

*Tapestry of
Culture*



IT WAS SCARY HOW I SURVIVED

In my childhood, when I was 10 years old, my family lived in a little village near a big river, which was called Shabille. Usually my family fetched water from the river to water the animals. The river had many crocodiles living in it. The crocodiles always hunt the people and animals when they approached the water.

One day I went with my older brother who kept after the cattle. When we approached the water, the cattle started to enter the water and begin drinking the water. I was standing at the back of the cattle very close to the river. Usually the crocodile hides himself in the water and approaches by jumping and catching the animal. The crocodile jumped over a cow, the one I was standing behind, and caught it with his mouth, and hit me with his long tail. He jumped back and took the cow in the water. I fell back and was so scared I couldn't stand.

Then my brother came to me and caught my shoulder to help me stand. He took me to our home. When we got home he told what happened to my mother. She cried and scolded him about why he took me to the river. Anyhow, I survived, but we missed our loved cow.

Adan Ibrahim

BEFORE AND AFTER

When WWII started, my family was living in the village of Voshod, Bylorusse [Belarus]. There was a big forest around the village, and in front of the forest was a marsh. In the marsh I liked to catch eels with a basket. In November and December, we picked cranberries.

When the German soldiers arrived, they banned walking in the forest and the marsh. They got all the people in the four villages around the forest together and said, "You mustn't hide in the forest. Whoever is caught in the forest will be shot down in place." Then an infantry officer said, "We will help you get everything that you want out of your houses. Hide them underground anywhere you want. After us, a special commanding group, the S.S., will arrive. They are going to spray gas over your houses and burn them out." When the S.S. group arrived, they sprayed gas on our houses and burned them – all four villages – Voshod, Pobeditel, Progress and Gromica. But none of us were hurt or killed.

When our houses were burned out, we built dugouts to live in. They were holes in the earth. The depth was about 7 feet. The walls of the hole and ceiling were built from wood. Over the ceiling was greensward (sod). A furnace was built for heating the building. My mother, my sister, and I lived there because my father died on the front. We lived there for about a year.

I arrived in America with my wife and son on New Year's Eve, 1996. There wasn't any snow. It was sunny and all of nature was beautiful. When we arrived in Cleveland, our son-in-law organized a trip to the beach in the lake area. It was a wonderful and unforgettable time with no snow and green grass around us. The lake wasn't frozen. We had a good time and we started a cheerful New Year.

In the U.S., the first year was very difficult for my family. My wife and I didn't know one word of English. We also didn't know American customs and culture. Assimilation is a very protracted, complex, difficult and painful process. We had to learn many things. The first time we walked in the street in our neighborhood, we were surprised because we met no people, only cars. I understood at once that I had no choice. I needed my own transportation. I had never driven a car.

The exam for the road test wasn't easy for me. I passed it after the second try. However, I was happy. When they took the picture for my license, they asked me to smile, but I couldn't. Imagine. It was only three months after I had come to the United States. I was irritated that people around me were constantly smiling. I thought they were just pretending to be happy. But later I understood. This is a great custom to smile. You must not show your bad mood! I respect people who smile regardless of their troubles. Now when I meet somebody's smiling face, I am smiling, too. I had many problems: bad English, no job, age 58, etc. Can I assimilate? It's a big question, but I smile!

Nikolay Koptev

IT'S A STREET FAIR!

Every year my granddaughter's school has a "Multicultural Fair." Last year, when she was in Kindergarten at Riverview Elementary School, her mother took her to be part of that fair. There were at least eight different countries represented from all around the world. There was music, food and laughter.

It was a night of celebrating and showing how the United States became a nation of different cultures working together. We found out what all of us have in common as well as what we can learn from each other.

There was no charge for this event. Each child had a passport to be stamped at each country's booth. Representing our family, we made an exhibit from Indonesia because we are originally from Indonesia. There was Batik material, money, pictures, Indonesian songs from a CD player, a flag and a map.

The name of the money is *Rupiah*. The pictures were of Balinese dances and Javanese dances. The traditional hat from Java is named *Blankon*. The puppet show from Java is called *Wayang*. There are two kinds of *Wayang* – one made from wood and the other one made from leather.

