

NUMBER FIVE

MARCH-APRIL 2012

THE NUMBER ONE MAGAZINE IN CABO

FREE

Land's End

CABO SAN LUCAS - SAN JOSE DEL CABO - SAN PEDRO DE LOS SANTOS - CABO PUERTO



Fiestas San Jose

By Alan Hermosillo

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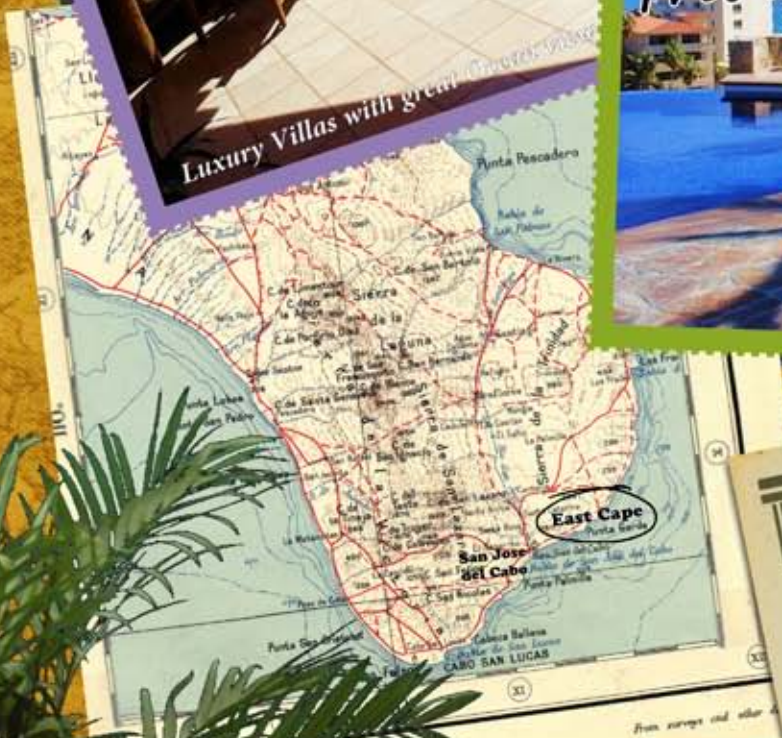
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East Trend Developments

From The Editor



Celebration in San Jose.

March 19th is the date when the Catholic Church celebrates the feast of Saint Joseph, who is the patron saint of carpenters, artisans and those who leave their homeland and arrive in a new one for settling and working.



The Mission of San Jose del Cabo Añuiti was founded back on April 8th 1730 by the Jesuit friar Nicolas Tamaral. During the first years, the mission was located close to the beach by the estuary although it was later moved to a safer location because of the rough weather and because there were serious health risks (possibly the risks were the mosquitoes and other bugs that were abundant by the estuary).



After all these years, San José del Cabo still maintains the tradition of holding these festivities, and perhaps in a very personal opinion, they have acquired a new vigor that arises from the need of the society to regain and strengthen their identity as locals. This new vigor comes of course from the young ones; the many schools and universities around San José del Cabo have hundreds of students who, when the special date arrives, organize events, proclaim a queen for the festivities and turn extremely colorful this small carnival.



It couldn't be any other way because traditions live and survive through the youth who recognizes in them the authenticity and history of their own people.



Come by and enjoy the Festivities of San José, everybody is welcome without restrictions, it is through the festivities that San José del Cabo transforms a little bit every year with new people, new cultures and new customs coming from all around the world.



Roger L.

WELCOME TO

THE NUMBER ONE MAGAZINE IN CABO *Land's End*



CABO SAN LUCAS-SAN JOSE DEL CABO-TODOS SANTOS-CABO PULMO

Land's End is a free magazine dedicated to all the people who loves to read timeless stories about Baja and Mexico.

This is not a real estate or classified publishing and will never be.

*Consider yourself part of this adventure...
Enjoy!*

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LAND'S END MAGAZINE IS AN ENGLISH LANGUAGE BIMONTHLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY LAND'S END PUBLICATIONS, P.O. BOX 99, SAN JOSE DEL CABO, BAJA CALIFORNIA SUR, MEXICO.

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The Cover

It's Fiesta time!

Our cover illustrates the colorful diversity of the festivities. Everybody is welcome to join in without distinction of religious beliefs, nationality, age or any other particularity. To these fiestas you come to have fun, for having corn on the cob with chili and lemon or a traditional drink, maybe for buying freshly baked bread or even some t-shirts for your friends back at home.

Welcome to the Festivities of San Jose del Cabo 2012!!

Roger L.

Land's End

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BRUNO LOJERO



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From Our Readers



DON'T MAKE US USE THIS IMAGE FOR OUR ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

So please start sending us old cabo pictures, yes, you may have a beautiful shot of you, your family or friends hanging out in Baja, no matter neither is black and white nor the year it was taken, keep in mind that we search for an epic image showing this paradise to the world.

The winner will be chosen to appear in our first anniversary issue (May-June 2012) in acrylics style full color art.

You can send the image file by e-mail or borrow us the picture we will scan it here.

Good luck and be part of our magazine history!!

