



 *The Westside Story* & SCUAD present:

HISPANIC HERITAGE MONTH

NEWSLETTER

SPANISH SPEAKING COUNTRIES

The Spanish language spans four continents, as the official language of 21 countries. With close to 500 million native speakers as of 2022, Spanish is the 2nd most-spoken language in the world after Mandarin Chinese. Across these 21 countries, you can find a rich diversity of accents, usage of certain pronouns and verb forms, and local slang.



An aerial photograph of a historic stone city, likely Machu Picchu, with terraced fields and a church spire visible in the distance. The image is used as a background for the text.

In this edition of our Hispanic Heritage Month Newsletter, we have the privilege of sharing personal stories of our very own Westside Brothers and Sisters.

The Latin/Hispanic population in the United States makes up about 19% of the entire country's population. Our newsletter celebrates various people from different countries, cultures, and native languages.

As we delve into the beautiful diversity, we also celebrate the oneness of the Hispanic culture which is defined by love, joy, passions, family, food, and God.

We hope you will take away a little flavor, a spoonful of love, and an appreciation for our brothers and sisters around the world represented in the Westside Church.

Please remember that our brothers and sisters pour their hearts into writing down their incredible life stories. Consider it an honor to be able to read and know these amazing saints!

Deanna Kendall - Editor, Contributor

Juan Leon - Contributor

Nathan Morales - Contributor

Albert Roldan - Contributor

Kyra Cvitanich - Contributor

Nicole felici - Contributor

Paul & Charlene Nagakura - SCUAD Members,
The Westside Story Organizers



Mexico
Mexico City



El Salvador
San Salvador



Guatemala
Guatemala City



Cuba
Havana



Venezuela
Caracas



Honduras
Tegucigalpa



Puerto Rico
San Juan



Bogotá
Colombia



Panama
Panama City



Santo Domingo
Dominican Republic



Juan Leon

Hello, my name is Juan Leon. A first-generation Mexican American, born to a single-hardworking mother.

My choice of work comes from the work ethic embedded in my mom and aunts. My mom left her home in Oaxaca, Mexico at the age of 21, with one of her younger brothers to find work. Every dollar made was never for herself, but for the family she had in Mexico and her children. There were days that she would only sleep for a few hours. There were days that I would do my homework in a food truck she worked at because there was no babysitter. The limited time she had free she would dedicate it to us. She would always find a way to make life work.

Because of my mom's work schedule, my aunts were entrusted with taking me to church on Sundays. They knew that if you "trained up a child in the way he should go; even when he would grow old he would not depart from it." It was the Sunday lessons, the small Bible studies, and the fellowship that would allow me to see that all that God had allowed me to experience would amount to experiencing Him.

When I became older and was able to reflect on my upbringing, God's grace and unconditional love became evident. By no means was I an angel but a troublemaker. My behavior did not make it easy for others, especially mom. The more I reflected, I knew I wanted to do more for others whose circumstances or decisions made it difficult for them to experience the love of God and others.

For the past two years, I have been working alongside outreach services in Santa Monica. This has allowed me to build new relationships with people living on the streets, with the hope of them living in better conditions. Christ and Mexican heritage has taught me that one has to be willing to lay down their life for thy neighbor.

1 John 3:16

This is how we know what love is: Jesus Christ laid down his life for us. And we ought to lay down our lives for our brothers and sisters.

1 Juan 3:16

En esto conocemos lo que es el amor: en que Jesucristo entregó su vida por nosotros. Así también nosotros debemos entregar la vida por nuestros hermanos.



Lost, Loved, Free - A poem by Deanna Narvaez-Kendall

Why would he leave me? Why? It must have been because I wasn't a boy.

I will prove myself; I will be the best, I will be kind, and loveable. I just want to be loved...by my
father.

I was 6 years old when I last saw my Mexican born Father. It ended the desire to be identified as Mexican. I would only be identified as Colombian, like my mother. Her family, her culture, her foods, I would honor, would embrace, would try to relate to... but I am American born.

Large loving family, exciting music, church every Sunday.

School, fun, games, freedom, acceptance, innocence.