We had fun attending this "Multicultural Fair" at Riverview Elementary School in 2005. We look forward to being a part of the next one.

Kin Wijasa

CELEBRATING THE LUNAR NEW YEAR IN KOREA

When I was young I always enjoyed the Lunar New Year celebration. Lunar New Year was my favorite holiday. On this holiday we had a family get together. We ate a lot of food, and we got new outfits.

When my family got together we played games all night and laughed. Usually, we played Korean cards. I really didn't like to play because I never won. When we played games, we collected everyone's money. Then whoever the loser was, that person had to go out and buy snacks. Nobody wanted to go out in the cold and dark. Sometimes when we lost a game, we would get slapped on the wrist with two fingers. I remember that my older brother was a big cheater. We always watched him, and when we caught him cheating we laughed.

I will never forget all the tasty foods that are associated with this holiday. As soon as I walked in the house I could smell sweet, delicious and unique Korean rice cakes. Steam from my mom's special rice cakes permeated the air and made the house feel warm, full and welcoming. When my mom made a lot of rice cakes, we would share with the neighbors. I remember we delivered cakes to the whole town. The neighbors made their own cakes too. Then they also exchanged food with each other. We would have a chance to taste every kind of rice cake and candy. My favorite food was Korean dumplings. We call them *mon du*. My mom made this dish, and it was her specialty. *Mon du* was the most delicious dish I ever had. Since my mother's death, no one has been able to duplicate her recipe.

On the last day of the year I could not wait for the next day. My mom always bought new outfits for us during this season. Korean superstition was that with the New Year old sins

were cleaned and finished, and it was a time for fresh starts. We even got new socks and underwear. New Year's meant I could wear my new clothes.

The Lunar New Year has always remained my favorite holiday because it holds so many special traditions and fond memories. The Korean food we served and our new outfits added to the festivities. I miss those days so much. The closeness of the family and friends as we celebrated this day hold a special place in my heart.

Kilcha Canfield

HOLIDAYS AT HOME IN MEXICO

Since I was a little girl my favorite holiday has been Christmas. Holidays at home in Mexico were traditionally a time to be with your family. Christmas was the happiest and most exciting time. The family celebration of Christmas lasted two weeks from December 24th to January 6th. Everyone was on vacation during this time.

My mama started putting out the nativity set one week before Christmas. I remember that every afternoon she played Christmas records. The night before Christmas Eve, December 23rd, my mama started cooking for Christmas Eve dinner. She always made tamales. The only time all year that my mama made tamales was Christmas and January 6. It was a lot of work, and my sisters and I all helped her.

On Christmas Eve my aunts, uncles, and cousins came to our home to help because mama made a big meal. It was really fun for me as it was the start of a big party with some dancing and singing. In the kitchen the older girls were helping and telling jokes and laughing. My mama always cooked the tamales outside on the patio over a wood fire. Now, every time I smell wood burning, I remember the smell of tamales. All of the music was Christmas songs. There were a lot of people everywhere in the house. It was a full house.

On the night of Christmas Eve, we started with the praying of the rosary at my uncle's house. My uncle lived next door. After the rosary all the children received a little bag with candies, fruit, and nuts. After we prayed the rosary at home, we had tamales with *atole*. *Atole* is a drink that is made with corn flour and chocolate. Later we would go to my aunt's house a few blocks away, and we would do almost the same thing. We saw different friends, and everyone was happy. At midnight we opened the presents and continued the party.

Christmas Day everyone slept late, except for the children. They were excited about all the toys and clothes that they received for Christmas. Christmas Day was when everyone showed off and wore what they received including clothes, toys, and everything else. Everybody had something new, and they were anxious to use it. On Christmas Day most people visited friends or family members who they had not seen during the year. They exchanged food, which most of the time was tamales and a little present. For me, this was the time to forgive and forget all the bad things that happened during the year and to enjoy the company of the people I cared about.

