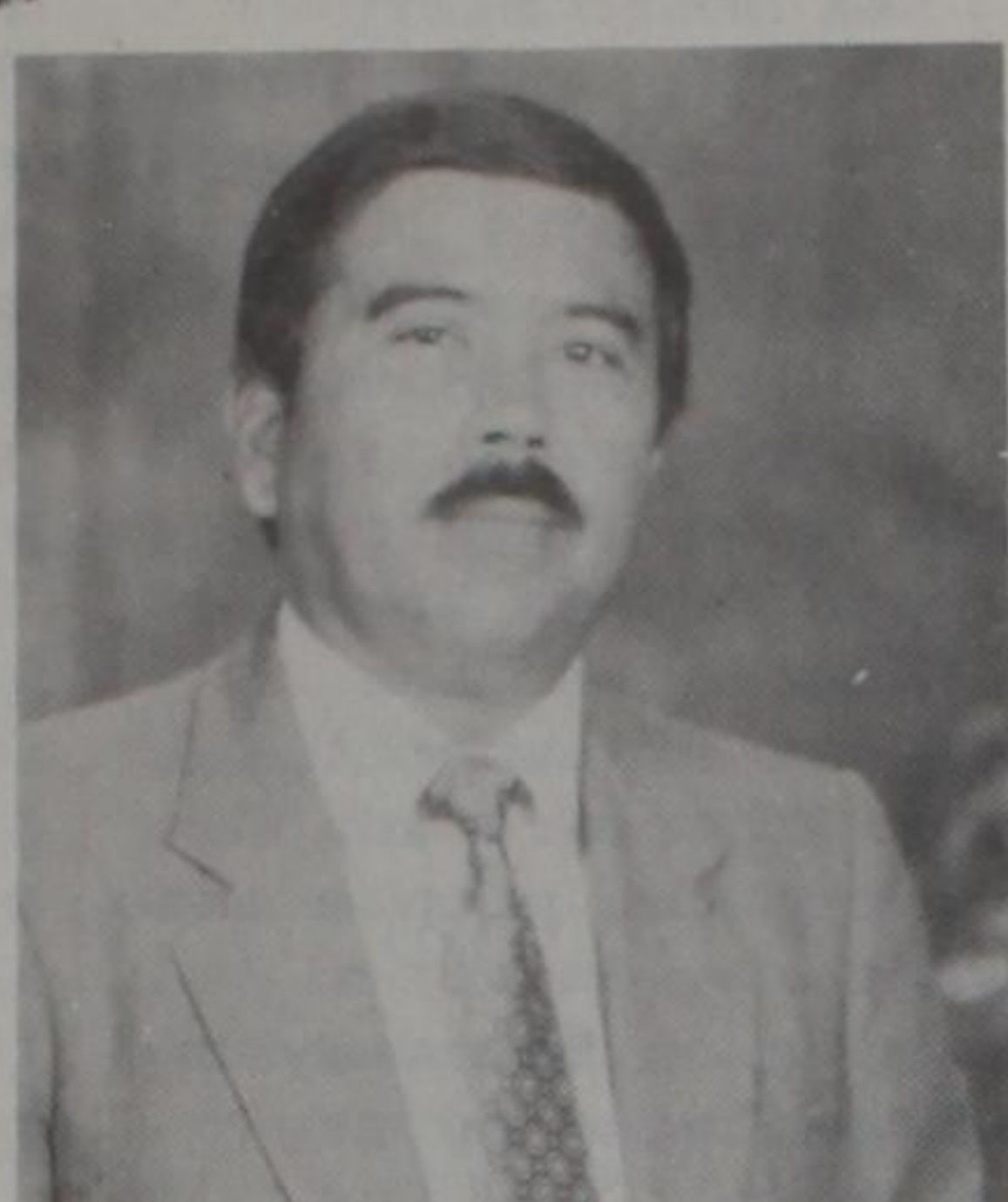


Three Chicanos On Ballot Campaign Asks Minorities to Vote

The Committee to Elect Judges 1994, also known as Judges '94, was formed to support candidates for judicial office in the upcoming November 8th elections. This independent non-partisan committee is supporting 6 individuals running for judge. They are Ramon Gallegos, 99th Judicial District Court, Emilio Abeyta, County Court at Law #2, Judge Arvin Stafford, Justice of the Peace, Precinct 2 and Aurora Chaides-Hernandez, Justice of the Peace, Precinct 3.

These judges are not running against each other but rather are seeking positions in three different levels of court.

Judges '94 has undertaken a massive media campaign which includes the use of tele-



vision, radio, billboards and newspapers. One of the keys to their ad campaign is to inform the voting public that never in the history of Lubbock County has there been a hispanic Judge. Additionally, that over 75% of the Lubbock County Jail Population is made up of Hispanics and Af-



rican-Americans. "It is my sincere hope that the minority community as a whole will come together and see that this is a golden opportunity to elect not just one minority, but three minorities to the bench", Judges '94 Chairperson, Victor Hernandez.

The Committee itself is



made up of, not only members who are Hispanic, African-American and Anglo, but members from both the Republican and Democratic Party as well. Members such as Linda DeLeon, Gilbert Flores and Victor Hernandez show that together the minority

Continued Page 2

Established
Establecido
1977

"El respeto al
derecho ajeno
es la paz"
Lic. Benito Juarez



EL EDITOR

West Texas' Oldest Weekly Bilingual Newspaper

Vol. XVIII No. 3

Week of October 13 to October 19, 1994

Lubbock, Texas

One Stop Migrant Centers

By B.Kay Brown

THE INVISIBLE PEOPLE

Every year, more than a million men, women and children travel across America to harvest the nation's fruits and vegetables. Machines have not been invented that can replace human hands in gathering many of our vital foods. Migrant farmworkers are an indispensable



part of American agriculture.

There are over 20,000 migrant farmworkers that travel to and through Pennsylvania (PA) seeking work in various crops; apples, mushrooms, peaches, vegetables, and grapes. The individual courage of farmworkers and the in-depth holistic service delivery system of Rural Opportunities, Inc. (ROI), PA Division, sometimes enable farmworkers to overcome cruel systems with efforts to eliminate migrant farmworker injustices.

ONE STOP FARMWORKERS FAMILY CENTERS

In the next two years, ROI will be setting up four one-stop Farmworker Family Centers in Pennsylvania. These centers will provide a variety of programs and services in one location that is easily accessible to our migrant farmworking families. Our vision is that of a unique, quality and holistic service delivery system in action. Most of our migrant farmworkers do not have transportation, and accessing services in a real challenge. Our intent is to not just deliver services, but deliver those services with a "human touch." The "human touch" can transform the delivery of services in remarkable ways. It means getting back to the basic values of common sense, respect, good listening, follow-up and follow-through. To put this into practice, the One Stop Center will incorporate person-centered leadership to facilitate the connection between the farmworker's self-esteem and goals and the self-esteem and mission of the ROI organization. And the center will be client driven! The farmworker will identify their needs, and the center, using the holistic approach, will offer a wide range of services to meet the demand - to meet their needs.

We will have one initial intake form that includes all program options, all in one location:

* ROI JTPA Training and

Employment and Migrant Health

* ROI Migrant Head Start

* ROI English-as-a-Second Language (ESL) and Workplace Literacy

* ROI Telecommunications Program

* Emergency food, gas, and shelter

* Migrant Education/Child Development

* Even Start

* Other farmworker enhancement services offered by the community

All centers will emphasize case management. Case management will be guided by our definition:

A series of coordinated, flexible staff activities to determine - with each income-eligible family/individual - what resources, knowledge and skills they have and need to help them achieve their goals to reach self-sufficiency. This series of activities will also facilitate the manner and sequence of the family's/individual's access to needed services, both from within the agency, and through other community resources. This includes:

* provision of and access to a variety of services to address the comprehensive and changing needs of income-eligible families/individuals;

* intensive, long-term involvement which features constant support, follow-up and tracking to assist the family/individual in making the transition out of poverty.

ROI will be collaborating with Marywood College in Dunmore (northeastern PA) to operate a Farmworker Service Center. The Marywood campus is located in an area which is easily accessible to the farmworker population in the Scranton area, and is also close to the Scranton business district.

The proposed "one stop shopping" Farmworker Family Services Center will offer a variety of ROI services in one location. These services will

include (but not be limited to) migrant Head Start; JTPA 402 Training and Employment Services; Migrant Health; nutrition services; food distribution; family literacy and ESL. The Migrant Education program will also be located on campus. ROI, with Migrant Education, will offer educational and referral activities to eligible farmworker youth.

The joint undertaking between Migrant Education and ROI is an ESL class for people ages 21 and older (with meals included through our FEMA grant). Transportation will be provided by our migrant Head Start. Teachers will be paid by Migrant Education and our Community Services Block Grant (CSBG). ROI's year-round CRT Administrator Coordinator is a member of the Association for Farmworker Opportunity Programs (AFOP) and is involved in developing an ESL and nutrition education program.