RALLY LORETO 2012



Mario
"El Zorro Blanco"
Maldonado

Congratulations to HOG Baja Chapter and Architect Mario Maldonado for the 2012 edition of this great and successful event that has become a tradition not only for bikers but for the entire Baja.

For more information, pics and stories, visit the facebook pages:



Rally Loreto 2012



HOG Baja Chapter

HARD COPIES STANDS

Check Puerto Paraíso, Plaza San Lucas, Shrimp Factory, Tiendas de Palmilla, San José Downtown, Molly's at San José, Barefoot Cantina, Dante's Bar, and many other places!!

NEWS

DO YOU WANT TO BECOME A

Land's End CONTRIBUTOR?



If you have an interesting story, pictures and rarities to share about Baja and Los Cabos area this place it's yours! There's thousand of people in this community and overseas awaiting for your article to read. Please contact us and we'll provide you information about how to deliver your writing and photos. Besides you'll have the incentive to appear in the credits (and a funny caricature of you of course) on the main index. Good luck and start writing!

WHO TO FOLLOW ON

twitter

Wildcoast

SalvaCaboPulmo

Grassroots Campaign to Save Cabo Pulmo, last coral reef found in the North Pacific. Campaña de Acción Cívica para Salvar a Cabo Pulmo, El Último Arrecife de Coral en el Pacífico Norte. <http://www.wildcoast.net>

LETTERS

Hi Roger!!

I picked up a copy of your number one edition, back in August.

I was wondering if you are still publishing.

The articles are great reading and I look forward to future edition.

By the way my local address is El Encanto de La Laguna.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Paul E. Denyer

Thank you Paul, we are very glad that you had liked our publication.

We are thinking about promoting subscriptions, so you can get Land's End Magazine at your home address every two months.

WRITERS RISING HAND

Hello!! I saw in the magazine that you are looking for people who wants to share about La Baja, I have an uncle that you might be interested into talk to.

I will send you his information so you can contact him!!

Perla FH

For sure Perla!! We are always looking for new articles and people who are willing to share their stories and anecdotes. We will get in contact with your uncle.

Hola, I am new seeing your publication; however, I have been here almost six years and love to write, so don't know if you could publish my little article. Thank you.

Kay Siders

Thank you Kay, one of our main goals is to get in contact with the community of readers, and we have a special section to share the articles that we receive. So, I think you can see your article very soon in our pages!!

MAGAZINE CONCEPT



Great layout!!

Very original, and keep-worthy.

Coffee table adornment!

Not a bird cage liner!!

The best paper in Baja!! Really Jim Hart.

Thank you very much Jim!! You are very kind with your comments.

Also you have been very supportive to our project by sharing with us your HUGE collection of high quality photos of La Baja.

We just can't thank you enough.

Love your magazine!!

Alexander Szabo

Thank you Alexander! Keep on looking for the magazine.

We have some surprises for our readers coming very soon.

WRITE US

Be part of our community

Land's End magazine would love you to share all your stories, tellings, jokes and experiences about your life in Cabo, the Baja or wherever you are.

Also, we welcome all your feedback, critics and comments about our magazine and articles inside

Yes!, be part of the best 5 comments by email and they will appear on this section with you caricaturized or we'll make a funny sketch about your writing. GOOD LUCK!

editor@landsendmagazine.com



Ricky Jeroais

facebook



We invite all community to join or Facebook page, we're ready to receive your comments, questions and suggestions to make this magazine your home. Any news and upcoming events in Cabo are welcome.

LAND'S END TRIBUNE reserves the right to publish, cut or not publish any letter or pictures sent from readers regarding to politic views, real estate propaganda, advertising and public or private disputes.

THE FIRST SURFERS in Baja California



By Serge Dedina
sdedina@wildcoast.net

Although California surfers like to think of themselves as the pioneers of surfing in Baja California, native Cochimí and Hawaiian surfriders preceded them by over a century.

The indigenous inhabitants of Isla Cedros used rafts made from driftwood, native softwood timber, and tule reeds for hunting sea otters, fishing, and navigating the treacherous area between the island and the Rancherías (the Spanish term for villages) of the Central Desert region.

Seri fishermen of the Sea of Cortez often paddled their elegant narrow rafts, made of bundled tules, while standing up. Their paddling technique was similar to balancing atop a stand-up paddle surfboard, especially during the often choppy ocean around Isla Tiburón and the Midriff Islands.

“Disease had wiped out much of Baja California’s indigenous population by the 1850s”

Disease had wiped out much of Baja California’s indigenous population by the 1850s when American and European whalers, often carrying Hawaiian or Kanaka crew members sailed its coast in search of gray whales. The whaling ships sailed from Hawaii to San Francisco and down to Mexico. Captain Charles Scammon, who hunted whales with Kanaka crewmen for many years along Baja’s Pacific coast, provided the earliest account of wave riding in the peninsula.

“During one such shore detail, the ship’s carpenter became careless while bathing and capsized his boat.”

