



SPOTLIGHTS

Darlene Gilliam: Reflections On Hispanic Heritage Month

September 29, 2020

I grew up mostly with my dad's side of the family, who are from Alabama. Roll Tide! We would see my mom's family, but they really didn't talk about their heritage or growing up. So within the last 10 years, my mom's cousin, Betty, started to get the extended family together with other cousins and Great Aunt Rosie. Most of them live out of state, but when we can get together we have a celebration. Lots of food, dancing and laughter! I enjoy hearing them tell stories of growing up down in Texas or wherever they were picking during the season. My Aunt Rosie talked about a painter back in the 1940s with canvas wrapped around his feet for shoes. He asked my great-grandmother for a meal because he was hungry and would work for the meal. My great-grandmother asked him what he could do and he said that he could paint. After he ate he painted "The Last Supper" on the dining room wall. He also painted something in every room in the house. When people would see the paintings they would be in awe. The family says that my great-grandmother never gave handouts; instead, she would let them keep their pride by having them work for their meal or pay them for the work they would do for her.