For New Year's Eve we always had a very simple dinner, which was only for our family. On this day my mama cooked *bunuelos*. *Bunuelos* are made with flour like tortillas but they are sweet and fried. Dinner was always turkey or pork. Our New Year's Eve was our Thanksgiving because it was always a day for giving thanks for all we had received during the year. It was also a time to remember the people who passed away during the year.

Before dinner we went to Mass. This was a happy tradition because we walked to the church, which was two miles away. During this walk we saw all the beautiful Christmas ornaments in the stores and the dazzling Christmas lights on the streets. We also saw friends and relatives as they were walking too. We always met people we hadn't seen in a long time. On one side of the square stood the Plaza de Armas, the Casino, which had a very special dance hall where only members could go. These members were considered "high society." They were dressed very elegantly.

At midnight we had a tradition that by the time the clock played the twelve bells we must eat twelve grapes for good luck. Some people set off fireworks at midnight. On the first day of the New Year we got up late and ate leftovers all day,

or we ate out. Almost no one cooked because they had been so busy the day before.

The final part of Christmas is January 6th. This is the day the three kings arrived to see baby Jesus. On this day we received toys from the three kings. At night we prayed the rosary followed by dinner which was tamales, again. On the night of January 6, we had *Rosca de Reyes* for dessert. *Rosca de Reyes* is a big round cake with dried fruit all around and inside of it. There was also a tiny toy and baby doll cooked into it. Whoever had the baby in their piece of cake would have to give a party on February 2nd with tamales and a piñata. This tradition of the *Rosca de Reyes* is done by everyone even in offices, schools, and homes. It was a lot of fun. Some people make the *Rosca de Reyes*, but most go to the bakery to buy the cake as they are not very expensive. It was fun and exciting to cut the cake, as most people didn't want to get the little baby. They hid the baby, so if they got it they wouldn't have to host the party.

These traditions from my childhood in Mexico leave me with good memories and wonderful feelings. The holidays were a time to celebrate the birth of Jesus with family and friends in a unique and joyful way.

Maria Allgood

HOW I MET COSMONAUT LEONOV

Leonov was the cosmonaut who first went out in open space from a spaceship. This event took place in 1965.

Between July 15-21, 1975, Alekseje Leonov had a second space trip. On this trip his spaceship was to connect with the American spaceship "Apollo."

We watched this connection on TV. It was very exciting. I was a 9-year-old girl who grew up with information about spaceships and space trips. But it was the first TV cast where I could watch how our cosmonauts worked. It was a long process, but for more than one hour we sat and watched without a break. We watched how our cosmonauts and American astronauts were meeting aboard "Soyus."

It was during the summer, and we were on a summer vacation from school. Sometimes we had meetings at school with my classmates and my teacher. Sometimes we went to the park, sometimes we went to the cinema, sometimes we went to an entertainment center.

It was July 24, 1975. That morning we went to the entertainment center to see the theater production. When we came to the theater room (where the performance was to take place) and took a seat, one woman came on stage and said that our cosmonauts had landed near Karaganda (this is the city where I am from). And after a rest, they were to be invited to another area in our city. At this time cosmonaut Leonov was coming to the entertainment center. And if we wanted to meet with him, we should applaud. The entire hall exploded with applause.

Later as Alekseje Leonov was coming onto the stage, we applauded for a long time. He told us about his space trip. There were many problems because everything behaves differently in space, and he told us how they corrected the problems. They did need to have ingenuity, patience, knowledge, and a sense of humor to make decisions. He told

us that they had a lot of training before they embarked on the space trip. He told us also about his first space trip, how he went out to open space and how he felt, how his space suit swelled up and he couldn't go into the spaceship, and how his friend pulled him from the "transitive room" into the spaceship.

It is very dangerous to be in "transitive room"; you must wear a special suit. But his friend Pavel Beljaev hadn't such a suit, yet he came into the "transitive room" in a simple *scaphandr* and saved Leonov's life. He said, "It was 12 minutes, 9 seconds only, but every second I will remember all my life."

This meeting lasted about 2 hours. I remember this meeting very well even today.

Nataly Johnson

LOVE KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES

In June of 2003 I was living in my hometown of Basingstoke, which is in the south of England. I had a great job as a manager and the love of my then 5-year-old daughter.

