CALO OF A CHICANO FROM "CARLOS-MALO, CALIFAS"

Refugio I. Rochin
INTIMATE REFLECTIONS OF A CHICANO FROM "CARLOS-MALO, CALIFAS"

Refugio I. Rochin, Ph.D.
Professor & Director Emeritus,
UC Davis and UC Santa Cruz
Rrochin@ucdavis.edu

• BA Economics, University of California, Berkeley (1966)
• MS Agricultural Economics & Anthropology, University of Arizona (1967)
• MA Communication, Michigan State University (1969)
• PhD Agricultural Economics Michigan State University (1971)
• Honorary Doctorate Arts and Humanities, Northeastern University (2001)
MEET DR. REFUGIO ROCHIN,

DR. REFUGIO ROCHIN IS THE FORMER DIRECTOR OF SACNAS (SOCIETY FOR ADVANCEMENT OF CHICANO AND NATIVE AMERICANS IN SCIENCE).

DR. ROCHIN WAS THE FOUNDING DIRECTOR OF THE SMITHSONIAN CENTER FOR LATINO INITIATIVES.

**Caló**

- I am using caló to frame my talk about *mi cultura y vida*. *Caló es mi lingua-franca.*
- ‘Carlos-Malo’ refers to the city of Carlsbad.
- ‘Califas’ stands for the state of California.
- According to **José Antonio Burciaga**:

  - "*Chicano Caló is the combination of a few basic influences: Hispanicized English; Anglicized Spanish; and the use of archaic 15th-century Spanish words.*"
Why Caló?

Unlike Spanglish, a blended language involving Code-Switching and Code-Mixing, caló is more informal and conversational, tied to home and derived between and/or close friends.

Caló is spoken in barrios by tradition among friends – buddies - for socialization. Instead of making someone feel awkward for mispronouncing a word in either English or Spanish, we have fun with the expression and not the person. Caló is easily adopted for regular communication.

It may include Nahuatl (native Aztec) and/or Spanish or English or some antiquated term from a Spanish novel – such as the term “Califas.” But there are only a few texts or efforts to strain out the origins or meanings of words.
Unique Features of Caló?

Caló words and expressions became cultural symbols of the Chicano Movement during the 1960s and 1970s, when they were used frequently in literature and poetry. Such language was sometimes known as *floricanto*.

Caló is rhythmic and in some cases a type of slang similar to African American Jive. For example: “Al rato, vato,” means "later dude;" "al rato nos vemos" - see you in a while) / “vato” = friend or guy.

It is loosely spoken with literal translations – considered unacceptable by Spanish-speaking purists. E.g. “Deme luz” for “give me a light.” In Spanish, this means, “to give birth” or “to publish.” Corrected Spanish = “Deme lumbre.”
Malo – bad – Caló?

For speakers of caló there are also compound words that don’t come across clearly in Castilian Spanish: e.g. café negro might get you black coffee, but the corrected term is usually café puro or café solo [tinto in Colombia].

It is common to see the word “Barrio” (Neighborhood) spelled as "Varrio.” "Vato" (Dude) spelled as "Bato" or "Güero" (Blond person) spelled as "Huero" or even "Weddo.” “Baika” for bicycle.

[NOTE: phonemes pronounced similarly in Spanish: c/s, w/hu/gu, r/d, and b/v.]
*Mis Padres – My Father, My Mother*

Our *familia* used caló expressions with affection and without qualification as a valid form of speech. Moreover, our friends and relatives expressed feelings and sentiments in caló.

English speakers might say *Pop* or *Mom*.

Barrio speakers might say: *My Father* or *My Mother*, not Pop or Mom. The form being used really derives from *Mi Padre y Mi Madre*.