Then...Move, then, move again, and again. I don't know anyone... I don't look like anyone. I don't understand my culture, I don't understand their cultures: Big City, then Farm community, big city again. Poor, rich, I don't know. I just don't quite fit in...I speak English, I speak Spanish...

Why am I so different? Hypocrisy, acceptance, racism, love...who am I? I don't have anyone that can relate....so then I am alone!

Success! That has to be the way to be accepted. Honor roll, sports, success...more sports, more clubs, more success....Acceptance...emptiness...loneliness....Lost...

1991 - Found...Christ...my true identity...acceptance of my heritage, love for my people, my language, myself. I have been raised, in joy, in love, in forgiveness.

Finally... I feel loved, I am loved ...by my Father.



Deanna Kendall



Deanna's mom Aracely in her youth



Family vacation in Colombia



From left to right: Siena and Josh playing traditional flute



From left to right: Aracely, Josh, Siena, Deanna, and Troy

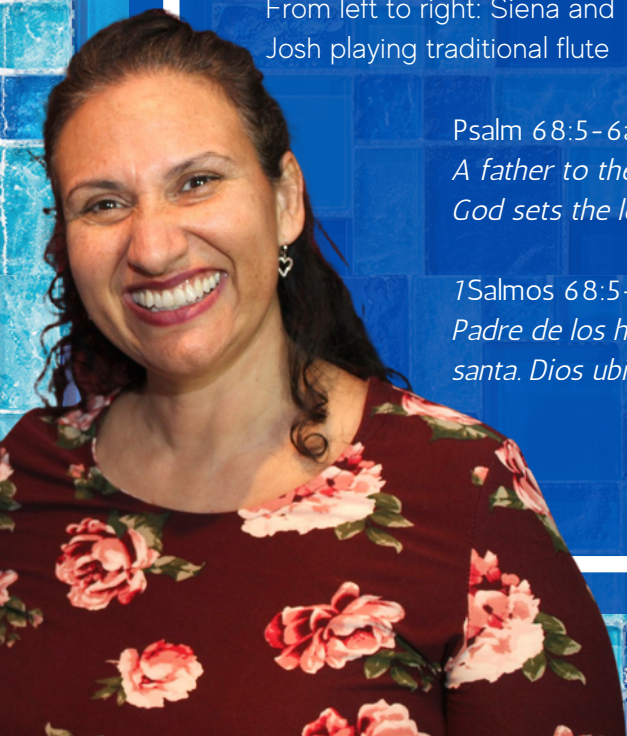
Psalm 68:5-6a

*A father to the fatherless, a defender of widows, is God in his holy dwelling.
God sets the lonely in families*

1Salmo 68:5-6a

Padre de los huérfanos, defensor de las viudas, este es Dios y su morada es santa. Dios ubica a los solitarios en familias

Deanna Kendall



Nathan Morales

My name is Nathan Samuel Morales. I'm 42 years old and serve in the family ministry with my beautiful wife of thirteen years, Karrie Benoit-Morales, and beautiful six-year-old daughter Kaliyah Berlin Morales. I'm the son of a mixed white European American woman and a Mexican immigrant from the state of Oaxaca, Mexico (the location where they filmed Nacho Libre which our family is quite proud of). Our relatives in Oaxaca include the late Margarita Gonzalez Ontiveros a famous opera singer who could sing in twelve languages and a famous painter, Miguel Cabrera, who the local village was named after (Tlalixtac de Cabrera).

I'm very proud of my Mexican background despite my upbringing being heavily influenced by the Caucasian side of my family and the community I grew up in North Orange County California. I believe strongly in how our environments help shape who we are and have benefited immensely from every positive influence I experienced.