One of the most exciting aspects of this model is the way in which the service delivery systems and staffing patterns are being re-designed and approached. Staff are being cross-trained on program delivery systems, procedures, and requirements. Not only is this cost effective; it is also a logical approach to addressing the lack of transportation for farmworkers and how that impacts access and use of services.

The students of Marywood College will also play an important role in the "one stop center." ROI is collaborating with the Marywood Department of Academic Affairs to incorporate ROI programming into student education requirements. The College has also established procedures to recruit student volunteers for the different programs.

* CENTER TWO AND THREE - ADAMS AND FRANKLIN COUNTIES HOUSING AND SERVICES CENTER (Summer, 1996)

As with the Scranton Center, both of these will be "One Stop Centers." However, these centers will also include migrant and/or seasonal housing for farmworker families.

The Adams County site (the larger of the Scranton, Adams and Franklin sites) will have a Hispanic Center and multicultural activities.

The project is expected to include 20-36 low-income rental apartments for farmworker

News Briefs Helping Hispanic Children Succeed

The Washington Post reports that nearly half of young Hispanic children never graduate from high school. Advocates fear that the trend will continue unless more resources are aimed at these children, who are often deficient in English, have had no prior formal education, lack self-esteem, or face enormous pressure to contribute to the household income. "For Hispanics, dropping out of school is part of the experience of being poor and Hispanic," said Maria Robledo Montecel, executive director of the Intercultural Development Research Association, a nonprofit group that manages anti-dropout programs in 60 Hispanic schools.

Nationally, in 1992, nearly half of Hispanics aged 18 to 24 had dropped out of high school, a rate that has been rising since the mid-1980s, according to the Census Bureau. In contrast, the high school completion rate for blacks of that age group has grown to 75%, and for whites it has remained around 82%. Another study by the Education Department reported that 27.5% of Hispanics aged 16 to 24 years were dropouts, compared with 16% for blacks and 10% for whites.

An increasing proportion of Hispanic dropouts leave school before the ninth grade, prompting educators to refocus their efforts on middle school students, Montecel said. She said the average 3- to 5-year-old Hispanic child has a one in three chance of getting into a preschool program, and faces a near certainty of being enrolled in a minority elementary school with uncertified teachers and a shortage of facilities. If the student makes it as far as high school, the likelihood is that the school will offer substandard, "watered-down" courses such as basic mathematics instead courses required for post-secondary education.

As part of a nationwide "Valued Youth" anti-dropout program funded by the Coca-Cola Foundation, older Hispanic children tutor young ones and earn a minimum wage of \$4.25 an hour. Educators say that in addition to such cross-age tutoring and mentoring programs, reducing funding disparities between school districts, involving parents in school affairs even when they do not speak English, reducing teenage pregnancies, creating more after-school enrichment programs for Hispanic children and bringing more Hispanics into teaching so that they can serve as role models are critical to reversing the Hispanic dropout rate.

The consequences of failure to reverse the trend are great because by the year 2010 Hispanics are expected to become the largest minority group in the U.S. with 21% of the population. In turn, the ramifications for the labor market are also great. The Labor Department predicted that in the next three decades one of every three new workers will be Hispanic.

Child Poverty Rate Up, Fewer Elderly Poor

The Gannett News Service reports that the number of children living in poverty increased last year to 15.7 million or 22.7% of all children. The year before there were 15.2 million children living in poverty, or 22.3% of all U.S. children, according to the Census Bureau.

There are three reasons cited for the rising child poverty rate: falling wages; a rising number of single-parent families; and welfare benefits outstripped by inflation. "It's much harder for young families to make ends meet than it used to be," said Deborah Weinstein, of the Children's Defense Fund. "The message here is that poverty is going to keep tightening its grip on children until parents can find stable jobs with decent pay."

The phenomenon of rising child poverty rates during a strong economy is tied to something some economists call the "silent depression." As the U.S. economy settles into a global economy and high-paying union jobs continue to disappear, more people are taking on lower paying service sector jobs and part-time work. In 1979, 12% of full-time workers earned too little to keep a family of four out of poverty; in 1993 that rose to 16.2% according to census data. That trend, says Gannett News, appears to be hurting younger workers the most: In 1992, 42% of the children living in households headed by a parent younger than 30 lived in poverty.

The Census Bureau also found that the number of elderly poor is declining slightly. In 1993, 12.2% of the elderly lived in poverty. "It's pretty striking that the one main group where there's a poverty drop is the elderly," said Isaac Shapiro from the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities. "That's the one group for whom government assistance has grown somewhat stronger in recent decades."

Gay Amendment Overturned

The SF Chronicle reports that the Colorado State Supreme court voted 6 to 1 that Amendment 2 was unconstitutional. In a story reported originally in the New York Times, gay rights supporters cheered the ruling as reaffirming that all citizens should enjoy basic civil rights. The measure, which was never implemented, cost the state approximately \$40 million in lost convention and tourism business.

This decision was the first time the supreme court of any state found it unconstitutional to deny rights to gay people. Similar ballot initiatives have appeared in eight other states, including Arizona, Florida, Idaho, Missouri, Nevada, Oregon and Washington. Amendment 2 was placed on the Colorado ballot by the Coloradans for Family Values. The measure stated that no government body could grant homosexuals "any protected status or claim of discrimination."

State Attorney General Gayle Norton will appeal to the US Supreme court believing that the State Supreme Court decision will have "troubling implications for the right to vote." Will Perkins, the spokesman for Coloradans for Family Values also thought the ruling showed "a willingness to cast aside the freedoms of those who hold politically incorrect beliefs in today's society." He believed the US Supreme Court would uphold the measure.

Improving Low Child Immunization Rates

Reuters reports that public health experts are recommending that health authorities track children to make sure they receive their vaccinations.

In a study of 7,035 U.S. infants in 1988, University of Washington researchers found only 46% of white infants

Comentarios de Bidal

by Bidal Aguero

Ann Richards is coming to Lubbock this next Monday. Kind of surprising isn't it? But who could really blame her for not coming since most of Lubbock is expected to vote for Republican George Bush Junior.



When Ann gets to Lubbock one item that has to be pointed out to her is that not all of Lubbock is republican.

In the last election, Ann and the Democrats solidly carried what can be identified as the minority voting boxes.

Throughout the state the Richard's campaign has been dogged by questions from minority leaders asking if she is taking the minority vote for granted.

In Houston Chicanos are very upset over Ann's telling the Texas Education Agency to butt out when a complaint was filed over the non-hiring of a Chicano as superintendent.

Here in Lubbock, members of the American GI Forum are upset because she did not even respond to an invitation to come speak to their State Convention. Bush was the keynote speaker.

LULAC in El Paso also got sunbbed by Ann when she didn't attend their National Convention.

Members of the Texas Chicano newspaper association, Periodicos Hispanos de Tejas, are also asking questions as to why there has not been a buy placed by the campaign in hardly any of the newspapers.

Many questions are being asked.

I think its time for Ann to start answering.

I Told Them What They Already Knew - But Do You?

By Barbara Renaud González

Hispanic Heritage Month, with its mariachis and marimbas, ended Oct. 15. But in Dallas, we did more than celebrate. We staged our second annual Hispanic summit, an event destined to change this city forever.

Our conference focused on the political, economic, interracial and cultural development issues that are as intertwined as they are essential to the progress of the whole city.

The majority of the people who attended live and work in the midst of crime, poverty, abandoned public schools and a polluted neighborhood. They are my heroes, and I was honored to participate as the closing speaker.

"What is the heritage of Hispanics?" they asked me. So I told them what they already knew.

That the more we know about our heritage, the more beautiful it will make our city. We

Latinos, I said, must refute the ideas that others have made of us.

We must explain, I said, all that we know about poverty. That people are not poor because they deserve it.

That poor people do want a better life. That we don't drop out in droves because we are too stupid -- that our schools are not bad ones because it is our fault.

That we are not born to be criminals. We must learn to talk about, I said, why the poverty we have known creates desperation and hopelessness and ultimately violence.

Because of this kind of poverty, I told them to seek only that business or industry which has an investment in our community. So that business serves us. I told them that though we are poor, neither a jail nor a casino was worth the economics return. That we should demand much more of our politicians. Because we

know that there are no cheap or easy answers to our terrible history of poverty.

I asked them to do something even harder than making people see why we are poor. I asked them to challenge the racism that infects us all -- because it is used to protect privilege among its members. That this sickness is not the sole domain of whites.

I reminded them that the histories of Blacks and Browns is far more intersected than we would like to believe. And that we will not be able to find answers without finding them for African Americans, too.

The problem with this country, I told them, is that we see ourselves as individuals -- as "bootstrappers." Don't believe it, I said. Individualism is a myth. You can get anywhere you want -- I said, but not all by yourself. You must have your (ital) familia (unital) behind you, your community. It is Latinos who respect the

value of the interdependence that makes us a community of many peoples.

