

by B
So.

el primer Navidad hace algunos 2000 años.
Me dicen que los profetas le contaban a la gente de un Messiah quien sería El Salvador, quien sacaría el mundo fuera de bondad, pecados y corrupción.

Me dicen que los profetas decían que la persona sería nombrado maravilloso. Que sería El Rey de paz y un Dios poderoso y sería el espíritu del Señor.

Me dicen que El sería un Dios para todos, hombre, mujeres, Judios, Gentiles, Romanos, Gregos y todo el mundo. Los profetas decían que la persona sería por siempre y que todos los reyes del mundo le tendrían miedo.

Me imagino que toda la gente se llenaba de ancia, excitados y llenos de alegría en esperar la llegada de este gran hombre.

Aparentemente se habían hecho otros planes. Me dicen que El llegó en una noche tranquila a un lugar oscuro y que solo su mamá y papá y los animalitos acompañarían su nacimiento.

No me puedo imaginar como esa persona quien sería Rey de hombres, Messiah de toda la gente y Salvador del mundo -- sería Un Niño.



News Briefs

The Legend of Pancho Clos

Editor's Note: The following is the Legend of Pancho Clos as told to Marisol Agüero's 2nd Grade Class

Santa Claus and Pancho Clos are cousins. Most kids in Lubbock know about Pancho Clos but a lot don't know where he came from. I really don't know if this story is true because it has been handed down to me from fathers and mothers to sons and daughters. To understand it, you have to give your imagination a chance. This story started a long, long time ago. Some say that it was so long ago that snakes used to walk and the Cowboys used to win. It was then when the original Santa and Mrs. Claus had two sons. In those times people didn't have first names, so they were named first son of Santa and second son of Santa.

After many years, the original Santa got old and decided that it was time for his sons to start to work, mainly because he wanted to do more fishing than working. The first son of Santa was more than ready to start working. The first son had already married and his wife was also called Mrs. Claus. The second son of Santa was kind of lazy and didn't want to do very much work. He would rather work inventing new toys and watching the Cowboys play on TV. He was also a type of guy that liked to travel.

One day the second Santa decided he would leave the north pole to look for his fortune. He got on one of his new toys that he had made which was called a lowrider and headed south. He went so far south that he finally reached the United States where he met a girlfriend and finally married her. After a while he got tired of riding around in his lowrider and decided he would start working again on building new toys. He invented basketball - he did this because he finally got tired of the Cowboys losing. He also invented Nientiendo and many other toys.

Both Santas got along good since the first son of Santa had the job of delivering toys to all the children of the world and the second son of Santa worked on making new toys. The second son was in charge of telling all the elves what to do.

Both Santas and their wives also had sons and they again called their kids Santas. The sons learned everything their fathers and mothers taught them so they could take over from their Dads.

As the sons of both Santas grew and started to do their father's work, the Santa who took toys to the Kids stayed at the North Pole and the son of the Santa who made toys decided to move more south. This mainly because he really didn't like the cold weather.

On his way South he stopped in Lubbock, fished for a while at Buffalo Lake and got to know Spanish. He went all the way south to Mexico and also met a girlfriend named "Puri". He and Puri married and had a son when they finally got to the South Pole. They decided to change the old ways of naming their son Santa because it was really getting to be pretty confusing.

Santa and Puri named their son Pancho, after her father. He was also known as the famous revolutionary, Pancho Villa. After Pancho grew up a little, again they moved further south until they - Santa, Puri and Pancho got to the South Pole.

After Santa and Pancho grew up, they again took over their Dad's jobs. Both Santa in the North Pole and Pancho in the South Pole worked hard at their jobs. Santa taking toys to kids and Pancho making toys.

Both worked real good together but as more and more children were born, the job of taking toys to kids all over the world got really harder and harder. One day Santa asked Pancho if he would help him. "Sure," he said. Pancho had by then made many new toys and had even made little toys that kind of looked by the little soldiers in the movie but they were a whole lot nicer, that helped Pancho make toys.

Santa and Pancho decided that they would split up their work to where Santa would deliver to kids all over the north part of the world and Pancho would deliver to all part of the south. When things get really hard Pancho even comes to the south part of the United States to help.

Pancho decided that because he knew Spanish and his mother was from Mexico, he would drive a wagon pulled by burritos instead of driving a sleigh with reindeers. He also wore a red sombrero instead of a red hat.

Ever since a time when Pancho made a fishing trip during the summer to Buffalo Lakes and met some of the members of the American G.I. Forum, he has made a special effort to come here to meet all the kids.

Like I said at the start of this story, you really have to use your imagination to believe this story. One thing you can believe is that when you hear the yell "Ah-juua" coming from the sky instead of Ho Ho Ho - it's Pancho Clos coming to visit all the good little boys and girls to wish them a Feliz Navidad.

By Bidal Agüero

EL EDITOR

Vol XXII No. 13

Week of December 23, thru December 30, 1998

Lubbock, Tx

Feliz Navidad

Comentarios de Bidal

by Bidal Agüero

Christmas has traditionally been a time of reconciling and preparing for a new year that hopefully will be better than the one just passed.



In Lubbock, we can be assured that the ghost of Christmas past will probably haunt us and not let us forget the mistakes of arresting the two Hampton University coaches and the fight between El Paso and Texas Tech.

The latter, caused because of fighting over the use of tobacco money, is reported to have been resolved. But in the Hispanic community, questions still remain whether the alleged statements by Chancellor Montford which insulted our traditions were made.

The ghost of Christmas present will remind us that the Hampton case remains unchanged in that we had yet to hear what the grinch Johnnie Cochran will do.

The ghost of Christmas future will tell us that despite our troubled times perhaps we can look forward to a better 1999 as we prepare for the new millennium which could or could not result in better relations among old and young, rich and poor and perhaps between white, brown and black people.

Merry Christmas

To All

Bidal Agüero can be reached by e-mail at ellelub@aol



Miembros del American G.I. Forum dieron miles de dulces y regaló a todos los niños al llegar Pancho Clos aquí en Lubbock. El evento fue hecho posible en parte por una concesión de Lubbock Power and Light



Dear Friends:

I greet you with a glad heart and pray that you are experiencing the fullness of life, true love, and inexhaustible joy throughout this holy Christmas season, the celebration of the birth of our Lord and Savior, Jesus the Christ.

Among the many lovely cards I received this year, one carried a particularly striking message. It says:

If our greatest need had been information, God would have sent us an editor.

If our greatest need had been technology, God would have sent us a scientist.

If our greatest need had been money, God would have sent us a banker.

If our greatest need had been pleasure, God would have sent us a chef.

But our greatest need is forgiveness, so God sent us a Savior.

During this happy and holy holiday, we call to mind the fulfillment of that promise God made so long ago: Divinity would



touch humanity, God would be born as a baby; the Savior of the world would come to set us free from slavery to sin and death.

During this wonderful time of year, therefore, let us celebrate the promise of deliverance from sin by concentrating on living lives that are holier than they have ever been. Let us dedicate ourselves to a deeper faith, the kind of faith we see in Mary and Joseph. Let us dedicate ourselves to a brighter hope, the kind of hope we see in the shepherds at Bethlehem. Let us dedicate ourselves to a stronger love, the kind of love we see in the Magi bearing their gifts to greet Jesus the King ... the Lord ... the Savior.

The Holy Father, Pope John Paul II, has asked the whole world to join him in making special preparations for the celebration of the Great Jubilee of the Year 2000. This is our last opportunity to respond to his invitation. The final year of this millennium, 1999, is upon us.

Please consider making a sincere and prayerful commitment to open your heart to Jesus, our Savior, in a new and welcoming way. Please dedicate yourself to living for our Savior by practicing the virtues of faith, hope, and love in a new and effective way.

May God bless you and sustain you. May you realize the blessings of reconciliation and peace as you draw closer to the Father, filled with the Holy Spirit, and living effectively as a disciple of the Savior, Jesus Christ. May this be the happiest, healthiest, and holiest Christmas season you have ever known.

Mos Rev. Placido Rodriguez,
Bishop of Lubbock
Christmas Message 1998
Merry Christmas!

In the Darkness, A Tradesman Without Hands Points the Way

By Victor Landa

Every year, at some point during the Christmas season, I remember a typewriter repair shop a few blocks from the old Mercado in downtown Nuevo Laredo, where I was raised below the Texas-Mexico border. It was one of many shops that lined the street on that particular block where craftsmen and artisans turned skill into subsistence.

There was a jeweler who wore very dark, round glasses over his eyes when he molded gilded pieces with a torch and his pulse. It seemed to me that he hid his eyes because they were so precious no one should see them. Next door to the jeweler, a tailor paced the floor with a tape measure draped around his neck. He oversaw a small team of human figures hunched over large black Singers that clicked and hummed as the workers' hands guided sections of cloth and their feet worked the pedals below. I used to believe that without the frantic tapping noise of the machines no clothes could be made, as if shirts and pants made in silence would be invisible.

Across the street from the tailor and the jeweler a hand-painted sign on a window announced: "Se arreglan maquinas de escribir." We fix typewriters. The spelling was inventive, but well understood.

Every Christmas the shop owner lined the window with green and red blinking lights. From the sidewalk I could see inside a treasure trove of old Olivettis and Royals strewn and stacked around the shop. On the workbench before him, the owner had an array of oddly shaped hooks and probes, screwdrivers and clamps with very large wooden handles that were shiny and smoothed with use.

He sat on a tall stool, his arms

and his legs up over the bench working like the fingers of a hand spreading a pinch of salt over a simmering pan. What was astounding about this person was that his arms ended at his wrists. He had no hands. He held the wooden handles of the hooks between his stumps, guided the probes with the toes on his feet, arranged the small clamps with the teeth in his mouth. There was precious little of his body that he didn't somehow press into service.

A few blocks from his shop, behind the Palacio Federal, the federal office building, the sidewalk was lined with the wooden stalls of the escribanos and the secretarios publicos, who filled out forms and wrote and read letters for the illiterate who depended on their knowledge. Their livelihood in turn depended on the keys and levers and springs so diligently maintained by the man with no hands. That chain of interdependence was one of my first lessons in the strength of community.

In the cold darkness of December, the walk past the shops was a dazzle of light. From the jeweler, a strobe of gold as he worked his torch on the metal; from the tailor, a soft glow like a hum; and from the typewriter shop, a blinking of Christmas red and green. Inside, lined with the lights of the season, the man with no hands held no excuses. There was work to be done, tildes that weren't striking, rollers that weren't advancing, letters that weren't being written, scribes without the tools of their trade.

In more ways than one this was no devil's workshop; it was never idle.

This time of the year, with the

continued on page 2

Feliz Navidad de Los Agüero

Bidal, Olga, Amalia, Zenaida and Robert Reyes, Joe Adam and Mollie Riojas and very especially from our youngest ones

Marisol,

Eliana and

Nicholas



Un Deseo Navideño Para Los Indocumentados

Por Rodolpho Carrasco

"La primera vez que intenté entrar a Estados Unidos", dice Luis, "llegué hasta Tijuana sin pedirle permiso a Dios. Cuando me bajé del bus, la policía me robó el dinero y me mandó de vuelta a Ciudad de México".

"Fui a una gran iglesia en el Distrito Federal, donde los sacerdotes rezaron por mí. Mientras que rezaban, sabía que todo saldría bien."

Entonces intenté por segunda vez. Mientras que estaba en la frontera con un coyote, me fijé que todos -- el coyote y las otras 15 personas cruzando conmigo -- tenían miedo. Pero en mi corazón sentía tranquilidad porque sabía que el Señor estaba conmigo."

Si tuviera aspiraciones políticas, no le contaría esta historia a ningún votante. Es demasiado complicado. Tenemos a un hombre que está violando la soberanía nacional estadounidense y diciendo que el Señor lo está guiando. El otro problema es que Luis es sincero. Luis está un poco desequilibrado o existe alguna fuerza invisible -- ninguna explicación es buena cuando el público quiere una explicación.