One such positive influence is the Mexican side of my family, filled with a rich and colorful tradition. My grandfather, Benito Morales Lopez died a tragic death at the age of 65 in 1989. I only have fond memories of him, including him regularly treating me to ice cream. My grandmother, whom I call "Abuelita," Micaela Cabrera Hernandez is currently 97 years old and on top of being full of humor can speak Zapotec, a local native dialect. They had nine children, with six still alive, including my hard-working and loving father, Gerardo Narcizo Cabrera Morales. I'm lucky to say that my entire family, including all my uncles and aunts, have had a positive influence on my life despite their shortcomings. My grandfather was a jack of all trades and my grandmother was a janitorial worker. Their entrepreneurial spirits and work ethics helped shape the same in their children - traits that trickled down to their grandchildren. I grew up with many other cousins constantly visiting her house which was and still is always full of laughs and delicious aromas. I have fond memories of eating her scrumptious chicken taquitos, fideo (soup), various types of tamales, and her famous mole. I even have fun memories of eating Cabeza (goat head), lengua (beef tongue), and chapulines (small spicy roasted crickets). I can go on and on with all the fun memories in her house, which she still lives in, and as the years pass, the stories get better and better.

Insofar as this side of the family's religious influence is concerned, since my parents were divorced practically my whole life, I spent time going to the Catholic church on one Sunday and various Christian churches the next. The Mexican side of my family went to Catholic church mostly. I grew up experiencing going to masses in Latin, Spanish, and English. I'm incredibly grateful for the lessons I learned in revering God and maintaining a sense of respect in our worship in part due to the Catholic mass environment I experienced growing up.

Another positive influence on my life was the emphasis on family exhibited by my relatives. The Mexican side of my family has always been committed to each other and emphasizes the importance of helping each other by whatever means possible. Whether it was my grandmother watching me as a toddler or my uncle letting me make payments on a car I bought from him when I was sixteen (1987 Toyota Supra Turbo), I was never wanting for the family to help me. When I was young, my Tia Lupe would take us to different places in her 1981 blue Toyota Celica. One of the places she took me to was to visit UCLA and it was at that time that I began to forge a dream to attend there (to be continued on the next page).

(Continued from the previous page) I became a disciple of Jesus on December 6th, 1999, and attended UCLA the next year. Since then, I've experienced some major highs, some major lows, and all in between but to this day, I strongly believe becoming a disciple was the best decision of my life. Since 2000, I've lived in Los Angeles. I love LA for so many reasons including the diversity here. Living in a place with so much diversity, the racism that exists here is not always at the forefront of my mind, though I have experienced it first-hand, albeit minor relatively. On several occasions, I've been told to "go back to your own country." I find this statement incredibly ironic, being I was born in Huntington Beach California, and in light of that, it keeps me from being too offended. That being said, I know there are those of the same color as me or darker who have had an immensely more difficult time experiencing racism.

All this said I consider myself incredibly lucky to be a part of such a rich history and heritage. I'm tremendously grateful for those who have spent "blood, sweat, and tears" for me to benefit the way I have in my life and for me to have the opportunities I have had. I'm proud to be a Mexican-American and whatever else makes me up (German, Spanish, etc.). I'm also grateful of seeing Hispanic Heritage celebrated with all the other heritages and races in God's church. We are all different but united in the most important ways. I truly believe we are part of the same family. "But our citizenship is in heaven. And we eagerly await a Savior from there, the Lord Jesus Christ..." (Phil 3:20)

May God be the Glory and Happy Hispanic Heritage Month!



Nathan and her cousin Nadia



Nathan's and her sisters. Michelle on bottom, Angel in the middle, and Nathan on top. His cousin Edye behind.



Nathan's dad and Kaliyah



Nathan



How I Grew Up

- Growing up black, white, and Hispanic passing
- How food and music are the main ways I connect with my cultures

Hello All! My name is Albert Roldan. I have been a disciple for 7 years this October. I am Puerto Rican-El Salvadorian, and I have the honor of sharing my story this Hispanic Heritage Month! Now I want to preface this and say that as much as I identify with my Hispanic roots, I am Americanized and have grown up in a very mixed household while also being able to pass for different races. But, that being said, I am very fond of my roots and cultures, especially music and food. With my Puerto Rican side, I mainly identify with the music: reggaeton, and bachata. My grandmother on my father's side is a great dancer. So, I have some fond memories of her on Saturday mornings - cleaning, dancing, and singing. She would always tell me that "an unclean house leads to a messy life". But she would also teach me and my cousins how to dance. The way that she would teach and clean at the same time was a sport unto itself. But she always pushed us to learn for two reasons: our family was always known for being the life of the party, and girls liked boys who could dance. So far, she's been right about me being the life of the party, but I can't verify the second one. So, dancing has always made me feel a connection to those roots of mine in Puerto Rico (continued on the next page).