We need each other, I told them. Every success is based on someone's sacrifice. Every failure is based on someone's neglect.

Finally, I said, we are not a drain on the United States of America, but its greatest hope. That we represent at once the inheritance and the promise of what this country can become. That the tragedy we have experienced has taught us the meaning of compassion. That we should be greedy -- to change the world.

That we would not achieve anything by imitating the history that has taken to this present.

And this is our heritage.

(Barbara Renaud González, of Dallas, writes commentaries for the National Public Radio affiliate KERA in that city.)

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CECILIA DAVILA

A Short Story
by Rudolpho Alvarado
The early Saturday morning streets of downtown had once held a certain charm. However, now that time had passed, the downtown streets seemed to hold no interest to the citizens of Lubbock, Texas. The cars that once brought people into town for a day of shopping on Broadway had been replaced by the occasional City Bus driving down the boulevard picking up the last remnants of days long past. To drive down Broadway was to go back to a world that the city fathers had promised to recapture, to revitalize.

To Cecilia Davila, the Mexican-American lady that waited each Monday through Saturday morning for the passing bus, the city seemed like a stranger to her. Standing five-foot three inches, wearing the white cotton dress of the housemaid profession, she seemed more like a ghost visiting a land long ago forgotten by spirits and other travelers of the underground world. Her skin had been darkened from the countless mornings that she had waited for the blue route bus. Her eyes had long since gone bad from neglect. The optometrist that had catered to the Mexican-American citizens had long ago moved to the mall on the southwest part of the town. There he was guaranteed his money in full when a pair of bifocals made their arrival. At the mall there was no more haggling over a payment schedule, or the need to hire an extra employee to collect balances past due.

The little plastic houses that had been erected over the bus benches were suppose to protect riders of the city's bus lines from the heat of the early West Texas sun; nevertheless, the little houses only served to create a green house effect more suited to the service of a flower shop than to a lady of Cecilia Davila's age. Cecilia knew this, and for this reason she carried tissues with which to wipe the sweat from her brow. Seated

inside the booth on the corner of Texas Avenue and Broadway, she took a white tissue from the canvas bag that also carried her lunch and a jug of water. She wiped a bead of sweat that she felt forming underneath the base of her nose. Once used, she placed the white tissue in a plastic bag and tucked it away safely at the bottom of her canvas bag.

Appearances had always been important to Cecilia. She had worked as a housemaid since coming to Lubbock. The white cotton dress, the white leather shoes, and the white panty hose she wore had been a Christmas present from her employer for being prompt and for keeping her place of employment spotless.

Originally from Harlingen, Texas in the Rio Grande valley, Cecilia had moved to Lubbock with the hope that her husband would make millions as a plumber's assistant. That hope had soon died when her husband decided that life was better spent in the cantinas and dance halls that dotted the outskirts of the barrio. He had disappeared one night leaving her with four children to raise: three girls and a boy. The life of a housemaid had paid enough money to keep her children fed and housed. Her children had since grown into adults leaving their hometown, and their mother behind.

On occasion they would come to visit only to find that their mother was too busy working to spend a weekend in their company. After one too many visits in which this had been the case, her children decided it was best to simply leave her to her duties, to her town, to her accustomed ways. She was left with no one that meant anything to her. This fact she had long ago accepted, throwing away her children's phone numbers and addresses. She had thought to herself, "If they want to see me, they know where to find me."

When they had first arrived to Lubbock,

Continued Page 3

Les Dije Lo Que Ellos Ya Sabian - Pero Lo Sabe Usted?

Por Bárbara Renaud González

"Orale!" El Mes de la Herencia Hispana, con sus mariachis y marimbas, terminó el 15 de octubre. Pero en Dallas hicimos algo más que celebrarlo. Efectuamos nuestra segunda cumbre anual hispana, un acontecimiento destinado a cambiar a esta ciudad para siempre.

Nuestra conferencia se enfocó sobre los asuntos políticos, económicos, interraciales y culturales que se hallan tan entrelazados como son indispensables para el adelanto de toda la ciudad.

La mayoría de las personas que asistieron viven y trabajan en medio de la delincuencia, la pobreza, las escuelas públicas abandonadas y una vecindad contaminada. Ellos son mis héroes, y me sentí honrada de participar como oradora de clausura.

"¿Cuál es la herencia de los hispanos?" me preguntaron.

De modo que les dije lo que ya ellos sabían.

Que mientras más sepamos acerca de nuestra herencia, más bella hará eso a nuestra ciudad. Nosotros los latinos, dije, debemos refutar las ideas que otros han hecho sobre nosotros.

Debemos explicar, dije, todo lo que sabemos acerca de la pobreza.

Que las personas no son pobres porque lo merezcan.

Que las personas pobres quieren tener una vida mejor.

Que no abandonamos las escuelas en grupos porque seamos demasiado estúpidos -- que no tenemos la culpa de que nuestras escuelas sean malas.

Que no hemos nacido para ser delincuentes.

Debemos aprender a hablar acerca de, les dije, por qué la pobreza que hemos conocido crea la desesperación y la desilusión y, por último, la violencia.

Debido a esta clase de pobreza, les dije que procurarán sólo a los negocios o las industrias que tuvieran inversiones en nuestra comunidad. Les dije que, aunque somos pobres, ni una cárcel ni un casino valen la pena de un rédito económico.

Que deberíamos exigir mucho más a los políticos. Porque sabemos que no hay respuestas baratas ni fáciles a

nuestra historia terrible de pobreza.

Les pedí que hicieran algo todavía más enérgico que hacer ver a las personas por qué somos pobres. Les pedí que retaran al racismo que nos infecta a todos -- porque se emplea para conferir privilegio entre sus miembros.

Que esta enfermedad no es del dominio único de los blancos.

Les recordé que las historias de los negros y los morenos están mucho más entrelazadas que lo que nos gustaría creer. Y que no podremos encontrar respuestas sin hallarlas también para los afroamericanos.

El problema de este país, les

dije, es que nos vemos a nosotros mismos como individuos -- como personas que no necesitamos ayuda ajena.

No crean eso, les dije. El individualismo es un mito. Se puede llegar donde quiera que uno lo desee -- les dije, pero no por cuenta propia. Hay que tener a una familia detrás de uno, a su comunidad. Son los latinos que respetan al valor de la interdependencia los que nos hacen ser una comunidad de muchos pueblos.

Nos necesitamos mutuamente, les dije. Todo éxito se basa en el sacrificio de alguien. Todo fracaso se basa en el descuido de alguien.

Por último, les dije, no somos un drenaje para los Esta-

Why My Names Isn't Mee-Gwel Puh-Reez

By Miguel Pérez

For a brief period of my life, when I started writing for my school newspaper, I was known as Mike PerEZ, pronounced with an accent on the second "e."

Some of my teachers and classmates had persuaded me to "Americanize" my name. I gave it a try, but I didn't really like it. I felt as if I was purposely mispronouncing my own name, hiding my heritage, betraying my principles.

It didn't take long for me to go back to Miguel, constantly having to explain to non-Latinos that the "u" in my first name is silent, and that my surname is pronounced PERez, not PerEZ. It takes more work, but it's well worth it. Awareness of self-worth is priceless.

I remember that period of my youth, and the lesson it taught me, every time I see Latinos change or Americanize their names nowadays. If only they could learn from my mistake, I tell myself, maybe I should write about it.

You see it in every sector of society. Foreign-born residents are constantly pressured to make their names easier for the ears of those who refuse to accept foreign sounds.

This is the daily dilemma facing many Latinos: If you're Hispanic, what do you do if someone mispronounces your name? Do you correct them or go along? And if you

don't correct them, aren't you helping to perpetuate the problem?

It happens to me often, especially when I have to leave messages for government bureaucrats. "Could you tell the commissioner that Miguel Pérez called?" I ask.

"What? Could you spell that?" After I comply, the response is typical. "You mean Mee-GWUEL Puh-RREZ."

"No, ma'am, I mean Miguel. The 'u' is silent. And Pérez. The accent is on the first 'e'."

From this point on, responses depend on the bureaucrat's diversity-acceptance level. Some may see it as a learning experience, or defy your pronunciation of your own name.

"How come I know other Puh-RREZes who pronounce their name that way?" a secretary asked me recently. At this time, you want to "reach out and touch someone" through the telephone and proceed to strangle them. But you look for a modest response. "Perhaps they let you mispronounce their name because they don't have all this time to waste with you, ma'am. Or, perhaps they know you're a lost cause."

It comes down to demanding respect for Hispanic names. We're not asking anyone to speak Spanish, but to get our names straight, just like others do when their names are mispronounced. The worst mutilators of Latino names

are radio and television reporters. You hear them flawlessly pronouncing tongue-twisters: writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Israel Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic, French President Francois Mitterrand, U.N. Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali. But when they get to Latino names, they turn into butchers.