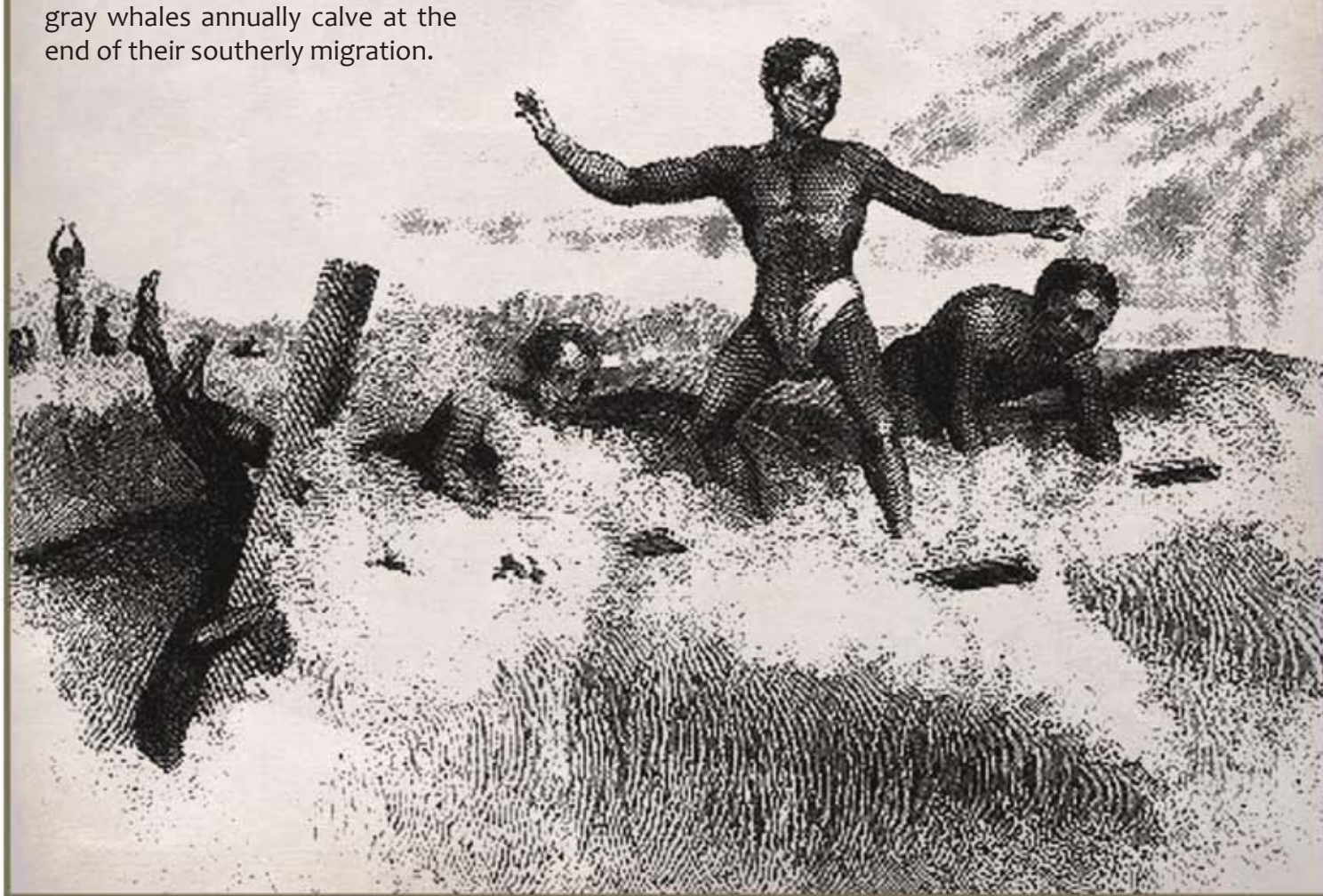
In late 1857 two whaling ships, Scammon’s Boston and the Marin, anchored off the entrance to Laguna Ojo de Liebre (now called Scammon’s Lagoon), searching for a passage across the shallow bar into the lagoon where gray whales annually calve at the end of their southerly migration.

The scouts located a passage into the lagoon. Because the whales had not yet arrived, the crews of both brigs spent their time attending to chores and searching the deserted coast for firewood. During one such shore detail, the ship’s carpenter became careless while bathing and capsized his boat. He endangered three other boats that were made fast, just outside the surfline.

“The alarm was given to the party on shore, and it was a disheartening sight to behold the four boats drifting through the breakers”

Fearing for his life, he swam for shore and left the boats drifting out to sea. Captain Scammon recalled that:

The alarm was given to the party on shore, and it was a disheartening sight to behold the four boats drifting through the breakers, for everyone knew that without them our voyage would be fruitless. There were several Kanakas among the crew, who immediately saw the necessity of saving the boat: and selecting pieces of plank, to be used as “surfboards”, put off through the rollers to rescue them. Then the anchor, which had been dragging all the while, was brought up, and the current swept both carpenter and Kanakas out of reach. They then made for the shore, where all of them arrived in an exhausted condition, except for the carpenter, who was never seen again



One can only speculate if these “planks” were actually surfboards brought by the crew for recreational use from Hawaii, where surfing had a long history. One wonders too, whether the Hawaiians also took advantage of any free time while at San Juanico Bight to the south, a popular anchorage for whalers, to ride the surf of Punta Pequeña or Scorpion Bay, today famed for its perfect point waves. -SD

.....

Serge Dedina is the Executive Director of WILDCOAST/COSTASALVAJE an international conservation team that conserves coastal and marine ecosystems and wildlife. He is the author of Saving the Gray Whale and Wild Sea, from which this was excerpted.