In retrospect, *caló* has been a bridge in my life, across barrios, cultures and societies – an invaluable gift from my parents and family.
Examples of Caló entre familia

• *Cuate*, buddy, bro.
• *Clecha*, classroom
• *Centavitos*, any amount of money
• *Chitear*, to cheat
• *East Los*, East Los Angeles
• *El movimiento*, the Movement
• government
• *Ese*, hello, hi, and reference to cool barrio man
• *Ficha*, money
• *Gaba, Gabacho*, Anglo-American, white, derogatory.
• *Gachupin*, Spaniards in Mexico, derogatory
• *Huacho* like “*watcho*” or “*watchelo*”, watch it.
• *Hayte watcho*, see you later.
• *Pushame* instead of *empujame*,
• *Lonche* instead of *almuerzo*,
• *Mocoso*, tike or mischievous child
• *Simon* instead of *si*, YES
• *Chale*, NO.
• *Echale* – get with it.
• *Chicano*, Mexican-American.
• *Mi familia* or *mi raza*, for friends and/or *cuates*.
• *Que suave*, how cool.
• *El mero mero*, the ‘big guy’, top dog, someone high in social circles
• *El Gran Chingon*, a man with the highest position in business or town.
Examples of taboo Caló

Our family’s expressions built trust, understanding, behavior, and much more for our lives. My Father and My Mother, however, looked askance at *Pachucos* and less educated *pochos*. We avoided their form of caló.

• *Pachucos*, sometimes called *cholos* [*"la choleria"]*, were also referred to as “zoot-suiters,” particularly by the US press during the 1940s. They were typecast for cursing with *"maldiciones,"* like *"cabron,"* *"no chinges"* or “*Chingasos*” (go to blows, a beating).

• Expletives in caló for damn, hell, and ‘stronger’ were blamed on *Pachucos*, considered hoods or worse.
Pachuco 1940s-Style: Ese Carnal!
**Caló de Pachucos**

- *Chuco*, young punk – dandy zoot-suitor 1940s, and now juvenile delinquent
  - *Pinche* and *Puto*, the “F” word and/or gay, without a real English counterpart.
  - *Buey*, for bro or brother
  - *Fila, filero*, knife
  - *Hijole*, son of a bitch, an exclamation, like darn it!
  - *La ruca, la loca*, references to females.
  - *Raza*, families of similar blood and tradition
  - *Ganga*, the gang, the guys.
  - *Grifa*, marijuana [Grifo, user]
  - *Mi chava*, my girlfriend; *ol’lady* was also used.
  - *Una chavalona*, a young good-looking female.
  - *Vatos*, friends, dudes, guys.
  - *Cholo, Indio*, Indian, mixed blood – derogatory term
  - *Pendejo*, fool
  - *Lambiche*, kiss ass
  - *Que hubole*, What's happening, usually elided into "qui'ovle"
  - *Camaradas*, homeboys/ and girls
  - *Hecho tiempo conmigo*, Someone did time with me.

Empathy for *Pachucos*

- Some *pachucos* were second and third generation Americans, but they were called Mexican immigrants. Because my father was a Mexican immigrant and my mother a third generation Mexican-American, My Mother and My Father, did not disparage *pachucos*. They often discounted them as not *educado*.

- Paradoxically, *mis padres* had little formal education. Neither went beyond middle school.
Mi Padre

Mi Papa, “Refugio” was born in 1908 in the Sierra Madre of Sinaloa, Mexico. In 1916, his father was murdered, leaving 8 siblings.

At 15 my father ventured alone and entered Califas by way of Tijuana. With $8.00 he paid for a US visa and stayed thereafter. In Los Angeles he joined hundreds of Mexicans on a train for Wyoming where he worked for five years on the railway.

He returned to California in 1928, where he met My Mother. He worked in local citrus groves. He learned the grocery business from my grandma and became a grocer and wholesaler of produce.
Americanos en Califas
Refugio Diaz-Salcedo, 1930s

HISTORY
of
RIVERSIDE
CITY AND COUNTY

By
JOHN RAYMOND GABBERT

A Review of the events affecting the Development of an Inland Empire; Growth of Cities, Industries, and a Record of Unusual Undertakings, Emphasizing Changes that have Occurred in the New Century

