coahuiltecos and other native peoples for whom the great urban attraction of the mission was not a joyful thing. It was represented a removal from their homes and from a way of life. I want to thank those ancestors for the lives that they lived and upon whose shoulders we stand.

Stonewall was an important event in my life and not only because I’m a lesbian. Every point over the past 50 years that someone stood up for justice is a bright light in my life and an important occasion. As an African American woman, I was not allowed to vote in 1964. In the 50 years since 1964 there have been a number of important events for women and gender, non-conforming people. 50 years ago, the story wisdom would not have considered the life of a man like Harvey Milk. 50 years ago, when I looked for employment in the newspaper; I had to go the section that said “Jobs Women”, because listings in New York City were divided by gender. 50 years ago, there would have only been a few years since it was illegal for my parents to marry in the South. 50 years ago, we were still riding the crest of the Civil Rights Movement and were seeing many amazing things come to fruition because of the struggles and many people that were taking on our behalf. But in many other ways, it’s not so different at all and it’s important for me to remember that. I tell them, “Hey! This is 50 years later and this world has not progressed. 50 years ago, I was just beginning to find my vocation as an activist. I didn’t know that I should stop praying and start fighting... But, you know, kids are very justice oriented; very concerned about the “Central Park Five”? So, a lot of people, especially our youth, are very justice oriented; very concerned about the “Central Park Five”? Fewer and fewer people here have been aware of this.”

“Fifty Years Since Stonewall: Reflections on the 50th anniversary of Stonewall.”

by Luz Guerra

La Voz de Esperanza: Half-Century of Human Rights Activism
At any rate, five children—five young men (between 14 and 16 years old) were in Central Park that night and were taken into custody by the police. They were kept away from their families, they were not given food, they were not allowed to sleep and they were forced into making confessions of a crime they did not commit.

President Trump was at, that time, a real estate developer in New York City. He took out a full page ad saying he wanted the death penalty to come back and that these animals should pay for what they did to this woman. I will never forget that ad nor how I felt—those young men could have been my guys—as I would have called them. That could have been me because Puerto Rican women and Black women were killed and assaulted all the time in my neighborhood and it never made the front page of the newspaper.

In 1997, four young women—brown women, lesbians—were accused of a crime that they didn’t commit. They were accused of sexually abusing two children. Much in the same way that the courts and the media depicted all the children in Central Park known as the Central Park Five.

The Central Park Five of New York City called these five young men “animals” and dehumanized them, so the media and the American dehumanized the four women because they loved other women and called them “witches” —determined that they would pay. These women served time—up to 12 years—for a crime they did not commit. The located also served time up to 5 and 12 years for a crime they did not commit. In many ways we could say that these movies have happy endings because justice was in the end, because the system was forced to acknowledge that it had been wrong. But no one could give those 12 years back to those boys and to the young women who weren’t much more than children at that time. We live in a country whose textbooks like that harm us and divide us from each other, and they keep us from our families, to love our neighbors, to write about something else.”

I ask you, in the same way that you’ve asked me to join your congregation this morning, I ask you to join me in holding the two uncomfortable truths in our hearts at the same time. I think it is the only way for us to move forward.

BIO: Luz Guerra, researcher, writer, editor and consultant, has worked for over 30 years with communities of color, LGBTQ and indigenous peoples, and others, advancing social justice and human rights in the U.S. and the Americas.

2019 stands as a historic year for the LGBTQ community whose fight for liberation is traced back to riots at the iconic Stonewall Inn in New York City in 1969. That moment, a direct response to police harassment of those who were queers and lesbians, and gay men led by drag queens most notably Marsha P. Johnson and Sylvia Ray Rivera among others. The Stonewall Riots of 1969 are widely considered to be the beginning of the modern LGBTQ movement. The first Pride Parade took place the following year in 1970 in New York City.
Hispanic Invasion

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By Maria Eugenia Guerra

A friend and I drove in my VW diesel Rabbit from San Antonio to Chihuahua City — a 600-mile trip — to find Luz Coral de Villa, Pancho Villa’s widow. The adventure was hastily planned with a quick look at a map and the expectation that we could find Mrs. Villa at La Quinta Luz, the 50-room mansion that Francisco Villa first rented and later purchased and renamed to Mrs. Villa’s liking.