“One can only speculate if these “planks” were actually surfboards brought by the crew for recreational use from Hawaii, where surfing had a long history. “



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IN HOT WATER



By Debra Kelly
cabokellymac@yahoo.com

The beautiful hot and sunny weather, along with a good adventure plan to find the magical hot springs, with unearthly healing powers was underway. The road was winding and rough, with some long stretches of wash boarding and slow-going; but seemingly well traveled. My two friends and I had packed a cooler with water, sandwiches and snacks, and our backpacks, for the hike up the canyon to the waterfalls. We couldn't wait. But finding it was a bit of a challenge:

"How much further? We have to be getting closer." "If we keep driving towards those rocky foothills we should eventually find it. You know, over there somewhere." (Pointing left)

"I am pretty sure it is only a few miles from that little village we just passed through, Mirror Flowers, or something like that. Where is it exactly?"

"Over there." (Pointing left)

“Cripes, there’s another fork in the road. Hmm, looks to me like staying on the left is the more traveled one. I see wider tire tracks. Hey, you said you were here before.” (With a tone.)

“Sure, like in 1994 and I was a passenger in an old beat up Suburban. The air conditioning didn’t work; oh, and with rusted floor boards where I could see the gravel road below my feet’. (Was on a third date with a long haired New Yorker)

“Hey, that sign looks promising! ‘Curva peligrosa’, Maybe it says watch for pelicans and birds or something like that. They always live near water.”

There are a few ways to find the hot springs nestled close to the tiny village of El Choyo, near the other tiny village of Agua Caliente, just north of the other tiny town of Mira Flores, and south of the other tiny town of Santiago. Sketchy directions at best - turn left at the church where the road narrows, and the local butcher may have his hides hanging alongside his property fence. We thought we saw the church, but no hanging pigs. (Still not sure if that was good or bad!)

Several areas in southern Baja have natural hot springs bubbling above ground from a large volcanic rock vein rising up from the center of the earth. The water really does pour out of the rock with temperatures up to 114 degrees Fahrenheit. When it mixes with fresh cool spring water, you will find nirvana!

The folklore and history surrounding these springs go way back to the early 40’s when the Governor of Baja piped the healing warm waters to his home from springs farther north of El Choyo in an area known as Los Barriles. El Choyo has a ‘short wall’ dam where water flows from the mountains all year round. This dam is operational and provides much-needed water to farmers in surrounding local villages.

It’s best to pay attention to the time of year you want to visit these springs. In southern Baja’s rainy season between August and October, the canyon fills up, converting the tranquil stream to a raging river. This is an awesome sight, as our many dry desert arroyos become roaring waterways; delivering all that glorious rainfall into the Sea of Cortez.

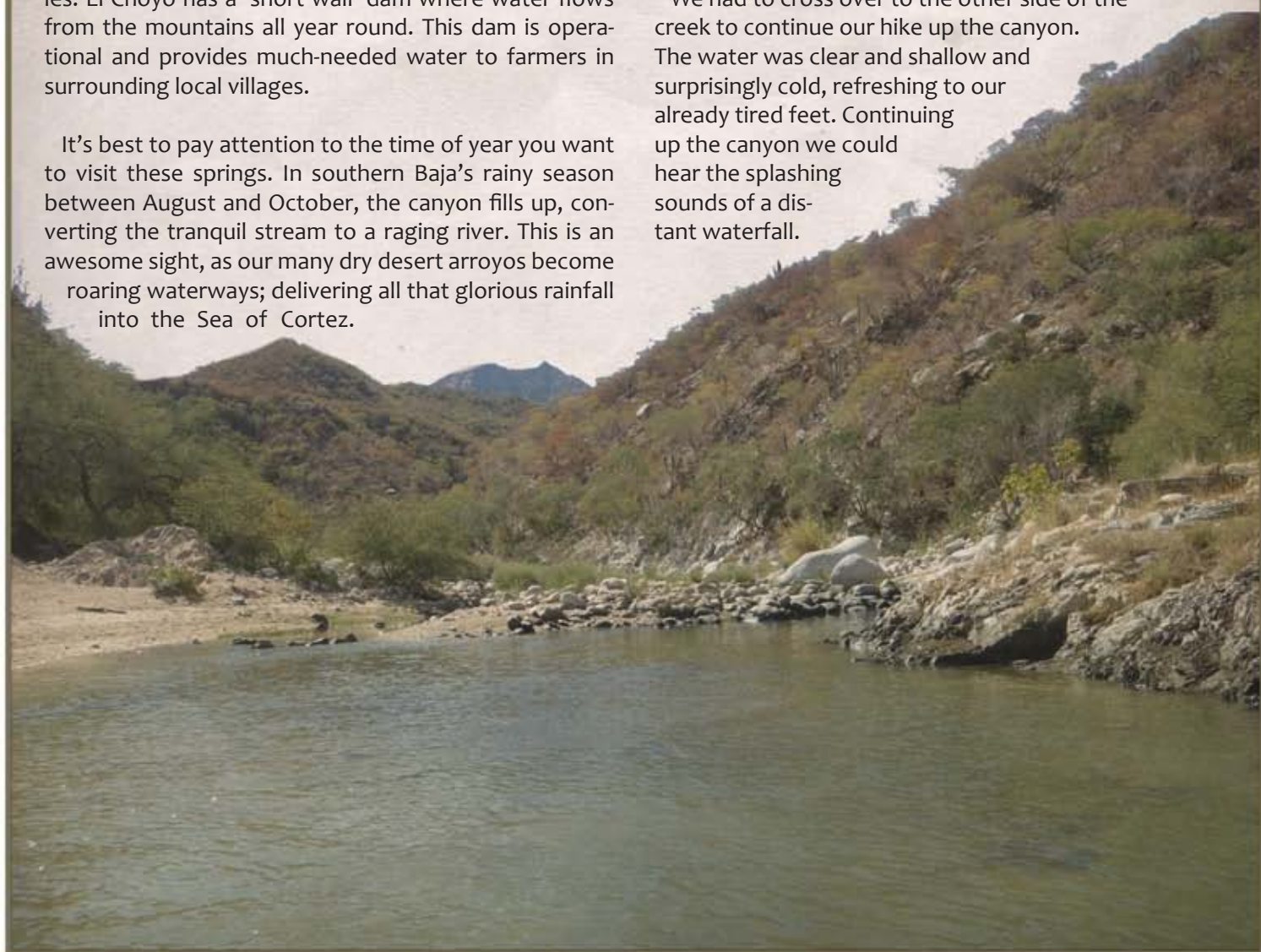
February is considered Baja’s dry time, and allows for easy hiking up the canyon following the creek bed. (Well, I use the word easy, but probably should be saying difficult for some of us!)