They should pay attention to accents, which are there for a reason. Take actor Raúl Juliá. His name has been aired incorrectly so often -- and registered in our minds -- that now he is Raúl Juliá.

Latinos athletes are renamed by sportscasters, especially if their surnames carry the "In" or "Il" sounds. Golfer Lee Trevino and baseball manager Lou Piniella are regular victims.

As for my days as Mike Peréz, I'm not alone. For a brief period, Geraldo Rivera was known as Jerry Rivers -- altering even his surname. And that's another problem. Through generational acculturation, as with other ethnic groups, Latinos tend to Americanize their kids' first names. Robertos become Bobs. But surnames are different. Changing your last name -- or allowing others to do so -- is denying your heritage.

(Miguel Pérez is a columnist with the Bergen, N.J., Record.)

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Editor/Publisher: Bidal Agüero

Judges

community can make a difference. "Together, with a total of over 70,000 minorities, we can get these folks into office. United, we can have a major impact on the Lubbock County Courthouse," said Hernandez.

The Committee realizes that the issue of crime, especially as it relates to gang activity and to the youth in general, is something that the criminal justice system needs to address. The election of our judges is an integral part to how we deal not only with the youth of our county but with adults as well.

The Committee to Elect

Judges 1994 is asking the public to support Gallegos, Abeyta, Stafford, and Hernandez. The Committee is asking the public to vote early (early voting starts October 19th and ends November 4th) and the Committee also asks that the public literally pick up ten friends and take them to the polls early as well.

For additional information or should you want to volunteer, please call Victor Hernandez at 765-5481.

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Read It First In EL EDITOR

Cecilia Davila

downtown had meant a great deal to the Davila family. When the children had reached the age where they could play outside together, Cecilia and her husband Daniel would take them to the Court House lawn every Saturday and watch them play hide-and-seek. Cecilia and Daniel sat under the grandest oak for long hours watching their children play. As she looked across the street at the lawn, she imagined that she could hear their laughter as they chased each other. This was the last remaining memory of her past that she refused to part with. This memory made the time waiting for the blue route bus seem like seconds, but for some reason this was not working today.

The red route bus had already come and gone half an hour earlier. The blue route bus had never been more than ten minutes behind the red. Cecilia stood and walked to the curb looking down Broadway in both directions. There was no bus in sight. The streets were quiet except for the lone policeman that stopped and asked if anything was wrong. The policeman, Patrolman Garcia, knew Mrs. Davila, they had met years earlier when Garcia was a rookie with the department.

"My bus, the blue route, it is late," she responded.

Before driving away, Garcia calmed the panic in her voice by saying

that he was sure it was running late due to the road construction.

Returning to her seat Cecilia felt the panic start to overtake her body. She had never, ever, been late to work. She blamed it on the bus driver, Pete. She thought to herself, "He is probably flirting with the ladies on his bus." Pete was an older man, like Cecilia, he was always asking her out on dates. She had dismissed his invitations by ignoring him.

"It is his fault," she judged, "he is mad with me because I don't want nothing to do with him. Now he is taking pleasure in ruining my perfect record with my employer."

The morning sun had grown higher in the sky. The plastic baggy that had been placed carefully inside her canvas bag was now full of countless sweat-soaked tissues. She was unaccustomed to the heat, never having waited till mid-morning for her bus. Still she was determined to sit and wait. She thought to herself that she would be dismissed from the only job that kept her fed and sheltered. She wondered why Garcia hadn't come by to check on her again; she wondered why no other people were around; she wondered why the sun had to be so hot; she wondered why her children never bothered coming to see her anymore; she wondered why her husband had left her. She wondered why she had ever come to

this place; she wondered if Mrs. Duncan, her employer, had managed to go to the restroom by herself.

As she thought in her mind about life, a strange feeling crept up from the pit of her stomach and into her chest. It was a feeling she had never experienced before. She leaned forward, rocking herself back and forth until the feeling in her chest escaped from her mouth and onto her white cotton dress. She reached for a tissue to clean herself off only to discover that they had all been used. Suddenly, a pain struck hard in the middle of her breasts. She clutched at her chest, at the demon inside of her. She began praying to the Virgin Mary, her guardian saint. She continued whispering the prayer as she fell to the cement. She cried as the heat from the cement burned her hands and knees. The feeling lasted for only a few seconds, Cecilia Davila was dead.

She was laid out to rest in the white cotton dress of her profession. Her funeral was attended by five individuals: Mrs. Duncan, who had helped pay for some of the funeral arrangements. She was accompanied by her new maid, Sally Moreno. Pete the bus driver, who had discovered the body was there with a handful of red roses. Patrolman Garcia, who had provided the four car procession with flashing red lights stopping traffic along the route to the

cemetery was also present. Father Trevino, from the Catholic Church delivered the graveside services. The balance remaining for funeral expenses was paid for by the citizens of Lubbock. They had donated money towards this cause after reading in the newspapers that she had no surviving relatives, or funds of her own which could go towards the cost of the funeral. Enough money had also been raised to place a statue of the Virgin Mary over the grave; Father Trevino had made this decision based on the medallion worn by Mrs. Davila.

As the coffin was lowered, and the last prayer was offered, the spirit of Cecilia Davila worked its way free from the confines of the physical world. It made its way back to her bus bench on the corner of Texas Avenue and Broadway. There, the spirit joined the other underworld travelers that yearned and searched for the times that had once made up downtown Lubbock, Texas.

Rudolpho Alvarado is a freelance writer and playwright. He is currently a Ph.D. candidate at Texas Tech University.

Migrants

families, including one year-round unit for a live-in housing manager. The number of apartments will depend on the amount of land we are able to get. Most of the apartments will be for migrant families. During winter months, when migrant families are not in the area, the apartments may be rented to members of the general public who need emergency and transitional housing.

Additionally, a center will be built on site to serve as office and program space for:

- * the housing project management and housing residents;
- * ROI's migrant Head Start program;
- * ROI's Training and Employment Program (currently in Gettysburg);
- * other agencies or organizations who want to participate.

* CENTER FOUR - EBREEVILLE CENTER, CHESTER COUNTY, Pa. (1996)

This will be a year-round center, like the Adams County center. All the previously mentioned programs and activities will be provided at this site. In addition, this site will also include hands-on occupational skills training on various types of equipment (training to be provided by certified instructors).

In summary, ROI is looking forward to implementing a novel approach to serving farmworkers and their families and advocating on their behalf.

Article taken from the East Coast Migrant Head Start Project (ECMHSP) newsletter "ECMHSP Connect," Vol. IV, No. III, May 1994, and is reprinted with their permission. ECMHSP is a member of the LINKS Consortium. For more information regarding ECMHSP contact Joan M. Smith, East Coast Migrant Head Start Project, 4200 Wilson Boulevard, Suite 740, Arlington, Virginia 22203; phone: (703) 243-7522; fax: (703) 243-1259.

Hutchinson's Junior Historians Seek Pledges for Nov. 5th Jog-a-Thon

The Ernest Wallace Chapter of the Junior Historians at Hutchinson Junior High school will participate in their fifth annual Great Lubbock Jog-a-Thon on Saturday, November 5th at the Texas Tech Recreation Center.

The chapter is made up of a select group of 7th, 8th, and 9th grade students who are interested in local and state history, historical preservation projects and community service. The chapter is sponsored by the Texas State Historical Association in Austin.

Jog-a-thon monies are raised from pledges chapter members obtain from the community for laps run at the jog-a-thon. At the event, the students will compete for prizes donated by local merchants and community supporters.

According to chapter sponsors Pat Jordan and Lonnie Wheeler, the Hutchinson Junior Historians are committed to local historical restoration projects. The chapter worked closely with Harold Chatman in his family's efforts to rebuild and restore Lubbock's first black hospital. They are currently working with the Lubbock Heritage Society to move and restore Lubbock oldest existing church, the original St. Paul's of the Plains Episcopal Church located at 16th street and Ave-

nue Q which was built in 1911.

In addition to focusing on history, the Hutchinson chapter has also been involved in supporting Hospice of Lubbock as a community service project. For the last three years, the chapter has contributed proceeds from the jog-a-thon of over \$2,000 towards Hospice of Lubbock's Mayor's Luncheon. Each year, the chapter has been recognized as an underwriter of the event.

Hospice of Lubbock is a non-profit organization that provides care for the terminally ill and support for their families. The Mayor's Luncheon raises monies for its Direct Patient Care Fund which is used to provide care for persons without an ability to pay for hospice services.

Additionally, the jog-a-thon supports the Temparano Chapter of the American Business Women's Association which serves as a sponsor of the event. Temparano's portion of the proceeds will go towards the chapter's scholarship fund.

For more information about the jog-a-thon or to make a pledge, contact Lonnie Wheeler at Hutchinson Jr. high, 766-0755.