Pero no tengo aspiraciones políticas, y estoy seguro que no miente. Sé que no miente por lo que está por hacer.

Este martes Luis (no es su verdadero nombre) se subirá a un bus cerca de su casa en el Valle de San Gabriel. El bus lo transportará a la frontera con Tijuana.

na. Llevando una computadora portátil y otros artículos en su maletín, Luis encontrará otro bus que lo llevará al Distrito Federal, el lugar de su nacimiento.

Cruzar la frontera es lo importante. Para un indocumentado como Luis, viajar a México es caro, y el viaje de vuelta tiene sus dificultades. Luis no ha vuelto a México desde que llegó a este país hace seis años.

Pero este viaje es sumamente importante porque Luis se ha prometido que la próxima vez que entra a Estados Unidos, será con los documentos auténticos.

Lo que Luis está diciendo es como si los jóvenes de mi barrio dijeran que van a la NBA: Es casi imposible. Debido a que la mayoría de la inmigración -- legal e indocumentada -- a California en los últimos veinte años ha sido de México, nuestro gobierno está resuelto a detener cada mexicano indocumentado.

Miro a Luis mientras que me cuenta su historia. Se sienta tranquilamente, dando detalles y confesando sus sueños. Sus ojos están rojos e inflamados, pero está de buen humor.

"He vivido una mentira", dice Luis en inglés. "Para estar aquí, tengo que decir una mentira detrás de la otra". Un cristiano ferviente, este verano Luis llegó al punto donde ya no podía vivir con su duplicidad.

Después de una reunión titulada Evangelism Explosión

(Explosión Evangélica) en su iglesia, salió de la iglesia, miró hacia arriba y pensó, "Le estoy mintiendo a Dios".

Por cinco meses ha sufrido sobre si debe volver o no. Regresar significa regresar a nada. La razón por la cual viajó al norte en 1992 fue para apoyar a su madre y hermano menor. En esa época Luis era estudiante universitario. Pero a menudo, no había comida en la casa, no podía pagar por sus libros, y su madre llegaba a la casa agotada cada noche. "No lo podía soportar", dice Luis.

Yo sé de qué habla. He estado en su ciudad natal. Tiene una vista de un volcán, Popocatepetl. Muchos niños que no tienen el dinero para asistir a la escuela corren por las calles. Es difícil conseguir un trabajo, y muchos puestos que están disponibles pagan menos que un dólar por día.

Existe una especie de inercia entre la gente cuando hay pocas maneras de ganarse la vida. Lo que hacen todo el día es conservar el dinero, las metrias y la energía que tienen.

Como cualquier humano puesto en libertad, Luis se deshizo de su modo conservador cuando cruzó la frontera estadounidense, y ha estado ocupado

construyendo su riqueza personal. Trabajando sin descanso, Luis ha enviado mucho dinero a su familia. También se ha comprado un coche, dos computadoras Pentium, y otros beneficios

materiales de nuestra economía robusta. Incluso ha tenido el tiempo para ofrecerse de voluntario. Usando la Biblia como instrumento, ha enseñando a jóvenes con desventajas a leer.

Ha hecho lo que piensa que Dios le permitió hacer: hacer dinero para cuidar a su madre y hermano en México. Pero ahora piensa que Dios lo está mandando de vuelta. Ha hablado con muchos amigos y consejeros, y ha llegado a la conclusión de que Dios se está moviendo en su vida. "Él me mostrará lo que quiero cuando llego a México", dice Luis.

Los miembros de su iglesia piensan que está loco. "Todos dicen, 'Regresarás dentro de un mes, máximo'", dice Luis. "Sinceramente, tengo miedo. Pero espero que Dios me utilizará, porque eso es todo lo que quiero, ser utilizado por Él".

Se calcula que actualmente hay unos tres millones inmigrantes indocumentados latinos en Estados Unidos. Luis dice que cada familia en México tiene por lo menos una persona aquí, con o sin documentos.

Quiero que cada uno de ellos reciban algo para Navidad. No es que vengan y vayan como lo está haciendo Luis. Quiero que tengan la fe que tiene Luis, que sepan que Dios los trajo a este país por una razón y que Él tiene un motivo para sus vidas, sin importar dónde estén.

A Christmas Wish For The Undocumented

By Rodolpho Carrasco, PACIFIC NEWS SERVICE

"The first time I tried to enter the United States," says Luis, "I went all the way to Tijuana without asking God's permission. When I got off the bus, the police stole my money and sent me right back to Mexico City."

"I went to a huge church in Mexico City and had some of the brothers there pray for me. As they prayed I knew everything would be fine. So I tried a second time. As I stood at the border with the coyote, I saw that everybody -- the coyote and the fifteen other people crossing with me -- was scared. But I had a peace in my heart, because I knew the Lord was with me."

If I were running for political office, I wouldn't tell that story to any voters. It's too complicated. Here's a guy violating U.S. national sovereignty and claiming it's God Above who is guiding him to do so. The other problem is that Luis is sincere. Either he's a little unbalanced or there is some unseen force operating -- neither a good explanation when the public wants an accounting.

But I'm not running for office, and I'm convinced Luis means what he says. I know he is not lying because of what he is about to do.

This Tuesday Luis (not his real name) will board a bus near his home somewhere in the San Gabriel Valley. He will take the bus to the Tijuana border. Carrying his laptop computer and other items stuffed in a suitcase, he will find another bus to take him to Mexico City, his hometown.

The crossing is the thing. For an undocumented person like Luis, crossing the border into Mexico means an expensive and difficult return trip. Luis himself has not re-crossed the border since arriving six years ago. But this crossing is all the more momentous because Luis has vowed that the next time he enters the United States, it will be with proper documentation.

What Luis is saying is a little bit like the kids in my neighborhood saying that they are going to the NBA: It's almost impossible. Because the bulk of immigration -- legal and illegal -- to California in the past twenty years has been from Mexico, our government ain't giving up a crumb.

I'm staring at Luis as he tells me his story. He sits calmly in front of me, spouting details and confessing dreams. His eyes are red and puffy, but he's upbeat.

"I've been living a lie," he says in smooth English. "To be here the way I've been, I have to tell one lie after another." A fervent Christian, Luis reached a point this summer when he could no longer live with his duplicity. After an Evangelism Explosion meeting at his church, he walked outside, looked up, and thought, "I'm lying to God."

For five months he has agonized over whether or not to return. A return means a return to nothing. The reason he came north in 1992 was to support his mother and younger brother. At the time Luis was a university student. But often, there was no food in the house, he couldn't pay for his books, and his mother

would drag herself into the house every night, bone-weary and exhausted. "I couldn't take it," Luis says.

I know what he's talking about. I've been to his home town. It's in view of the smoking volcano, Popocatepetl. Countless children who can't afford elementary school run the streets. Jobs are scarce, and many jobs that are available pay less than a dollar a day. There is a certain type of inertia people display when there are few ways to make money. What they do all day is conserve the money, materials and energy they have.

Like any human released into a free environment, Luis shed his conservationist mode when he crossed the U.S. border, and has been busy building his personal wealth. Working nonstop, Luis has sent back lots of money to his family. He has also acquired a car, two Pentium computers, and a list of other material benefits of our robust economy. He has even made time to volunteer, teaching disadvantaged young people to read by reading them the Bible.

He has done what he believes God allowed him to do: come and make money to take care of his mother and brother back in Mexico. But now he believes God is sending him back. He has talked with many friends and advisors and has concluded that God is personally moving in his life. "He will show me what he wants me to do when I get there," Luis says.

The members of his church think he is nuts. "They all say, 'You will be back in a month, tops,'" Luis says. "To be honest, I'm scared. But I pray that God will use me, because that's all I want, to be used by Him."

There are an estimated 3 million undocumented Latino immigrants in the United States today. Luis says that every family in Mexico has at least one person over here, legal or undocumented.

I have a Christmas wish for each one of them. It's not that they come and go as Luis is doing. It's that they can receive the gift of faith that Luis has, that they can know that God brought them here for a reason and that he has a purpose for their lives, no matter where they are.

El Editor Newspapers

is a weekly bilingual published every Thursday by Amigo Publications in Lubbock, Texas, 1502 Ave. M, 79401. Tel. 806-763-3841. Subscribing \$40 per year payable in advance. Opinions and commentaries expressed by guest columnists do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the publisher or of advertisers.

Editor/Publisher: BidalAgüero
Manager: Olga Rijoas Agüero
Subscription: Bob Craig
Distribution: Joe Shelby

Subscribe Today To: EL EDITOR

Sittin' Here Thinkin'

Chestnuts Roasting And Other Strategic Plans

by Ira Cutler

Clear out the cluttered old back seat, The car seats go in there. The grandchildren are coming for Christmas, And Christmas is almost here.

Check all the travelers' schedules, Airport pick-ups to arrange. The traffic will be murder, Timely flights would be a change.

Check the bannister on the staircase, And be sure to buy some prunes. Great Grandma's coming for Christmas, Where'd we put those Christmas tunes?

Clean up the dusty attic, There'll be people sleeping there. How many will be staying? What's the plan for who goes where?

Don't forget to get some batteries, There's no toy works by hand. Takes triple A and others, If you want to hear the band.

Count the grown-ups and the children, Separate tables, is that fair? Feed all of sixteen people, On the six real dining chairs.

Josh drinks only Pepsi, And Jimmy micro-beer, Diane's a vegetarian, Or was that just last year?

Is anyone allergic to cats? Are there special things to know? We'll sure forget some something, Does the weather promise snow?

Hey, we've got it all together, Every thing is nearly done. Soon the doorbell will be ringing, And the families joined as one.

It's work to do the Christmas thing, And complicated, too. But it all seems somehow worth it, When the hopes all come out true.

Merry Christmas to you and yours from me and mine!

Ira Cutler, HN4072@handanet.org, says he's seeking a semi-legitimate outlet for thoughts and ideas too irreverent, too iconoclastic, or just too nasty for polite, serious, self-important company. More recently Ira has become involved in communicating in another way, through speeches which he calls Standin' Here Talkin'.

Clinton es Impugnado

By Ysidro Gutierrez

Aun cuatro artículos de impugnación fueron considerados contra Presidente Bill Clinton, solamente dos fueron aprobados por la Cámara de Representantes, del Congreso de los Estados Unidos. Después de considerar las pruebas en forma de testimonio y documentos entregados por el fiscal, Kenneth Starr, los representantes fueron convencidos de la culpabilidad del Presidente Clinton. El Presidente fue impugnado porque cometió perjurio ante un gran jurado y por obstruir la justicia, según los dos artículos.

Atravez de la historia del país, la impugnación ha sido imponible contra tres presidentes; Clinton es el tercero y también el primer presidente elegido al puesto por medio de elección nacional. Los otros no fueron elegidos, sino subieron al puesto por sucesión.

El Presidente lucha para guardar su nombre bueno. El está dispuesto a negociar términos con el Senado para encontrar soluciones que incluyan censura. Pero los 55 Senadores Republicanos no desean entrar en negociaciones mientras el Presidente no confiesa aver mentado ante un gran jurado. Esto aun no hay 67 votos Republicanos en el Senado, cual es lo mínimo para destituir al Presidente. Durante el proceso de impugnación nadie de los defensores del presidente negaron los hechos. Por esto los Republicanos, en desacuerdo con las encuestas que favorecieron al Presidente, votaron en favor de la impugnación. El Presidente, firmamente niega cometido perjurio.

Miembros del partido Democrático inmediatamente reclamaron el voto. Luis Gutierrez, (D) Illinois, dijo, "Nuestro sistema constitucional, la democracia, es muy delicada. Lo que vieron aquí fue un partido encima de un presidente de otro partido, no fue algo dipartidista." El Senador Edward Kennedy (D) Massachusetts dijo con indignación, "Un juicio es para establecer responsabilidades, a la vez que sean conocidas, un juicio no es necesario."

Los Republicanos permanecen en sus insistencias de continuar con el juicio mientras el Presidente niega falso juramento. El juicio se llevara acabo en el Senado, pero nadie sabe cuando dara principio ni la duracion.