I had recently gotten a computer and was chatting to friends on the Internet when I noticed an American on the site I was on. We started chatting, exchanging information about our countries. Within weeks we were talking on the phone, and it was then that we knew we wanted to meet. Within 6 weeks of our talking, I was arranging to fly to New York. (My friends thought I was crazy!) I was scared but excited about this, as I had never flown out of England on my own before; let alone flown 4000 miles to meet a stranger!

However, as soon as we met, we both knew it was the start of something neither of us had experienced before. I stayed for 2 weeks with him in Grove City; the hardest part was leaving at the end of my stay. Neither of us wanted for me to go home, but I had a daughter and a life back in England. We stayed in contact, and 6 weeks later I flew back with my daughter so she could meet him...and...never went home. We married in December 2003 and began the process of immigration.

At first living in the U.S. was easy. I was really happy and had the family I had always wanted; but then I started to miss home. Silly little things would make me home sick, like chocolate. British candy is some of the best in the world. I'd miss my friends, my TV programs, my job, and the health system. I had never had to worry about how I was going to pay a doctor's bill before. We have the National Health System in England, so all medical treatment is free.

In England I was not rich, but I had money to pay my bills, extras for treats, and wanted for nothing. Here, in the beginning, we struggled for money and couldn't pay our bills (utility bills are so high here). In England my gas bill ran

around \$10 a week. Cost of living is very high in America. Because of immigration I cannot work here until I have been approved to work. I find this very hard, as I have always worked. Sitting at home doing nothing but housework was something new that I had to get used to as well.

My daughter has adapted very well to the changes thrown upon her. At school she is an honor student; her grades are all A's and one B. She has friends and does not remember England. I am still under Immigration 2 ½ years later. We are still struggling; however, my husband and I are very happy. My only frustrations are not being able to work, finding my independence again, and making new friends.

Under Immigration I feel like a second-class citizen. The other day my daughter was sent home from school with a letter from a scholarship program inviting her to attend a program in Louisiana because of her high grades and her being on the Honor Roll. She does not have her Social Security number yet, so she can not attend. I feel this is completely unfair to a child who has worked so hard. We have been through so much in the last 2 years (mostly hardships) that when my immigration is finally approved, we will be able to get back on our feet, live a normal happy life, and enjoy being together rather than worrying about getting split up through Immigration.

Everyday we worry I will be asked to leave the U.S., but if that happens I know my husband will move to England with me. For us it is not about where we live; it's about us being together. A friend of mine recently asked me if I have any regrets about moving to America. My answer is and always will be, "No." Love holds no boundaries whether it is because of the land I was not born in or anything else. We will be together.

Vicki Dennison

SINCERE OR INSINCERE – THAT IS THE QUESTION

I am an immigrant to the United States from China. I came here fifteen months ago. I work full time as a waitress but manage to go twice a week in the evenings to English Second Language class. I remember in the fall when I began studying, our teacher gave us a reading passage which she hoped would encourage a discussion about some of the misunderstandings that occur when new immigrants come here and don't understand the customs and the language. The story was about a young man who had come to an American university to study. He had not wanted to leave his homeland, but his father had insisted. At first he was impressed at how polite and friendly Americans were. Even total strangers came up to him and asked him how he was. After a short time however, he noticed that these same people didn't even wait for him to answer. They responded quickly, "That's nice. Have a nice day."

He felt their concern was insincere. He decided to do an experiment. When people asked how he was he told them he felt terrible. He wanted to see if they would still answer in the same way. His test worked just as he had expected. They answered with the same meaningless words. They had not really cared about what he was saying. He became convinced that Americans were not sincere. All those smiles and wishes to have a nice day were just phony. When we finished the story, the teacher asked how we felt about Americans when we first arrived here. Many students in the class agreed with the character in the reading. I did not. I understood why the young man felt as he did, but I thought he was too quick to judge all Americans. I have had a very different experience here.