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Holy Ghost Revival

"Sweeping Thru the City"

"Without a vision we will perish" an interesting paraphrase used by one of the organizers of the Holy Ghost Revival when asked about her motivation for this local undertaking. The truth is, in this community there is a concern for rising crime, gang activity and other influences that tend to tear down the moral fiber of business, family and church. Even though the church has a responsibility there lies a greater responsibility in the Christian at large and that is to show our neighborhoods there is more to Jesus than the Church and church people. With this in mind it is the goal of the Holy Ghost Revival to reach out with what is the answer to these social, economic and spiritual woes that tend to plague us. "We are not above these woes", voiced another sponsor of the work, "but we have found that through Jesus Christ we can overcome them and it is our desire to share this truth with anyone who will listen. All are welcome, anyone can attend, listen and participate".

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M.L. K. Blvd and 19th Street - Starting at 2 pm

News Briefs

Study: Seniors Happy & Frustrated w/Medicare

AP reports that a study on Medicare and the Elderly by the Kaiser Family Foundation found that seniors like the peace of mind that Medicare gives, the automatic eligibility at age 65 and the premise that Medicare pays up to 80% of their medical bills.

But the study also found that the elderly find the Medicare system highly frustrating when they have billing problems and often confusing. Some seniors were surprised to find that Medicare doesn't cover prescription drugs, long-term care, eyeglasses and dental care.

A separate report by former Social Security actuary Robert J. Myers points to one peculiarity of Medicare: although it seemingly requires the elderly to pay 20% of their bills, it doesn't always work out that way. In some instances, the patients wind up paying a significantly larger share of the bill, depending on their doctor's relationship to Medicare. The fees can be even higher for hospital outpatient services.

Some 34 million Americans are covered by Medicare, which cost \$161 billion this year. Almost 40 million people, or 15.3% of the U.S. population, went without health insurance in 1993, according to the Census Bureau, but only 1.2% of the elderly went uncovered.

Study: Wife Stays Home, Men Earn More

The New York Times reports that several recent studies show that men in families where the wife stays home to care for their children, earn more money and receive higher raises than men from two-career families.

Why the gap exists is under debate. Some experts attribute it to the notion that men who are the sole breadwinners, work longer and push harder for raises and promotions. Self-selection may also play a role, some experts say, with men who focus strongly on career advancement choosing wives who will support that choice, while men who want more balance between work and family are more apt to choose women who want to work. Others suggest corporate prejudice is to blame.

A study co-authored by Linda Stroh of Loyola University of Chicago looked at 248 male managers at 20 Fortune 500 companies. It found that over five years the "traditional fathers" had received 20 % higher raises than had the men with working wives. Another study by Frieda Reitman of Pace University found that those whose wives were at home with the children had earned 25% more than those whose wives held jobs of their own. That study looked at 231 men who had received M.B.A. degrees in the late 1970s.

Both studies, presented at the annual meeting of the Academy of Management in August, found that the men whose wives were at home had worked more hours a week. But even after controlling for the effects of the number of hours they worked, their experience, field of employment and interruptions to their career, Reitman's study found that men who were the sole breadwinners in their families earned an average of \$121,630 a year, compared with \$97,490 for those with wives who worked.

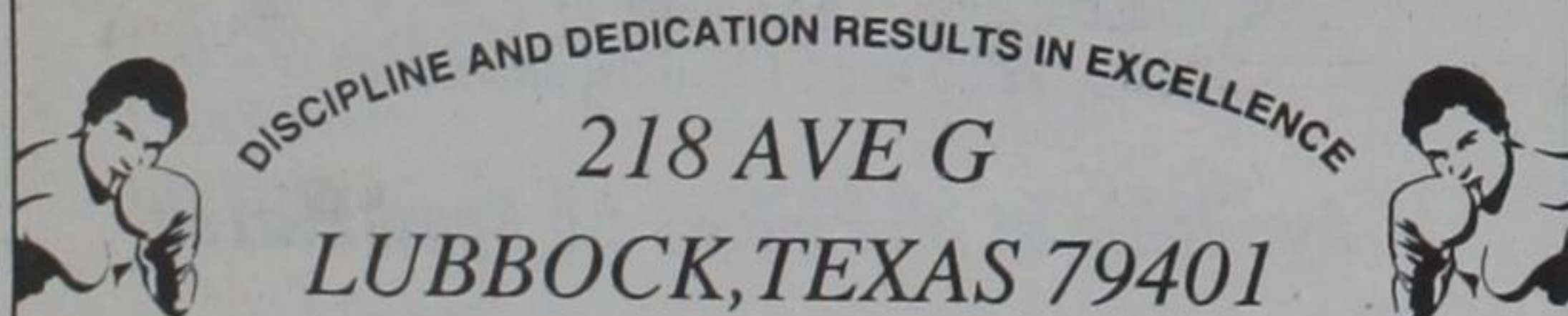
"The traditional family men were on a fast track, with the highest income, jobs at higher management levels and greater pay increases, on a percentage basis, over six years," said Reitman. "I don't know if you call it prejudice, but I do think the people in the top positions, who are mostly traditional men, are more comfortable with people who seem like themselves."

"The only difference we found between the two groups was that the dual-career dads put in an average of two fewer hours per week, or about 4 percent less than the dads whose wives are at home," Stroh said. "But that's not enough to account for an almost 20% lag in pay. There seems to be a corporate preference for the traditional family, even though that represents such a small part of today's work force."

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My Experience With Dying

By Mike Castro

You can live in an imaginary world of eternal youth if you are careful to avoid staring into the mirror.

I was reminded of this after a recent bout with a long illness. I came to terms with my mortality and the realization that I had passed the age of 55.

It was not that I had been unwilling to accept aging; it was that I didn't feel old and didn't spend a lot of time in front of the mirror. Besides, I was living in a time warp.

My first wife died young, and I raised our three children alone. I had a distant relative, Tia Chuey, who was a wise old woman. One day while we were visiting my mother, Tia Chuey looked approvingly upon my single parenthood and predicted in her classic Spanish: "God is going to give you a gift for this."

I thought about Tia Chuey's prediction a lot after I met and married my second wife, a woman younger than me by a generation. This, I thought, was the gift my tia had foreseen.

My second wife reawakened the youth and optimism I had as a boy battling my way out of a barrio in southeast San Diego. We started a second family, and I went through the new birth experience of helping to bring my second set of children into the world. Life was rich and seemingly unending.

Then last November, one week before Thanksgiving, I had a bout with the flu. I tried to work my way through it, but it wouldn't yield. One Saturday night we went to bed, and all I clearly recall is being awakened from a deep sleep by my wife. I remember her asking, "Honey, why is your eye twitching?" Then, as I dropped into sleep, "Oh, Mike, you're really scaring me now!"

Eight days later, I awoke in the hospital. She was there, waiting for me to regain consciousness. I remember a doctor leaning over my bed and telling me, "Mike, we don't think we'll ever know what went wrong. But we think we can make sure that it never happens again."

The testing began. They placed me in a scanner and technicians injected me with curare, a drug I knew South American Indians used to tip their arrows to immobilize their prey. In modern medicine it immobilizes you but keep you conscious. At one point, the priest from my church arrived and administered the last rites. I was conscious and recalled my mother teaching me to make the sign of the cross. Though she has been dead for seven years, I felt her presence. When I awakened again, my oldest son was there. I asked him how my mother was. "Don't you remember?" he said. "Nana died a long time ago." Now I grieve her death for a second time.

That lapse was the first of several that shook my very

sense of identity. They told me in the hospital that I had suffered a series of seizures, that some of my short-term memory had been damaged because for a time a part of my brain was without oxygen. I had long followed the existential beliefs that you determine who you are by the decisions you make. Since I couldn't remember my decisions, I didn't know who I was.

They said I would experience a heightened emotional sensitivity, common for anyone who suffers a seizure, heart attack or stroke.

Tides of emotion swept over me without attachment to any set of memories or facts. I could control them only by performing the breathing exercises used by women in the last, acute stage of childbirth. I couldn't watch TV. Even watching cheap drama, I could not contain my emotions.

My long-term memory was still good. I recalled that in my early 20s, I had taken a battery of psychological exams to choose my career. I had tested in the 97th percentile in the ability to visualize geometric objects in space.

When I left the hospital, I found that my memories of streets, freeway ramps and buildings had been stripped

away, like a computer screen gone dark. I forgot how to get to places I had visited dozens of times before. There were incidents when I mistakenly greeted people who clearly didn't know me, and others who spoke with me while I pretended to know who they were.

In my weeks of convalescence, some things have become clear: life is precious, and good health is critical to its total enjoyment. We live essentially in our relationships with other people. Somewhere around the age of 55, we become aware that our lives are ending. That knowledge allows us to decide how we will spend the years that are left to us.