From Page One

winter pressing and the night gaining time on the day, I remember the Christmas lights on the window of the typewriter workshop. Dec. 21 marked the Winter Solstice, the longest night of the year, when we would light a candle or let the Christmas lights flicker longer.

It is in the darkness that we need light the most, to help our spirits gather the courage to soar beyond excuses.

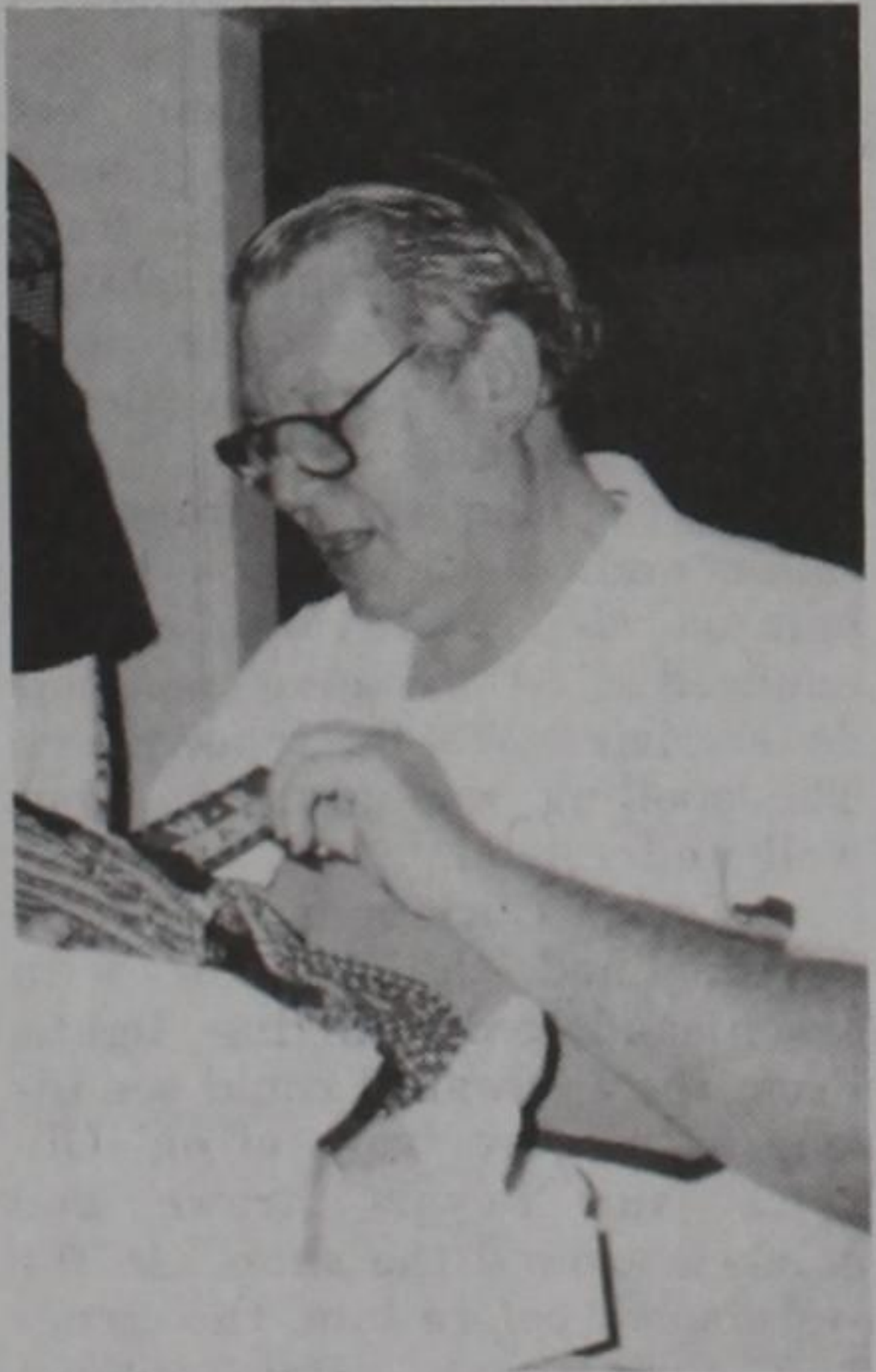
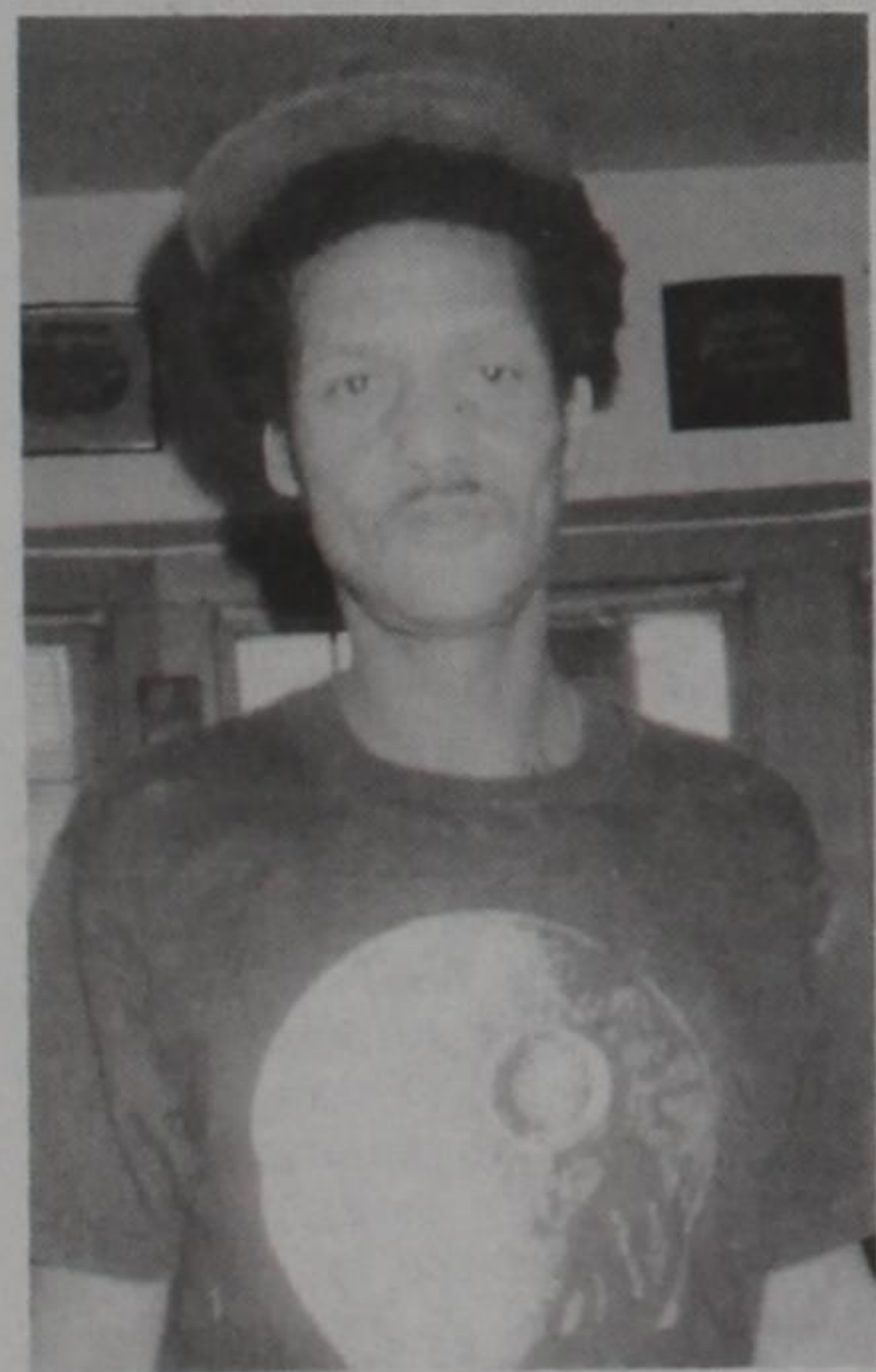
The final detail in the maintenance of a typewriter is to clean out the letters. With a needle and a piece of sticky clay each letter at the end of each

arm, capitals and lower cases, is cleaned of carbon residue and grime so that the Ps and the Ds and the Os clearly mark their form. It well may have been that handless man who without ever talking showed me how precious a word can be and how darkness has nothing to do with the sun.

(Victor Landa is news director of Telemundo's KVDA-TV60 in San Antonio, Texas.)

Copyright 1998, Hispanic Link News Service. Distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate

¡Feliz Navidad!



¡Feliz Navidad! Merry Christmas! to all our friends from Joe Shelby and Bob Craig



Flying South With Santa

By Patricia Guadalupe

I'm convinced Christmas is more fun in the Caribbean. I mean, just listen to the radio here in the States, with all that "Silent Night" thing and all those other solemn songs.

Contrast that to the radio in Puerto Rico, where during the holidays, even church music has some sort of salsa or merengue variation.

And there's no need to hide under layers of heavy clothing or worry that you'll slip on the ice if you wear those heels to the holiday party. The holidays don't end in Puerto Rico until mid-January. That certainly has to be more fun than going back to work here on the day after New Year's.

Yep, it's that time of the year again. Time to head out to San Juan.

The holiday starts in earnest at the American Airlines terminal at Kennedy International Airport in Los Nuevos Yores. While other airlines serve the Caribbean, American has controlled close to 80 percent of the market for a long time.

And while the Puerto Rican population in the United States is expanding beyond New York, the Big Apple remains the island's mainland capital. And of the Dominican Republic, for that matter, so Kennedy is still it.

There are three groups of people who travel from Kennedy Airport at Christmas: the Puerto Ricans, the Dominicans and EVERYBODY ELSE. The everybody elses are usually small crowds of white people, waiting silently for their flights to some "white people's" vacation spot, like Miami or Bermuda or Jamaica. Any sounds they make are drowned out by the hordes traveling a la casa de mami in San Juan or Santo Domingo.

Thousands upon thousands show up at the terminal for the three-and-a-half-hour flight, although only a few of them will actually get on the plane. The rest are there for la despedida and last-minute reminders to say hi to Juniol, Paco, Pepe, Juan, Anita, Maria, Nelson, Willie and the neighbors and cousins.

And they wait until you are far away to shout out the entire contents of your suitcase and who should get what is in it, even though you've gone over it ad nauseam at home. Oh, and don't forget, that bag is never checked with the rest of the stuff, because, ay dios mio! what if the airline loses it and you get there with no regalos?

Whatever you can't fit in that bag because it wouldn't close, even though your fat cousin sat on it last night, is put in a box and wrapped with an entire roll of heavy-duty construction tape. "Paque no se abra." Then tied with rope, por si acaso. In big, black magic marker, the recipient's address is written down on all six sides of the box. In case, God forbid, it does get lost and it lands somewhere on the side where the address isn't written and where would the kind person who found it know where to send it?

These boxes are the Puerto Rican Samsonites you may have heard about. Do you remember the commercial of a gorilla in a cage throwing around a suitcase that didn't break, no matter what the animal did? They had to have stolen that idea from a Kennedy Airport holiday flight. You could probably ship an entire 24-piece china set in a Puerto Rican Samsonite and nothing would break.

Of course, no one thinks about what happens when you have to open one. I've seen near-riots at Kennedy when



some poor soul at the ticket counter asks to see what's in the box. Que? Don't they know we spent an entire night closing it up? Deja eso!

Of course, someone is always crying when you leave. It's one of the people who gets left behind to deal with that "Silent Night" song and the cold, windy weather. Pobrecita. At the gate, the crowd is milling around, talking loud, playing salsa or merengue on the boom boxes that are Christ-

mas gifts for someone on the island. And even though it's 10 below outside, many are wearing shorts and T-shirts, ready for the warm, tropical sun.

When it's time to starting boarding, everyone, regardless of seat assignment, gets up and tramples the tiny young woman at the gate. We are desperate to get to the beach.