We were excited to finally find the small village of El Choyo, with only a handful of small casitas lining the narrow dirt road, leading to the hot springs straight ahead. Each home is surrounded by beautiful greenery, of all types, and an abundance of overgrown flowers of many colors, poking out of every opening along the stick fencing. From the dusty well-traveled roads, this is a lovely and remote paradise; feeling so far away from civilization. We carefully maneuvered around some children running around kicking up dust balls (a familiar sight in Mexico).

We easily parked alongside the small dam, and knew immediately we were in for a rare treat. We encountered a sandy beach with two families enjoying a Sunday picnic. A few heads poked out of the shallow waters, sitting beside a rock wall, where the hottest water was pouring out, and mixing with the refreshing spring water.

We donned our hats, laced our running shoes, filled our backpacks, and away we went. The hike was easy but slow; due to the larger boulders requiring decision-making skills to climb over and around. (Dodging cow patties made it feel even more rural.) We breathed in the sheer beauty of this lush creek-side oasis, starkly different from the dry stark desert brush, and cactus just a few hundred yards away.

We had to cross over to the other side of the creek to continue our hike up the canyon. The water was clear and shallow and surprisingly cold, refreshing to our already tired feet. Continuing up the canyon we could hear the splashing sounds of a distant waterfall.



Uh-oh, we had a decision to make. We had come to an impassable spot, only to realize we should have been on the other side. To continue our journey, we could swim a narrow opening, except the water was dark and likely deep, and we didn't know what mystical creatures were waiting below. The dense marshy area across the water, definitely not swimmable, had scary sounds of wildlife vibrating from it. (Giant toad sounds maybe?) And we couldn't see around the corner of this rocky edge to know if there was a way up out of the water. Now what?

We were highly motivated to continue on and find the waterfall, as we could now hear it roaring down the canyon. Above the hilltop, we saw a palapa structure, perched high above, like a lookout fort. There was a narrow trail snaking up the hillside, and we paused to consider it.

Three interesting travelers came our way. They looked like they just walked off the set of Woodstock - long hair, full beards and wearing serapes as their only piece of clothing. Their backpacks were bulging with camping gear. These youths were living in the 'biospa' commune just down the road and were hiking a few miles up canyon to experience the solitude of Mother Earth for 6 whole weeks. (They would eat roots and vegetation off the land, and they had definitely NOT seen soap for a while.) They were excited to share with us, that a palm tree forest was only a few miles away, and several other waterfalls were close by, and an easy hike. They also informed us that this oasis is a government-protected biosphere with many unique plants, only found here in this most unusual microclimate. Awesome information.

They also offered some insight into our quandary of accessing the waterfall. They said "It's very easy ... just go back down, cross over and climb the canyon from the other side." Okay... We could see the other side and wondered if we could possibly traverse the side of the flat-faced rock wall.

I have sky dived so I figured I could likely do it; and my dear friends have adventure tattooed to their behinds. So, while one climbed further up the rocky ledge the other decided to jump into the dark water and swim to see what was around the corner. I stood guard watching both. (I had an anxiety-induced stomachache watching both of them.) Cries of sheer delight came from the swimmer "Holy good God almighty this is cold". Disappearing out of sight, I heard, "Nope, nowhere to climb up!" Thankfully, my swimming friend made it back safely to the rocky shore. The rock climber had also maneuvered his way up and around the rocky wall and also yelled down, "Nope, nowhere to cross".

Before making our way back down to the hot springs, we sat atop giant boulders and enjoyed our lunch, immersed in the beauty and listening to the echoing sounds of giant toads.

We encountered another friend along the way down. She was big and black, wearing a nice bell around her neck and had a pretty good set of racks on her. (That's Texas talk for horns) She tried to stand still for a photo but was trying too hard to show her best side!

