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Narrator, essayist and chronicler, among his works stand out *Tajín y los siete truenos*, 1982; *Cómo leer (mejor) en voz alta: guía para contagiar la afición a leer*, 1990; *La musa y el garabato*, 1992; *Se acaba el siglo, se acaba...*, 2000; *Para leer mejor: mecanismos de lectura y de la formación de lectores*, 2004; *Asombro del Nuevo Mundo*, 2008; *La patria en verso*, 2012; *El Quijote para jóvenes*, 2013; *El coyote tonto*, 2013, y *El buen lector se hace, no nace*, 2014.

He has won the following awards: Juan Pablos (1982); Alfonso X Literary Translation Award (1983); International Organization for the Promotion of Children's Books (1984); and included in the IBBY Children's Book Honor Roll with *Lección de piano* (2004); Los Abriles Award, for *La urna y otras historias de amor*, and the Xavier Villaurrutia Award for *Conjuros* (2011). In 2015 he was awarded the National Prize of Sciences and Arts in the area of linguistics and literature; in 2016 and in 2018, the Granito de Arena Award, granted by the Secretaría de Cultura de Jalisco. Since 2004 he has been a member of the Academia Mexicana de la Lengua (AML) and is a member of its Steering Committee.

THE SAME FAMILY  
MIGRATION AND MISCEGENATION

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### THE SAME FAMILY.

MIGRATION AND MISCEGENATION

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# THE SAME FAMILY

## MIGRATION AND MISCEGENATION

Text by Felipe Garrido  
Illustrations by Mauricio Gómez Morin



# PRESENTATION

*The Same Family. Migration and Miscegenation* is a literary work that, as part of the **Árbol** collection, the Instituto Nacional Electoral (INE, National Electoral Institute) makes available to children and adolescents with the intention of promoting citizen formation and democratic values with simple and enjoyable texts.

This publication is part of the Estrategia Nacional de Cultura Cívica 2017-2023 (National Civic Culture Strategy 2017-2023), which aims to contribute to the improvement of our quality of life in society, as citizens with rights and duties. The purpose of this book is to spark the active participation of young people in matters of public interest and encourage them to become relevant actors in the political life of Mexico.

The text we offer addresses migration as a constant in the history of humanity and of those who leave their place of origin in search of opportunities; therefore, along the way it is possible for human beings to intertwine bonds of solidarity and affection. Currently, national and international migrants are vulnerable groups; in addition to the conditions of poverty they endure in their places of origin, the uprooting of their entire lives worsens their social precariousness. We want young people to be sensitive to this phenomenon from the perspective of the human rights enshrined in our Constitution.\*

This masterfully illustrated literary work is an opportunity to enjoy reading with family or friends. The story, to which the author has added great testimonial value, is particularly intended for high school students, but it can appeal to people of any age. Readers will be able to reflect on migration as a series of fundamental movements in the history of humanity.

The final pages of this book include the section “To Reflect and Discuss”, which is designed for teenagers, by themselves or accompanied by an adult that is close to them, to become familiar with the most elementary normative frameworks and conclude that it is possible to build a more equitable world for all, based on the combinations resulting from current migrations.

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\* Translator’s note (TN): It refers to the Constitución Política de los Estados Unidos Mexicanos (Political Constitution of the United Mexican States), which is the Highest Law that governs the lives of Mexicans.

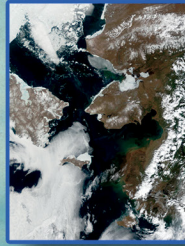
# An Uninhabited World

These four men we see here, in the foreground, and the three in the distance, are crossing the Bering Strait. They are passing from Asia to America, from Siberia to Alaska. They don't know it, but they're about to explore an uninhabited world for the first time, in search of a place to live. As far as we know, human beings rose in Africa and from there, over many thousands of years, they spread across the world.

In 1987, researchers Rebecca Cann, Mark Stoneking and Allan Wilson, in an article published in the British journal *Nature*, confirmed a theory that had been around for a long time: our species, *Homo sapiens*, originated in Africa between 140,000 and 290,000 years ago. From there, little by little, over the millennia, we humans have migrated further and further in all directions... including outer space.

We have done so because we are curious. We want to learn, to discover, to know what is beyond... We are ambitious; we hope to discover a mine, an oil field... We are nonconformist, and it seems to us that we always deserve more than what we have. That is how we educate ourselves: to learn more, to know more, to have more, to live in a better place. That is what, little by little, in all directions and starting in Africa, our ancestors did. Without realizing it, they moved from one continent to another and one day, without knowing it, they began to enter the lands that we currently know as the American continent.

What they were looking for was a place where the climate was favorable, where there was water... animals to hunt... vegetables, grains, fruits to gather... caves, or plants to roof some space and protect themselves from the sun and rain. There, they would settle down for a bit, many times in pursuit of the animals on which they fed. When the population grew, when there was a big earthquake, a flood, an eruption, a serious conflict, new bands would break away from the group, a few families would leave that site and look for another where they could settle.





## Three Possible Routes

**T**hese men we see here are migrants: they are leaving, emigrating from the Asian continent, and they are entering, immigrating to the American continent. The mural where Iker Larrauri painted these very remote ancestors of ours, in 1964, is in the American Settlement Hall of the National Museum of Anthropology and History, in Mexico City.

As you can see on the map next to it, the Bering Strait lies between the northwestern tip of America and the northeastern tip of Asia. It connects the Chukotka Sea to the north with the Bering Sea to the south. It is almost 83 kilometers wide. Nowadays, it is impossible to cross it on foot. But in the Pleistocene, one of the stages into which prehistory is divided, occurred one of the several glaciations that the Earth has endured. The temperature of the planet dropped in such a way that the ice caps covering the poles grew enormously; these

