

“Tu Madrecita Que te Ama” on Inez R. Romero

By Concha Durán Brown

There are a few people I have known in my life of whom I could say “they have walked in the footsteps of Jesus”. My grandmother, Inez Romero Tafoya Lucero, was one of those illuminating people.

My parents tell me that Daddy (Antonio Durán) would take me to visit Grandma and Grandpa Lucero with my blankets trailing in the breeze and the first thing she would do was to bundle me up tightly and Grandpa would put me on his knee and sing me to sleep with “Los Inditos de San Juan”, which goes “Los inditos de San Juan piden pan y no les dan, y se sientan a llorar en las trancas del corral”.

Grandma always had a large flower garden. Many of my childhood pictures were taken among her flowers. Her dahlias were the largest and loveliest in Dixon and she always had some huge blue morning glories winding about. During the summer we would “help” with the irrigation and weeding. I would “help” the ladies who would come to help re-plaster the walls with mud and calsumine them with the white powder they would collect from the nearby mountains.

When I was nine years old, Mother (Dorothy Barnes Durán) went to summer school in Las Vegas, so I was the woman of the house. For my first meal I was going to make beans and tortillas for Dad, David, June and Charlie, so Dad sent me to Grandma’s to learn how. I came back with cooked tortillas and beans which she helped me make. She enjoyed teaching me how to cook and bake.

Grandma often commented, “My you are almost as tall as I am”. I always thought that when I got to be as tall as grandma I would really be gown up. The day soon came when I was as tall as she, and then taller, but I doubt if I will ever be as “tall as she was” in love, patience, and understanding.