We easily made our way back down the canyon ready to soak in the magical hot springs. Even though we didn't make it to the waterfall, we felt exhilarated, having had such a fabulous and unique adventure and all agreed.

"Lets do that again!" -DK

"Before making our way back down to the hot springs, we sat atop giant boulders and enjoyed our lunch, immersed in the beauty and listening to the echoing sounds of giant toads."

“We easily made our way back down the canyon ready to soak in the magical hot springs. “



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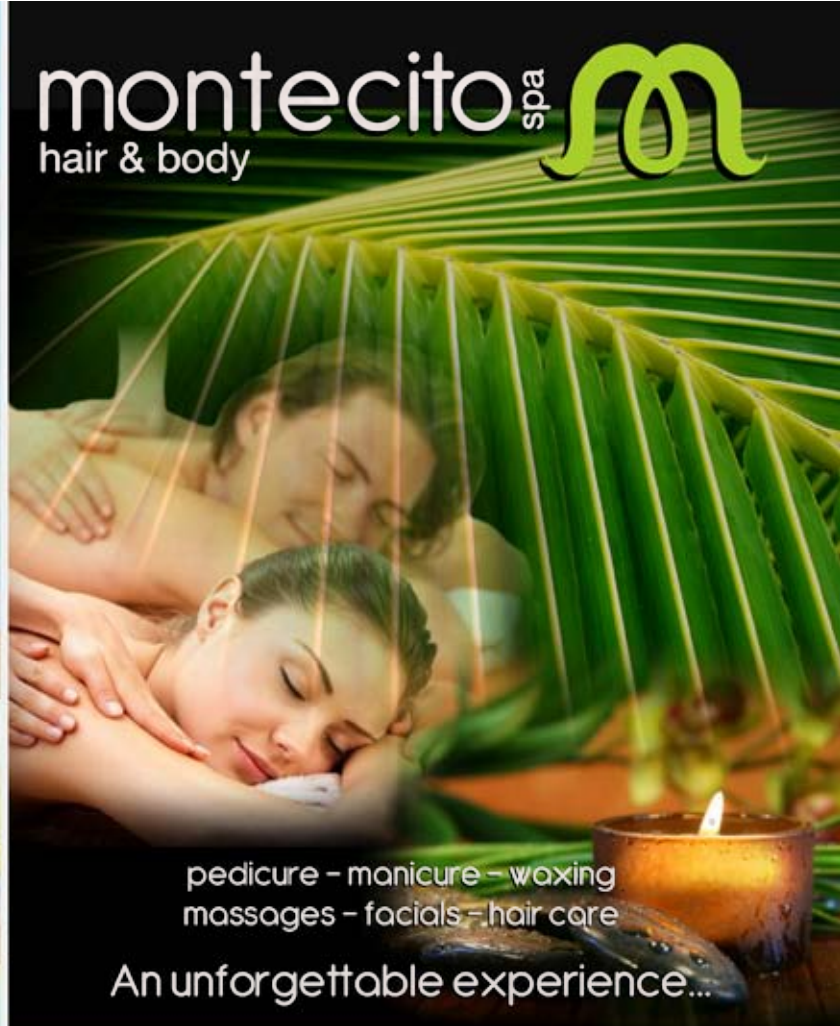
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PALAPAS

FILIPINO OR MEXICAN?



By Pit Pey

vettore48@hotmail.com

La mia Nonna used to say that, it was much better to keep your mouth shut, but since I never listened to her, I have suffered the consequences many many times. My Nonna had come from Italy when she was just a small girl, and grew up on a farm with cows and chickens. Since she only went to school until the third grade, she would relay her brilliant wisdom in popular sayings and proverbs. Every time she considered necessary she would say: 'In bocca chiusa non entrano le mosche' (Flies won't enter into a shut mouth*) or 'Parla bene, ma parla poco' (Speak well but speak little), advice I remember very well, but only after I have screwed up.

As you may remember, I first arrived in Los Cabos after my wife kicked me out. I swore and still swear that I never gave her a reason, not in word, thought or deed. Anyway, I got here and one of my first jobs was in the construction field, where I still have many friends and clients.

I remember one day in March when I came to a construction site where a beach hotel was being built, fortunately, the guy in charge was an acquaintance of mine and he assigned me to work in the construction of a huge palapa which was almost finished.



Some workers would cut the palm leaves, others adjusted the mooring, some others varnished the wood or cleaned the floor. My job was welding the rails and the banisters of the stairs, since the palapa had two storeys. Eventually I noticed that some of the workers and their boss were Filipino, but given their appearance, they would easily pass as Mexicans. Personally I thought their help was totally unnecessary, because I believed that here in Mexico we had the best palapa builders, they just needed to look for them in Cancun or Acapulco to find them. That Saturday after getting my paycheck, I looked for Sebastian the contractor, and told him about my thoughts. He said he would answer any doubt I had, but not right there at work, so we both agreed to go to this seafood place 'El Paisa'. Once we were there, I repeated that I didn't approve, and Sebastian answered:

"You're wrong, the palapas are of Filipino origin and that's why they are the best at it."

I replied "Come on! That's impossible, all my textbooks say that the palapas are prior to colonial times."