The paradoxical life of General Villa — villain to Chihuahua and the United States, hero to his Mexican countrymen, a legend in his own right, but under massive public pressure, the nation by massacring innocent civilians. He relentlessly attacks immigrant communities, raiding them to deport fathers, mothers, and close relatives who’ve been here for decades as hard-working residents with no criminal record.

One way or another,” it was Blondie who got us across West Texas and to the border, and thereafter, inexplicably, it was Cuco who made the eight-hour road on a billion-year-old landscape. “One way or another,” it was Blondie who got us across West Texas and to the border, and thereafter, inexplicably, it was Cuco who made the eight-hour road on a billion-year-old landscape. ‘One way or another,” it was Blondie who got us across West Texas and to the border, and thereafter, inexplicably, it was Cuco who made the eight-hour road on a billion-year-old landscape.

“One way or another,” it was Blondie who got us across West Texas and to the border, and thereafter, inexplicably, it was Cuco who made the eight-hour road on a billion-year-old landscape. Christ, it’s more than a journey, it’s an experience. ‘One way or another,” it was Blondie who got us across West Texas and to the border, and thereafter, inexplicably, it was Cuco who made the eight-hour road on a billion-year-old landscape. ‘One way or another,” it was Blondie who got us across West Texas and to the border, and thereafter, inexplicably, it was Cuco who made the eight-hour road on a billion-year-old landscape. ‘One way or another,” it was Blondie who got us across West Texas and to the border, and thereafter, inexplicably, it was Cuco who made the eight-hour road on a billion-year-old landscape.
Nacional de Antropología e Historia (INAH) directed the work of restoring La Quinta Luz, turning many of its rooms into museum spaces that told the story of Pancho Villa and the Mexican Revolution. The new displays now include some of the sophisticated automatic weaponry that came from Belgium and other countries.

The museum re-opened in November of 1982 as el Museo Histórico de la Revolución.

The Dodge roadster, too, got a makeover — its numerous bullet holes all the more pronounced in its like-new paint job.

The memory keeper of the life of Pancho Villa did not live to see the museum re-open. Mrs. Villa died on July 6, 1981.

Books About Pancho Villa

There are many, but two of the best are the aforementioned Shorris’ *Under the Fifth Sun, A Novel of Pancho Villa*, and the other is Friedrich Katz’s extensively researched *The Life and Times of Pancho Villa*, a well-written academic compendium that charts Villa’s life from the young bandit named Doroteo Arango to a general who at one time commanded an army of 50,000 soldiers.

Others who have written about Villa have sensationalized Villa’s voracious appetite for women and the gore of the ambush that killed him.

Katz’s 900-plus pages are a deep well of historic detail — not only of Villa’s life before, during, and after the Revolution, but also of the history of the characters who ruled the republic.

Of particular interest in Katz’s writing is the assembly of stories for how Villa was treated in death by the world press.

In 1981, Mrs. Villa gave La Quinta Luz to the Secretaría de la Defensa Nacional, stipulating that it would become a museum operated by the government. The *Instituto*

of movies made about him. There were photos of Mrs. Villa and actor Anthony Quinn, who garnered an Oscar for best supporting actor in portraying Villa in 1952’s *Viva Zapata!* (which had been filmed in San Ygnacio and Roma.)

I was taken by the faded, though enduring elegance of the Italian tiles of the floors and the scalloped wall murals of urns of flowers (which I would later learn were painted by an Italian artist named Mario Ferrer.)

In the courtyard around which much of the original house had been built and later re-configured by Villa with stables, quarters for his men, a manger, a tunnel, and a basement, I better comprehended the huge, fortress-like footprint of the structure and its high walls, now cracked, that appeared to be constructed of adobe bricks encased in a veneer of plaster.

I came across an old, thin woman in black in a corner of the courtyard. She was sweeping leaves as though dancing with her broom to music only she could hear. She wore round dark glasses and a hairnet. I greeted her, and she stopped briefly to speak to me in ineflect, unintelligible sounds. She smiled with an open, toothless grin that was filled with something bright yellow. The color evoked canaries, but I could see that it was plant matter, the stalks of herbs of some kind, that filled her mouth. Our brief exchange offered no clue to her role in this historic place, and I walked away as though entrusted with an unsolved, disconcerting riddle.