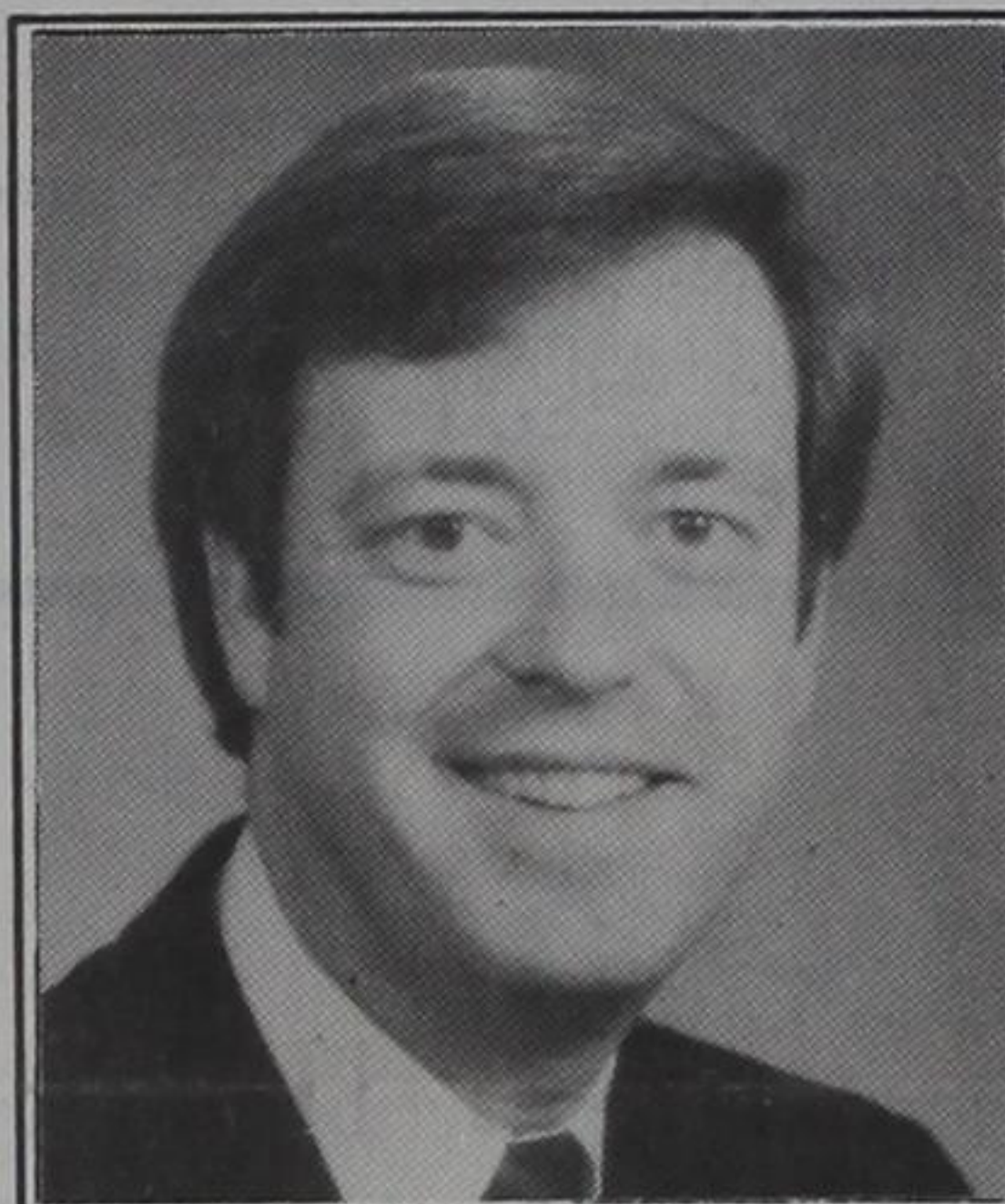
My wife recalls that when the priest administered the last rites, "You looked at him as if you were seeing God."

I have no memory of that now. I only know my concern was for my family and the adversity they might experience without me. Dying is easy. It is as restful as dropping into that black pool that so alarmed my wife that night. It is those who are left to live with the hurt of having lost a loved one who suffer. They bear the burden of living.

(Mike Castro writes a weekly column in the Sacramento Bee.)
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Porque No Me Llamo Mee-Guel Pur-reez

Por Miguel Pérez

Durante un período breve de mi vida, cuando empecé a escribir para el periódico de mi escuela, se me conocía por Mike Pérez, con acento de pronunciación sobre la segunda "e" de mi apellido. Algunos de mis maestros y compañeros de clase me habían persuadido a que "americanizara" mi nombre.

Traté de hacerlo, pero en realidad no me gustaba. Me sentía como si estuviera pronunciando equivocadamente mi propio nombre a propósito, ocultando mi herencia, traicionando a mis principios.

No me llevó mucho tiempo el regresar a "Miguel", teniendo que explicar constantemente a los no latinos que la "u" de mi nombre es muda, y que mi apellido se pronuncia

Pérez y no Peréz. Exige más trabajo, pero bien vale la pena. La conciencia de sí mismo no tiene precio.

Recuerdo ese espacio de tiempo de mi juventud, y la lección que el mismo me enseñó, cada vez que veo a los latinos cambiar o "americanizar" sus nombres actualmente. Si ellos sólo pudieran aprender de mi error, me digo a mí mismo; puede que yo debería escribir sobre ello.

Se ve eso en todos los sectores de la sociedad. A los residentes nacidos en el extranjero se les apremia constantemente para que hagan que sus nombres suenen más fácilmente para los oídos de los que se niegan a aceptar los sonidos extranjeros.

Este es el dilema a que se enfrentan muchos latinos:

Si uno es hispano, ¿qué se hace si alguien pronuncia su nombre o apellido equivocadamente? ¿Se les rectifica o se sigue de largo? Y, si uno no les rectifica, ¿no se está ayudando a perpetuar el problema?

Eso me ocurre a menudo, especialmente cuando tengo que dejar recados para burócratas gubernamentales. "¿Podría usted decirle al comisionado que Miguel Pérez llamó?" pregunto.

"¿Qué? ¿Podría usted deletrear eso?"

Después que accedo, la respuesta es típica. "Usted quiere decir Miguel Puhrréz".

"No, señora, quiero decir Miguel. La "ú" no se pronuncia. Y el apellido es Pérez, con el acento sobre la primera "e".

De aquí en adelante, las respuestas dependen del nivel de aceptación de la diversidad por parte del burócrata. Algunos pueden verlo como una experiencia para aprender, o retar a la pronunciación del propio nombre de uno. ¿Cómo es que sé de otro "PuhrrézD que pronuncia su nombre de otro modo?" me preguntó una secretaria recientemente.

En este momento, usted quiere "salir y tocar a alguien" a través del teléfono y proceder a estrangularle. Pero usted busca una respuesta modesta. "Quizás si esa persona deja que usted pronuncie su nombre equivocadamente porque no tiene todo este tiempo que desperdiciar con usted, señora. O quizás si ya esa persona sabe que usted es una causa perdida".

Se trata sólo de exigir respeto para los nombres hispanos. No estamos pidiendo que nadie hable español, sino que

pronuncien nuestros nombres correctamente, sólo como lo hacen otras personas cuando se pronuncian sus nombres equivocadamente.

Los peores mutiladores de los nombres latinos son los reporteros de radio y televisión. Se les oye pronunciar sin defectos algunos nombres que retuercen la lengua, tales como los del escritor Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, el primer ministro israelí Yitzhak Rabin, el presidente serbio Slobodan Milosevic, el presidente francés Francois Mitterrand, el secretario general de las Naciones Unidas, Boutros Boutros-Ghali. Pero cuando llegan a los nombres latinos,

se convierten en carniceros.

Ellos deberían prestar atención a los acentos, que están ahí con una razón. Tómese al actor Raúl Juliá. Su apellido ha sido transmitido incorrectamente tantas veces -- y grabado en nuestras mentes -- que ahora él se llama Raúl Juliá.

Los atletas latinos son bautizados nuevamente por los comentaristas deportivos, especialmente si sus apellidos llevan los sonidos de la "ñ" o de la "ll". El golfista Lee Treviño y el administrador de un equipo de béisbol Lou Piniella son víctimas periódicas.

En cuanto a mis días como Mike Peréz, no estoy solo. Du-

rante un espacio breve de tiempo, Geraldo Rivera fue conocido por "Jerry Rivers" -- cambiando hasta su apellido. Y ese es otro problema. A través de la inculturación de las generaciones, como ocurre con otros grupos étnicos, los latinos tienden a "americanizar" los primeros nombres de sus hijos. Los Robertos se convierten en Bobs.

Pero los apellidos son diferentes. El cambiar el apellido de uno -- o el permitir que otros lo hagan -- equivale a negar la herencia de uno.

(Miguel Pérez es columnista del "Bergen Record".)
Propiedad literaria registrada por Hispanic Link News

News Briefs

and 34% of black infants were properly immunized. Although more than three-quarters of infants were visited by a doctor, the low immunization rate reflected missed vaccination opportunities either because the children were ill at the time or health care providers did not know the children's vaccination status.