Thinking about this, we spent quite a good time having a snack of marinated shrimps and some cold beers, but since the discussion was heating up, we decided to settle it with a bet. Since neither of us liked betting money, we chose to bet our dearest possessions: he asked for my casting rod and reel (which I must confess I loved passionately) and I asked for his Labrador puppy which he had just received as a gift; and he loved it as if it was his own child. We thought about this thoroughly and we both knew that whoever lost would really be hurt. We made the bet official with our workmates, who were probably as drunk as we were; and we gave a signed document to the owner of the seafood place and he promised to keep it safe under lock and key until the date we settled the bet.

Sebastian defended that the Philippines was the origin place of the palapas, while I claimed that they had been first invented in México.

Considering that it could be possible that both places had developed that style of construction before the arrival of the Spanish conquerors, we agreed that the winner would be the one with the best arguments to prove his claim. We had 30 days to investigate and find proof of our affirmations. It may sound an excessive amount of time but back then we didn't have Internet, so we only had information available on the books we could find at public and private libraries or a specialized magazine, keep that in mind because it explains what happened next.

But before telling you what happened back then, let me show you a little of what I have found recently:

The route from the Philippines back to America was discovered in 1565, this new route called 'tornaviaje' reduced the time and distance significantly if compared to the old route of the Manila Galleon.

The 'tornaviaje' started at the port of Manila and then sailed up near to the coast of Japan until finding the oceanic current called Kuro Shivo. Sailing along with this current the ship reached coasts of California and descended down the coastline to San Bernabé and from there on the ships set sail to the ports of San Blas or Acapulco.

The port of San Bernabé was founded in 1603 thanks to the concern of Viceroy Gaspar de Zúñiga, who had sent an expedition to explore and map the fairly unknown lands of the north of California, this expedition had also the task of finding a convenient place where the Manila Galleon could shelter on its way back from the Philippines. The port of San Bernabé efficiently provided water and fresh replenishments to the ships that harbored there.

By the year 1730, missionary Nicolás Tamaral founded the mission of San José del Cabo changing this way the name of the old port of San Bernabé.

It's not hard to imagine the huge influence that the European and Mestizo culture of New Spain had on the religion, language and culture of the Philippines given all the agricultural and textile products that were introduced on the islands. Products like chili, corn, cocoa and tomato made a deep impact on the Filipino cuisine. Although, there was a nearly imperceptible and subtle influence introducing itself to the colonies of the New Spain. Every time the Manila Galleon returned from the Philippines it brought mangoes, tamarind, coriander, manila shawls, palicat handkerchiefs among other products from China, Japan and India, such as: Ivory, lacquer, silk, porcelain and paper.

I was telling you, that ignoring the wise advice of my Nonna, I spoke more than what was necessary; and accepted a bet with my boss while we were having some 'drowned shrimps'. Shrimps are 'drowned' because they are eaten raw, but marinated in lime juice and accompanied with slices of onion, salt and pepper; and they are a delight to anyone visiting the Mexican tropic. As I said, I accepted that bet because I was familiar with the houses of the peasants from Yucatan, Acapulco and Colima; and I had seen myself the natives building huge palapas in southern Mexico. Some of my friends said that besides my natural stubbornness, the number of brewskies we had drunk helped a lot, but I think that was only secondary. Sebastian was around 45 years old, he had only studied the second year of civil engineering before dropping out of college when he arrived from Mexico City hired by a construction company, when his contract expired he decided to stay here. Right in that moment I wasn't aware that he talked a lot to the boss of the Filipino workers and he was quite well documented on the subject. The truth was that he was abusing and taking advantage of me, because of my stubbornness and ignorance on the matter.

Both of us took the challenge seriously, every day after work, I used to visit the bookstores, newspaper archives, libraries or any possible place on my quest for information.

I also called my friends in Mexico City and Culiacan so they would send me through the mail any information they could find.

Filipino palapas

In some of the trips back from the Philippines, the galleon also brought immigrants from those regions with the purpose of getting them to work on the plantations of coconut palms. Turns out that besides the production of copra to get coconut oil, those plantations produced 'Toddy' or 'Tuba', a liquor, which is made by fermenting the sap of the palm tree, this liquor was so good and enjoyed such a wide acceptance that it even competed against other liquors from Spain. With the royal decree of 1671 which proclaimed the 'Immediate cease of production of all national liquors and wines in the New Spain', the coconut planting and importation of Filipino labor declined considerably.

However, the Filipino workers left us the palapas, a construction system that uses the coconut palm integrally; for the main structure it uses the palm trunks uniting them in inserts that are then tied with strings; this way the distribution of charges is three-dimensional and produces wide clear spaces and heights. The roof is made of the same dry leaves of the palm tree and it is placed in layers (as you would do with shingles) to avoid leaks.

Colima was the place where the first coconut palms arrived and their benefits would soon spread to Jalisco, Guerrero, Oaxaca, Chiapas and the entire south east of Mexico.

On the other hand, the traditional Mayan house is constructed over a base of compacted dirt to avoid humidity to filter through the ground, and the structure follows the traditional shape supported by main pitchforks that are anchored to the ground, and this way they carry the weight of the roof.

These houses have as a main characteristic a plan form which is rectangular and both ends are semi circular, they have no windows and generally have two entrances, the main one is always oriented towards the east, and the other one usually gives access to the kitchen or to the patio. The structure of the roof is covered with dry grass.