IN ONE ROYAL OCTAVO VOLUME
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

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1935

REFUGIO ROCHIN

Among the younger merchants of the Coachella valley who are, by their industry, progressiveness and square dealing, contributing to the commercial prosperity of this section of Riverside county, stands Refugio Rochin, who is the owner and manager of fine stores at Coachella and Thermal. Mr. Rochin was born at San Jose de Gracio, Sinaloa, Mexico, on April 22, 1908, and is a son of Ventura and Alejandra Rochin, the latter of whom still resides in her home country. The father, who is deceased, followed the mining industry and was a devout member of the Catholic church. To these parents were born eight children, two of whom are deceased. Refugio Rochin was reared at home and attended the public schools until sixteen years of age, when he started out for himself. He located first at San Jacinto, California, but in 1930 he came to the Coachella valley. On May 18, 1932, he established his present stores at Coachella and Thermal and from the beginning success has attended him. He is energetic and up to date in his methods and his relations with the buying public are such as have gained for him a host of warm and loyal friends in both communities which he serves. He carries a good grade of goods, such as are in demand in this section of the country; is prompt and courteous in serving his customers and his business is showing a gratifying increase from month to month.

On July 22, 1929, Mr. Rochin was united in marriage to Miss Juanita Rodrigues, of Colton, California, and they are the parents of a fine daughter, Laura Olga, born on April 18, 1934. Mr. and Mrs. Rochin are deservedly popular throughout the range of their acquaintance and are numbered among Coachella’s best citizens.
Refugio, Businessman 1920s & 30s
Mi Madre

Mi Mama, “Juanita Rodriguez” was born in 1913 in the barrio of Colton, California. Her parents were immigrants from northern Mexico.

My mother did not begin English until kindergarten. She became *bilingüe* – (bilingual and very fluent in either English or Spanish) and had a knack for words in *caló*.

The oldest of 5 siblings and the only daughter, she became a local sensation who sang *canciones* and played piano for community events.
Juanita as Princesa and Indian maiden “Pocahontas” circa 1926, Colton CA
Juanita Rodriguez was the featured pianist and singer at the Club Alianza Hispana in Riverside where she met my dad. She was 15 and he was 20. Clubs like the Alianza were places for Mexicans to party, share food and socialize. All in Spanish and caló. My dad said he fell in love at first sight. They eloped (bad idea) and married a year later in 1929. They were married for 65 years.
My parents developed businesses based on Mexican markets and service to community. From the time they married they became skilled merchants and wholesalers of Mexican food, raising five children in the relatively undeveloped landscape of San Diego County.

We grew up close-knit and worked in the business. We were somewhat sheltered, obeyed our parents without asking why or what for?

Our parents wanted to keep us in the business. I chose instead a different path, showing an independent streak of defiance. But supported.
Family Values – Mis Valores

I was very fortunate to have been reared within a close familia that valued honesty, hard work, respeto, resourcefulness, orgullo (pride), humility, education, musica, y caló.

We were expected to care for each other, to offer hospitality, show graciousness, look clean and honor our elders: abuelitos, tios, tias, primos, y mas.

Mis padres reminded us that every action we took reflected on our familias’ reputation, honor and status. We were la familia Rochin-Rodriguez!

Our parents were strict, especially with my 3 sisters, but not me – I was a man. My sisters had to watch what they wore, how they looked and acted in public. On the other hand, I had lots more freedom.
Mi Familia en ‘Carlos-Malo,’ 1949
[Abuelitas Alejandra y Manuela in center, me seated]
The Unspoken Legacy of Discrimination

What my parents did not share with us kids was the discrimination facing Mexican-Americans:

• Separate seating in buses and theaters,
• Red-lined housing & business areas,
• No representation in local governance,
• Forced English or punishment for speaking Spanish.
• Restricted use of community plunge (pool)
• Roundups by *la migra* of Mexicans strictly by profiling.
• Separate schools – far from equal treatment.
Life in the Barrio

• As a kid I liked to swim, especially in Colton where I spent time with my grandpa and grandma. Friday was our day. Only later did I learn that Friday was a Mexican day at the “Colton plunge” – the day before water was flushed and changed.

• I remember going to the movies and facing the Anglo owner who made sure that Mexicans sat on the left side and not on the right. Also, we would be scorned for using the bathroom.

• All the while my parents worked and worked and considered business as an equalizer. I remember my dad pronouncing himself as the taco king of San Diego County. I think he was.
Roundups - “Repatriation”

We did not learn from school teachers about the thousands of Mexican Americans [upwards of 500,000] who were picked up in the streets and shipped to Mexico – “repatriated” in the 1930s, without trial or attempts to notify family of their immediate deportation.