Lower immunization rates were also associated with families who were poor, less educated, or led by a young single mother, wrote author Henry Mustin of the university's School of Public Health and Community Medicine in Seattle. A separate Indiana University study also appearing in the Journal of the American Medical Association found less than one-third of infants from poor urban families were properly immunized, despite the availability of free vaccine.

"A more viable option may be the development of information and tracking services to identify children with delayed immunizations," wrote Indiana pediatrician Ann Bates. Walter Orenstein of the CDC agreed in an accompanying editorial, saying "(Health) providers should have their own system that produces reminders of upcoming immunizations as well as recalls for children who are overdue for immunizations." He cited the availability of technology that automatically delivers phone messages.

More Whites Oppose Affirmative Action

The Los Angeles Times reports that recent polls indicate that the majority of whites in the U.S. are expressing opposition to affirmative action and other programs that improve the lives of minorities.

At a time when many whites view their own economic futures with uncertainty, analysts say the nation's "haves" -- especially the white middle class -- are becoming more protective of their own status and less willing to help those farther down the socioeconomic ladder. The result of this mood, experts say, is that politicians in search of voter support may respond by pledging to end welfare programs, eliminate health care benefits for the poor and repeal anti-discrimination laws.

"These findings suggest that maybe the country is well on track toward a more polarized society than we are willing to admit," said Andrew Kohut, director of the Times Mirror polling center. "Clearly, there seems to be less concern on the part of whites toward blacks. They are feeling anxiety about their lives and less charitable toward those less fortunate."

El Editor- Bringing You Real News

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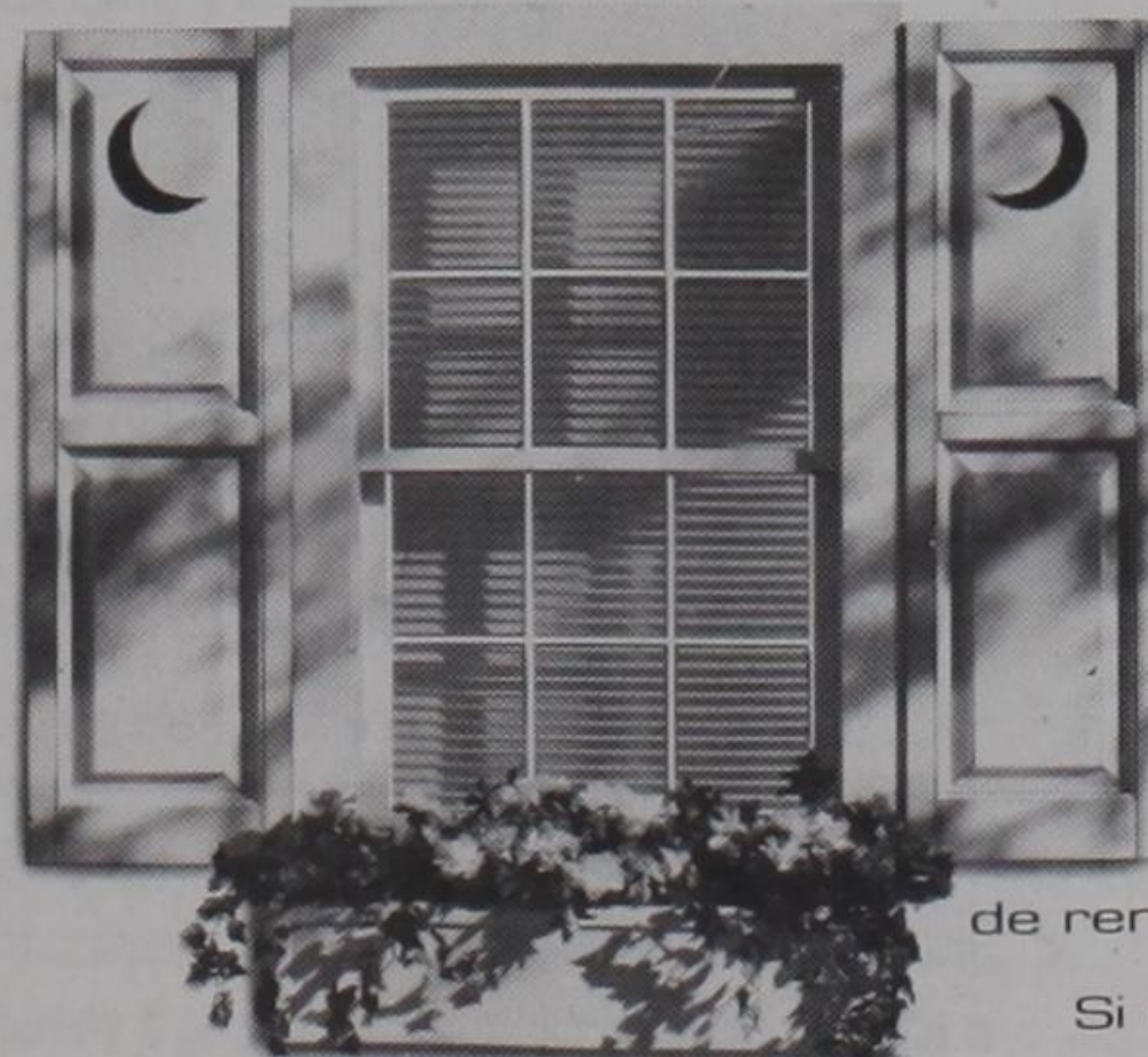
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Un Rayito De Luz

Por Sofia Martinez

Para los Cristianos Catolicos, el perdon es un acto que se convierte en sagrado y en real en el Sacramento de la Recibcukuacuón. Muchos han perdido la costumbre de confesarse regularmente y, asi, han perdido mucho.

Muchos Catolicos, tanto activos como inactivos, no comprenden plenamente el poder que tiene el Sacramento de la Reconciliación. Muchos han perdido la costumbre de confesarse regularmente y, asi, han perdido mucho.

Muchos Catolicos, tanto activos como inactivos, no comprenden planamente el poder que tiene el Sacramento de la Reconciliación o Confesión. A veces nos resulta muy incomodo hablar con el sacerdote, como si fuera el, y no Jesus, quien perdona. Le estas pidiendo si representante da Jesucristo en la tierra que te escucha y que actua como instrumento de la gracia de Dios. Te confiesas con Jesucristo. Por medio del sacerdote, el propio Jesucristo te perdona. En la Palabra de Dios, leemos como Jesus ls habla a Sus Apostoles de este sacramento: "Lo que estes en la tierra sera atado en el cielo" (Mateo 18, 18).

Con eso, concedio a los apostoles y a todos sus sucesores el poder de actuar en Su Nombre como instrumento de perdon. Jesus deseaba que esta posibilidad de curación estuviera a tu alcance y pudieras oír las palabras: "te perdono tus pecados en el nombre del Padre, y del Hijo, y del Espiritu Santo".

¿No pude Jesucristo perdonarnos directamente? Preguntaran algunos...Y, es una pregunta muy buena. Jesucristo puede perdonarnos directamente, y si hemos pecado y nos arrepentimos ocn todo el corazon, no perdonara. Pero esto no es lo mismo que la curación y la fuerza que sale del sacramento de la reconciliación. (Juan 20, 22-23).

La Confesión no es solo cuestion de hacer "borron y cuenta nueva", a pesar de que esp es ta,boem ;p que Dios hace, milagrosamente, porque nos ama. Por medio de la confesión recibes el perdon de Dios y la fuerza necesaria para que la proxima vez que vuelva a aparecer la tentación sea menos probable que caigas en ella. Cura la herida que tu primer pecado la hizo a tu alma y le permite avanzar "a grandes pasos" por el camino de la santidad.

Para recibir el perdon debes de acudir a Dios, en la confesión, verdaderamente arrepentido de todos tus pecados. Porque si creemos que nos confesamos el sabado por la tarde,

contamos nuestros pecados al sacerdote y por la noche salimos a pecar otra vez...Estariamos muy equivocados, y dariamos asi una idea falsa de la Confesion. Debemos de comprender que esa manera de confesion no nos perdonaria los pecados. Dice mira adentro de nosotros. A el no lo engañamos. El sabe si nos confesamos verdaderamente arrepentidos y decididos a no volver a pecar. La Confesion no es un juego, ni una forma de "hacer puntos" con la esposa o con el esposo, ni con Dios, ni con nadie.

Nos alejamos del confesionario, despues de recibir el perdon, muy felices porque sabemos que estamos en amistad con Dios y que le hemos complacido. (Mateo 18, 18. y Juan 20, 22-23).

Iglesia Bautista Templo

Feed on the Word!

Once you've made the word of God final authority in your life, your first step to victory over attacks of the enemy is to go to the word and lay hold of God's promises concerning your situation.

Notice I said, "Go to the Word." It's good to have the word committed to memory. But don't let that substitute for getting the word before your eyes on a daily basis.