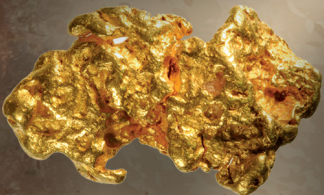
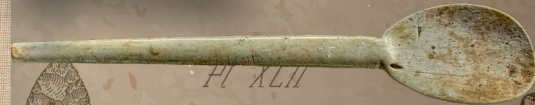
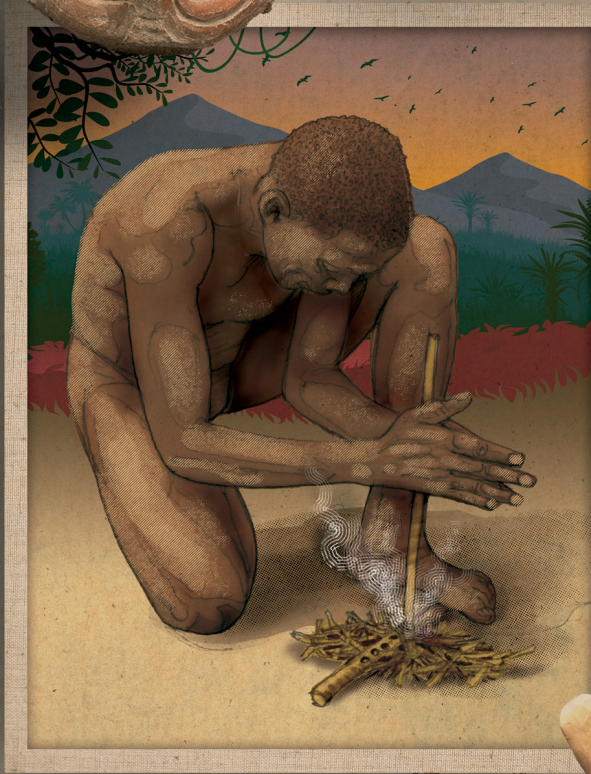
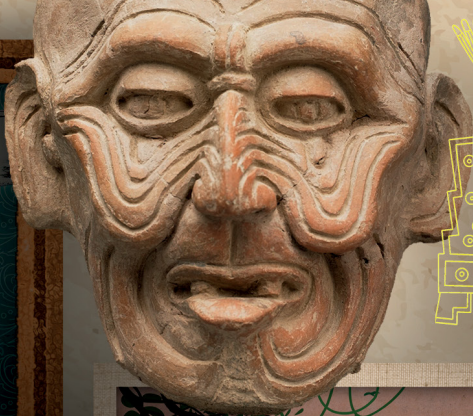
icy layers were formed with the water of the oceans; the sea level dropped and exposed large extensions of land that human beings could walk on foot.

One day, *Homo sapiens* began to wonder about the origin of the world, the mystery of death, supernatural life. They created gods, myths and legends to explain it all. They conquered fire; they learned to read the movements of the stars; they began to know the virtues of lands, waters, herbs; to cultivate some plants and to domesticate certain animals. Agriculture and cattle raising were born. In wood, bone, stone, clay, they began to carve weapons, instruments for digging and cutting, vessels, bowls, baskets. They became sedentary; cities were born. It was no longer that easy to move from place to place. They built irrigation systems; rooms made of mud, wood and stone; temples for the gods and priests; palaces for the governors and higher classes, the owners of commerce and land... They began to weave *ixtle*, cotton, silk... To work wood, clay, stone, metals; the spell of pearls, precious stones, feathers, claws and skins, silver and gold was born.

But we must not forget that human beings were born nomads. From our earliest origins we have been migrants. Those who leave a place, emigrate, exit, are emigrants. Those who arrive at a place, enter it, immigrate, come in, are immigrants.

The map in the following page shows three possible routes from the East to America. One is from the extreme south, through Antarctica. Another crosses the Pacific Ocean. Some of the inhabitants of the many islands in those seas could have reached America by crossing its waters. This was likely accidental, dragged by the sea currents. The third, through the Bering Strait, is considered a certainty. The antiquity of the various archaeological sites found on the continent shows that America was populated from north to south.





# Family Stories

“Whenever you see a crocodile in the street,” said Grandpa suddenly, almost shouting because he was half deaf, “what you have to do is calm your shudder and run away. But never in a straight line, because they raise their tails, get up on their legs, and they are fast as hell. And don’t laugh, because it has already happened to me twice: once in Mazatlán, on the dock, when we were—there were a lot of people—watching the sun go down; and the other time at the Zócalo, in Mexico City, when I was getting out of a cab in front of the Cathedral. If it rains you have to be careful: crocodiles hide in puddles. There they stay still, crouched in the dark water, with their eyes out, waiting for someone to pass by.”

Grandpa was bald. He wore linen suits, straw hats and flowered shirts, as if he lived on the coast. He gave piano lessons, French lessons, math lessons—he was a teacher—and he liked to walk. When I walked with him through the streets of Torreon, he would squeeze my hand and tell me: “Watch out, watch out, kiddo: puddle in sight.”

Grandpa was Spanish. He was born in Spain. Spain is very easy to find on a world map. It is to the right of Mexico, on the other side of the sea, of the Atlantic Ocean, above Africa, which is huge, almost as big as America.

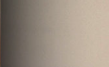
I don’t know where my grandfather was born, but when my father was born the family lived in Miravalles—Ugao-Miraballes is the name of the village in the language of the Basques, Euskera or Basque—, a village that now has less than five thousand inhabitants and is a few kilometers from Bilbao, in the northern part of the Iberian Peninsula. His wife, my grandmother, Leonor Salazar was, as her surname proves, from a Basque family. But my grandfather’s Garrido is Castilian, which means that at some point his ancestors left the center of that country to live in the north. So, my grandfather was an immigrant. His family left the place where they lived to settle elsewhere.

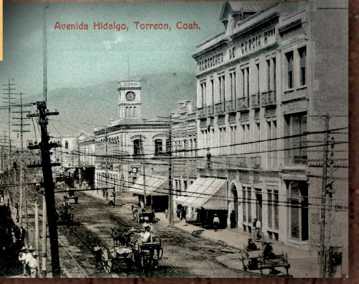
My grandfather was a restless man, with an adventurous spirit, an entrepreneur. One day, acquaintances of his invited him to cross the sea to go to America. To a city he had never even heard of up to that point: Torreón.

In those years, at the beginning of the 20th century, Torreón had become the richest city in La Laguna, a region that extends into part of Coahuila and part of Durango: it has fertile land, two inland rivers—the Nazas and the Aguanaval—and since September 1883, it features a railroad line that is part of the Central Mexican Railroad that connects it with the world.

Thirty-three years earlier, on the banks of the Nazas, which marks the border between Coahuila and Durango, the Torreón ranch had been founded with less than two hundred inhabitants. A railroad station was built there, and a city sprawled around it in a very short period of time. Dedicated mainly to the cultivation of cotton, which at that time was very expensive, La Laguna became very, very prosperous. Immediately, families from Zacatecas, Durango, Nuevo León, Palestine, France, Holland, Spain, the United States, China, Lebanon, Japan had come over... Thousands of immigrants came to call this place home. Many farmers—of cotton and other crops—prospered, and with them did the merchants, the cattle ranchers, the providers of all the services that a population needs. On September 15, 1907 the town of Torreón was promoted to the category of city; it had almost thirty thousand inhabitants. Cotton was the white gold.

Benito Garrido, my grandfather, arrived in Veracruz from Bilbao a decade later, on December 9, 1917; a year of earthquakes and wars. In Mexico, the Revolution was being fought, and in Russia, the Bolshevik Revolution; World War I ravaged Europe. Many people, hundreds of thousands, were fleeing devastated cities and battlefronts. Poverty, lack of opportunities to study and work, wars, criminal organizations, dictatorial governments, and violence force entire peoples to leave the place where they live to look for another. We see it happen in our day, in our America, in our country.







