

Once upon a time there was a man made up of clay, raspberry, oak and cinnamon. He had a silver secret inside. He knew about those who kept something inside. He knew, for example, about those who have poems inside and are called poets. And he knew about all those who have songs to sing, thoughts to share and ideas to inspire. And although he did not possess these elements, he was conscious about having "a silver secret". He knew the secret was special, but he was not that well acquainted with the wonderful power it could have. One day he met Beauty, that slept on purpose but wanted to wake up with him.

The silver secret really wanted to reach Beauty. And to reach it, the silver secret paved the way with flowers and smiles. There was magic in the way, and yet the man was not conscious about the misterious gift in the silver secret. It is good to know that the secret was strong, but it was also soft and tender. It had the ability to wait and go on, and although Beauty was well hidden because of the many years it slept, the narrow and dark road to get there was lit with special silver rays full of passion and tenderness.

And contrary to the color coming in a secret, inside Beauty,

it laid a yellow color, like a sunflower, like the sun itself, like a fast goldfish looking amazingly at what was coming up.

While Beauty was waking up, it seemed there were echoes of stories and legends, trumpets and swift leaves. It was like a soft, far voice singing. It was an exotic mixture of tender lullabies and aggressive waves against a shore that hurt. It was an encouraging atmosphere, like a fan of rainbow colors.

It seemed like languages in contact, and although Beauty's language was foreign, it sounded quite familiar. There was confidence, and faith to go on. There was no language barrier. It seemed the embryo of a new language, a new code had just been born, and so it was the silver secret.

And once the silver secret was able to wake up Beauty, they danced all day because they knew the power of the secret consisted in a gift of life.

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- * *Days in Taxco (The Myth of the Umbilical), New Mexico, California and Texas will always remain in my heart as a bilingual love to understand Chicana/o World.*
- * *To my brave Chicana friends who taught me to listen to my heart (I have tried since then!)*
- * *My eternal gratitude and admiration to Professor Sylvia Gorodezky, who taught me Mexican-American topics are "living history". Thank you for teaching me to understand the differences in the Mexican-American World.*
- * *To Axel Ramírez, who was my advisor as well as friend and took me to the entrance of a Chicana/o road I had to walk myself.*
- * *Finally, I must say the editing of this Journal was done the way I do things: with love, passion and tenderness.*