Naturally, the minute the seat-belt sign is turned off, the

flight becomes a cabaret show. There's a lot of walking in the aisles, shouting and laughing -- and the requisite domino game is going. There may be a movie playing, but that's usually to give the small kids something to do while the adults perfect the art of socializing.

After a while, a glance out the window and the deep blue water and mountains peek into view from under the clouds. Pretty soon you'll be

part of that Puerto Rican tradition of clapping when the plane lands, and you'll see the faces of thousands of relatives pressed against the glass at the Arrivals Terminal, excitedly jumping up and down. ¡llego! ¡llego! In that crowd will be mami. "Ay mijita, you're so pale. You need some sun."

Yep. Christmas is more fun in the Caribbean. No doubt about that. And a big part of the fun is the trip down.

(Patricia Guadalupe, a veteran of these flights, is a columnist with Hispanic Business magazine and news director at the public radio network Pacifica Radio.)

(c) 1997, Hispanic Link News Service. Distributed by Los Angeles Times Syndicate

Merry Christmas



Feliz Navidad
y Prospero Año Nuevo!



Merry Christmas
Feliz Navidad!

State
Representative

DELWIN
JONES

District 83

Villa Office Park - 763-4468

La Famosa
Bridal Shop
Famous
Department
Store
1213 Ave. G
Lubbock, TX
Call to Reserve
Your New
Year's Tuxedo
Feliz
Navidad



Merry Christmas!

...from everyone at

American State Bank

"Right Size To Be Friendly"

See our ad at Banks in
your Southwestern Bell Yellow Pages.

Subway's

Member FDIC

www.ashonline.com

A La Isla Con Santa Clos

Por: Patricia Guadalupe

Estoy convencida que se goza más en el Caribe durante la Navidad. Sólo hay que poner la radio aquí y escuchar "Noche de Paz" e iguales canciones. Compárelas con la radio en Puerto Rico, donde durante las fiestas navideñas, hasta algunas canciones religiosas tiene ese toque de merengue y salsa.

Y allá no hay porque esconderse debajo de tanta ropa por el frío o preocuparse que vaya una a resbalar en el hielo por ponerse tacones. Además, las fiestas no se acaban en Puerto Rico hasta mediados de enero. Eso definitivamente tiene que ser más divertido que regresar al trabajo al día siguiente después de despedir el año a todo dar.

Así es, llegó la hora de largarse a Puerto Rico. El viaje al Caribe comienza en serio en la terminal de la línea aérea American en el aeropuerto internacional Kennedy en, como dicen muchos, los Nueva Yores. Mientras con creciente frecuencia otras líneas aéreas viajan a las islas, por mucho tiempo American ha controlado el 80% del mercado. Y aunque la población puertorriqueña aumenta en otras partes de Estados Unidos, la llamada Gran Manzana sigue siendo la capital estadounidense de Puerto Rico, y de la República Dominicana. Por ende, Kennedy es el punto principal de partida.

Hay tres grupos que viajan desde el aeropuerto Kennedy en las Navidades: los puertorriqueños, los dominicanos, y LOS DEMAS. Los llamados demás usualmente son pequeños grupos de anglosajones calladitos que mayormente viajan a lugares populares entre anglosajones durante esa época: Miami o Bermuda o Jamaica. No se ven ni se escuchan por el alboroto latino en el aeropuerto de los que van

a "la casa de mami" en San Juan o Santo Domingo.

Miles y miles llegan a la terminal por el viaje de poco más de 3 horas, aunque solamente dos o tres del gentío viajarán. El resto está para la gran despida e instrucciones de última hora de, "por favor!", saludar a juniol, paco, pepe, juan, anita, maria, nelson, willie, manuel, y los primos y vecinos. Y, "perate!" te gritan desde lejos cuando ya estas por partir, "acuérdate que la camiseta es para fulano, los zapatos para sutano," y siguen hasta que media humanidad ya sabe lo que llevas en la maleta. Y Dios te libre de no cargar con ella al avión. Que pasa, santo Dios, si se pierde en el equipaje y llegas sin regalos!

Lo que no quepa en esa maleta -- a pesar de que se sentara encima un primo gordo par ayudarte a cerrarla -- se pone en una caja de cartón y amarrada con un ROLLO ENTERO de cinta adhesiva, Dpáque no se abra. Y se amarra con sogá, por si acaso. Luego en los cuatro lados de la caja, con plumón negro y el letras mayúsculas, se escribe la dirección del receptor. Es para asegurarse que si se pierde la caja, el que la encuentre sepa donde mandarla, por supuesto. A lo mejor ya usted conoce estas famosas cajas navideñas: las Samsonite puertorriqueñas. Se acuerdan del comercial en la television donde un gorilla enjaulado tiraba una maleta al suelo tratando de romperla? Pues, se robaron la idea de los vuelos navideños en el aeropuerto Kennedy. Estoy dispuesta a apostar que se puede mandar una vajilla entera en la samsonite boricua y no le pasa nada. Claro que nadie piensa qué pasa si le piden en el aeropuerto que las abra. Se oye mucho de lo siguiente:

"Qué?!"

Pero díles que estuvimos una noche entera cerrándola!"

Claro que SIEMPRE ha alguien llorando cuando es hora de irse. Pero siempre es alguien que se queda para bregar con el frío y "noche de paz." Pobrecita.

En la salida, el gentío espera, hablando duro, tocando salsa o merengue en esas radios enormes que seguramente son regalos de Navidad para algún familiar. Aunque probablemente hace bastante frío afuera, muchos llevan pantalones cortos y camisetas, preparados para el calor tropical.

Tan pronto anuncian el vuelo, TODOS -- sin importar el asiento asignado -- se levantan y casi atropellan a la pobre muchacha en la entrada. Es tanta la desesperación por llegar a la playa.

Y claro, al apagarse la señal del cinturón de seguridad, el vuelo parece un cabaret -- risa y carcajadas, gritería y a veces un juego de dominó mientras se camina por el pasillo. De vez en cuando enseñan una película, pero es mas bien para entretener a los chiquillos mientras sigue el chismorreo.

Después de un rato, una miradita por la ventanilla y ya se puede ver debajo de las nubes el agua cristalina y azul y las montañas. Pronto serás parte de esa tradición boricua de aplaudir al aterrizar y verás las caras de los miles de familiares que te vinieron a buscar, emocionados al verte, y en ese lío estará mami. "Ay, miña. Qué pálida estás. Necesitas sol!"

Sí, en las Navidades se goza más en el Caribe. Y la fiesta comienza en el viaje.

Feliz Navidad

En la Obscuridad, Un Comerciante Sin Manos Señala el Camino

Por Victor Landa

Cada año, en algún momento durante la temporada de Navidad, recuerdo a un taller de reparación de máquinas de escribir a pocas cuadras del antiguo Mercado en la parte comercial de Nuevo Laredo, donde me criaron, debajo de la frontera entre Texas y México. Era una de las muchas tiendas que se alineaban en la calle, en esa cuadra en particular, donde los artesanos convertían las habilidades en subsistencia.

Había un joyero que llevaba anteojos muy oscuros y redondos sobre sus ojos cuando moldeaba piezas de oro con una antorcha y su pulso. Me parecía que él ocultaba sus ojos porque eran tan preciosos que nadie debería verlos.

A la puerta al lado del joyero, un sastre recorría el piso con una cinta de medir enrollada alrededor de su cuello. El supervisaba a un pequeño grupo de personas inclinadas sobre grandes máquinas de coser Singer de color negro, que golpeaban y zumbaban a medida que las manos de los trabajadores guiaban secciones de tela y que sus pies movían los pedales abajo. Yo acostumbraba creer que sin el ruido frenético de las máquinas, no se podría hacer ropa alguna como si las camisas y los pantalones hechos en silencio fueran invisibles.

Al otro lado de la calle, frente al sastre y al joyero, un letrero hecho a mano anunciaba en una vidriera: "Se arreglan máquinas de escribir". El deletreo estaba defectuoso, pero se le entendía bien.

Todas las Navidades, el dueño de la tienda adornaba la vidriera con luces oscilantes verdes y rojas. Desde la acera, yo podía ver dentro un tesoro de antiguas máquinas Olivetti y Royal, amontonadas por toda la tienda. En el banco de trabajo delante de sí, el propietario tenía un despliegue de ganchos y sondas de formas extrañas, destornilladores y grampas con mangos de madera muy grandes, que estaban brillantes y suaves debido al uso.

El se sentaba en una banqueta alta, con sus brazos y piernas sobre el banco, trabajando como los dedos de una mano que espolvoreaban un poco de sal sobre una sartén caliente.

Lo que era asombroso de esta persona era que sus brazos terminaban en las muñecas. No tenía manos. El sujetaba los mangos de madera de los ganchos entre sus muñones, orientaba las sondas con los dedos de sus pies, arreglaba las pequeñas grampas con los dientes de su boca. Había pocas partes preciosas de su cuerpo que él no pusiera en servicio.

A pocas cuadras de su taller, detrás del Palacio Federal, la acera estaba cubierta por los estantes de madera de los escribanos y secretarios públicos, que llenaban formularios y escribían y leían cartas para los analfechos que dependían de su conocimiento.

Su manutención, a su vez, dependía de las teclas, palancas y muelles mantenidos tan diligentemente por el hombre sin manos. Esa cadena de interdependencia fué una de mis primeras lecciones en la fuerza de la comunidad.

En la obscuridad fría de diciembre, el paseo por junto a las tiendas era una avalancha de luz. Desde la joyería, una cascada de oro mientras él trabajaba en el metal con su antorcha; desde la sastrería, un brillo suave como un zumbido; y desde el taller de máquinas de escribir, un chisporroteo de luces de Navidad rojas y verdes.

Dentro, forrado con las luces de la temporada, el hombre sin manos

continued on page 6



Twas The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the CASA,

Not a creature was stirring. I wondered, "QUE PASA?" I was hanging the stockings with MUCHO CUIDADO. I hopes that old Santa would feel OBLIGADO, To bring all the children, both BUENOS Y MALOS, A nice batch of DULCES and other REGALOS.

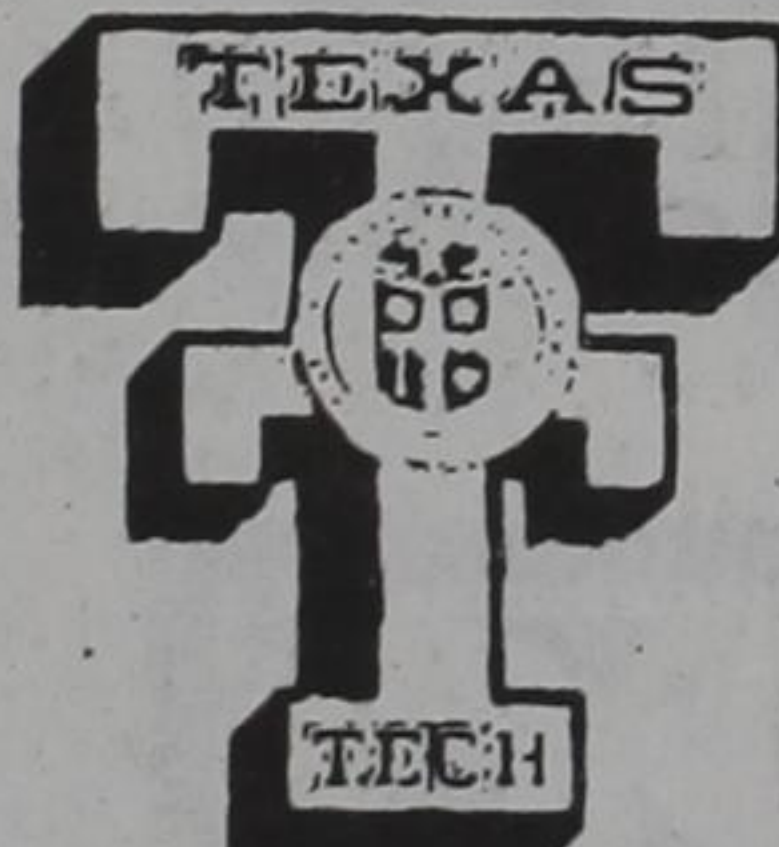
My brothers and I went to sleep in our CAMAS, Some in long underwear, some in PIYAMAS. When out in the yard there arose such a GRITO, That I jumped to my feet like a frightened CABRITO. I ran to the window and looked AFUERA, And who in the world do you think Quien Era? St. Nick in a sleigh and a big SOMBRERO Came dashing along like a little BOMBERO. And pulling his sleigh, instead of VENADOS, Were eight little BURROS, approaching VOLADOS. I watched as they came, and this fat little HOMBRE Was shouting and whistling, and calling by NOMBRE: 'AY PANCHO, AY PEPE, AY CUCA, A BETO! 'AY CHATO, AY CHOPO, MARUCA Y NIETO!'