## *Braceros*, Undocumented and Displaced People

Because of World War II (1939–1945), many young Americans were recruited to fight or join the military industry, thereby increasing the demand for labor in the United States. Many Mexicans took advantage of this.

They were then called *braceros*\* because they provided the strength of their arms. Many met legal requirements, but others preferred or had to enter illegally. The Rio Grande was the main barrier and they crossed it: they were called *espaldas mojadas* or simply *mojados* (wetbacks)—we now call those who enter another country illegally undocumented. Their dramatic adventures provided the subject matter for a great novelist, Luis Spota, to publish in 1948 a work that continues to captivate readers: *Murieron a mitad del río* (*They Died in the Middle of the River*).

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\*TN: *Bracero*: a person who uses his arms (*brazo*, in Spanish) to work.

(I open a parenthesis to recommend a book to you, another book—everything is in the books—: *Juan Pérez Jolote* tells how, during the Revolution of 1910, a Tzotzil who lived in Chiapas was raised by the *leva*—the practice of kidnapping young people to forcibly enlist them in an army. Its author is Ricardo Pozas; it was published by the Fondo de Cultura Económica in 1952 and has been reprinted over 30 times. Carried from one place to another by the revolt, Juan Pérez Jolote travels almost the entire country until the Revolution subsides and life takes him to a place where he can lay down roots. There is much to learn from reading this work, which was born as an anthropological research work.)

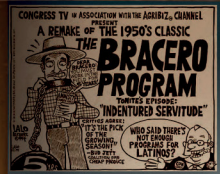
(I open another parenthesis to remind you now a story by Juan Rulfo, “La cuesta de las comadres<sup>\*\*</sup>” [“The Slope of the Comadres”]. It’s part of his book *El llano en llamas* [*The Burning Plain*]. If you’ve already read it, congratulations, and it’s time for you to read it again—rereading is more important than first reading. If you haven’t read it, it’s about time, because it’s wonderful. It narrates the adventures of two brothers surnamed Torrico who are assailants and murderers, and how their crimes cause their neighbors to end up leaving there. Rulfo writes:

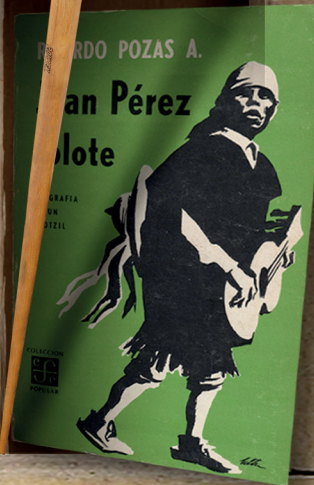
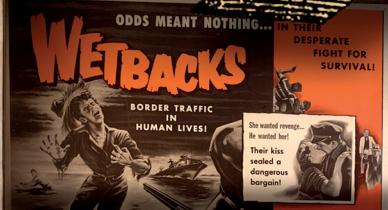
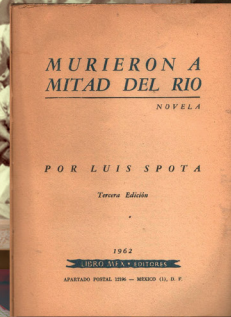
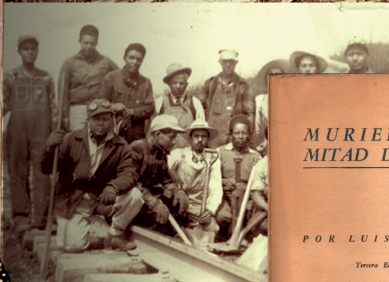
By that time most of the people had already gone. At first, they left one by one, but toward the end they left in bunches. They just packed up and left, before the cold weather arrived. I remember all the years when the cold weather ruined the crops in just one night. It was the same that year, and that’s why they left. They must have thought it was going to be the same all over again, and they didn’t want to go on putting up with the bad weather almost every year and the Torricos almost all the time.

This continues to happen today. At times, violence has caused people in very small communities in the mountains of Michoacán, Guerrero, Oaxaca, and in other equally remote places, where there is no one in charge of maintaining order, to take their small animals and their very scarce belongings and seek to approach larger populations. We call those who are forced to migrate ‘displaced’.)

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<sup>\*\*</sup>TN: In Mexico, women who have frequent coexistence and communication are called *comadres*. In masculine the word *compadre* is used.







## Reason for Love and Convenience

Wars have always caused displacements and migrations, whether of crowds or entire peoples, or of women and men determined to get ahead.

A new threat of the Turkish armies against Palestine—the history of their conflicts is long—at the dawn of the twentieth century, motivated the family of Salvador, a 14 year-old boy, to protect him from forced recruitment; they put 40 dollars in his pocket and shipped him to America. For health reasons, passengers were not allowed to disembark in New York. They did so in Tampico, where an old Palestinian who had already been in Mexico for many years guided them so that they could receive help from other countrymen. Salvador went to Monterrey. Selling *barilla*\*—haberdashery—on the street, he began a successful career from a merchant who led him, after many years of work, to own several houses, a hotel, railway wagons...

Years earlier, on a rainy night during a business trip, he arrived at a rundown inn in Durango. The owner had two fifteen-year-old daughters, so beautiful that she feared what might happen to them if a group of revolutionaries took the city. So, she was dismantling her business to go with her daughters to the mountains, where the family was. Salvador was tired, and he didn't care that there were no longer wardrobes or chairs. The next day, to comb his hair, he took advantage of his reflection in a window, which he approached as Sara, one of the girls, was crossing the courtyard. The brief glimpse was enough for him to feel captivated... I won't

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\*TN: *Barilla*: in Mexico, trinkets, usually haberdashery, offered by a street vendor. Currently, this word is hardly used.

recount the details; the affair ended in a wedding. Sara and Salvador settled in Durango, had seven children—the youngest of them was Mrs. Sonia, my wife—and later moved to Torreón.

Patricia, a charming, active and lovely *chilanga*,\*\* expert in computing and cultural management, stumbled into Steve on the Internet, who lived in some city in the middle of the United States, and dedicated himself to psychoanalysis, to write children's stories and books of spiritual orientation. Emails came and went; calls became more and more frequent; zoom, WhatsApp, Facebook collaborated. Steve came to Mexico to meet Patricia off-screen; Patricia traveled north to see Steve's house... now they live together somewhere in Morelos.

Love also has to do with migrations.

The digital world is a thing of our days, but arranging a long-distance wedding is as old as mankind. Marriages have always served to establish alliances: between two kingdoms, two families, two commercial firms... and it often happens that, even if they are not princes, nor great businessmen... emigrants, when they decide to marry, seek to do so with someone from their homeland.

