

1: Parenting in Austin. Kids Hikes. Kids Art. Kids Music.

Growing up in Texas and now being back lets me share my Texas pride with them! I have so many memories of my childhood growing up in Texas. And now that I have two grandchildren who were both born in the heart of Texas, I'm excited to share these memories with them!

Lopez muses on memories that carry culture and identity from one generation to the next. Lopez Mon, May 23, at 9: Tejanas in Literature and Art is a collection of work by women who identify as Tejana. My grandfather had always been a blunt man, and my grandmother would often be embarrassed when people would come over to their home because no one knew what he was capable of saying to them. My sisters and I jokingly called him the Mexican Don Rickles, an old comedian who was very funny, often at the expense of others. Still, my grandfather was an amazing man because he could still laugh and joke about his experiences despite all the hard work, struggles, and suffering he had in his life. One of my favorite photographs is one in which my mother, at about eight years old, is pictured standing in front of my grandfather. His arms encompass her small frame, and she has a huge smile on her face as if she had no cares in the world. The youngest in a family of ten, she was just a child when she picked cotton or whatever crop was in season alongside other migrant farm laborers in the heat of the South Texas sun. Later, as a young woman in San Antonio, she worked mostly in factories. She shelled pecans, the industry where just six years earlier Emma Tenayuca had led protests for labor and wage reforms, she worked steam machines in the laundry industry, and she cleaned fish fresh from the Gulf of Mexico. Shortly after his birth, he became very ill with a fever that caused brain damage and led to severe epileptic seizures for many years. I remember my grandmother telling my sisters and me that Uncle Frank almost died during that time, but she prayed and prayed to the Virgin Mary and, by a miracle, he was brought back to life. As soon as his condition was no longer life-threatening, my grandmother traveled to San Juan and, like thousands of other devout followers, paid homage to La Virgen by crawling on her knees from the church doors to the altar that stood many yards away. That story always amazed my sisters and me, especially because my grandmother told it with such great emotion and faith. She has always kept an altar to La Virgen de San Juan in her bedroom and prays every morning and evening for the safety and care of her family. Ever since I can remember, my mother and grandmother consulted curanderas for different problems they faced in their lives. They exhibited great faith in the power of these curanderas, whether they were seeking a special hierba herb for a stomach pain, a limpia cleansing for all the mal de ojo evil eye that people gave them during the week, a card reading to see if perhaps someday their daughters would get married or come into money, or, God forbid, a major trabajo job that needed to be done because even the Anglo doctors could not help with this curse. Because curanderas have a large clientele in San Antonio, my mother and grandmother would wait patiently while people who arrived before them were taken care of one by one in private consultation. My sisters and I would play outside on the front porch waiting for them to finish with the curandera. Our Americanization and my own Western skepticism made it difficult for us to believe in the practices of these curanderas, especially when some of these curanderas charged large sums of money for trabajos that seemed to promise modern-day miracles. As an adult, those early thoughts anger me as I recognize the culturally hegemonic forces that caused me to feel this way in the first place. By the time I went to school in the mids, there was little need to use corporal punishment to regulate Spanish use in school. The only time I ever heard Spanish in school was from the ESL students, who were few, alienated, and removed from our regular classes. As a child, I did not even realize that my ancestral language had been stolen from me. Any time I had to converse with native Spanish speakers, I felt culturally deficient. My great-grandmother worked in the cotton fields of South Texas all her life before she succumbed to ovarian cancer in her late 30s. As described earlier, my grandmother worked hard most of her life in both the agricultural and manufacturing labor markets. My mother began working full-time when she divorced my father and had to raise my sister and me. I remember my grandmother telling my sisters and me that Uncle Frank almost died during that time, but she prayed and prayed and by a miracle, he was brought back to life. The income of nursing assistants starts at minimum wage and does not climb much higher, yet they usually

perform the hardest work in the hospital systems and nursing homes. Their supervisors are often white, female nurses who have been educated and licensed or registered. The nursing assistant profession is comparable to the housekeeping profession, also typically held by Chicana and African American women who work under white female patrons. These professions, as Evelyn Nakano Glenn notes, are part of a colonial labor system that relegates women of color to the worst jobs: Yet she knew that she had few alternatives and that she had to care for three young children. I observed and learned from her efforts and the strength she showed despite the oppressive nature of her predicament. My mother, who learned from a long line of working Tejanas before her, taught me these survival skills. These experiences with my mother and grandparents have given me the strength and desire to survive despite the struggles I have faced in my own life. These stories help me connect with members of my community who have had similar experiences. They give evidence to people in the larger community as records of existence and resistance. Because memories are affected by time, distance, and environment, I do not want to forget them. Published Mon, May 23, at 9:

2: best Growing up in Texas images on Pinterest in

Texas is near & dear to our hearts and there just couldn't be a better place to grow up than in this wonderful state. Our page shows our Texas past, some of what's going on now & maybe a few upcoming things.

My dad grew up on a farm in Michigan. After he graduated from Michigan State, he was hired by the State of Texas to come to Wheeler and make a detailed survey of the rivers and soils in that area. My dad drove back to Michigan in , married my mother and they both returned to Wheeler where I was born in As far back as I can remember, my dad was a scientist with the U. As a result, he was sent to study a number of rivers in Texas to help determine the best places to build dams for flood control. Because of this, our family moved every few years. My sister Paula was two years younger than me and she and my dad were the athletes and the smart ones in the family. I realize now how lucky I was to grow up in a loving family. My mother and father did everything they could to keep Paula and me safe and help us to grow into good human beings. I love this picture of my mother and me. I think it shows the beauty and intensity of my mother and that I was a happy guy right from the get-go. My mother was easily the most influential person in my life. Some of this was because my dad traveled with his work and he was in the Army all during World War II, but mostly because of the loving and overprotective woman she was. She wanted me to learn how to do everything that I would need to survive and prosper when I grew up. She believed in hard work and reliability. As a result, I always had more chores to do around our home than all of my other friends had to do around their homes, combined. And I better do them right or I would have to do them all over again. I did not like any of these at all at the time, but I believe she helped me be the happy, energetic and industrious person I am today. This scholarship allowed me to attend the University of Texas that my family would not have been able to afford otherwise. My goal in life, every since I was about 10 years old, was to become a Navy pilot, so I majored in Aeronautical Engineering because I thought this would make me a better pilot. Attending the University of Texas changed my life primarily because I was now surrounded by other students who were willing to study and sacrifice to achieve a good education. I joined the wrestling team because my dad had been a very good wrestler at Michigan State. It turned out I was also a better-than-average wrestler but I really wanted to be a gymnast and diver. I was never very good at either of those but I did work out in the gym an hour or two trying to get better almost every single day. The University changed me in another way. I began to understand one of the most just laws of life: They will see they are becoming more of the person that they need to be to accomplish their dreams.

3: Boyhood () - IMDb

It goes double for growing up in the largest state of the contiguous U.S. That's because nothing looms large in a kid's life quite like those rites of passage so special to the Lone Star State.

Apr 4, 1. Essentially, these classes force kids to learn outdated social etiquette concepts e. However, it is a good opportunity for middle schoolers to practice traditional dances. Take me out to the Ballgame. State Fair of Texas. A post shared by Big Tex statefairoftx on Oct 23, at 2: Dressing up like a cowboy, cowgirl for family photos. Though most Texans might have a pair of boots or flannel shirt to throw on when they feel like living up to the stereotype, quite a few of us have been stuffed into the Hollywood version of a cowboy for childhood photos in a professional studio. Road trip for the holidays. A post shared by Texas Humor texashumor on Mar 25, at 1: There was a time when my father could pick me up at 6 AM, lay me in the back seat of the car, and be several hours into a road trip before I woke up in the middle of east Texas. Going to see families over the holidays usually involves a few touristy stops to see the restaurant shaped like a ship from Star Trek from I or other pieces of Americana Texasana? A post shared by Texas Humor texashumor on Feb 28, at 6: Growing up in Texas gives kids no such skills or sense of responsibility. Acting in the Texas Play. Every school has one. It could be about the discovery of oil out west, dancing with the Buffalo Gals, or bits of folklore that make for some fine entertainment for parents wanting to see their offspring representing Texas. Knowing how to order your meat. A post shared by Cowboy Gram cowboygram on Mar 27, at 7: Whereas only posh northerners in the big cities are able to escape and go English riding on the weekends, Texans have the space to indoctrinate all their children into riding with a western saddle at some point:

4: 30 Signs You Grew Up In Texas | Yes To Texas

Growing up in Texas was awesome. Here are 30 signs that you did. 1. There Was A Piñata At Most of the Birthday Parties You Went To. I'm 28 years old and I still have piñatas at my birthday party.