Then standing erect, with his hands on his PECHO, He flew to the top of our very own TECHO, With his round little belly like a bowl of JALEA, He struggled to squeeze down our own CHIMENEA. Then huffing and puffing and a little CANSADO, He picked up a bag that looked so PESADO. He filled all th stocking with lovely REGALOS. For none of the NIÑOS had been very MALOS. The chuckling aloud, seeing very CONTENTO, He turned like a flash and was gone like the VIENTO. And I heard him exclaim, and this is VERDAD: 'Merry Christmas A TODOS... FELIZ NAVIDAD!'



Season's Greetings
Merry Christmas
¡Feliz Navidad!

TEXAS TECH
UNIVERSITY



Texas Tech University and the Texas Tech University Health Sciences Center Are Equal Opportunity/Affirmative Action Employers
AA/EEO Director - Julio Llanas - Tel: (806) 742-3627

Feliz Navidad
Merry Christmas &
Happy New Year

RAMAR HISPANIC MEDIA

If it's Tejano, it's...
Magic 93.7
KXTQ FM

T46
TELEMUNDO • LUBBOCK
KXTQ TV



JOY
at Christmas

CitizensBANK

828-6545 SLATON - POST
MEMBER FDIC



Feliz Navidad,
prospero año,
y felicidad.

United
Supermarkets

The Christmas Watch: Time Present & Time Past

By Cristóbal S. Berry-Cabán
 In 1941, Christmas was a somber occasion. Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor earlier that month and the United States' entry into World War II dampened the nation's holiday mood. Gifts were exchanged not so much in the joy of giving, but more as a longing for peaceful times.

That Christmas Eve a young man -- possibly one preparing to leave for war -- received a small, elongated, beautifully wrapped parcel.

It contained a Longines timepiece bearing the simple inscription:

M.L. to W.L.
 12-24-41

Elegant yet rugged, the watch curved to fit a man's wrist perfectly. In better times, the style had captured the fancy of the

Fitzgerald era. It expressed a ruggedness chosen by veteran pilots, sea captains and adventures throughout the world. Yet, in its elegance, it harmonized with tailored evening clothes.

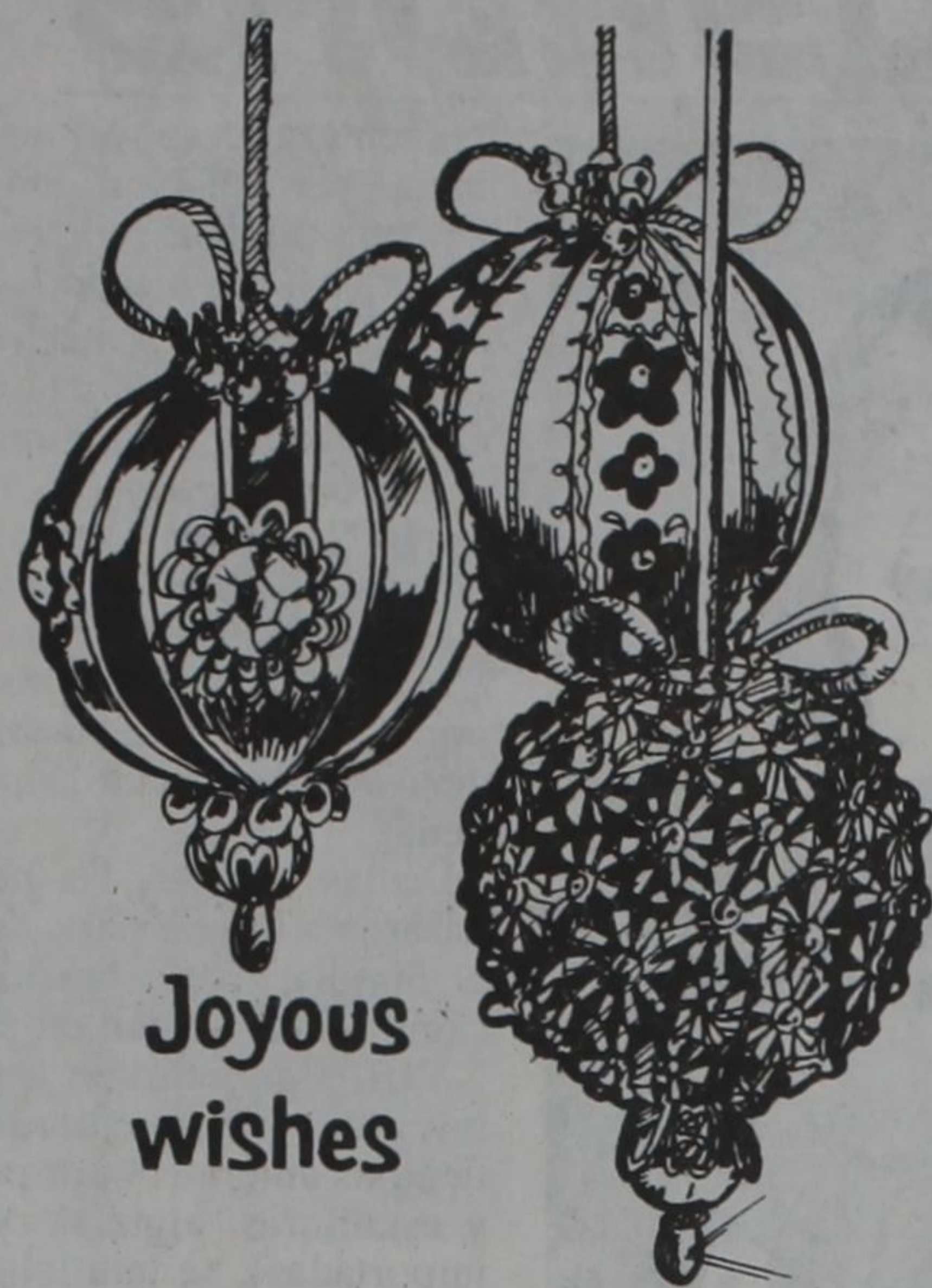
On the front of W.L.'s watch was a slender, arching crystal held firmly by a gold-plated metal case. Arabic numbers, from 1 to 12, marked the time. An inset hand dial spaced each second.

This year, half a century after M.L. gave W.L. the Longines as an expression of her love, I came across it at a Florida flea market.

It was a skeleton of its former self. Though it still marked time, it was in poor condition. I bargained for it and paid the price. I gave it a much-needed cleaning, a new crystal and, finally, a new, leather wrist band.

In return, it gave me a new appreciation of time.

When our ancestors first perceived the concept of time, they recorded it by the rising and setting of the sun. Later we came to understand that the regular succession of day and night is caused by the rotation of Earth's axis, a repetition



Joyous wishes

We wish to one and all a Christmas filled with peace and good will.

called solar time.

Sundials came along to offer more precision. The shadow of a pointer, or gnomon, cast by the sun onto a horizontal plate marked time in hours. Eventually came mechanical clocks, and watches. These inventions established the notion of artificial time segments down to minutes and seconds.

Now each morning, before I strap the Longines to my wrist, I undertake the ritual that prepares its mechanism. Holding the pinion between my right thumb and index finger, I wind it 10 complete turns.

Occasionally I forget to wind it, upsetting its circadian rhythm. Not realizing that my chronometer erred, I think, "I sure accomplished a lot already today," or wonder why my stomach tells me I'm hungry.

The dial, analogous to the solar day, acknowledges that time revolves in a circle. More

modern creations such as digital clocks and watches convey no such flow. They comprehend just one instant, displaying it in a vacuum. This hides the process that includes what went before and what comes after. A digital watch points only toward what should be accomplished "now."

On Christmas Eve I will wear my Longines to church. Later, each member of my family will open a gift given with the same love that M.L. felt for W.L.

On Dec. 24, my watch will be 50 years old.

In an age of battery- and solar-powered digital timepieces, this spring-run clock remains an ironic reminder that in our committed quest to save time, we are often deprived of what we value most: love, history, a sense of community.

(Cristóbal S. Berry-Cabán is president of Atlantic Resources Corporation in Reston, Va.)

CHRISTMAS GHOSTS AND TRADITIONS

It was cold and I wanted to run, but I couldn't. My grandmother was holding on to my hand and she didn't walk very fast. I could see the light shining through the stained glass windows at Holy Family Church. The bell was pealing loudly and the posada was about to begin. Tonight was special, because I was going to be in the procession. I wanted so to run!

El Paso has a unique flavor. Two cultures, Mexican and American, have blended to make Christmas a special time. Shortly after Thanksgiving the giant star is lit on the slope of Mount Franklin, ushering in the season. Rows and rows of tiny colored lights adorn the city on this side of the border, and in Juárez multicolored piñatas and bright pieces of paper with intricately cut patterns flap in the wind.

My house starts to bustle. Traditions are strong and there is much to do. We have to decorate. First to come out will be the nacimiento. The Nativity has a special place -- Mary and Joseph with the crib empty until Christmas Eve. When the candles are lit and the baby is laid, my grandson Carlitos will stand by and softly sing "Apio Verde (green celery) to you," the eternal comic version of "Happy Birthday to You," to the Christ child.

We have to shop and wrap gifts. Stockings will be filled and the kitchen once again becomes our haven full of the delicious smells of cinnamon, butter and hot chocolate all mixed with laughter and good cheer. Bizcochitos, cookies spiced heavily with anise, are baked. We spend a whole day making tamales and sacking them to take to friends and relatives.

We make buñuelos and hot Mexican chocolate. I recount how my grandmother would knead the dough with muchas ganas and hand me a testaf. I would take the ball of dough and flatten it between my hand

and then place it on my knee over the clean piece of muslin, stretching it as far as it would go without tearing. I would pull down, away from my knee, until it would stretch no more.

She would then lift the paper-thin buñuelo and drop it gently into a pan of hot grease. When it was done, she would sprinkle it with sugar and cinnamon. Stacks of buñuelos two feet high occupied every available space in the big kitchen.

In the evening of two of us would set off to deliver our day's work. Hugs and greetings were exchanged as we were scooted into warm sitting rooms. I can't forget the smells of the cold night air as it mingled with the cinnamon on our buñuelos wrapped in white tissue paper covered with grease spots.

I don't decorate the tree until my daughter Marta is home. She lives far away in Rhode Island. As soon as she arrives she brings out the boxes and hangs the adornos on the fresh fir tree. The ornaments are old. They are made of straw, yarn and tin. There are tiny dolls my girls played with when they were little and construction-paper stars made by little loving hands in kindergarten, as well as long red chiles. These combined with strings of clear lights complete the tree. Poinsettias are everywhere. In Spanish we call them las flores de la Nochebuena. Merry Christmas. Feliz Navidad.

Greetings are exchanged in two languages everywhere. Carolers are heard outside and we open our doors to the young singers of the posadas. They come in, guitars in hand, and stand around our living room. "Quién le da posada?" they sing. Who will welcome these two weary travelers? They leave and continue until they reach the last house, where they will be received and

stay to celebrate. There the traditional piñata will be broken. The posada will continue through the nine days before Christmas. It's like a novena, hence the nine days. The luminarias are set up around the outside of the house on Christmas Eve. Small brown paper bags filled with sand and a candle lit inside adorn the rooftops and outline the house. It looks beautiful from a distance. Candles illuminating the way in the dark of night.