In a small, shaded portico I saw the rusted, bullet-riddled 1919 Dodge Brothers roadster that Villa rode to eternity. Nearly six decades after his assassination in nearby Parral on July 20, 1923, the vehicle gave up the sinister essence of Villa’s violent demise, something about which Shorris wrote in succinctly crafted detail.

I made my way back to Mrs. Villa, she whose sky-blue eyes had been witness to the Mexican Revolution and whose heart had remained true to one of the driving forces of that 10-year conflict. Her voice with its clear, distinct timbre was weighted with first hand observations of one of the most tumultuous chapters in Mexican history.

"I wrote in your books," she told me.

**AFTERWORD**

In 1981, Mrs. Villa gave La Quinta Luz to the Secretaría de la Defensa Nacional, stipulating that it would become a museum operated by the government. The *Instituto*
By Julio César Guerrero

Back in the early 70s I wrote for El Renacimiento, a community newspaper whose editor told me he was interested in El Café Cano Para Bolívar, where he wrote “I wake up every one hundred years” alluding to populist movements. Around the same time, I hosted Ramsey Muñiz in Michigan where he was bringing his campaign for the Texas Governorship as a Raza Unida Party candidate informing migrants with Texas residency the importance of the absentee vote. As history goes, Ramsey’s support sent shockwaves to the traditional two-party system in Texas by receiving a hefty support thus cementing Chicanopoly power.

Ramsey’s political activism took a downturn after a set of drug-related convictions which ended in a life prison sentence without possibility of parole. Dr. Andres Guerrero, in his book Freedom, Justice, and Love profiles Ramsey’s endurance of close to three decades of imprisonment including 5 years in solitary confinement, as a deeply spiritual man who hasn’t lost his sense of justice, resistance and visions of liberty for himself and people behind him.

All throughout there were numerous appeals made to the Bush, Obama and current administrations for Ramsey’s parole release and constant echoes across the southwest of Free Ramsey community campaigns involving marches, public demonstrations, lobbying letter writing drives, along with regular visits by Irma, Ramsey’s wife, and Dallas activist Monica Acosta-Zamora watching over his ailing health.

As such, seeing Muñiz as a symbol more than just the individual, it’s not difficult to understand the political impact he had on Chicanos so explicitly when I first advocated for him and prayed for his freedom it actually meant a city for their own liberation.

And on December 10, 2018 the miracle of miracles happened. Ramsey was given another chance to life when he was released by the Federal Bureau of Prisons, not pardoned by the president but as a separate action. As a result the Board of Parole Commissioners recommended his release and it was rubber stamped by the full Board.

As a result of this, the Board of Parole Commissioners accepted the recommendation and Ramsey was released on May 28, 2019.

As we shook hands, I told him my memories of him though not exactly as sharp as they are at this point in time. He was as strong as ever. He said “as soon as you’re ready we’ll take you on the road for a speaking tour” to which I nodded.

As if I were to fulfill the promise, he was released on May 28, 2019.

The following is an interview with Ramsey Muñiz, Raza Unida candidate for governor of Texas.

LA VOZ de food, music, entertainment and general support from the Barrio.

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Lerma’s groundbreaking kicks off $2.2 million restoration

One of the longest-running live conjunto music venues in the state, San Antonio’s Lerma’s Nite Club building, was saved from demolition in 2010 and eventually earned a spot on the National Register of Historic Places. A groundbreaking ceremony at the site on Monday, July 15, 2019 brought out former mayor, Nelson Wolff and current San Antonio mayor, Ron Nirenberg, among a plethora of politicians, activists, musicians, artists and San Antonio conjunto aficionados. Initially opened in 1948 by Pablo Lerma, who loved conjunto music—the night club fell on hard times in recent years until community folks joined forces to preserve the building and formed the Save Lerma’s Coalition. Highlighting Lerma’s historic and cultural significance the group asked the Esperanza Peace and Justice Center to guide the building’s fate as its new owner. The Esperanza accepted the challenge and became Lerma’s caretaker in 2012. In 2015, an eyesore, the building housing Lerma’s Nite Club is about to undergo a $2.2 million restoration and will be transformed into a Non-profit Latino cultural arts center, the first of its kind funded by the city and county in over 30 years. Susana Segura of the Esperanza, who has spearheaded the campaign to save Lerma’s says, “grassroots mobilizing is essential to Latino preservation.” To Segura, the success of Lerma’s preservation speaks to a powerful sense of cultural community pride. The venerable Bexar County Commissioner, Paul Elizondo, suggested adding an additional bibliotech for the city at the groundbreaking ceremony at the Lerma’s groundbreaking.