I had been in the United States just six days when my sister took me to Tower City Mall. When we got on the

bus, there was no place to sit. We had to hang onto the handrails at the back of the bus. We are both very short and it was quite a difficult task. To our surprise, two young men got up simultaneously. One of them came over and asked us politely if we would like to take their empty seats. That same day, other unusual incidents occurred that made me feel that Americans were very kind. Men held open the heavy glass doors of the mall and even moved out of the way to let us go ahead. Women greeted us with smiles. I was surprised at all this politeness and felt like a baby being pampered by its mother. I had never experienced such gentle behavior in China.

When I returned home, I raced inside to tell my dad. He had been living in the United States for eleven years already. I excitedly explained all the nice things that had happened that day. I guess he could sense that I felt surprised by these expressions of kindness. He told me that this was quite common. He explained that women, children and the elderly are treated with great respect here even more so than in China. This was interesting for me because I knew that our culture is known for being polite and respectful to our elders.

I don't know if every person who comes here from China would agree with my dad's opinion about Americans but on that day and even today after spending time working and studying here, my first impression has stayed with me. When I was a new waitress my customers saw that I was a bit nervous and told me not to worry. My co-workers were tolerant when I couldn't remember all the "daily specials." When families came with babies, they would grab the high chair and set it up for me. At the end of the evening they went quickly to put the chairs up thinking that I was too small to do this heavy work. Some of my customers even offered advice about going to school and looking for jobs. I am convinced that all these acts are signs of sincere caring.

These people are not just pretending to be nice. My judgment is that most Americans are motivated to do acts of kindness from the goodness of their hearts. I believe that I can show other immigrants this same kindness now that I am an American too.

Ruo Yun Liu

TRANSITIONS

I was born and lived in Moscow, Russia. Before I was seven years old, my life was happy and interesting. I was born in a friendly family. My father was a handsome and smart man. He was a specialist in the history of western countries. He worked at the Institute of History and Economics. He was an independent man. He had his own view of events and politics in the country. In the time of Stalin's dictatorship, it was not a permissible behavior. At that time political independence was a straight road to prison.

When I was seven years old, my dad was arrested and shot down. I didn't understand anything. Father disappeared. Mother told me nothing and sometimes I saw that she cried. The happiness went out of our family. We lost previous acquaintances not only because they were afraid to meet with us but because my mother tried not to show who my father's friends were. At that time, to be friends with an enemy was to be an enemy. We were isolated. From a happy, cheerful girl, I became quiet, modest, diffident and insecure of the future.

Inessa Tarkhanova

ETHIOPIA

I was born on April 21, 1934, to a well-to-do and well-respected family. My mother was a daughter of a clergy; my father was a minister of communications during Emperor Haile Selassie's early years. My grandfather was a first President of the Parliament. My uncles on my father's side were very prominent government officials. One of them served the country as the minister of information; another one was the Crown Advisor to the Emperor until the end of the monarchy. He and my grandfather wrote most of the original Constitution of Ethiopia. My uncle wrote most of the textbooks for the ministry of Education in Amharic, the national language of Ethiopia.

My father died when I was three years old and my sister was only two. I also had another sister from my father's previous marriage. While most of the men in the family were educated, my aunts on both sides of my family were homemakers and women in high society. It was a tradition for the women including myself to visit the Emperor for tea in the palace every other Tuesday until he was deposed in 1974.

After the passing of my father, my grandfather took my sister and I so we could live with him and go to school in the capital city of Ethiopia. When we were old enough to attend school, my sister and I were boarded at a missionary school. We were both brought back to our grandfather because of small misunderstandings. The school decided to send our necklaces and gold crosses home because of fear of being stolen. My grandfather thought the school was planning to convert our religion. We then were taken out of the school that we enjoyed very much. My dream in life was to be a nurse. That was the end of my European education in Ethiopia. Instead a deacon was hired to teach us the Bible and to read and write in Amharic. While we were home

schooled for the language, we also received training in cooking, knitting and sewing.