We drive to Holy Family Church to mass. The lights are shining through the same stain glass windows. I feel the ghosts in the old church as father begins the procession. After mass, we come home to open our gifts and enjoy each other's company. The tree and decorations stay up until Jan. 6, Día de Reyes.

On the feast of the Magi, I go to Juárez to buy the rosca de reyes, a round loaf of sweet bread decorated with raisins, nuts and colorful dried fruit. Before the rosca is baked, a little toy baby is pushed into the dough. As we each take our slice, we look for the baby. Whoever finds it will host another party Feb. 2, the feast of Candlemass, Día de la Candelaria.

Why all the fuss with traditions? The fiestas give the family an excuse to get together. The extended family gathers to celebrate and partake of good time.

They all come to our house -- our children and their children to nestle close by me and the ghosts that I always carry close to me. The little girl who held on to her grandmother's hand is now herself a grandmother. As the years pass, the memories fade more and more.

Now I will be a part of their money. That's how traditions are passed on. The grandchildren hold on to my hands now, observing, smelling, feeling and attaching themselves to that long line of identities that will make them who they are.

(Elisa Martinez, of El Paso, Texas, is a teacher and writer.)

Love Peace & Joy



O.D. Kenney Auto Parts

Your Automotive Parts Distributor
 828-6523
 Slaton, Tx
 Wayne Kenney
 Mike Kenney
 Alton Kenney

Feliz Navidad

Monuments & Markers Of Granite - Marble - Bronze

SOUTH PLAINS MONUMENTS CO.
 Serving Texas Families Since 1916
 Delivered & Erected Anywhere
 Mon-Fri 8 AM-5 PM

After Hour Appointments Available

806-744-4178
 1-800-767-8044
 1302 34th Street • Lubbock
 Formerly 2909 Ave H

y Prospero
 Año Nuevo
 1999
 Estamos Para
 Ayudarles

ESTRADA'S Pawn Shop

703 Broadway
 765-8415

Les desea a todos sus clientes y amigo Un Feliz Navidad y Un Prospero Año Nuevo!

FELIZ NAVIDAD!

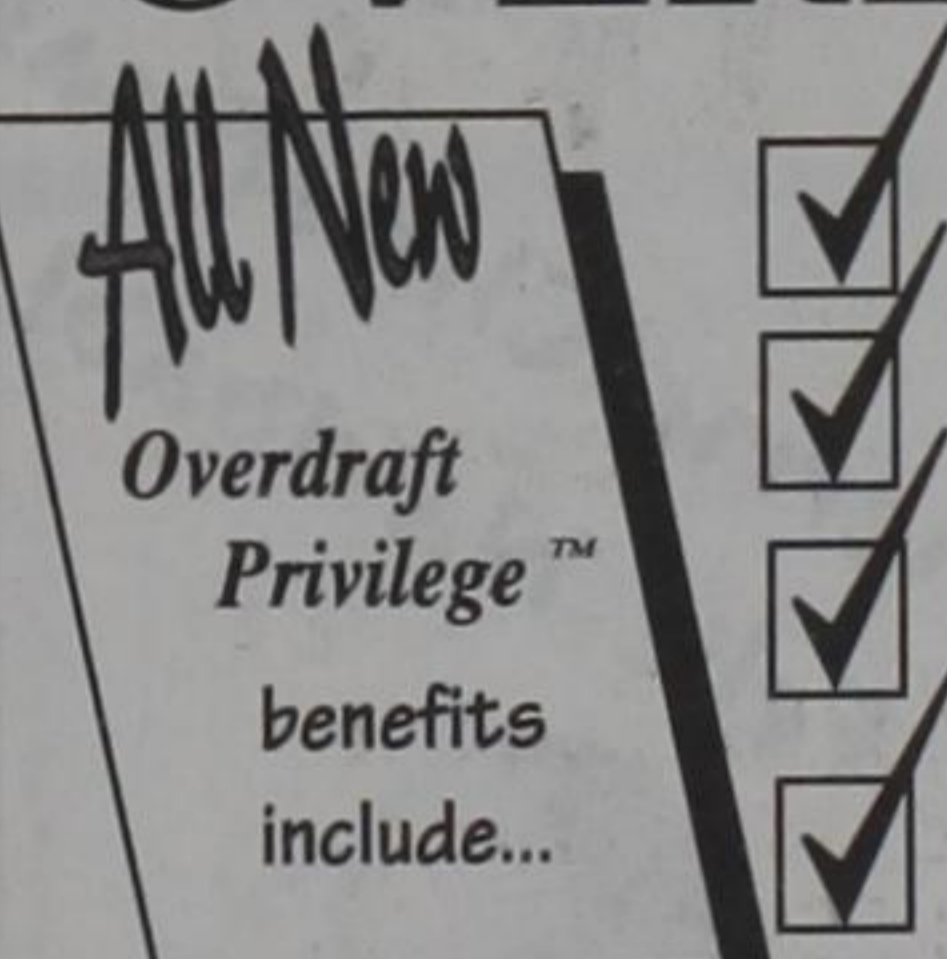
Merry Christmas!

El Sr. y Sra. Agustin Estrada



NO MORE RETURNED CHECKS

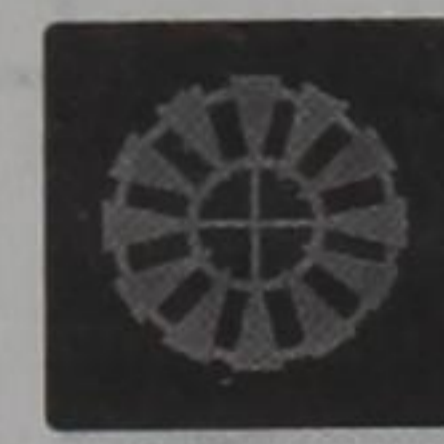
FREE CHECKING with OVERDRAFT PRIVILEGE™



- ✓ No more returned checks!
- ✓ Make a mistake - you're covered (up to your Overdraft Privilege™ limit)!
- ✓ Normal overdraft charges will apply for each item overdrawing your account.
- ✓ Rather than returning checks unpaid, as a courtesy to you, we will pay them and save you time and money!

Overdraft Privilege™ is subject to approval SOME RESTRICTIONS DO APPLY

MAIN BANK
 5211 Brownfield Hwy.
 Lubbock, Texas
 792-7101



City Bank
 Lubbock, Texas

OVERDRAFT PRIVILEGE IS SUBJECT TO APPROVAL NORMAL OVERDRAFT CHARGES WILL APPLY TO EACH ITEM OVERDRAWING YOUR ACCOUNT

MEMBER FDIC

Feliz Navidad From Your Friends At

BUY ONE QUARTER POUNDER® WITH CHEESE GET ONE FREE

Just present this coupon when you buy a Quarter Pounder® with Cheese Sandwich and you'll get another one FREE. One coupon redeemable per food item per customer per visit. Present coupon before ordering. Not valid in conjunction with any other discount.



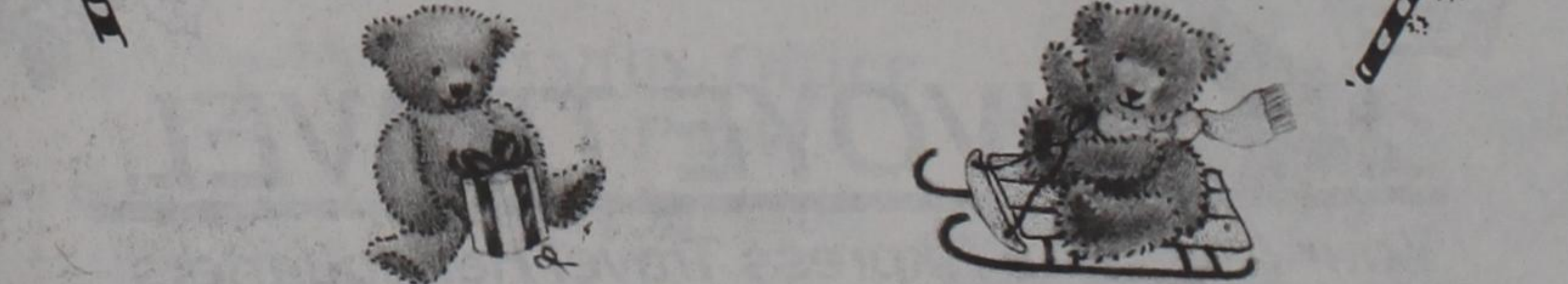
GOOD TIME. GREAT TASTE.™

Cash value 1/20 of 1 cent



Expires: ©1990 McDonald's Corporation VX

Merry Christmas ¡Feliz Navidad!



The Law Offices of Jorge E. Hernandez

2022 Broadway • Lubbock, TX 79401

LICENSED BY THE SUPREME COURT OF TEXAS • NOT CERTIFIED BY THE TEXAS BOARD OF LEGAL SPECIALIZATION

Merry Christmas! ¡Feliz Navidad!

EL ORIGEN DE LAS POSADAS

Para conocer cómo se inició la práctica de las Posadas en México es necesario remontarse más allá del periodo colonial.

Los antiguos mexicanos celebran en la época invernal el advenimiento de Huitzilopochtli, temporada que coincidía con la práctica europea de celebrar la Navidad. Probablemente, fueron los religiosos agustinos quienes idearon la sustitución de personajes: desaparecieron a Huitzilopochtli del culto, pero se mantuvo la celebración durante la misma época, con características diferentes y siguiendo la tradición cristiana. Sustituciones similares se realizaron en los templos prehispánicos sobre los que se construyeron iglesias cristianas.

Los religiosos que tuvieron a su cargo la evangelización representaron en las posadas el peregrinar de José y María a su salida de Nazaret en camino a Belén, y, posteriormente, el nacimiento de Jesús. Esta representación se conforma de nueve posadas que se inician el 16 de diciembre, y consisten en solicitar alojamiento en ese simbólico camino a Belén hasta el día 24, fecha del nacimiento de Jesús.

Las Posadas, como se conocen en México, no existen en ningún lugar del mundo, fueron creadas para evangelizar y el pueblo las adoptó para conservarlas dentro de su cultura. En sus inicios, las posadas no eran como ahora las conocemos en esa época de colonización se efectuaba una misa de aguinaldo que ya entonces se celebraba en España.

Como atractivo para lograr la evangelización los religiosos le agregaron a la celebración otros elementos que gustaron a la población nativa, como luces de bengala, cohetes y las piñatas, aunque éstas ya se usaban en España el "Domingo de Piñata", o sea el primer do-



- Entre santos peregrinos, peregrinos.....

mingo de cuaresma.

En esos tiempos se incluyen, como parte de la celebración, los villancicos, cantos populares que se ejecutaban en diferentes festejos; entre ellos la Navidad. Estos cantos fueron conocidos y recreados por la población de México, una muestra es el siguiente: Los mejicanos alegres/ también a su usanza salen/ quien campea la lealtad/ bien es que aplauso campe;/ y con las cláusulas tiernas/ del mejicano lenguaje/ es un tocotin sonoro/ dice con voces suaves;/ la ya timojica/ totlazo Zuapilli/ maca ammo, Tonantzin/ titechmoicahillis/ Ma nel in Lihuiac/ huel ti-

momaquitiz/ ¡amo nozo quemman/ timotlanamictiz?

El villancico anterior se atribuye a Sor Juana y a un Tocotin.

En el siglo XVIII, Carlos III prohibió estos cantos, prohibición que también se hizo efectiva en México. Aún cuando a su muerte se volvieron a poner en práctica, ya habían perdido arraigo en la población.

No sucedió lo mismo con las

pastorelas, drama que representa la adoración que los pastores iban a hacer a Belén. Este tipo de teatro popular fue utilizado por los franciscanos para apoyar la consolidación de la nueva religión. La primera representación data del año de 1538 y se realizó en Tlaxcala el día de San Juan Bautista. Actualmente, se han conservado las pastorelas en varios estados de la república, para lo cual se

reunen grupos de personas que mantienen relación con la estructura popular religiosa para poderlas llevar a cabo.