(continued from the previous page)
But, when it comes to my Salvadorian side, food has always been my pathway to connecting with that side of the family. With my family, the table is the place of connection, laughter, tears, stories, and most importantly, food. The main plates that I remember growing up with my Salvadorian side are Plátanos y frijoles con crema and Pupusas. The first one is a plate of grilled plantains, served with refried beans and sour cream – you use the plantains as the utensil to scoop up your beans. It is hands down one of the best flavor combinations with the sweetness of the plantains and the savory-salty flavor of the beans. The Salvadorian pupusas were some of my favorite things to have at family parties. Many cultures claim that they have the best pupusas, but Salvadorans know what's up. A pupusa is a circle of fried masa (corn flour) filled with cheese, beans, pork, or veggies! You don't use utensils at all for this meal, and it's served with pickled cabbage and hot sauce. There's something just so homey about pupusas that you can't help but feel relaxed while eating them, and it was no different growing up. I have fond memories of me and my sister coming inside after a long day and sitting at the table talking with her about our dreams and desires while eating pupusas. I have so many memories of just warm feelings and good times because of pupusas. These are the main ways that I've felt connected to my roots, and I'm so glad I got to share them here!



Albert Roldan

One Person's Perspective on Latinx

- One person's perspective on Latinx
- Latinx is a descriptor for so many but it also can alienate.
- Definitions of Latin v. Hispanic v. Latinx

The terms for every person in the Hispanic/Latin communities vary for each person, so while one person may identify as Latin, another may identify as Hispanic or Latinx. This can lead to a sense of hesitation for many people outside this community when describing their friends and acquaintances inside the community. But, before beginning to speak on this, I have to start with a disclaimer first: while I identify as a Hispanic man, I am 1) from America and 2) grew up in a mixed-culture household, so aside from the definitions, these are just my opinions on this topic that relate to the usage of those titles. The word Hispanic refers to people, cultures, or countries related to Spain, the Spanish language, or Hispanidad. While Latin describes a native or inhabitant of a country whose language developed from Latin, especially a Latin American. Afro-latinos/caribeños which is a person of African descent who resides in a Latin/ Caribbean nation. There is also Latinx which is a gender-neutral title for those who do not want to be gendered by the gendered language, Spanish. While there is much debate within all of these communities on what they will identify as or what they prefer, most want to be known by their country of origin. I.e. A person of Mexican descent may not care whether they are called Latin or Hispanic (depending on what they identify as) they would take more offense to be called Guatemalan. That's not because they believe Guatemalans are terrible but they have a certain amount of pride in their country of origin and would prefer to be described as such. I know for me being both Puerto Rican and Salvadorian that I much rather be described as those nations rather than Mexican or Honduran. Not because I feel they are inferior but solely because of the pride I feel for my countries of origin. So, the bottom line for how to describe those in this community is to ask beforehand. Save yourself the awkwardness of hesitating and stumbling through a conversation - it's easier to ask than to fake a path through, and if it can't come up organically then just refer to them by their country of origin. Again, these are my inferences and opinions, so take them with a grain of salt. Thank you so much!



Albert Roldan

Hello! I'm Kyra Cvitanich, I'm half Guatemalan, half Italian, and Croatian, and will be a disciple of five years this October! While I've grown to be incredibly proud of who I am and where my family comes from, I wasn't always so. I grew up knowing very little about my Latin heritage, the only exposure I had being the stories my grandma would tell and the food she cooked for us.

My grandmother on my mom's side provided the gateway to experience my Hispanic heritage. Since my dad worked long hours at the Port of LA and my mom was going to school to get her bachelor's degree in Education, my grandma became my main caregiver. While she didn't know much English at the time, I quickly began to pick up on Spanish phrases. Being able to understand Spanish naturally allowed us to communicate and as a kid, I began asking for stories about her life. I remember being enchanted by the stories of her home country, the beauty that she would tell me about as well as the danger she faced. She would tell me about her family and her four sisters, who she single-handedly raised at the age of sixteen. I remember seeing the way her eyes sparkled as she reminisced about her life in Guatemala, which I knew she missed dearly. As I got older, I continued to connect with her and my Latin heritage through the food she made.