Las Tesoros at Lerma’s

The two surviving members of Las Tesoros de San Antonio, Beatriz Llamas (aka La Paloma del Norte) and Blanca Rodríguez (aka Blanca Rosa) were present at the Lerma’s groundbreaking and remember performing at the historic Lerma’s. Blanca noted that if you hadn’t performed at Lerma’s “you weren’t known, because that’s how famous this place was.” Beatriz expressed appreciation to the Esperanza Center for what it’s doing to restore Lerma’s Nite Club explaining, “It’s like an old lady when they renew the whole body!” The National Endowment of the Arts has bequeathed one of 2019’s nine National Heritage Fellowships to Beatriz and Blanca de Las Tesoros de San Antonio. Originated in 1982, the fellowship is granted each year to individuals demonstrate and reflect our nation’s living cultural heritage and stories of la gente de San Antonio. The NEA has granted fellowships to many members of San Antonio’s Mexican American community such as folklorist William Scott, painter Amelia Knoebel, and folklorists Mary and Johnny Womack. The current holders are Beatriz Llamas and Blanca Rodríguez, who were both members of the original Las Tesoros de San Antonio and have been active in promoting the cultural and historical heritage of San Antonio.

Échale Books Pachanga

Over 2 years ago (April 2017), Échale Books was born. This president had just gotten elected and was seeing pretty fast negative repercussions of his election. I, like many people at the time, felt myself go into a abyss of hopelessness. Échale Books was created as a solution and as an offering from me to my community as a way to counter the racist, homophobic, xenophobic, sexist government/culture. Échale Books was created to offer politically progressive books: feminist, Latinx/x and Chicanx/x books, LGBTQ+ books and most importantly bilingual books in libros en Español during a time where we are seeing an increase in the criminalization of Spanish speakers in this country. Échale Books continues in the tradition of generations of guereras/xs who have fought for the education and stories of la gente de San Antonio.

The title “Échale Books” says the mission in its name. We add books to the community with energia in the hopes that the knowledge in the books will inspire people to take action and make change. Because when you know better, you do better. The Pachanga de Palabras grew out of the mission of Échale Books to offer affordable books to the Westside of San Antonio. The Pachanga will be outdoors in the Plaza Guadalupe. It was important for me and my co-organizer Eliza Pérez to continue the tradition of outdoor storytelling. Our gente have been telling stories outdoors since the beginning whether it was working in the fields, in cocinas, sitting on porches, or in the plazas. The event is a Pachanga to counter the sometimes elitist book and literary events in town that often keep out the working class and poor. We believe books and stories are exciting and deserve to be celebrated. This is not going to be a quiet event. There will be no hushing. You will be invited to dance. You will be invited to gritar. You will be invited to laugh and cry. It is also important for us to have the event at the Plaza Guadalupe because of the City of San Antonio and Avenida Guadalupe’s decision to privatize the plaza by putting up a fence around the public space. It’s important to the Westside community and the great San Anto community to feel like the plaza is their space even if a fence tells them to “keep out.”

The Pachanga will have book and zine vendors including Aztlán Libre Press, FlowerSong Books, MestizaAF Bookshop, No Whites Allowed Zine, Red Salmon Arts’ Resistencia Books, Say Something Real Press, St. Sucia & Isabel Ann Castro, Tomboy Toons, Warship Zine, Wildhoneypot, Yes, Ma’am Zine y mas. There will be food vendors and a kids’ activity table hosted by the San Antonio Public Library Latino Collection and Resource Center. There will be live music and performers including a Drag King Story Time by Los MENtirosos. Full lineup TBA.

Help Échale Books Raise $ for the Pachanga

You can help support the Pachanga de Palabras by making a tax-deductible donation through our GoFundMe here: bit.ly/SupportPachangadePalabras.