Entre las representaciones de las pastorelas se dan diferentes interpretaciones, algunas formales en un escenario y otras, como "La Rama", que adquirió una estructura diferente tomando personajes de las pastorelas. Cada una de ellas se caracteriza por la cultura de los habitantes de los lugares donde se mantienen.

De las iglesias, las posadas pasaron a formar parte del ritual familiar y del barrio. Este cambió, que se dan en el siglo XVIII, significó que los nacimientos (representados en tiempos anteriores por pinturas y esculturas, algunas de ellas importadas), se multiplican en las casas. Para satisfacer esta necesidad, los artesanos mexicanos desempeñaron un papel importante. Además, el hecho de llevar a las casas, para satisfacer esta necesidad, los artesanos mexicanos desempeñaron un papel importante. Además, el hecho de llevar a las casas las posadas o "jornadas", como también se les llamaba en aquella época, propició una organización de barrios o de familias para cumplir con las nueve posadas.

Algunos lugares como Amozoc, en el estado de Puebla, Tlaquepaque, en Jalisco, se hicieron famosos por sus figuras de barro y actualmente siguen siendo lugares donde se puede

obtener lo necesario para el montaje de un nacimiento. En Guanajuato se hacían imágenes en cera y eran muy apreciadas por la población.

Aún cuando en las iglesias no desaparecieron del todo las posadas, en las casas adquirieron mayor popularidad. El pueblo las adopta y las transforma de acuerdo a sus posibilidades y sus propias características culturales. A las posadas, se agregaron alimentos especiales (que variaron en cada región), el baile (incluido ya en tiempos de la colonia) y la petición de aguinaldo encargado a grupos de niños y jóvenes, cosa que molestaba a las autoridades religiosas que en 1808 enviaron una carta al alcalde señalando que "El Ilmo. Sr. Arzobispo encarga que se eviten los coloquios, y las jornadas o funciones que en estos días se tienen por las noches en casas particulares, con cuyo pretexto hay desórdenes y bailes y otras diversiones incompatibles con la veneración que exigen los santos misterios del presente tiempo". La petición no trascendió y las costumbres navideñas se siguieron manifestando.

Con estos elementos llegan las Posadas del siglo XX, despojadas en buena medida de la religiosidad que, inicialmente, les había dado vida. Permanecen como una manifestación pagana, como dicen algunos, pero llenas de elementos que surgieron de las aportaciones del pueblo, que en cada lugar adquirió sus peculiaridades para hacer una expresión propia.

Feliz Navidad Y Un Prospero Año Nuevo

From Page 4

manos no conocía pretextos. Había trabajo que hacer, tildes que no estaban imprimiendo, rodaderas que no estaban avanzando,

letras que no escribían, escribas sin los instrumentos de su oficio.

De más de una manera, éste no era el taller del diablo; nunca es-

taba sin tener nada que hacer.

Por esta época del año, con el invierno apremiando y la noche ganándole tiempo al día, recuerdo las luces de Navidad en la ventana del taller de máquinas de escribir. El 21 de diciembre señalaba al Solsticio de Invierno, la noche más larga del año, cuando encendíamos una vela o dejábamos que las luces de Navidad oscilaran por más tiempo.

Es en la oscuridad que necesitamos más de la luz, para ayudar a nuestros espíritus a reunir el valor para remontarnos más allá de los pretextos.

El detalle final en el mantenimiento de una máquina de escribir es limpiar las letras. Con una aguja y un pedazo de arcilla pegajosa, cada letra al extremo de cada brazo, mayúsculas y minúsculas, queda limpia de residuos de carbón y mugre, a fin de que la P, D y O marque claramente sus forma.

Puede haber sido bien aquel hombre sin manos, quien, sin nunca haber hablado, mostró cuán preciosa puede ser una palabra y cómo la obscuridad no tiene nada que ver con el sol.

(Victor Landa es director de información de KVDA-TV60, la afiliada de Telemundo en San Antonio, Texas.)

El Jalapeño Restaurant
5011 Interstate 27 747-2328
De parte de Sr. y Sra. Lopez

¡Feliz Navidad!
Merry Christmas
to all from your
friends at
EL EDITOR

Bidal, Olga, Bob,
Joe Black

Merry Christmas!
Feliz Navidad!

JOHN P. CERVANTEZ - Owner
JOHN P. CERVANTEZ
INSURANCE AGENCY
1904 E. AUBURN
LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79403
(806) 744-1654

Que Dios Los Bendiga con Felicidades en La Navidad!

THE DIOCESE OF LUBBOCK
(806) 792-3943

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year

Feliz Navidad!
Merry Christmas

A TRADITION OF SERVICE & INTEGRITY SINCE 1890

Since 1890
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

1901 Broadway * 763-4333 * Lubbock

Holiday Greetings

¡Feliz Navidad Y Un Prospero Año Nuevo!

KEY ANIMAL CLINIC

5006 50th Street Lubbock, TX 79414
792-6226

Feliz Navidad
De parte de
Rufus Rodriguez
IMAGE
Styling & Barber Shop
Income Tax Service
217-B North University
Lubbock, TX
Tues-Friday 10-6
Saturday 8-4
Call (807)744-8271

Merry Christmas - Feliz Navidad

ENVOYÉ TRAVEL
Your American Express Travel Headquarters
Celebrating 28 years of service to Lubbock, the South Plains & Eastern New Mexico

Two Offices To Serve You:

8-6 Mon.-Fri. 793-3901 1-800-543-1473 Security Park Dilford Carter 3602 B-6 Slide Rd	8-9 Mon.-Fri., 9-6 Sat. 12-6 Sun. 798-9000 1-800-441-6085 Sigrid Carter-owner 6807 Slide Rd Ste 3
--	---

Feliz Navidad Y Un Prospero Año Nuevo

Merry Christmas
From Your Friends
762-5059

LUBBOCK HISPANIC
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

LULAC's Senior Citizens Christmas Dinner



Christmas Crosses The U.S. Border

by Elisa A. Martinez

The padrecito is wearing purple vestments. That's because it's the first Sunday of Advent. The candles on the Advent wreath will be lit in anticipation of the birth of the Infant Jesus.

Tolina is making preparations to dress her niño, Baby Jesus. He needs new clothes and a sweater.

The niño is special because he will be the star of the Posadas when they lay him down in the manger on Christmas Eve. She changes his gown often. During the Christmas season, the nacimiento (Nativity scene) is very important in the Mexican culture. It occupies a central place in the house or a place at the front window for all who pass by to admire. The dominant figures are Mary and Joseph, with the empty manger that awaits the Baby Jesus. Countless shepherds and a menagerie of animals are placed lovingly on the hills and valleys that spread around the manger scene.

The three Magi -- the wise men -- await nearby with their camels, ready to offer their gifts as the bright star of Bethlehem shines above. Cactus, flowers and assorted knickknacks are placed on the nacimiento as each family

member adds her or his personal touch.

Every year the display grows, with these new figures carefully added. It stays this way until Jan. 6 passes. On that day, the three wise men leave their offerings and the family celebrates merrily, cutting the Rosca de Reyes -- a traditional bread for the Day of the Magi -- together and planning the festivity for Candlemas Day of Feb. 2.

The mercado is cold. It's very big and there is no central heating. People huddle around big iron stoves, stamping their feet trying to keep warm. There is a strong smell of kerosene that stays in their clothes.

In Juárez, the city across the Mexico-Texas border from El Paso, most homes use kerosene as fuel. Straw and tin decorations hang brightly from cords strung wall to wall. Colored tissue paper with intricate lace-like cutouts spelling "Feliz Navidad" adorn the walls. Piñatas in many shapes and sizes hang from wires strung on high.

Pointy stars, Santa Clauses, elves and other figures made out of tissue paper rustle in the breeze as vendors bring them down with their long poles for the children to admire. Red,

white and green lights adorn the altar of Our Lady of Guadalupe that welcomes the visitors as they walk in the front door. The mariachi that congregates there to serenade the tourists plays Christmas music interspersed with the usual repertoire.

There are mountains of dried red chiles and packages of dried corn husks. Strands of fresh garlic and boxes of Chocolate Abuelita -- Grandma's Chocolate -- are displayed strategically alongside spice racks loaded with cumin, anise, cinnamon, raisins and pecans.

I buy all these staples in generous amounts while visions of tamales, buñuelos -- fried, plate-size disks of dough coated with sugar and cinnamon -- and champurrado -- a rich, corn-based drink, flavored with Mexican chocolate -- dance in my head and make my mouth water.

This is the busiest time of year for the tortilla factories in our border cities. Long queues of people shiver in the cold and

chat as they wait to buy the prepared masa for the Christmas tamales. I feel relieved when I finally walk out with my heavy, hot bundle tightly wrapped in white butcher paper. The grocery stores display little blue boxes of lard and restock constantly as they're snatched up for the tamales and bizcochos -- small anise-flavored cookies made with lard. In the Mexican supermarkets, the bottles of ron-pope -- eggnog with rum -- have red and green ribbons around their necks, ready for Christmas giving. Ron-pope makes a delicious nightcap after a hard day in the kitchen. Ristras -- strings of red chiles -- or giant chile wreaths decorated with melcochas -- brown sugar candy -- are hung on every door.

In this U.S. border city, it's beginning to feel a lot like Christmas.

(Elisa A. Martinez, a teacher and writer in El Paso, Texas, is a frequent contributor to Hispanic Link.)

Member of LULAC 263 hosted the traditional Senior Citizen's Christmas Dinner this past week. The event was made possible by a grant from Lubbock Power and Light.

DAVID MARTINEZ
Attorney at Law



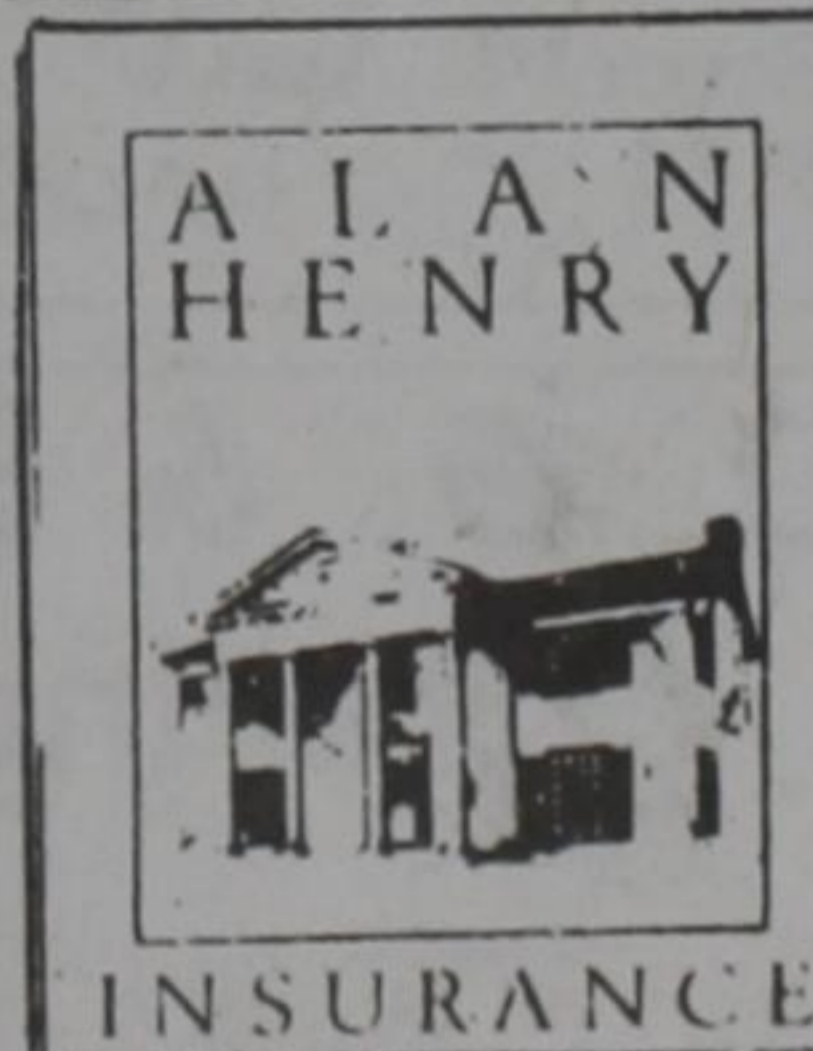
Holiday Greetings

1663 BROADWAY
TEL: 806-744-1692

Feliz Navidad
Charles Mais

Attorney at Law
1708 15th St - Lubbock
806-762-0177
Prospero Año Nuevo

Everyone at
Alan Henry
Insurance
joins with our
friends in the



Hispanic Community in Celebrating
Feliz Navidad y Un Prospero Año Nuevo
3407 19th Street - Lubbock - 792-3771

Merry Christmas
From Your
Friends
El Editor



Feliz Navidad
y Un
Prospero Año
Nuevo 1998
Casa Formal
2447 34th St
795-0682
Merry
Christmas
from
Janie Salazar

Merry Christmas &
Happy New Year!
GLORIA'S
RESTAURANT
AUTHENTIC MEXICAN FOOD
50TH & AVENUE P
(806) 747-6651 Carry Outs Welcome!