One of my grandmothers—I have many, I love them; as they accumulate years they become wiser, more curious and funnier—met her future husband by mail. A boy from her town in Spain who came to Cuernavaca with an uncle who owned hardware stores. When the young man began to prosper, he thought it was time to marry and began to send letters to his fellow countrywomen, the girls he remembered. Just like the Internet, although somewhat slower. The letters came and went, and six or seven months later, María Luisa—that's the name of this grandmother of mine—embraced her husband for the first time—they had already married by proxy, as they say—in one of the docks of Veracruz, where the beau had arrived three days before to wait for her.

Back to my grandfather: Don Benito arrived in Veracruz in 1917, when he was 31 years old, without his family, to settle down with greater freedom of movement. In Miravalles he had left his wife, Doña Leonor, and his three children: Angelita, Ignacio and Victoria. They caught up with him almost five years later, in October 1922. This strategy is repeated in

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\*\*TN: *Chilango*: colloquial name given to the inhabitants of Mexico City.

many cases of migration. Ignacio, my father, was a brat child who had just turned eight years old and only spoke Basque; his mother had not been able to breastfeed him and he had grown up in the arms of a wet nurse, in a small town near Miravalles, where very few spoke Spanish. My father had to come to Torreón to learn to speak Spanish.

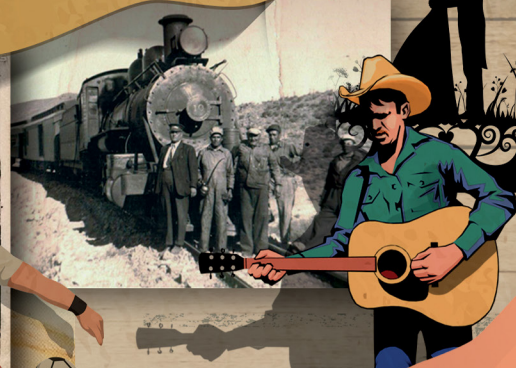
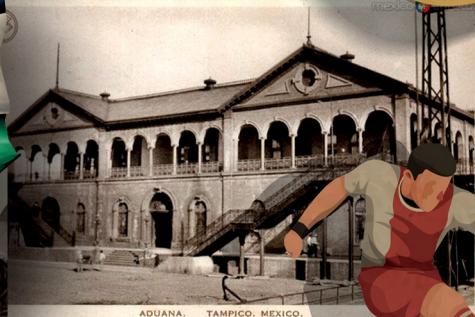
Meanwhile, two other migrants had arrived in La Laguna. Guadalupe Reyes came from Durango, and José Reyes—they had the same last name, but were not related—from Monterrey. They met at a railroad hospital where José, a railroad worker, arrived with pneumonia and where she—already the mother of a boy and a girl—was a cook. They met, got to know each other, fell in love, married and had two children: María de los Ángeles—my mother—and José, uncle Pepe, a great guitarist and owner of the loudest and most joyful laugh I have ever heard.

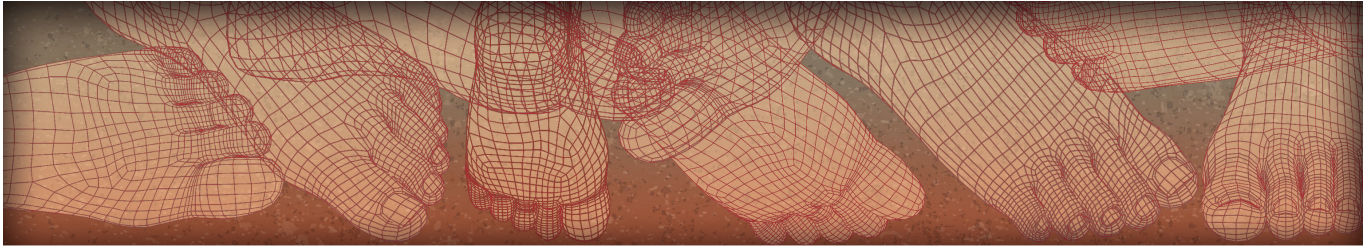
As time went by, María de los Ángeles Reyes Reyes—secretary at the Chamber of Commerce—and Ignacio Garrido Salazar—accountant, the most formidable soccer player that ever stepped foot in La Laguna—met, got to know each other, fell in love, married and had a son—my brother Ignacio—who died a few days after his birth. An irreparable blow for our mother, who died mourning him seven decades later.

Times changed, La Laguna suffered ups and downs in the process of assimilating the consequences of President Cardenas' agrarian distribution, and my father's employers looked for new places to continue their businesses. My father went to Guadalajara to open a *huaraches*<sup>\*\*\*</sup> factory. When they settled in their new city my mother was pregnant. I was born on Hospicio Street, at home, in the building where my parents lived, one of the buildings that were razed to build the Plaza Tapatía. Therefore, I am also a migrant—and that was the first time I changed cities.

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\*\*\*TN: *Huarache*: a kind of leather sandal.





## A Family of Migrants

All of us in the family, the most and the least, have been, are and will continue to be migrants. These days, a niece is emigrating to Malaga, Spain. She and her son—seven years old—are already on the other side of the ocean. Her husband will catch up with them in a few weeks. He stayed in Querétaro, where they were living, to sell the house, the car, some furniture, and the house...

I have two sisters who live with their families in Canada. The older one, María de los Ángeles, studied medicine at UNAM and went to Canada to obtain a postgraduate degree, but there she ran into a Paraguayan as brilliant as her and ... the usual. My other sister, Esperanza, was sent by UNAM—with a husband and three children, at that time young kiddies—to open an academic extension school in Ottawa, which she directed during her first 18 years. After that time, she was replaced as head of the school, but by then, the children were already married, had good jobs, as did her husband... The third of my sisters lives in Mexico and has three children: the oldest, a brilliant physicist, went to graduate school currently lives in Dallas; the youngest is the one who is migrating to Spain; the middle one has not left the country.

Human beings have always lived changing places. In search of better living conditions. The vast majority of migrations are like that, not very visible, nothing spectacular. But there are others of epic dimensions. Some are rooted in the realm of the legendary, the mythical, the supernatural.



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## San Gabriel

Enrique Trujillo González tells in his book *San Gabriel y su historia a través del tiempo* (*San Gabriel and its History Through Time*) that in 1574 a great earthquake and then the “great pestilence” of the following year, as well as the great eruption of the Colima volcano in 1576, destroyed the town of Amula, in the mountains of Jalisco.

In small groups, the survivors dispersed; they undertook an exodus that we can imagine if we remember the pilgrims of “Talpa” or those displaced by the Torrico family in “La cuesta de las comadres.” They took with them what little they had left, and left with the bundle on their backs in search of a place to establish another town.

One of these groups carried the image of the Lord of Amula, a miraculous Christ that had long been venerated in the town. One day, where the roads from Amula to Jiquilpan and from Tuzcacuexco to Sayula cross, they stopped to rest and placed the image in the shade of a mesquite tree. The next morning, when they wanted to resume their travelling, they could not move it. Then they deliberated and decided to stay in that place. There, they founded San Gabriel. They built a church of wood and tiles for Christ. The temple that can be seen today is not the original construction, but it is said that the trunk of the mesquite, the founding tree, is preserved under the altar.