I continued to take classes on this after I got married to the father of my nine children. My husband was a son of a governor of one Ethiopian province. I met my husband when he came to visit his aunt who was married to my grandfather. He was a Colonel, commander of the second brigade during Haile Selassie. Through our marriage we were blessed by the births of five sons and four daughters. In 1974 he was able to retire from his 30 years of military service. That is when I used my skills of home economics. I took a position to teach in a school that was close to my house. I taught boys and girls cooking, personal hygiene, sewing, and knitting. I did this until 1982. My husband passed away in 1982 at the age of 59. Two years after his death, I came to visit my three children who were residing in the United States. I brought one of my daughters with me, leaving the others at home.

After I left Ethiopia my other children moved to Nairobi, Kenya and Khartoum, Sudan. After so many years of struggle they came to reside with us in Oberlin, Ohio. Two of my daughters live in Lorain County. One of my sons lives in Cleveland, Ohio. One of my daughters lives in New York. Four of my boys and one daughter live in San Jose, California. My six-month visit turned into almost 20 years of a new life. I now have three granddaughters and two grandsons. I live with one of my daughters and her two children in Lorain, Ohio. While I miss my home and relatives and friends in Ethiopia, I have made Ohio as my second home and enjoy the friendships I have been making with the people in the area. I enjoy learning English and traveling with my classmates to places in Ohio.

Tiruwork Tadesse

LIFE IS...

Life is like a book full of colors, pictures and adventures.

Life is just like a cake named “pork skin,” Vietnamese cake. If you just eat a little then you feel it tastes good, but if you eat too much then you feel sick.

Life is like a burning candle. At the time when you light the wick, it was the time when you were born. All of your life will end like a candle when it runs out of wax. The matter is...a candle can make a little light, a little warmth and it's useful. How about you?

Life is like a box...“WOW” full pieces of a puzzle. Each piece is what has happened or what will happen. When you place correctly all of the pieces, you'll have a beautiful picture. It's a picture of your own life.

Life is a fight. You fight with others for something, or you fight with yourself to make yourself be better than in the past...

Life is like a wheel of motions always moving toward. Always look forward to do better. Life is everything you think about...

Vy Khanh Bui

ISLAM (RELIGION OF PEACE)

I am Hayfa Ali originally from Yemen. I have lived in America for 6 years with my husband and my two children. I love my family so much. My husband works in his business, and the two children go to Boardman High School and Glenwood Middle School.

I am happy in America and have many friends. The people are nice and friendly, but they do not know much about Islam (my religion). Islam stands for peace but some people think of the hijacked planes on 9-11-2001, but they have nothing to do with Islam.

Islam says if you kill one person for no reason you have committed a crime as if you have killed the whole humanity. Islam calls for peace, love, support and help and has nothing to do with terror.

It hurts to see and hear on TV or read in the newspaper about Islam terrorism. Islam is good. It speaks of love not terrorism. My God is Allah and the Koran says not to kill anybody, Muslims or people who aren't Muslim. Islam is peaceful. I want people to know my religion isn't like what they think.

I hope everybody or any organization who commits terrorism and says they are Muslim will not be connected with the Islam religion, because that is not what it is about.

Thanks to my husband. Thanks to my teacher.
Thanks to America. Thanks to Allah (my God).

Hayfa Ali Saleh

A LITTLE ABOUT ME

I am from Colombia South America. Colombia, as you know, is known for coffee and for its violence and drug production. But did you know that it is also known for cut flowers, emeralds, and pre-Colombian gold?

My name is Eunice McCoy, and I am presently attending ESL classes twice a week in the evenings at Campbell Memorial High School. Back in 1994 I met my husband Tom, a native of Campbell, and we were married in 1996. We have 4 children, 3 of whom are attending school at the Campbell elementary and middle schools.

Our family lives and works in Bogotá, the capital of Colombia in South America as missionaries with New Tribes Mission. We work to share the gospel with tribal people by training Colombians with the Biblical and technical skills necessary so that they can get involved in a cross cultural ministry with the tribal people of Colombia and throughout the world. There are some 65 tribal groups in Colombia. My family presently resides in Campbell, Ohio, but plan to travel back to Colombia in June of 2006 to return to our ministry there. We will work for the next 4 years there before returning again to the US.