Merry Christmas &
Happy New Year 1999

Feliz Navidad Y Un
Prospero Año Nuevo!

From Your State Representative
DELWIN JONES

Villa Office
Park
763-4468



Season's Greetings
¡FELIZ NAVIDAD!
Associated
Business Services
1220 Broadway -- 744-1984

FRANKLIN-BARTLEY
Funeral Home
Les Deséa Feliz Navidad
y Prospero Año Nuevo
1999

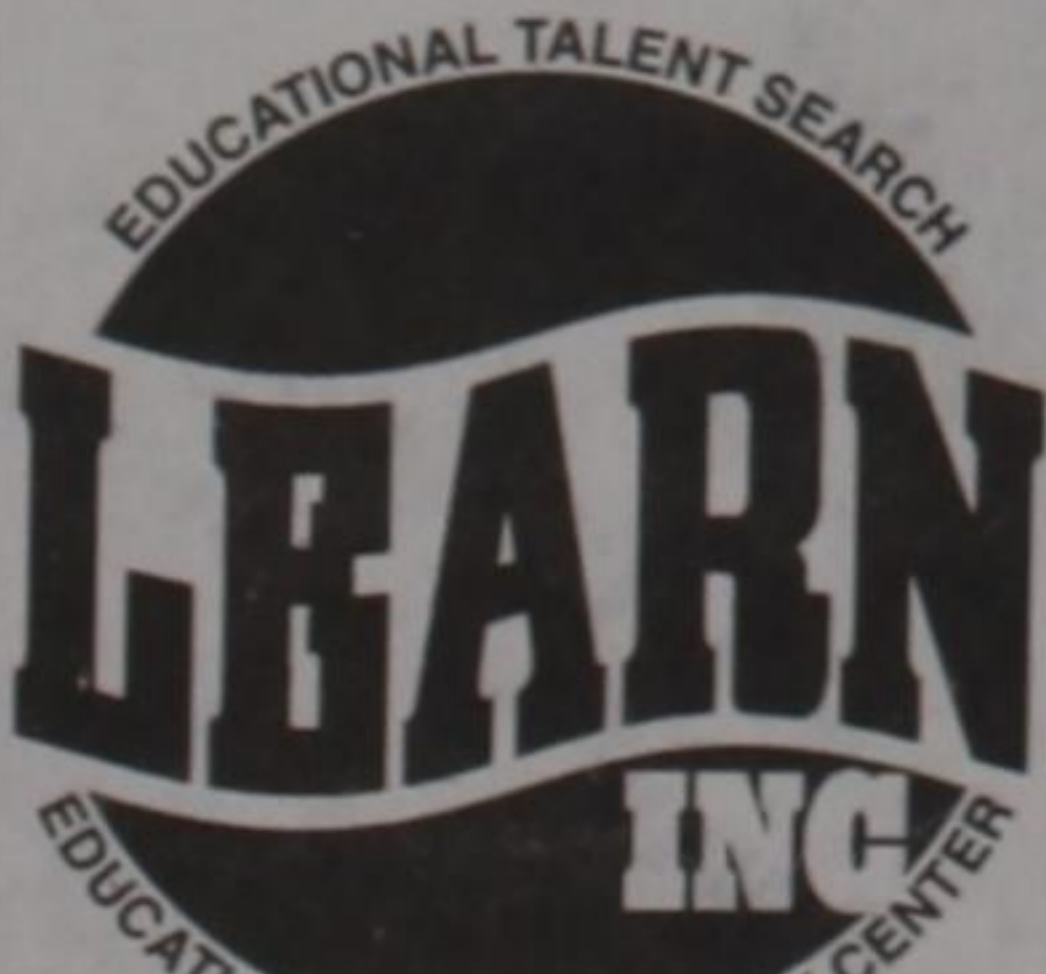
Let us Help You With Pre-Need Arrangements
4444 South Loop 289
Call 806-799-3666

LEARN INC.

Feliz Navidad y
Prospero Año Nuevo 1999
Learn Inc Board of Directors

Julio Llanas: President
Jorge Hernandez: Vice President - Frank Silva: Treasurer
Board: Henry Dominguez, Robert Lugo,
Carmen Víge, Ruben Reyes
Eddie Anaya - Executive Director

2161 50th Street - Lubbock, TX 79412



Llegó Para Ser Salvador

Fue un parto, si se quiere como todos los partos. La madre era joven y sana. El esposo estaba ahí para animarla, consolarla del sudor y las lagrimas. El embarazo habia sido normal, Y el bebe, venia sano, hermoso, perfecto.

El lugar del nacimiento no parecia, quizas, pesebre; calentado por el aliento de los bueyes y la lana de las ovejas y alumbrado por una estrella nueva que habia aparecido en el cielo de Judea.

Asi nacio Jesucristo. Humanamente hablando, uno de los nacimientos más ignorados, pobres y humildes. Divinamente hablando, el más grande de todos los nacimientos. Porque Jesus, que nacio en un pesebre, de padres humanos sumamente pobres, es el Salvador, Señor, Maestro y Rey de toda la humanidad.

"Amigo," dice el poeta cubano Nicolas Guillen, en uno de sus hermosos poemas. "Cuando yo vine a este mundo Nadie me estaba esperando; asi mi dolor profundo Se me alivia caminando. Pues cuando vine a este mundo, te digo, nadie me estaba esperando".

Cuando Jesus vino al mundo, pocos, casi nadie, lo estaba esperando. Lo esperaba su madre Maria; tambien lo esperaba su padre Jose. Quiza algun pariente lo esperaba pero no el rey Herodes; ni tampoco Augusto Cesar; ni los filosofos de Atenas; ni los misticos de la India; ni los astrologos de Babilonia; ni los sabios de la China; ni los sacerdotes de Jerusalem.

Pero lo esperaban,, es si, los profetas antiguos, que habian soñado de su venida; y lo esperaban, aunque sin darse cuenta, todos los pecadores de este mundo. El vino, al debido tiempo. Para usted y para mi. Para ser nuestro Salvador.

It was a birth, much like any other birth. The mother, healthy and young. The husband, there to encourage her, console her to endure the hardship and tears. It was a very normal childbirth. The child to be born beautiful, full of health and perfect.

The site of the birth, perhaps, did not appear to be a stable, warmed by the breath of oxen, by the wool of sheep and enlightened by a unique star that arose in the skys above Judea.

An so was born Jesus Christ. Mortally speaking, a birth that was among the most neglected, humble and poor. Divinely speaking, the most wonderous of all births. Because Christ, who being born in a stable, of poor and mortal parents is the Savior, the Lord, the Teacher and King of all that lives.

"Amigo," says a beautiful sonnet by the Cuban poet Nicolas Guillen "when I arrived to this world, no one expected me; and as such my pain is calmed. For when I came into this world, no one was expecting me." When Christ arrived into this world, few, almost no one awaited him aside from his mother, Mary and his father José. Perhaps a relative expected him but not Herod nor Cesear, nor philosophers from Athens or mistics from India; nor astrologers from Babilonia or wise men from China, much less the priests of Jerusalem. But some did expect him, the ancient prophets that dreamt of his arrival and although unaware of his arrival, all transgressors awaited him. He came, at the appropriate time. For you and me. To be our Savior.

Por El Hermano Pablo



El Bingo Grande
Ahora En Domingo
12:30 p.m.
LULAC Council 263
Sunday Starting at 12:30 pm
Regular Days Are: Thursday, Friday
& Saturday at 12:30 pm - New Games
Senior Citizens Lodge
6602 W. 19th St.

Seasons Greetings



NEW LOCATION
1585 & Tahoka Hwy
748-7400



Wishing Everyone a Safe & Happy Holiday Season

4th Street & Ave U
765-8164 For Catering Call 744-FISH

Feliz Navidad y Prospero Año 1999
GUAJARDO FUNERAL CHAPELS
2202 4th St - Lubbock, Texas
806-762-3666

AUTO HOMEOWNERS LIFE Honesty is our best policy!
Fast Phone Quotes
Annuities & Pension
Cash Burial Plans
FRANSAN
INSURANCE SERVICES
1308 34th Street Lubbock 747-9560
1-800-595-5039
FAX 747-8559 Open Thursday Til 7 pm
Frank & Sandra Sals
Se Habla Español

Club Hotel
Same dream deals. New dream place.
You discovered them at Doubletree. You'll love them at Club Hotel by Doubletree. You're probably ready for one right now.
DREAM DEALS from \$79
DOUBLETREE'S DREAM DEALS HAVE JOINED THE CLUB.
Club Hotel by Doubletree continues the Doubletree tradition with Dream Deals! You get a terrific weekend rate, free continental breakfast for two, our complimentary chocolate chip cookies and your choice of check-out times.
Rate is per room, per night based on double occupancy. Rate subject to change without notice. Not applicable to groups. Additional restrictions may apply.
1-888-444-CLUB
www.clubhotels.com
Partners in our business travel revolution.
OfficeMax, Inkscape, Steelcase
\$95 Austin University Area 1617 IH 35 North at MLK Boulevard Austin, TX 78702 (512) 479-4000
\$79 Houston Near Greenway Plaza 2828 SW Freeway Houston, TX 77098 (713) 942-2111
\$79 San Antonio Airport 1111 NE Loop 410 San Antonio, TX 78209 (210) 828-9031

O. G. & E. Party Catering

Let Us Smoke Your Christmas Turkey or Ham

Special Occasions, Proms
Fiestas, Quinceañeras
No Party Too Large or Small - We specialize in Smoking & Bar-B-Que All Types of Meats - Ribs, Brisket, Ham, Turkey
Call Us for a No Obligation Estimate
Johnny - 797-8183, Abel - 745-5737
Joe - 744-3048, Mobil 786-3408
Richard 997-4251

Merry Christmas Season's Greetings
MONTELONGO'S RESTAURANT
3021 Clovis Rd - 762-3068
Feliz Navidad

Walk-Ins Welcome • Walk-Ins Welcome • Walk-Ins Welcome • Walk-Ins Welcome • Walk-Ins Welcome
HAIR DESIGNS BY PHIL
PARK TOWER, SUITE 107
1617 27TH & Q, 747-4659
Mon.-Sat. 9 to 6
For Picky People
Shampoo Condition, cut & style.....Reg. \$25
1st time visit only \$18.00
Shampoo & Haircut only \$10.00
Matrix Perms
\$25..... short
\$35..... medium
\$45..... long (very long hair is extra, spiral extra)
TAN 1 month Unlimited Only \$17 (Wolff System)
EXPIRES 8-15-99



Merry Christmas & Happy New Year!!