Some of my favorite memories as a kid involve food. One of my fondest memories is coming home from school every day to a house filled with the smell of fresh food. I grew up eating frijoles, platanos fritos, and tamales almost every day. At the age of four years old, I traveled to Guatemala with my family for the first time. There I learned to make tortillas by hand with my extended family. Being able to participate in that aspect of my culture was so special. Even now, it's something I haven't forgotten and have even taught others around me. Not only being able to learn about this but sharing it with my friends has been such a joy and something dear to my Latina experience (continued on the next page).

A young woman with long brown hair, smiling, wearing a red floral top, standing in front of a colorful street scene in Guatemala. The background shows a cobblestone street lined with colorful buildings and lush green hills in the distance.

Kyra Cvitanich

(continued from the previous page) Skin color was often made a big deal in my family. As I have predominantly European features and am a light-skinned Latina, my skin color is often compared to my brother's, who has a much darker skin tone and more Latin features. Very quickly my grandma gave us nicknames, mine being Reina, and my brother's being Chinito. Essentially this translates to Queen and Little China. Unfortunately, there is a lot of racism in Central and South America, and sadly that came with my grandma when she came to this country. While I didn't realize it as a kid, many comments were made about my light skin color compared to his darker skin. Even this past summer, before I left to volunteer at teen camp, a family member told me to wear long sleeve shirts and stay out of the sun, so I didn't get too dark. This ties into the fact that during the colonization of Central America, having lighter skin became something to be desired and those with this physical feature were given certain privileges that those with darker complexions didn't have.

While I take a lot of pride in who I am, I am rarely recognized as my own ethnicity. This has often sprouted a lot of insecurity in my life about being considered Latina by others. As all my Guatemalan family, minus a few, still live in Guatemala, I rarely was around people who shared my culture. I grew up going to a school made up of primarily White and Asian people and spent all my holidays with my Italian family. Thus, I never felt like I truly fit in with those like me. I was too white for Latinos, as I didn't know Spanish and looked different because of my European features and light skin, but was too Latina for my white family as I had dark hair and eyes, and darker skin. Even my day-to-day family culture was not fully American or Guatemalan. However, I've come to embrace the intersectionality of my cultures and see both their values. While I acknowledge that I don't have the same experience as those who are fully Latino, I recognize that my Latina experience is just as valid, while it may be different. And I am proud to be able to experience both aspects of these cultures.

Another important aspect of being Latina is media representation or lack thereof. Growing up, the media I consumed had very little, if any, women of color represented. Constantly seeing blonde and blue-eyed people left me with very little room to see the beauty in diversity. I remember growing up wanting to look like these women, not thinking that having dark hair and eyes was considered beautiful because I hadn't seen girls like me represented in this way before. Only recently has diversity been implemented in the media. The first movie I watched that felt like it truly encapsulated my family's experience, and the experience of so many other Latinos like me, was *Encanto*. I remember watching that movie, and mind you I watched it at 3 am, and I just sobbed. Not because of feeling sad from the movie, but because I felt like this movie captured the essence of myself and my family history. While I still have qualms with the media's representation of Latinos, I am thankful for the progress that has been made towards capturing our stories accurately.

Romans 12:10

Love each other with genuine affection, and take delight in honoring each other.

Kyra Cvitanich

Psalm 119:109-112
Salmo 119:109-112

English: "Though I constantly take my life in my hands, I will not forget your law. The wicked have set a snare for me, but I have not strayed from your precepts. Your statutes are my heritage forever; they are the joy of my heart. My heart is set on keeping your decrees to the very end."

Spanish: "Mi vida pende de un hilo, pero no me olvido de tu ley. Los impíos me han tendido una trampa, pero no me aparto de tus preceptos. Tus estatutos son mi herencia permanente; son el regocijo de mi corazón. Inclino mi corazón a cumplir tus decretos para siempre y hasta el fin."