Linda Buzzell Saliba

Spouse of Patrick Saliba, entered spirit form on July 14, 2019. Linda was part of the Esperanza family and dedicated herself to social justice, human rights, and LGBTQ rights. Linda believed in the power of poetry and was actively involved in politics. She was a loving individual who believed in the basic humanity and kindness of people. The Esperanza board, staff and buena gente extend our profound sympathy to her spouse, Patrick and their families. She requested that in her memory, donations be made to Esperanza Peace and Justice Center, 922 San Pedro, San Antonio TX 78210. RIP.
The Patchwork Healing Blanket / La Manta de Curación is a public art project and demonstration against violence towards women, children and the Earth. The blanket will be placed on November 24th starting at the Zocalo in Mexico City. A quilt made of squares from around the world will be transported to the US border and lifted across the wall into the USA where it will continue on its travels. To add your square or to host the blanket as it travels, contact: patchworkhealingblanket@gmail.com or go to FB for info.

The Warrior Roots Direct Action Training Camp at the Por Vida Academy on October 11-13 is an opportunity to gain new grassroots community organizing skills with fellow activists/ artists who work towards justice. See www.warriorrootsxt.org for info.

For more information, call 210.228.0201 or email: fundraising@esperanzacenter.org

LA VOZ de ESPERANZA • SEPTEMBER 2019 Vol. 32 Issue 7

Notas Y Más
July/August 2019

Brief news items on upcoming community events. Send items for Notas y Más to: lavoz@esperanzacenter.org or mail to: 922 San Pedro, San Antonio, TX 78212.

The deadline is the 8th of each month.

Luis A. Wilmot 1948–2019

Luis A. Wilmot died peacefully at home in San Antonio, TX on June 1, 2019 with his wife, Luz Maria Prieto, son, Luis Prieto Wilmot and longtime friends at his side. He was born on September 7, 1948 to Luis and Elena Wilmot. His paternal grandparents were LULAC founders Louis Gonzalez Wilmot and Ofelia Loza Wilmot. His maternal grandparents were Manuel Diaz Prado and Manuela Lazarte Prado. After graduating from St. Thomas University and Texas Southern University Law School, he dedicated his life to working for civil rights, immigrant rights, and for equality in education, civic and social services and for the economic empowerment of individuals and communities. He retired from his service to community as Deputy Director, Office for Civil Rights U.S. Dept. of Health & Human Services during the Obama administration. A true people’s lawyer, Luis worked with many agencies including MALDEF and AARP and will always be held in high esteem by all who came in contact with him. May he rest in peace and power.

—The Esperanza staff, board & buena gente

Ana Maria Ybañez 1935–2019

Ana Maria Ybañez born on October 30, 1935; went to be with the Lord on July 29, 2019 at the age of 83. She is preceded in death by her beloved husband, Jesus Ybañez and parents, Pedro and Helena Reyes. Survivors include 5 children including Terry Ybañez, educator, artist and activist who has long been a part of the Esperanza familia. Terry’s mother was remembered on Friday, August 9th at a celebration of life as an angel on earth who cared for everyone around her and who reminded all of her children and grandchildren that they must be kind even to strangers and help whenever possible. A deeply devout woman, Ana Maria was known for her cooking insisting that everyone finish her generous portions of food. She also enjoyed singing aloud and dancing. The oldest of 10 children—Sra. Ybañez was a “mujer de fuerza/a woman of strength” who was counted on for love and support by all who knew her. She will be missed and always remembered. The Esperanza board, staff and buena gente extend our sympathies to the Ybañez family and wish them guidance in this inevitable transition. Que en paz descanse.
Call for entries for the November Calaveras issue of La Voz!

Artwork of Calacas, Calaveras, Catrinas, Catrines y más!

Literary ofrendas up to 300 words honoring the dead.

Calavera poems targeting the living with deadly humor and killer satire!

Send to: lavoz@esperanzacenter.org | Deadline: October 7th

Latin Standards!

Friday, September 27th @ 8 pm
Saturday, September 28th @ 8 pm
Sunday, September 29th @ 1pm

Purchase tickets online @ bit.ly/latin_standards
$10 pre sale | $12 @ door

Latin Standards was named New York Times “Critic’s Pick” for its “winning heart and humor.”

Latin Standards is an energetic, funny and poignant story of perseverance and creative addiction passed down from immigrant father to lesbian daughter.

Esperanza, 922 San Pedro, SA TX.
Call 210-228-0201 for more info.