

Observational Free

By Natalie Lawson

Free, a beautiful and wonderful four-letter word. We are so fortunate that we live in a free country. This makes for a life of freedom, justice, peace and dignity to a whole people.

When there is no freedom, it makes life difficult. As when my father went to Mexico and met my mother at a neighborhood get-together. My mother was only 15 years old and she really enjoyed singing at those parties.

My father asked my grandfather for her hand in marriage. Therefore, my mother was no longer free. Her mother had died when she was eight years old, so her custody was given to her two aunts who would watch over her until my father came back to marry her. She was no longer allowed to attend any parties. Wherever she went she was escorted by her aunts.

It took my father a year to save enough money to buy my mother's trousseau and clothes for himself.

In 1927 when he came back, the country was in turmoil. All the Catholic churches were closed and boarded up.

They got married in a house that was completely blacked out. The priest that married them on December 8 put himself in jeopardy because if he had been caught performing a mass, he would have been executed and my parents would have been imprisoned. Two days later on December 10 they had a civil marriage, she all dressed in her wedding finery that he had purchased at the Denver Dry Goods Store here in Denver. They had their reception and she sang at those parties for the last time.

We take being free for granted which could be o.k. because we feel completely and totally free.