Soon thereafter the US began the “bracero” program as part of the War effort. From 1941 to 1964, there was massive legal immigration of Mexicans for farm work. These *braceros*, had no rights to labor organizing or unions.
Mexican Workers Wanted in October

Farmers and orchardists in Washington state have placed orders for approximately 6000 imported Mexican workers for the month of October, according to reports sent to.

Figure 14. A description of the demand for Mexican laborers (Source: Northwest Farm News, September 9, 1943).
Roving Doors

The “bracero program” ended in 1964, after a long battle by Chicano activist Ernesto Galarza, Ph.D., who showed that they served corporate agriculture but not the lives and well-being of workers.

From that time onward, the US has continued to round-up Mexicans and ship them back when jobs were scarce in the US.

Then US agribusiness would want Mexican labor and open the gates again for another influx.

On again, off again, Mexican immigration, a form of control and possibly – hypocrisy.
Unequal Schooling & Parent Activism

On January 5, 1931, Lemon Grove Grammar School principal Jerome Green, acting under instructions from school trustees, turned away Mexican children at the schoolhouse door, directing them to the new school, which came to be known within the local Mexican American community as *la caballeriza*, meaning "the stable."

In response, barrio parents refused to send their children to the new “Mexican” school, and since they were not allowed back at the “White” schoolhouse, this resulted in a boycott.
Lemon Grove & Legal Action

With assistance from the Mexican consul in San Diego, the *familias* hired two attorneys. A landmark lawsuit resulted, becoming the first publicized action against segregation led by Mexican parents.

In a major decision, the judge ruled that children of Mexican origin could not be segregated under the laws of the state of California, because they were "of the Caucasian race", and laws allowing the segregation of "Oriental", "Negro," and "Indian" children therefore did not apply. REAL JUSTICE!?
In 1941, Sylvia Mendez was in the third grade in Orange County, when she and her siblings were denied admission to the segregated, "white school" near their home. Her parents, Gonzalo Mendez, a Mexican immigrant and Felicitas Mendez, a Puerto Rican immigrant hired a lawyer and fought the district so that Sylvia could have an equal education.

In a historic court case of Mendez v. Westminster, et al, 1947, Sylvia won the right to attend the White school. The judge’s decision for Sylvia became an example for broader decisions, leading to the Brown vs. Board of Education decision of monumental proportions for civil rights.
Schooling Into The 1950s

My siblings and I attended K-12 in Carlos-Malo. Our classes were divided into A, B, C, with A being “advanced” and C mostly for Mexican kids to learn things like wood and auto-shop. “B” was mixed with a few Anglos.

I was in “A” class, with one other Mexican kid. Once in a group of A, B, or C, you rarely got reclassified. Many in “C” groups dropped out early for work.

I didn’t realize until college that most barrio kids didn’t have the same education that I did.
Belated Recognitions

On March 9, 2007, the Lemon Grove School Board named the auditorium at the Lemon Grove Grammar School in honor of Roberto Alvarez, the schoolboy who was the lead plaintiff in the case.

On February 17, 2011, President Obama awarded Sylvia Mendez the 2010 Medal of Freedom, a great honor. She has been an activist for all these years.

Schooling continues to be a major issue, as the poorest familias enroll their children in the poorest schools, with fewer Advanced Placement courses.
My Earliest Sense of Self Awareness

The biggest surprise for me was to find out that I was Mexican when I was five years old, when I started kindergarten. It was there that a white kid jabbed his finger in my chest, called me a Mexican, knocked me to the ground and gave me a head butt that gave me black eyes.

Later, my mother soothed me and said – son, you are Mexican. For whatever reason, I adopted my Mexicanness and felt proud of what my mom told me.

My parents were proud of me throughout their lives.
Knowing My Identity Helped – a lot!!

I practiced caló because I liked being a Mexican. I enjoyed having fun with words and was able to switch words depending on whom I was with or whom I wanted to impress or not.

Because caló is a part of me, imbedded in my mind, psyche, family, and networks of friends, I find that it soothes me, gives me pleasure, expresses my inner feelings, adds to my persona and shapes my character.

