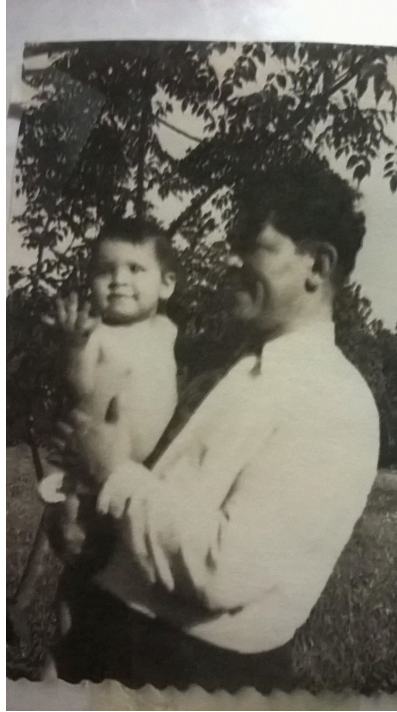


## Who was my father Delis Negrón?



Delis Negrón holding baby Delmira Iris, who was about 7-8 months old, doing "tengo manita"

My father, **Delis Negrón**, was an exemplary father, a devoted husband and faithful servant of God. He used God's gifts to stir emotions, thoughts and ideas through his words and actions. He was a self-taught GENIUS. Reading was his passion and always carried a book with him. At home there was a dedicated wall entirely filled with books he had read. He befriended knowledgeable people and learned from them as much as possible. My father founded two newspapers, one in Del Rio and the other in Laredo, Texas. He was also Editor in Chief of the original *La Prensa*, newspaper in San Antonio, Texas. He was a husband, father, poet, produced and directed community theatrical performances and was a philanthropist. He loved to listen to his 33-1/3 RPM collection of classical, tango, and rumba music.

Delis Negrón was creative and innovative. He would often surprise his children with an invention or discovery. Some examples are an incubator that he made for an egg which actually brought forth a baby chick and stilts for my sister and me. He also built a strainer made of four pieces of wood and a piece of screen to rid rocks from the dirt used to plant our corn field. He also loved medicine. He befriended the town

pharmacist and one could often find him discussing various ointments, home remedies and drugs. The story goes that much to everyone's shock, he once even performed "surgery" on a cat who was having difficulty delivering her kittens.

I remember him lovingly as a gentle, happy, optimistic soul; always smiling and showing a cute dimple and his beautiful straight teeth. He would give me piggyback rides, sing to me and even wrote a special song and poem just for me. When I was about five years old, he would take me to work. He would sing to me and would drive the car and synchronize the speed to the cross light so that it would change from red to green at exactly the time we would be crossing it. He would point out to me saying, "See, my little princess, I am like a King. Even the lights turn green for me when they see me coming."

My mother and father were like night and day. She, the realist, and he, the optimist. The story goes that when she found out they were expecting "another" baby (they had seven), she anxiously told my dad, "Oh no, Delis! We're having another one!" My dad's response: "that's wonderful, my dear! What a blessing!" Her response: "What do you mean?! We barely have enough food to feed the ones we have!" His response: "Don't worry, my dear; every little angel from heaven comes with his loaf of bread under his arm." Her response: "You're right. But ours eat it on the way!" I loved my father and miss him terribly.

By Iris Delmira Perez