The town grew and then the Hacienda de San Gabriel arose nearby, which was later called Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe del Salto del Agua. The Jiquilpenses, Indians who lived in the region at that time, as the chronicles state, soon began to have conflicts with the hacienda, due to boundary issues “between the Picacho crag, the hill of Comal and even near the confluence of the rivers”, and ended up, as has almost always happened in different parts of the country, going back to the mountains.

This San Gabriel is the same place where Juan Rulfo was possibly born. The same one that he so beautifully describes at the beginning of his story “En la madrugada” (“At Dawn”):

San Gabriel emerges from the fog wet with dew. The night clouds slept over the town seeking the warmth of the people. Now the sun is about to rise and the fog rises slowly, rolling up its sheet, leaving white strands above the rooftops. A gray vapor, barely visible, rises from the trees and from the wet earth attracted by the clouds; but it vanishes right away. And behind it appears the black smoke from the kitchens, smelling of burnt oak, covering the sky with ashes.

Far away the hills are still in shadow.

A swallow crossed the streets and then the first chime of dawn sounded. The lights went out. Then earth-like stain enveloped the town, which continued to snore a little longer, drowsy in the warmth of dawn.



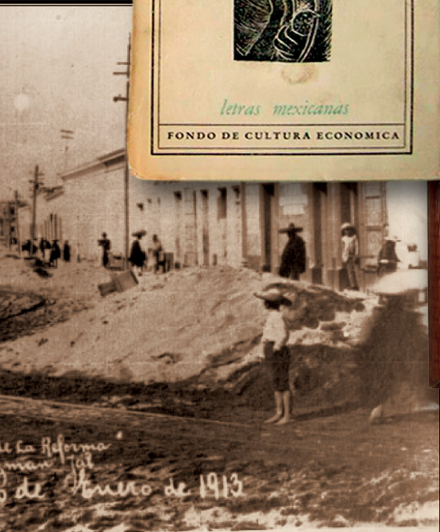
No. 28. Volcan de Colima, México  
Este es el famoso volcan.  
Desde mi llegada no lo he podido  
ver bien, pues está siempre cubierto  
de nubes: tampoco humea a menudo.  
Caso

Colima, 19 de Mayo 1908



INSTITUTO VULCANOLÓGICO  
N.º 4 C. GUZMÁN  
GOBERNADOR DE  
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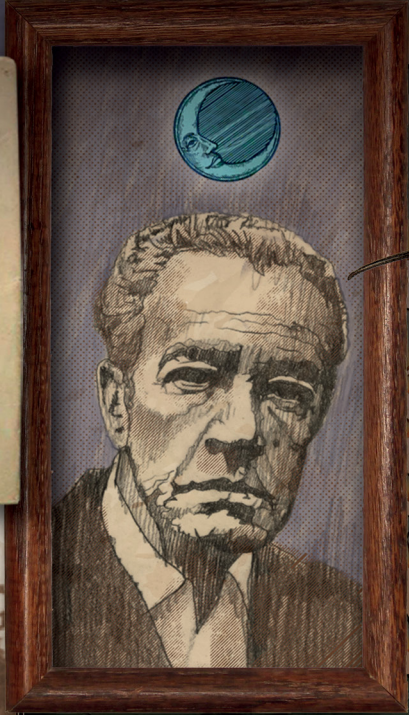
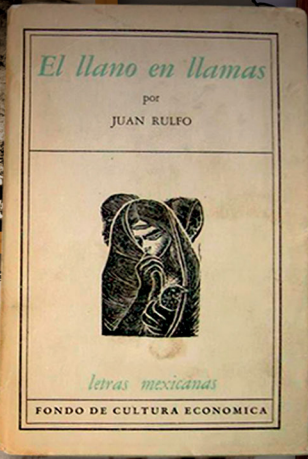
TELEGRAFOS FEDERALES

CONDICIONES  
El telegrama se transmite por el sistema de las corrientes eléctricas, y el servicio de las comunicaciones es gratuito para el remitente y el receptor, pero el costo de la transmisión es a cargo del receptor. El telegrama se transmite por el sistema de las corrientes eléctricas, y el servicio de las comunicaciones es gratuito para el remitente y el receptor, pero el costo de la transmisión es a cargo del receptor. El telegrama se transmite por el sistema de las corrientes eléctricas, y el servicio de las comunicaciones es gratuito para el remitente y el receptor, pero el costo de la transmisión es a cargo del receptor.

Telegrama recibido en Ciudad Guzmán, Jalisco, el 20 de Julio de 1913.

N. JAL. 20. BZ. 05. N. 13. 64 OFF. 128 D. 2.35 P. 3.45. PM. EL ESTADO.

EL MENSAJE ANTERIOR REINA COMPLETA OBSCURIDAD. PLATANAR SE ABRIÓ UN NUEVO CRATER, NO GESA. QUE LA LLLUVIA DE ARENA EN MUCHA CANTIDAD, ARMADOS, AGOLPARONSE A PEDIR LICENCIA PARA PASAR POR LAS CALLES, YO NO DI PERMISO PERO QUE CONTENER AL PUEBLO, ¿QUE HAGO? ROSAMONTE, J. P. BORGÉ VALENTI.



# The People of Huitzilopochtli

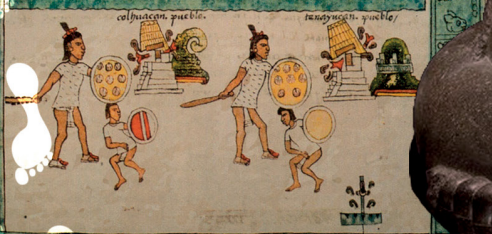
When the Toltec overlordship began to decline in the 12th century, the Chichimecas, the peoples of the north, began to advance southward.

One of those peoples were the Aztecs. According to their myths, they were the last of eight tribes to leave Chicomoztoc, the cavern of the seven niches, in Aztlan, the Land of the Herons, from which they took their name. By orders of their god Huitzilopochtli, the entire Aztec population set out southward, in search of a place that their god would indicate for them to settle. Many times, the Aztecs stopped somewhere and lived there for some time—it could be very long—until they received the order to move on again.

Finally, after more than 300 years, they arrived in the Valley of Mexico and took refuge in the lordship of Azcapotzalco, where they were allowed to settle in Chapultepec. But the Aztecs attacked their neighbors—Colhuas, Tepanecas, Xochimilcas—to capture prisoners and sacrifice them. They were rejected, had to flee, and many were imprisoned, but finally the lord of Culhuacán allowed them to settle in Tizapán.