I know the power of personal identity – I know who I am.
Building Self-Confidence

My bold, confident nature, and caló, has opened doors for me all over. I learned this early-on.

I applied to the Peace Corps when it started in 1961 and served in Colombia (Feb. 1962- May 1964).

My first experience with Colombianos, was over my caló. They reportedly have a very fine Spanish vocabulary.

But when I spoke, I always got this look from them – like HUH? I didn’t take me long to realize that I wasn’t speaking Spanish. I would ask, what’s wrong with what I said? What’s not Spanish with pushame, watchame, lonche, etc.
Refugio in the U.S. Peace Corps 1962–64
[Pasto Narino, Colombia 1963]
Fashioning My View of Bilingualism

• My caló was unique in Colombia. I stood out.
• It was fun for me to engage my Colombian counterparts with my language. They seemed to wait for some magical word to come out of mouth. I suppose that I reminded them of Mexican movies that they really enjoyed, starting with Cantinflas, singing Charros and/or Mariachis of that period.
• On the other hand, I got annoyed when Anglo buddies would correct my Spanish. Why? I thought they were responding to me as a dumb Mexican who could not speak good Spanish as well as they could at the time.
• Gradually, I became bilingual.
English & Spanish for Caló Speakers

To this day I understand Chicano kids’ frustration with speaking caló, mixing Spanish and English. They face teasing and sometimes-outright derision from others who question their vocabulary and intelligence. I see them as part of my clan, *mi raza*.

I empathize with people who try to learn English or Spanish from scratch and end up with words that almost make it but come out unique - funny. That’s neat – *asi es* – hence, I support curriculum that teaches caló as a bridge to better skills in languages.
Bi-Lingual & Bi-Cultural – Simon!

• My *Mexicananness* helped me to bridge my identity with people of different cultures and backgrounds; not only in Spanish-speaking countries like Mexico and Colombia, but also in Pakistan, Korea, Egypt, Bangladesh, the West Bank and Gaza, and more recently Ghana & Kenya.

• In 1969-71, I worked for the Ford Foundation in Bangladesh and remote villages in the Northwest Frontier Province of Pakistan. I felt well received, better than other Anglos. I wore local clothes and spoke some Urdu.
North West Frontier Province, Pakistan: 1970
[Ford Foundation field work in Urdu, me on right]
Eating With Our Hands

What opened my relationships with Bengali and Pakistani villagers was my open nature, respect for elders, and ability to eat with my hands.

I grew up eating handmade tortillas and used the tortilla like a spoon. I grabbed meat, beans, etc. with my tortilla scoop. When Pakistani villagers hosted me with curries and chapattis, I ate exactly like them.

A chapatti is really a big fat tortilla. Villagers always compared me to foreigners and said that I was more like them. And, I was comfortable without trying.

Later, in Egypt, West Bank, and Gaza, I ate naan [flat bread] the same way.

In Ghana, I ate fu-fu with my right hand only. I was fine.
What it Means to be Multi-Lingual-Cultural

When Americans or *gringos* denounce biculturalism, bilingualism, I see problems for their travel, communication and comfort with where they are. It is actually embarrassing for me to see English-only, uncomfortable Americans out of context. I feel like extolling values of *paciencia*, *cultura*, *respeto* and the need to empathize with the locals; simply enjoy their time, with a smile. For me, life abroad is so much better when we go to learn, experience and join the ambiance.
Chicana/o Studies

At UC Davis in 1971, I was a professor of economics and taught theory and international development. I advocated for Chicana/o Studies on the side and helped form the first curriculum for the emerging program. I applied Economics to socio-economic issues of families like mine and communities of raza or Chicanos. I developed large projects abroad and at home, received grants, and published on topics of Latinos in science, history, art, business, employment and Latinos facing discrimination and poverty.

For me, knowledge of history, arts, culture, foreign language is “smart thinking,” a solid preparation for humanity at large.
Early Chicana/o Studies – *movimientos*
Today’s Chicana/o Studies: Education for jobs

I co-founded the Department of Chicana/o Studies. Our track in Cultural Studies emphasizes professional work in cross-cultural settings, cultural/art centers, artistic expression, theater and communications. The Social/Policy Studies emphasis orients students towards professional work in human service delivery, community development, legal services assistance, health services, social welfare and education. Both majors prepare students for advanced graduate and/or professional studies in related fields.
Unique Programs offered by Chicana/o Studies

We operate the Woodland Community Art Center for local youth. The center is dedicated to inspiring youth towards college and reinforcing culture and confidence through silk-screening, mural painting and family events.