My daughter has no Mexican clothes. We discovered this when she came home announcing that her school would be celebrating Mexican Independence Day, Diez y Seis de Septiembre. We began searching earnestly through her closet for something for her to wear. I look at her, seven years old and dressed in Capri pants and soccer shirt, long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail and I think you are dressed like a Mexican. You are a modern Mexicana, mija, drifting in the soup of our family, friends, and community. Later, as we finished dinner, she started on her homework. I know cities! "Okay. I know the Texas state flower, the bird, the song. Suddenly I feel like a tourist in my own culture, bringing only trinkets while the deeper resonance of what it is to be Hispanic is hopelessly out of reach. I grew up in El Paso, where the differences between a superpower and a poor country stand in stark simplicity. The only difference between the U. A little girl running on that dirt street sees me, sitting in my car on the mountainside less than yards away across the Rio Grande, yet oceans of wealth, politics and poverty separate us. Her great grandmother stayed in Mexico. I want my daughter to see this border, to feel a kinship with the little girl across the river, to understand the culture that spans the shallow river. So I search for cultural threads to weave into our life. I tried at one point to sign my daughter up for folklorico dancing, the same dancing I learned as a six year old. The guerras, Anglo girls, signed up for ballet with soft pink shoes and frilly skirts and they danced in graceful circles. In my neighborhood, we signed up for folklorico dancing, with shiny black shoes with heels that made loud clacks on the ground as you stomped, and bright colored skirts so full that when you lifted one end up to your head, the middle still trailed onto the floor. My mother pulled my hair into a ponytail so tight I could barely blink my eyes, bright red blush shone on my cheeks. I called the Mexican cultural center in our community. Hola, I need a cultural infusion now. Where I watched the masked wrestler, Santos, from behind the living room couch. These are cultural Band-Aids on a fractured back. As our family steps forward into the future, how much of our inheritance is stripped away by the rushing waters of acculturation? I find a shirt and skirt my sister brought back from her trip to Mexico City and Sierra runs around in her costume, dancing into the sunshine of the living room. The embroidery spells out MEXICO in stiff block letters, and I wonder if I should pull her hair back into a tight ponytail and toss some blush on her cheek. What am I going to do? As my children stretch our family history into a future where borders have become threatening instead of open, where Hispanics step out from being a minority to being an economic and political force, will I give her something more substantial to carry with her than a few Tex-Mex phrases and an embroidered dress? That night I tell her stories of her grandfather, who raised cotton after his family had picked it on ranches for years. I share the stories of the long trips her great-great-grandfather took to gather salt, a four-day ride away by wagon. I give my daughter one end of the colorful ribbon that weaves through our family from the past. Your inheritance is in these words. It will not be washed away. You come from a hard-working, loving people. While I may not know their flowers, I know their stories. Take them, and weave them into your future. Desiree Prosapio is a fifth-generation Texan, award winning writer, and columnist. She writes personal essays about growing up in El Paso as well as humorous autobiographical pieces and fiction. Posted February 04,

5: Growing Up Multicultural in Texas

Texas teaches us a lot of things, and if you grew up here, you probably learned these 12 important life lessons that you can only learn in Texas. 12 Life Lessons Everyone Learns Growing Up In Texas menu search.