I took the citizenship test on December 12, 2005, in Cleveland and passed it with red, white and blue colors! I didn't make a single mistake, and it took me only 20 minutes to complete! The swearing in ceremony took place on January 12 in Youngstown, Ohio. The neat thing is that I now am a dual citizen of both the USA and Colombia, making it easier for me and my family to travel back and forth between the two countries.

Eunise McCoy

DIA DE LOS MUERTOS (DAY OF THE DEAD)

Dia de Los Muertos is a special time for Catholic Hispanic Latinos from Mexico, South America, and even in the United States. We believe that on these days, November first and November second, the deceased are given consent to visit with their relatives and friends on earth. Both children and adults welcome the souls of their relatives who return home at this time of year to make sure all is well and that they have not been forgotten.

An *ofrenda* (offering) or altar is made in their home or gravesite. Flowers are used to decorate the altar and gravesite. Special Day of the Dead bread (*pan de muerto*) is baked in skull shapes, and children receive gifts, toys, and candy sugar skulls with their names on them. The skeleton and skull are in a happy, not scary, theme, and the colors are black, white, pink, yellow, and gold.

Special foods are placed on the altar or gravesite, foods that were the favorite of their loved ones. Candles are lit and poems called *Calacas* (skulls) are said.

November first is the day the souls of children, called *los angelitos* (little angels), is celebrated. November second is the day adults' souls return home. Both days are celebrated together: All Saints and All Souls Day.

A lot of people think that Halloween is the same as *Dia de Los Muertos*, but it isn't. Halloween is Satan and witches and all terror. All is negative. *Dia de Los Muertos* is to show love and respect for ancestors by celebrating the continuance of life, family relationship, and to find humor after death. All is positive. It's great fun!

Rebecca A. Ramos

SUPERSTITIONS

Hispanic people have a lot of superstitions and beliefs. Here are just a few.

1. When a storm is brewing, one takes a large knife and makes the sign of the cross in the air as if cutting the clouds. The cloud is divided. It works!
2. If one takes the matter from the eyes of a dog or cat and puts it in your eyes, one will see the devil or the dead. Don't do it!
3. If a baby gets the hiccups, one places a small red string on the baby's forehead and the hiccups stop.
4. When someone is frightened due to an accident or something scary, one drinks a glass of water with a spoon of sugar in it. You'll feel better.
5. We believe in the evil eye. This means that if someone sees a child or a person who has pretty eyes or pretty hair or something about that person is beautiful, you must touch the eyes or the hair of that someone or that person will get sick.
6. They will take the ill child or person to a *curandera* (spiritualist) who will take a raw egg and pass the egg over the body while saying a prayer. The egg is then broken into a clear glass dish and placed under the head of the bed of the ill person. The next day the dish is removed and the person is well. It really works!
7. Never sit your purse on the floor. It's bad luck, your money won't grow. I never place my purse on the floor.
8. If you're unhappy with your neighbor and would like for that neighbor to leave, get three peppercorns in your mouth and spit them at the door stop where the neighbor will step on them. Within two to three months your neighbor will move. You can also use this on a business. I'm not sure about this!

9. To have abundance and sweetness in your home, every Friday take a small amount of sugar and rice in equal amounts and mix together. Throw this mixture on the outside of doors so that when stepped on some of this mixture is carried on the soles of the shoes. Yes, it works.
10. If you dislike someone, I mean really hate them, you go to a cemetery and you get some dirt from a grave of someone who has had a violent death. You then throw this dirt on this person's yard. This person supposedly will always have bad luck. Scary!
11. To avoid the police stopping you or from having an accident, place a whole garlic in the trunk or under the seat of your car. It works; you don't even notice the odor!
12. Don't ever look into a mirror in a dark room or you will see the devil. Don't try this.
13. When it's very hot and there is no wind, not even a breeze, one calls the wind by saying, "*Barbas de Oro*," "*Barbas de Oro*," "*Barbas de Oro*," three times. This means golden beards. It really works.
14. Some people believe that witches turn into a large black bird called "*Lecusa*." I've never seen one!

Rebecca A. Ramos