Tizapán was infested with snakes; allowing the Aztecs to settle there was meant to be a deception: the intention was that the snakes would wipe them out. But Huitzilopochtli taught them how to hunt them and they ended up eating them. The Aztecs asked the lord of Culhuacán to give them his daughter to turn her into a goddess. What they did, by order of their god, was to sacrifice the maiden and remove her skin. The priest who received the girl's father when he arrived with the Aztecs dressed himself with her skin and clothes. Enraged, the lord of Culhuacán ordered his warriors to finish them off.

Huitzilopochtli's people fled to Iztapalapa and settled on an islet. According to legend, this is where he found promised sign, and in 1325 founded Mexico-Tenochtitlan.



# Major Explorations Begin

A century later, Europe began its expansion into Africa, Asia and later America. Some Italian cities, especially Genoa and Venice, heirs to the nautical tradition of the Mediterranean, controlled trade with the East, which included spices—cloves, pepper, cinnamon, among others—that were needed to preserve and prepare food, and other highly valued products, such as silk and precious metals. Their explorations were possible because at that time Europeans already had compasses and astrolabes, and had developed astronomical tables that allowed them to orient themselves anywhere, even in deserts and in the high seas.

In 1095, Pope Urban II incited the European nobility to invade and conquer the Holy Land, which was in Muslim hands, in order to return it to Christianity. Peter the Hermit, a needy monk, heeded his call and organized the first crusade, which failed miserably. The last, the eighth, was formed in 1291. In those 300 years of struggles there were some Christian victories, but the failure of the enterprise, militarily and politically, was resounding. Not so much on the trading side.

The Crusades allowed the European nobility to establish commercial centers on the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and to seize colonial domains in Africa and Asia. In the same centuries, between the 12th and 14th centuries, Genghis Khan, the Mongol conqueror, extended his vast empire in Asia, which allowed Europeans to travel from one side to the other, open new trade routes and take advantage of the technological advances of the East.

In 1254, Mateo and Nicolas Polo, Venetian merchants, opened up new trade routes in the Mongol Empire. Arriving in Cathay, as they called China, they were received by the Great Khan Kublai. Some time thereafter, Nicholas returned accompanied by his son Marco, a 15 year old boy that the Khan liked so much that he made him part of his court, where he remained in his service for 23 years. This time, the Polo family returned to Venice with some novelties: gunpowder, paper, print and pasta. Most importantly, Marco Polo, with the

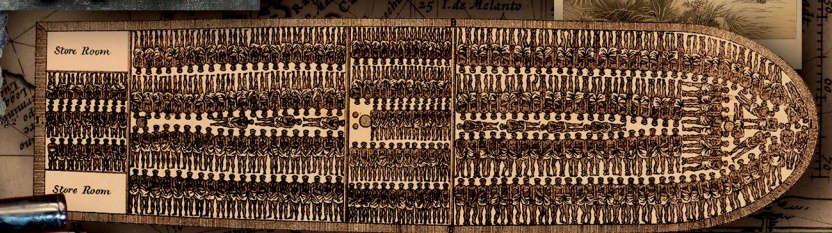
help of the writer Rustichello of Pisa, wrote *The Million*, a book recounting his voyage that fired the imagination of future travelers—Columbus had a copy, which he had carefully annotated.

In 1453 Constantinople, now Istanbul, fell to the Turks and became the capital of the Ottoman Empire. This closed the land routes to the East, and Europeans began to look for ways to reach the East by sea. In the 15th century the Portuguese invented the caravel, which had larger sails and could carry more weight. A son of King John I, Henry the Navigator, surrounded himself with sailors, astronomers and men of science and set out to explore the coasts of Africa.

In 1442, Pope Nicholas V had authorized the king of Portugal to enslave the infidels, all those who were not Catholic. This sparked the beastly slave trade which, it is estimated, cost the freedom of some 30 million Africans between the 15th and 19th centuries. In 1488, the Portuguese Bartolomé Díaz succeeded in rounding the Cape of Good Hope, at the southern tip of Africa, thus opening the way to the East by sea.

The same year, in which the Catholic Monarchs unified Spain and succeeded in expelling from its territory the Muslims who had partially occupied it for 800 years, 1492, Columbus signed a commercial agreement with the monarchs and embarked on his adventure: to reach the East by sailing to the West because, as was already known, the Earth is round. He made landfall on October 12, and never knew that he had not reached China, but a continent unknown to Europeans. His voyage was not, as some believe, an isolated enterprise. It was part of a movement that spanned centuries, fueled by Europe's ambition.



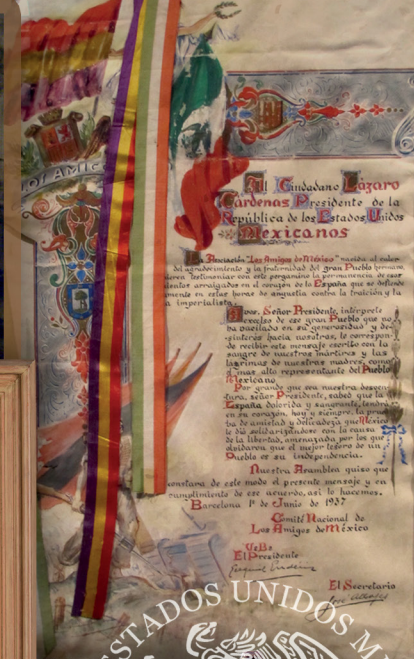


# Spanish Immigration

Let's go back to the 20th century. In 1936, General Francisco Franco rose up in arms in Spain against the Second Republic. After three years of civil war, Franco triumphed and became a dictator who led his country until his death in 1975, 36 years later. He changed the names of important avenues, and destroyed and built monuments believing that he was changing history. He fiercely persecuted the Republicans, who were forced to leave Spain to save their lives. It is estimated that 150 thousand of them emigrated to our country.

It was a migration that benefited Mexico in a remarkable way, because many of those exiles were people with a very high education and intellectual level. Doctors, engineers, philosophers, poets, lawyers, storytellers, economists, film and theater people, painters, editors, and journalists arrived. The refugees founded magazines and publishing houses, opened schools, strengthened universities, museums, orchestras; they helped to create both the Casa de España en México, which currently is El Colegio de México, and the Fondo de Cultura Económica, which for many years was one of the most important publishing houses in the Spanish-speaking world.





