

JUAN LUNA | MY PEOPLE

My people: this is my family, friends, and my community. They are the ones I see everyday when I come home from work. When I'm with my family, we are always talking with each other asking questions like, "How was your day at work, how did it go for you at school, are you feeling well, and is someone giving you a hard time?" There is one thing that my dad and mom made sure of, and that was for me and my siblings to be at the dinner table at 5:00 pm.

When someone in my family does host a party for a wedding, a quinceñera, or a graduation, family, friends, and the community get together. At this party, there will be plenty to eat and drink. Some of the food will be carne asada, baby ribs, Spanish rice, some kind of salad, and lots of beer, tequila, sodas. There will even be some live music and mariachi. Everyone will be talking, eating, drinking, and dancing.

My people will also be there for each other for support and to help out anyway they can. For example, they will collect food for the ones in need, for whoever does not have transportation, they will also show up for your court dates, and when you are sick. They are also educators. That's who my family, friends, and my community are!

Juan Luna is a self-taught artist, activist, and intern with Organized Communities Against Deportations.

JUAN LUNA | SUNDAYS AND CHORIZO

Sunday mornings was my time to get some rest, enjoy the day, free my mind from everything that happened throughout the week.

Every Sunday, mom would get up early so she could make her kids their favorite breakfast. My favorite was scrambled eggs with onions, jalapeños, and cheese with some spicy Mexican chorizo, potatoes with onions and small bits of bacon fried together. The smells of the chorizo with onions and potatoes would fill up the house and would wake everybody up. There were always fresh cut flowers on the table.

Once at the table, everybody would push and shove to be the first one to grab the spoon and fill up their plates with the eggs, chorizo, potatoes, and some tortillas!

As the kitchen scramble was underway, our neighbor would be cutting his grass. Sometimes he would voluntarily cut ours down and my mom would give him a plate with food. He would ask my mom, “Is it muy caliente?” and my mom would say, “A little.” Just thinking about this makes me feel free and at home without any worries.

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