We established the regional Center for Transnational Health (CTH) to seek solutions to education and health disparities through research-to-practice. Federally funded.

Our instruction and field studies in Oaxaca and Costa Rica offer students opportunities to study complex identity formations in a global context. Graduate units are available for this program.
Chicana/o Studies Artist: Malaquias Montoya
**Mestizaje – View of Race & Ethnicity**

*Para mi*, being Chicana/o means being inclusive of *mestizaje* (mixed-blood) and evolving forms of *caló*. Our first recorded Mexican was the son of a Spaniard and Indian woman known in Mexican history as Malintzin, Malinalli or Doña Marina. By most accounts she was one of twenty slaves given to Cortés by the natives of Tabasco in 1519.

Later, Doña Marina became a *mistress* to Cortés and gave birth to his first son, *Martín*, who is considered one of the first *Mestizos* (people of mixed *European* and *indigenous American* ancestry).
The Cosmic Race - *mestizos*

In 1925, José Vasconcelos of Mexico, published *La Raza Cósmica* (The Cosmic Race), an essay that countered movements for racial purity and that demonized racial mixture.

Vasconcelos viewed each race as endowed with a mission oriented towards creating a *quinta raza* – a fifth race - which would herald in an era of utopia: a harmonious union of the material and the spirit.

The *quinta raza* would foster an agglomeration of all the races in the world with no respect to color or number. *La quinta raza* would have the territorial, racial, and spiritual factors necessary to initiate the "universal era of humanity."
What About Jose_Vasconcellos? – First Point

Chicanos are not a race, a color, or an expression of anti-White or anti-Black. Chicanos are made up of all races, denominations, varied family orientations, from all walks of life.

When one knows the history and inter-breeding of Chicanos, they should understand that Chicanos have some of the same blood and heritage as them.

Some Chicanas/os have last names like Spielberg, Rosenbaum, Wilson, Cho, Lee and Johnson.
Booklet Produced by my students at UC Davis, 2007
La Raza Cosmica – Second Point

Nationally, the Hispanic population is a growing phenomenon. They accounted for more than half of the growth in the total U.S. population between 2000 and 2010, rising from 35.3 million in 2000 to 50.5 million in 2010; an increase from 13 % of the U.S. population to 16%.

In a decade the Hispanic population grew by 43 percent. This growth in Hispanics was due more to U.S. born Hispanics than to immigrants or foreign born. Contrary to popular belief, an overwhelming number of Hispanics are US born of second and more generations.
**Caló – Third Point**

U.S. Hispanics outnumber Canada’s population and the populations of all nations south of the border with the exceptions of Mexico and Brazil.

From the North Pole to the South Pole, more Spanish is spoken than English. Worldwide, approximately 450 million speak Spanish. About the same number speak English.

People who speak *caló* have a gift that’s far more ranging than monolingual English speakers; the future is theirs.

This portends a new majority with *caló* and *mestizaje*. 
Preparing for the Future - Why and What For?

I am not suggesting that a new race of people will populate America. I am not saying that Vasconcellos is right.

I am raising the question about the future of America. It looks like more people will share mestizaje, more communities will have new forms of language [possibly caló].

Moreover, Hispanics are already the largest minority group in the public education system with more than 1 in 5 students in the nation’s elementary, middle and high schools. In California and Texas, Hispanic youth are the majority in K-12.
Emerging Conditions

A harder task ahead will be to decipher the interests of emerging Latinos in the U.S.

Today’s Latinos are already different from their parents for one main reason; many were born here. Hispanic growth can be attributed, overwhelmingly, to the group's American-born children.

More Hispanic youth are bilingual, bicultural and increasingly influential within their multi-generational households. Mass media, music, art, food, dance, are increasingly Latino. Travel abroad and globalization are within the reach of everyone.
**European Interest in Americanos**

- I have been the guest at conferences in Europe. Their professors study American Latinos and Chicanos. They read our novels, see our documentaries and look closely at Chicana/o in wonder.