**NUESTRA BANDERA**  
 REVISTA MENSUAL DE ORIENTACION  
 POLITICA, ECONOMICA Y CULTURAL  
 DIRECTOR: ANSEL BARRIOS    Administrador: Emilio L. Rojas  
 Año I    México, D. F. - Junio 1940    Núm. 1



**LITORAL**  
 TERCERA EPOCA - NUMERO UNO  
 Cuadernos mensuales de poesia, pintura  
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 MEXICO

**ESPAÑA PEREGRINA**  
 JUNTA DE CULTURA  
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 8-9

**EXPOSICION CONJUNTA  
 de ARTISTAS PLASTICOS  
 MEXICANOS y ESPAÑOLES  
 RESIDENTES EN MEXICO**



**CUADERNOS  
 AMERICANOS  
 MEXICO**



Los artistas del Tall  
 los trabajadores y l  
 triunfo del glorioso  
 Unidas sobre la Ai



# The Present

In the first third of the 20th century, Mexico received refugees fleeing the newly formed Soviet Union. The most famous of all was Leon Trotsky. Between 1938 and 1940, more than 700,000 Jewish, German and Italian immigrants arrived, fleeing fascist dictatorships in Germany and Italy. In 1954 they were Guatemalans fleeing their civil war, and Americans persecuted by McCarthyism. Between 1970 and 1990 Mexico received thousands of Argentines, Chileans, Peruvians, Colombians, Guatemalans, Salvadorans, and Nicaraguans who were persecuted in their countries. And in the eighties and nineties it was Cubans, Koreans, Russians and citizens of the former Soviet republics. Mexicans had left before, during the Revolution, and sought refuge mainly in Spain and the United States.

People living outside the place where they were born are more numerous today than ever before. According to the International Organization for Migration's World Migration Report 2020, there were almost 272 million in June 2019; 51 million more than in 2010. Two-thirds had migrated for work reasons. Almost half (48%) were women, and there were 38 million children.

According to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, there were 79.5 million forcibly evicted people at the end of 2019. Among them, 26 million were refugees, who left their countries of origin; 45.7 million were within their borders, internally displaced persons; 4.2 million were requesting asylum; and 3.6 million were Venezuelans living abroad.

The massive displacement of refugees and migrants affects all countries and concerns us all. Closer cooperation between nations is needed. On September 16, 2016, the United

Nations General Assembly hosted the Summit on Refugees and Migrants, in an effort to ensure that this serious problem is addressed in a humanitarian and coordinated manner.

In their effort to reach the United States, thousands of illegal immigrants risk their lives by attempting to cross Mexican territory without documentation; according to the National Immigration Institute, 400 out of every 1,000 illegal immigrants who cross the U.S.-Mexican border are not Mexican.

Mexico has established repatriation policies for immigrants, as well as the mandatory deportation of those who cross the country illegally. Organized crime not only integrates Mexican citizens into its criminal activities, but there is also a considerable number of foreign nationals who have been voluntarily or compulsorily recruited for their illegal entry into the country.



# Two Fingers

Leaving the land where we were born is an adventure. Many, as I already said, do so because they have no other choice. It is about saving one's life, being true to one's convictions, an enormous sacrifice. Others do it because they have the spirit to discover what lies beyond the mountains we see. Because they are chasing a dream: they want to find the fountain of eternal youth or the land of the Amazons. Migrants go through life and leave traces behind them, even if they don't intend to. That's how my grandfather did it and I'm going to tell his story because I want to finish with him, as I started.

Grandpa Benito was always a teacher. He had two schools in Torreón with his wife. Then he became a widower. When he lost the schools, he dedicated himself to chasing his ghosts. He was a walker. He could spend the afternoon walking a single street, following it wherever it ended up, in some suburban *ejido*,\* and then back again as night was falling. He liked girls, cognac, singing in French, and playing the piano. His left hand was missing the middle and ring fingers; a hunting accident, he said. He spent his last days giving piano and French lessons. If he had been drinking, they could be simultaneous, and he charged them twice. There are still around in Torreón who learned to play with him. One recognizes them immediately. Before playing the keys, they bend the fingers that are left over.

We humans emerged in Africa and began to migrate. Now we have populated the world. We have done so and are doing so with unspeakable violence. But, at the same time, these constant movements of individuals and entire peoples have always been accompanied by the most diverse forms of miscegenation, of mixtures between women and men of different origins.

In 1925, in Barcelona, the book *La Raza Cósmica (The Cosmic Race)* a work by José Vasconcelos, an eminent Mexican thinker, was published. The central thesis of that book is that the different peoples of the world tend to mix more and more, and that they will form a

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\*TN: *Ejido*: Land owned by a rural community and which is the basis for the life of its members.

new human type, made up of the mixture of all. Faced with the many forms of violence that currently accompany migration, this may be the only answer: a world built by all. A world inhabited by the same family.



TO REFLECT AND DISCUSS



# Migration, Inclusion, Diversity and Human Rights

In this section we offer some elements of analysis that can motivate and facilitate reflection and dialogue on migration, an important topic in the history of humanity and in the present moment of our country.

This book has a special characteristic: it tells the author's family history in parallel to the history of human migration since time immemorial. It is intended for the reader to approach migration as a phenomenon that has existed throughout the history of humanity, that is not exclusive to Mexico and that happens all over the world.

These last pages collect the most important concepts addressed in *The Same Family*, so that they can be identified at different points in the narrative:

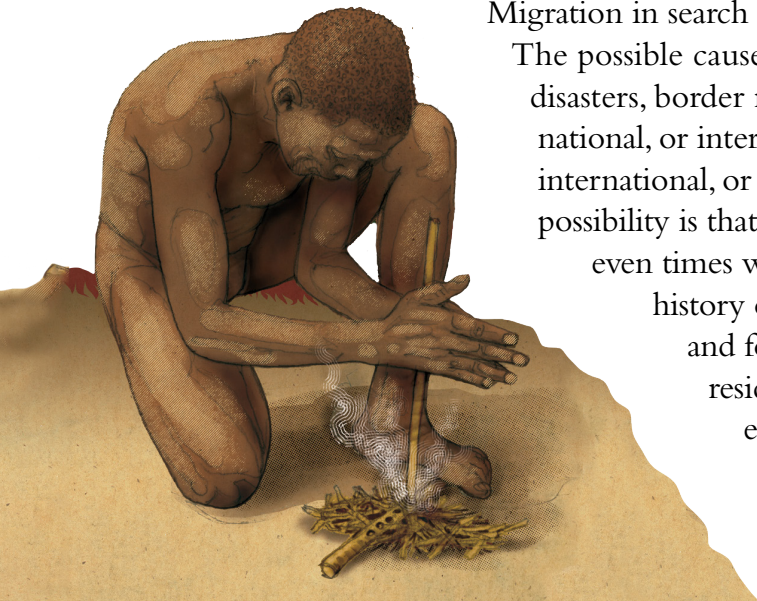
[...] But we must not forget that human beings were born nomads. From our earliest origins we have been migrants. Those who leave a place get out of it, emigrate, go out, are emigrants. Those who arrive at a place enter it, immigrate, come in, are immigrants.

[...] As far as we know, human beings emerged in Africa and from there, over many thousands of years, they spread around the world.

Human migration can be defined as a process in which a person leaves his or her place of origin or residence to move to a different place.

Migration in search of opportunities has been a constant in human history.