Nicole Felici

Hi! My name is Nicole Felici, and I am a sophomore at UCLA and a member of the wonderful campus ministry at The Westside Church. I am both Hispanic and Latina, as I have family from Spain and Latin countries. My mom's side of the family is Mexican, and my dad's family is Spanish, Italian, & Argentine.

My mom Rachel is a second generation Mexican-American, or "Chicana." Due to the mistreatment and prejudice that her parents faced in the United States, she was not raised with a surrounding of Latin culture, celebrating Mexican holidays, or learning Spanish. My dad César was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina and lived there for almost three years before my nonno and nonna (grandpa and grandma in Italian) fled Argentina with their children due to its corrupt government and failing economy. My dad was undocumented in the United States for ten years, but when Ronald Reagan passed the Immigration Reform and Control Act in 1986 my dad and his family were able to live in the United States without fear of deportation and eventually all became citizens.

As I grew up with one bilingual parent, I was not raised speaking Spanish. Though I did hear it often from various family members. As my mom and her family are not huge participants in Mexican culture, my main exposure to Latin culture & language was with my dad's side of the family. I grew up eating Argentine asados, drinking mate, going to the mercado, and rooting for Argentina in the World Cup. Sure, I didn't speak Spanish, but I loved being Argentine, and I took great pride in where my family had come from and all they had sacrificed for me.

But as I got older, I realized there were disparities between the way I grew up and the way other Latin American kids grew up in the U.S. Most of the schools I attended were about an even split of white kids and Latin kids (majority of which were Mexican). Although I knew I was Latina through and through, my fair skin, my inability to speak Spanish, and the absence of Mexican culture in my life made me feel like I didn't belong with the Latin kids. But at the same time, I didn't have the blonde hair, family traditions, or body type of the white kids. I wasn't white enough for the white kids, but I wasn't latin enough for the latin kids. I'm grateful that I was able to make friends of all races and ethnicities throughout school, but I never felt a cultural bond with any of them. I felt like no one could relate to the type of Latin upbringing that I had experienced.

What made matters worse is when people consistently didn't believe me when I told them about my ethnicity. I already felt like I wasn't really accepted by the Latin community, and now I realized that people never perceived me as Latina at all. And when I became a disciple and began to meet other Latin brothers and sisters who have strong connections with their culture, speak Spanish, "look" Latin, and are able to serve in Spanish-speaking countries and churches, a seed of jealousy began to grow and bloom in my heart (continued on the next page).

(Continued from the previous page) This jealousy grew worse and worse all throughout high school, and eventually became a large stumbling block in my relationship with God. I spent so many nights so angry with Him, asking why He had given me this battle. I felt like a sheep without a flock, a person without a people. Not only did I feel left out, I felt excluded from my own ethnicity. I was like I didn't have the right to consider myself Latina because of the way I look and the languages I do or don't speak.

After years of fighting with God over my struggle with my ethnic identity, God made the purpose of my turmoil clear. I was trying to heal myself of the loneliness and exclusion I felt for years, when as a Christian I should have been leaning on Christ and using Him as my motivation., as being bilingual is a gift that can help me serve and connect with those who don't speak English. My goal shouldn't be to undo the life God decided to give me, but rather to use my experiences and language acquisition to help others know Christ. Moreover, by enduring these struggles, perhaps I can empathize with those who have fought similar battles. Surely, I am not the only one who grew up feeling that kind of disconnect. With this new goal in mind, God has worked so powerfully in my spiritual life. I was actually able to go on a life-changing mission trip to El Salvador and Guatemala this summer to share my faith and help build up the churches there. Y gloria a Dios, ahora puedo hablar español, aunque todavía necesito practicar.

Once I remembered that my sense of belonging comes from Christ, my ethnic insecurity became a less frequent battle. Don't get me wrong, I still feel that sense of disparity from time to time, but Christ has reminded me that he is the one that heals. He gave me this upbringing for a reason, and he will fulfill me when I feel empty. And at the end of the day, my race or my ethnicity is not all that I am. Of course it plays a huge role in my life, hence why I am so grateful for Hispanic Heritage Month. While we all have a cultural history, our most important citizenship is in Heaven. I love my family and my culture with all of my heart, but belonging to Christ and being his child is a thousand times more important to me. He is the one that loves us, will never leave us, and gives us a sense of belonging that will never fade.