Think about it this way, it never did a hungry person any good to think about what a steak and potato tastes like. Not even if he can remember it perfectly. The same thing is true with the word of God. It's important to keep it in memory, but it's also necessary to go directly to it and feed your spirit with it. There is power in keeping the word in front of your eyes and going into your ears. That's how it gets in your heart, so you can live by it.

So don't just think about the word today, read it. Go to the promises that cover your situation. *Feed on those promises and grow strong!

The Bible says: "Attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings. Let them not depart from thine eyes." (Proverbs 4: 20-21) also read deuteronomy 6: 1-9

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CLASSIFIED CLASIFICADOS

Postion Open Visitor Development Coordinator

Individual needed to coordinate tourism program, public relations activities and advertising campaign for convention and Tourism Bureau. Position requires excellent organizational skills and a minimum of 2 years tourism experience. Degree in communications, and experience in marketing and group tour sales preferred.

Resumes will be accepted until Nov. 1, 1994, at P. O. Box 561, Lubbock, Tx 79408, E.O.E.

Position Open

Newchannel 11 (KCBD TV) has an opening for full-time news videographer. Duties include working alone or as part of a reporter/photographer team covering news stories and events. Television news experience preferred. Must be able to lift and carry 60 pounds of video equipment. Deadline for applications is October 21, 1994. Pre-employment drug test required. Send tapes and resumes to Diane Dotson, News Director, KCBD TV, 5600 Avenue A, Lubbock, Tx 79404. EOE.

Advertise
763-3841

Farm Worker Community Advocate

Texas Rural Legal Aid, Inc. seeks paralegal for its farm worker office in Plainview. The paralegal will serve as an advocate for farm workers with employment, civil rights and housing problems. Must be bilingual in Spanish and English, and have a valid Texas driver's license. Demanding job; travel, weekend and evening hours required to serve needs of TRLA clients. Duties include interview, investigations, client representation before administration agencies. Salary begins at \$15,600 - \$26,240, depending on legal services experience, with excellent fringe benefits. Mail resume to Texas Rural Legal Aid, PO Box 1658, Plainview, TX 79072. Resumes accepted until position is filled. For more information call Doris Garcia, 1-800-369-0585. Equal Opportunity Employer.

Defensor de la Comunidad Agrícola

Texas Rural Legal Aid tiene una posición de paralegal para su oficina de Asistencia Legal para trabajadores agrícola en Plainview, Texas. el paralegal servira como defensor de los trabajadores agrícola en su empleo, derechos civiles y problemas de viviendas. Debe de ser fluente en Español y Ingles, hablar y leer. Trabajo agotador; viajar en fines de semana y trabajar en las tardes despues de las 5:00 pm se requiere para servir las necesidades de los clientes. Obligaciones incluyen entrevistas, investigaciones y representación de clientes ante agencias administrativas. El sueldo empiesa en \$15,600 a \$26,240 anualmente, dependiendo en experiencia con servicios legales, con otros beneficios significantes. Empleador de oportunidad igual. Envie su resumen a Texas Rural Legal Aid, PO Box 1658, Plainview, Texas 79072. Se aceptaran resúmenes hasta que se llene la posición. Para mas información, comuníquese con Doris Garcia, 1-800-369-0585.

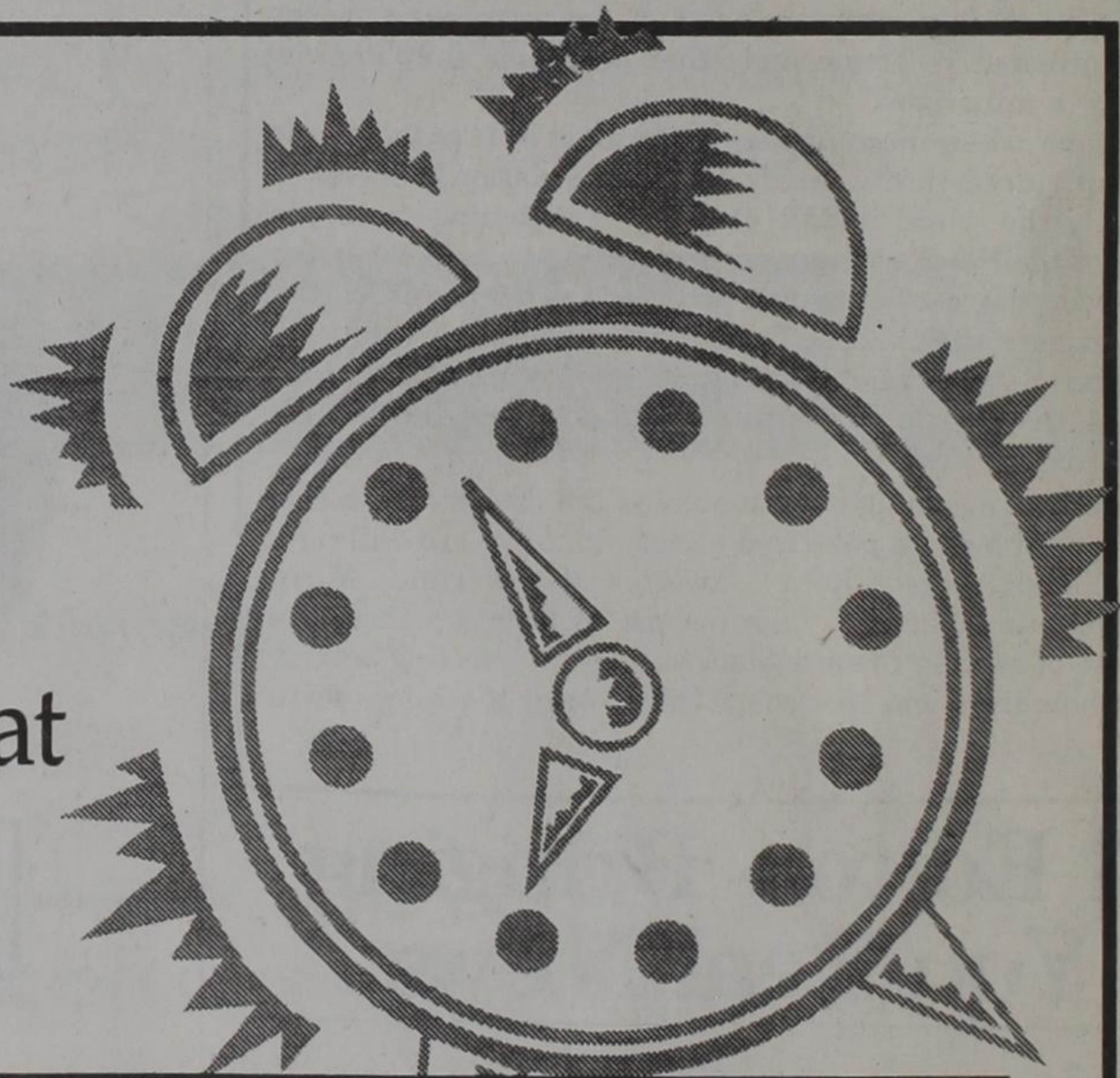
TO ALL INTERESTED CONTRACTORS:

Chatman Memorial Center, Inc., a neighborhood based organization, invites all interested contractors to present their ideas for plans and specifications for the construction of two houses in the Chatman Hill Neighborhood. The houses are to be built at 2601 Elm and 2602 Elm, facing Elm. One of the houses shall have three bedrooms and the other shall have two bedrooms. Minimum bedroom size shall be 10' X 11'. The two bedroom house shall have a two car parking slab and the three bedroom shall have a one car garage. The three bedroom shall have two full baths and the two bedroom shall have at least one full bath. Generally, the gross square footage of the houses may range between 1,300 SF to 1,500 SF. Both houses are to be fully bricked and have back fences. These are the general parameters within which house specifications will be accepted. Houses are to meet FHA and Federal VA standards and guidelines.

This is a Federally funded project subject to equal Employment Opportunity provisions and HUD Section 3 regulations. Contractors will be required to submit an Affirmative Action and Employment Opportunity Plan. Contractors are required to submit their plans, specifications and a materials list on the day of their presentation.

The deadline for requesting time for a presentation shall be October 21, 1994 at 5:00 P.M. Requests for time for presentations may be made by calling 767-2294 between 8:00 AM and 5:00 PM, Monday through Friday.

October is
Breast Cancer
Awareness
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come join us
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your life.



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Tuesday, October 25 • 7:00 - 8:00 pm

Please RSVP to 793-4199 by Friday, October 21.

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You will receive a \$25 discount towards your first mammogram at Hodges Breast and Education Center for attending this seminar.

A community service of Hodges Breast and Education Center.

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The key to a complete recovery from breast cancer is early detection through breast self-examination, clinical examination and mammography.

Hodges Breast & Education Center of Methodist Hospital wants to keep you from

becoming another statistic by offering a FREE Education Seminar on Breast Self-Examination. A physician and two nurse educators will present an important one-hour seminar about breast self-examination and answer any questions.

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