The possible causes are usually wars, diseases, social conflicts, natural disasters, border reconfigurations, among other situations. It can be national, or internal, when people move within their own country; or international, or external, when they move to another country. Another possibility is that it may be permanent, long-term or brief. There are even times when migration is cyclical. Felipe Garrido's family has a history of migrants: from his grandparents to his grandchildren, and for different reasons, they have changed their place of residence several times to a different continent, country and entity of the Mexican Republic.



All of us in the family, the most and the least, have been, are and will continue to be migrants.

[...] I don't know where my grandfather was born, but when my father was born the family lived in Miravall—Ugao-Miraballes is the name of the village in the language of the Basques, Euskera or Basque—, a village that now has less than five thousand inhabitants and is a few kilometers from Bilbao, in the northern part of the Iberian Peninsula. His wife, my grandmother, Leonor Salazar was, as her surname proves, from a Basque family. But my grandfather's Garrido is Castilian, which means that at some point his ancestors left the center of that country to live in the north. So, my grandfather, was an immigrant. His family left the place where they lived to settle elsewhere.

My grandfather was a restless man, with an adventurous spirit, an entrepreneur. One day, acquaintances of his invited him to cross the sea to go to America. To a city he had never even heard of up to that point: Torreón.

[...] Times changed, La Laguna suffered ups and downs in the process of assimilating the consequences of President Cardenas' agrarian distribution, and my father's employers looked for new places to continue their businesses. My father went to Guadalajara to open huaraches factory. When they settled in their new city my mother was pregnant. I was born on Hospicio

Street, at home, in the building where my parents lived, one of the buildings that were razed to build the Plaza Tapatía. So, I am also a migrant—and that was the first time I changed cities.

[...] Wars have always caused displacements and migrations, whether of crowds or entire peoples, or of women and men determined to get ahead.

The current migration phenomenon is characterized by the fact that it is part of the dynamics of economic globalization, within the framework of





a profoundly unequal world. National and international migrants are a particularly vulnerable group, since their poverty in their places of origin is compounded by their uprooting and worsening social precariousness, as shown by the indicators consulted. The conditions of migrant agricultural day laborers are particularly difficult, most of whom, when they are of indigenous origin, suffer very high levels of poverty. The following paragraphs of the book make this very clear:

Because of World War II (1939–1945), many young Americans were recruited to fight or join the military industry, thereby increasing the demand for labor in the United States. Many Mexicans took advantage of this.

At that time, they were called *braceros* because they provided the strength of their arms. Many met legal requirements, but others preferred or had to enter illegally. The Rio Grande was the main barrier and they crossed it: they were called *espaldas mojadas* or simply [*mojado*]—we now call those who enter another country illegally undocumented.

[...] Sometimes, violence has caused people in very small communities in the mountains of Michoacán, Guerrero, Oaxaca, and in other equally remote places, where there is no one in charge of maintaining order, to take their small animals and their very scarce belongings and seek to approach larger populations. We call those who are forced to migrate ‘displaced’.)

The Constitución Política de los Estados Unidos Mexicanos (Political Constitution of the United Mexican States) protects national citizens living abroad, as well as migrants from different countries. Among others, we can mention the following articles:

“Article 1. In the United Mexican States, all individuals shall be entitled to the human rights granted by this Constitution and the international treaties signed by the Mexican State, as well as to the guarantees for the protection of these rights. Such human rights shall not be restricted or suspended, except for the cases and under the conditions established by this Constitution itself”.

“[...] Any form of discrimination, based on ethnic or national origin, gender, age, disabilities, social status, medical conditions,



religion, opinions, sexual orientation, marital status, or any other form, which violates the human dignity or seeks to annul or diminish the rights and freedoms of the people, is prohibited”.

The above regulation has given rise to the Consejo Nacional para Prevenir la Discriminación (National Council for the Prevention of Discrimination), which has, among other objectives: to formulate and promote public policies for the equality of opportunities and treatment in favor of people within the who are in national territory. Likewise, the Comisión Nacional de los Derechos Humanos (National Human Rights Commission) is the body of the Mexican State responsible for promoting the defense of human rights in the country.

As we have seen, there are different reasons for migration. Fortunately, outside of our territory, Mexicans continue to have our citizenship and our rights, including the right to vote abroad. But we must also have empathy, observe respectful behavior and act without prejudice, exclusionary or discriminatory behavior towards people who migrate to our country or find themselves in transit to other countries in search of better living conditions.





*THE SAME FAMILY. MIGRATION AND MISCEGENATION*

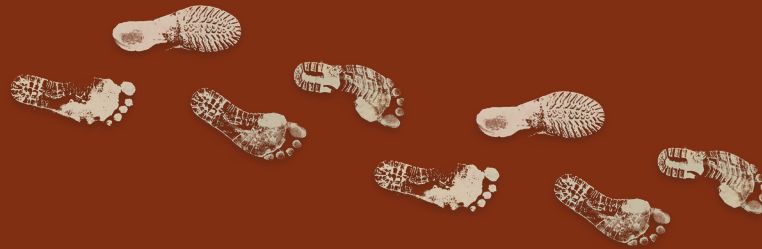
The Bembo Std font family was used.



MAURICIO GÓMEZ MORIN was born in Mexico City in 1956. He started in the arts by scratching walls and desks. He studied engraving at the Taller de Gráfica Popular and painting at the Escuela de Pintura y Escultura “La Esmeralda”. He was a member of the Germinal plastic collective and the Frente Mexicano de Trabajadores de la Cultura. With this same group he collaborated in 1980 with the Ministerio de Cultura of Nicaragua. He was a professor in the Graphic Design degree at the UAM.

He has had 17 individual exhibitions and more than 60 collective ones. He has worked as an illustrator in newspapers *La Jornada*, *Reforma*, *El Universal* y *Excélsior* and in magazines *Letras Libres*, *Este País*, *Punto de partida* and some of the UNAM. He has illustrated 61 children’s and youth books.

He was Art Director of the children’s collections of the Economic Culture Fund and Design Manager of Santillana Group. He won first prize at the 1983 INBA Bienal de Gráfica, honorable mention at the Primera Bienal de Dibujo y Grabado Diego Rivera, and honorable mention at the III Premio Internacional del Libro Ilustrado Infantil y Juvenil. He has been nominated for the Hans Christian Andersen Award from the Danish Government and the Astrid Lindgren Award from the Swedish Government. He was elected ambassador of the Feria Internacional del Libro Infantil y Juvenil 2016.



This book is part of the **Árbol** collection, whose objective is to contribute to the citizen culture of children and teenagers through stories that encourages reflection and active participation in society, in this case regarding the rights of Mexicans living in other countries and the migrant population that arrives or transits through our territory in search of better living conditions.

*The Same Family. Migration and Miscegenation* offers two interesting stories: that of the author's family and that of migration in the world, from prehistory to the present day.

The final pages include a section for young people to talk and reflect on the concepts addressed in the narrative.