- I asked them why Europeans studied Chicanos. They all say that Chicano literature is eye-opening and the most enlightening way to see what immigrants and minorities probably experience in Europe.

- Yes- Chicanos have lessons for European teachers who want to address their domestic issues of discrimination, acculturation, immigration, employment and cultural divisions. They see resilience in our works of literature, art, music and scientific discovery.
The Future is You

Your education is vital for our future. It should never end, whether in college or out of school. Concomitantly we need to produce leaders with knowledge of broad dimensions in society and, I will add, the role of caló in our heritage and communities nationwide.

• Given this challenge, what can you do to get ready? What skills can empower your future, your lives y tu raza? I offer seven basic principles for your future.
First Point for a Good Life

Plant your feet - learn who you are and stand firm – A key to your strength and success is knowing who you are and where you stand among others. We do not need to imitate, but we need to emulate, communicate and appreciate pluralistic settings.
Second Point for a Good Life

**Reach Out** - build a community of friends and networks – When networks are made, then build a platform so you can Step-Up and reach higher. A strong reach and platform usually has four dimensions: (1) an infrastructure that enables members to identify and achieve a shared purpose, (2) a system with cohesion and strength, (3) a broader base for decision-making, setting priorities and practices and, (4) a way to create innovations and to try them out. For all times.
Third Point for The Good Life

Feel from within and without - use all that you have to enjoy life - see, smell, touch, hear, taste – develop them.

• Consider senses of meditation and prayer.
• Understand the “sense for inclusion,” need for privacy or “avoidance.”
• Know that “love and hate” are closely related.
• Ask how “Good” and “Good Decision-making” are powerful senses to acquire and achieve?
• Nurture a feel for these senses.
Fourth Point for The Good Life

Dream of the future and learn from your dreams - Dreams are considered a succession of images, ideas, emotions and sensations occurring involuntarily in the mind during certain stages of sleep.

• Dreams can produce vision and aims for the future.
• Aspire and aim where your heart wants to go.
• Dreams can be realized.
• Live the dream.
Fifth Point for The Good Life

**Act** on your dream(s).

- Use your identity, reach, feelings and platforms to do good.
- Apply concepts like empathy, integrity, openness, respect, honesty, hard work and humility into your actions.
- Act on love and let go of doubt, fear or anger.
- Sharing and assisting are strong acts of courage and love.
Sixth Point for The Good Life

**Yell out** - GIVE A *GRITO*.

- Rejoice whenever you can.
- Cheers, yahoos, hee-haws, hurrahs, bravos, whoopees are healthy sounds.
- Opening up with laughter is also a powerful antidotes to stress, pain, and tension.
- Nothing works faster or more dependably to bring your mind and body back into balance than a good happy *grito*.
- *Gritos* lighten your burdens, cheer others, and keep you grounded, focused, and alert.
- Gritos open the lungs, stimulate the body and express joy.
- Yelling out – cheering is healthy and possibly life extending.
Seventh Point for The Good Life

 Adopt a Mantra

 PRFDAY (think of A Perfect Day)

• P  Plant your feet
• R  Reach out and beyond
• F  Feel
• D  Dream
• A  Act
• Y  Yell Out
Principles Based On Experience

- **Plant** your feet: know and express your identity
- **Reach** Out: serve humanity and build-out
- **Feel** from within and without: form values
- **Dream** of the future: convert dreams to reality
- **Act** on reality: use your reach, your feelings, your values to educate and share.
- **Yell** out: give a *grito*- rejoice whenever you want – enjoy life to the fullest.
- **A mantra:** reflect, repeat and realize your strengths
What You Do at 72 Years of Age - GIVE!
Recent volunteer service in Ghana & Kenya con mi esposa Cassie Morton, 2010 & 2012
Have a Perfect Day - An Irish Blessing

May you always have work for your hands to do.
May your pockets hold always a coin or two.
May the sun shine bright on your windowpane.
May the rainbow be certain to follow each rain.
May the hand of a friend always be near you.
And may God fill your heart with gladness to cheer you.

Si Se Puede!!