

# Hispanic Month

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Having my origins in the city of La Paz, Bolivia wedged in the middle of the mountain range of the Andes, a region that intensely experienced for centuries the colonial policy of extractive mining at the hands of Spain. I realized how that experience left deep wounds in the psyche of the colonized (us); hence, the celebration of our Spanish roots was always a hard concept to embrace.

However, with the passage of time the celebration of the day, and then the Hispanic month, from an immigrant perspective in the US has taken on a different color and meaning. It is for me now an encounter with the very fabric of those who call ourselves Latin Americans, separated by geography as exotic as it is varied, but united by the same sap that runs through our customs, language, history and shared experiences.

There has not been in all these recent years, an example wherein the short time that it takes to share a coffee, an empanada or a glass of wine with Hispanics from all corners of the continent, that we did not agree that in reality each of our countries, share dreams, and challenges, only expressed with different accent and emphasis.

Our similarities are extraordinarily much more significant than the nuances of culture that separate us. This understanding has allowed me to see the Hispanic Month from a different lens, one more focused on the immense richness of our culture displayed throughout our common geography woven by the thread of a shared language, a characteristic that goes from the Rio Grande in North America to Punta del Tierra del Fuego in South America.

Already here, as immigrants in a country that we have chosen as our own where we live together with our families, it is difficult not to see that we are part of the great homeland that knows neither borders nor artificial divisions. So now I do earnestly celebrate the Hispanic month.