

A joyful memory

Mother separated from her 10-year-old son

Mother: Well, my childhood was a happy poverty. Everything was nice. I was—we are a family of seven, eight siblings, seven girls, one boy. And well, with my sisters and my brother and my mother, my father we were very happy, [in] my childhood, and all the rest of my family.

We lived very close. We were very close. My dad always taught us, he would say, "if one cries, everyone cries, if one laughs, we all laugh." And that's what we are like to this day. "Your problem will be my problem." And that's how he raised us. That was all very beautiful.

We would go to the river because we carried water on our heads. Because there were no other means to obtain water. And we all had fun together, even if it was carrying water on our heads, but we were very happy like that.

Fanny García: What river did you go to?

Mother: The river was called—we called it "Pool of the Salamo*." It was about a six-minute walk from where we lived.

Fanny García: And was that pool part of a larger river?

Mother: Hmm-hmm, I mean, it was a big river, but that's how we described it, "we're going to the Pool of the Salamo to bring water, to bathe." We also washed our clothes in the river.

Fanny García: And why Pool of the Salamo?

Mother: Because it was like a last name or something, and there they gave each river a name. And then we grew up thinking that it was the Pool of the Salamo because my mom, my dad, they always said to us "go to the Pool of the Salamo to wash, go bathe, go to—" whatever.

**The name "salamo" is a Honduran word for a type of tree, the calán or [escalán](#).*

Separated: Stories of Injustice and Solidarity