As you might already be envisioning, my personal creed is significantly contrary to the majority opinions of my hometown. Today, these differences give me a stronger appreciation for their unyielding acceptance and support. I admire the diversity and enthusiasm of LA, but my move to the West Coast inevitably invoked a few face-palms. My California friends thought my overalls were an ironic fashion statement, I redefined the standards of what I considered a financially reasonable happy hour, and I quickly learned to be suspicious of unidentified brownies. After watching one of my hometown friends save up for six months so she could finally see the ocean, it was hard not to scoff at a West Coaster when she complained about the Malibu beaches not meeting her aesthetic preferences. West Texas is on the other end of the cultural spectrum. In complete stereotypical fulfillment, I grew up participating in rodeos, singing Johnny Cash, and going to church three times a week. Some of my most defining moments were experienced at high school football games, and the best days of my life were spent at the lake with friends. Despite these positive associations, I still feel the urge to bang my head against the metaphorical wall of conservatism when I try to voice an opinion outside the typical norm. Somehow in the midst of my conservative upbringing, I turned into a democrat, a vegetarian, an outspoken feminist, and an LGBT advocate. Call it a symptom of my early twenties, but I have experienced cultural detachment from my inability to align my personality with my background. Incidentally, my small-town family and I have fundamentally different world views. After all, my grandparents recently switched denominations from Church of Christ to Baptists, totally breaking the mold of their upbringing in a full-on elderly rebellion. They not only endure my offset principals and various rants about the GOP, they embrace my differences as an essential component to our family dynamic. There is a profound lesson here that I have experienced firsthand: Claiming to accept someone while passively still hoping for a change in their lifestyle will only isolate a family member and weaken the unit as a whole. I am beyond grateful for the distinct phases of my life. Having a conservative family has provided me with a level of insight and understanding for alternative views. I naturally have the ability to cultivate a diverse group of friends and instinctively respect opposing beliefs. My background makes me feel grounded and whole because my opinions have been at the other end of the spectrum. The most valuable lesson I learned from my family is to truly accept every aspect of a person. From their love, I have formed my identity, and I hope to instill in my offspring an array of values I learned from my youth. No matter what my children decide to be yes, even if they become Republicans , I will unconditionally show them love.

6: 51 best Growing up in Texas images on Pinterest | Lone star state, Loving texas and Tejidos

Here I am with my dad Arnold, my mother Frances and my sister Paula. My dad grew up on a farm in Michigan. After he graduated from Michigan State, he was hired by the State of Texas to come to Wheeler and make a detailed survey of the rivers and soils in that area.

7: 9 traditions you'll face growing up in Texas

"Filled with the quiet humor that has marked her stories from early days in Austin and the same true-to-life voice of a little girl growing up in South San Antonio, these stories express Samarra's unyielding love for Texas and her Mexican-American heritage.

8: Alan Bean Art, Alan Bean Astronaut, Alan Bean Moonwalker, Alan Bean Paintings

Growing up in Texas gives kids no such skills or sense of responsibility. The only equivalent may be gathering leaves,

and being considerate enough not to blow them into your neighbor's yard. 7.

9: Growing up in Texas - The Portal to Texas History

"Growing up in Texas, you were either pretty or smart. Smart didn't get you very far because there weren't too many job opportunities for women. I wondered why you couldn't be both."

Morals in a free society. Chemistry demystified linda williams Learn Freelance graphics for Windows in a day The Payroll Department History of Nepal as told by its own and contemporary chroniclers. The archer and his son Colorado Private Elementary and Secondary Schools 1993-94 The PC Dads guide to becoming a computer-smart parent Run for the River The One Minute Apology CD Dinah Zikes big book of projects Bakhtinian Thought 8. SPME and GC-AED-Olfactometry for the Detection ABCs of ecology. PCs For Dummies Quick Reference (For Dummies (Computer/Tech)) Frog and toad full Taking action against drunk driving. Polysaccharide-protein complexes in invertebrates. Apostles into terrorists The art of no contact An introduction to object-oriented programming timothy budd Designing With Coreldraw 5.0 (Prisma Be An Expert! Series) 1998 compliance report, Acid Rain Program Come and dine (the real purpose of prayer Revelation 3:20 Get Ready for Fun! Business funding proposal sample Replace ument colors print Railways in modern India Pressure Ulcer Risk Philosophy of Balanced Reasoning What Price for Blood? V.6. Gordon to Hurstpierpoint. Effect of oil pollution of coast and other waters on the public health Wind Says Good Night The story of civilization will durant Supracondylar fractures of the distal humerus James R. Kasser and James H. Beaty Reflection Revisited Prosodic syntax and morphology in Chinese From pads to palette Joyful and triumphant