"Blanca" by Nicole Felici

The names typically vary, but blanca is a trusty standby if you wish to remind me that my skin is a traitor to its own body. Even though my family is proudly rooted in several latin countries, my body clings to the few European genes that make my skin shine with the glow of a full moon. My tongue is also a traitor, as it refuses to pick up the Spanish language carved deep into my family tree. With nothing to justify where I stand on the ethnicity scale, society pushes me to the side marked "white girl." To them, my skin and language tell a better story than all of my family members who emigrated from Latin countries could.

I am not a white girl, I am the descendant of soldadas who fought for México. I am the daughter of an Argentine who made America his home to better my futures. When you call me a white girl, you are stripping hundreds of years of history off of me, exposing me to the bone. But that's all people see anyway, right? The milky white calcium that shines through my flesh and gives the illusion that I am nothing outside of my skin color. Why does society get to choose what I, what we, are? People of mixed ethnicities are not on one side of the spectrum. We are kaleidoscopes, supernovas, mosaics that speak of rich histories that cannot be unfolded simply by examining our skin.



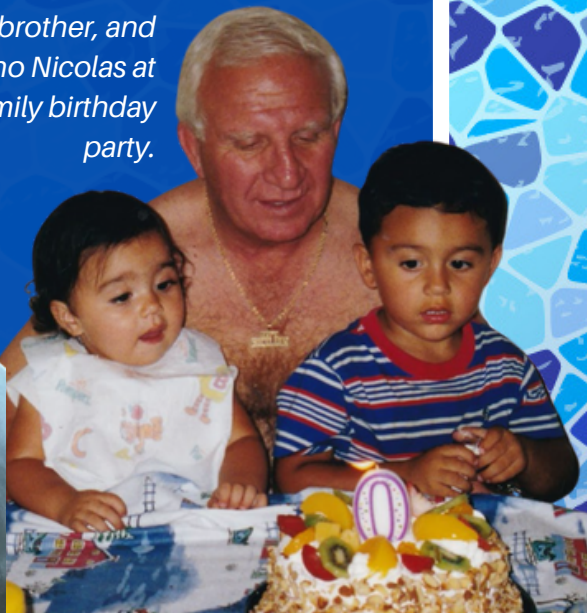


This is a photo from my mission trip to El Salvador & Guatemala. This photo was taken with the students of Acción Estudiantil (the campus ministry) in San Salvador at the Planes de Renderos. Visiting these countries had an insurmountable impact on my relationship with God, and I built so many wonderful friendships in Central America!



My dad César, my mom Rachel, me, and my brother Mark on vacation in Portland.

Me, my brother, and my Nonno Nicolas at a family birthday party.



Recipe: Argentine Chimichurri

Ingredients:

- ½ cup minced yellow onion
- ½ cup chopped fresh flat-leaf parsley leaves
- 1 tablespoon chopped fresh oregano
- 1 teaspoon finely grated or minced garlic
- 1 ½ teaspoon finely grated or minced garlic
- 1 ½ teaspoons kosher salt
- 1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- ½ teaspoon red pepper flakes
- 1 cup extra-virgin olive oil
- ½ cup red wine vinegar

Instructions:

Place all ingredients in a bowl and combine.
Serve with the meat of your choice (traditionally intended for beef/steak).

César's recommendations:

"I use 1/4 of the amount of vinegar. Start with that and add more if you prefer."

"Make a day in advance if possible, the flavors develop more with time."

"Use shallots instead of yellow onion if possible, that's not essential though."

Nicole Felici



Highlight on Latin Music



Carlos Vives

The song Papadio addresses racism and cultural woes. yet points to God who is the Father of all. One of Deanna's faves.

<https://youtu.be/36lz9q9-iNs>

Vicente Fernández

Vicente Fernández Gómez was a legendary Mexican singer, songwriter, actor, and film producer.

<https://youtu.be/RbKhT7L7veI>



Jesús Adrián Romero

<https://youtu.be/-AL0wx-RHm4>