As you can see, the palapa was invented in Mexico, taking advantage of the techniques brought by the Filipinos and developing these to use them mostly in touristic style constructions, but this is just my point of view now. Back then I defended the Mexican origin of the palapas and Sebastian repeated over and over again the arguments of the Filipino workers.

30 days later, we took our discussion and arguments to the group of honorable workmates that had become the judges. The owner of the seafood restaurant and custodian of the document establishing the bet, a.k.a El Paisa, was designated as the principal judge, whom after reading the voluminous bundles of the case and serving a delicious shrimp and octopus ceviche confessed he was indeed confused and chose to be as wise as the King Solomon (maybe because a bible quote heard during the Sunday mass) and he said:

Given that my brain has no argument to oppose to one or another thesis and trying to be impartial and fair I declare: That both of you win and both of you lose, so Sebastian will have to give Pit his dog and Pit must give Sebastian his beloved fishing rod. Case dismissed!

At first you could only hear the clank of the glasses and bottles, but the rumor was growing until it was pretty clear and incredibly loud: Yeah!!! Bravo!! Well done! Viva Mexico ca..! And Sebastian and I just looked at each other and bitterly nodded. Since that day I'm the owner of Max, a tremendous yellow dog that has trashed my house and destroyed the few clothes I own. My friend Sebastian only uses my fishing rod as an excuse to laugh at me because the bastard doesn't even know how to fish. -PP



And talking about the Mayan land, that zone of the Mexican southeast that is so rich in gastronomy has one of the most delicate, simple and delicious dishes: Lime soup

Lime Soup Ingredients:

(For 4 persons)

- 1 pound of chicken breast
- Half a pound of chicken liver and gizzard, boiled and chopped into small pieces.
- 1 clove of garlic
- A dash of dried oregano
- Coriander leaves
- Salt
- 1 pound of White onion
- 1 red onion
- 3 red peppers
- Half a pound of tomatoes
- Olive oil
- 6 sweet limes

(If you can't find them, mix the juice of 1 grapefruit and 1 orange)

- Fried tortilla chips or totopos
- 1 avocado
- 1 habanero chili



Palapa from a town in Yucata, Mexico.



In a large pot, put the chicken breast, the garlic, the oregano, the coriander leaves and salt to taste, add 8 cups of water and bring to boil. Once the chicken breast is cooked, transfer it to a plate and shred it into small pieces. Take the broth, strain it and reserve.

Chop the onions, the red peppers and the tomatoes finely and fry them in a little olive oil until the onion turns transparent. Add the chicken broth and bring everything to boil again for 10 minutes. Once it's done strain it again.

In a soup bowl, put some tortilla chips, a few slices of avocado and a portion of shredded chicken breast. Add one table spoon of livers and gizzard, 2 slices of sweet lime and chicken broth, once you did this, squeeze the juice of one sweet lime on the bowl and add a dash of fresh coriander leaves and enjoy.

You can accompany this delicious Lime Soup with a sauce of habanero chili. The chili must be chopped finely (use gloves for this) add the thinly sliced red onion and let it marinate with olive oil, lemon, pepper and a dash of oregano for one entire day.

Be careful, it's quite hot.



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THE HARVEST

A Land's End Special Article



By Jane Lillico
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WHYOYUNO



Elizabeth Rosefield is a pioneer. No, not one of the pioneers who arrived in the wild west in covered wagons, but a true pioneer on the Baja. She and her late husband David, arrived in the Baja when it truly was Mexico's Frontier, back in 1981. Ever wonder why BCS license plates have the word "Front" on them (even on the back)? It's short for Frontera.

David and Elizabeth come from Central California in the Sierras. Their mountain ranch is rugged and remote, and they knew that the winters were too harsh there, for them to comfortably endure as they got older. In 1980 they began to seek a place to call home in the winter. They originally planned to go to Hawaii, but traveling with a dog was difficult, and they decided they needed a place within driving distance.

Their friend, Sheila Ross (former co-owner of Havana jazz supper club) persuaded them to visit Baja. So, Lizzy and David arrived in this crazy dry desert before really much of anything was here. The teeny bamboo palapa airport was manned by a few agents, and visitors here were so rare that everyone was on a first name basis. They wondered what the heck they were doing here ~ until they saw the beach!

San Jose del Cabo was a provincial town, a fishing village, where ladies wore sleeves and dresses to their knees (or longer) and wouldn't be caught dead in a bikini or bathing suit on the beach...

They would bathe “properly covered”, in their slips. It’s now hard to imagine, but in those days there was nothing between Hotel Palmilla and El Presidente. There was no road to Punta Gorda; and one lonely stop sign in all of San Jose. Cows and donkeys wandered freely along the beaches and roads. There was only a word of mouth telegraph system ~ no phones ~ well only one at the oficina de Don Carlos, who was kind enough to allow gringos to leave the number with their concerned families back in the US or Canada. And three more at the bus depot, if you cared to communicate back home. The post office was the best way to communicate, but mail took a minimum of six weeks to come or go. One had to sign the general delivery book to obtain their mail. (Service hasn’t improved much since then!) There was no butter, health food products, mayonnaise, or other North American staples; so most products had to be piled into or on top of a four-wheel drive vehicle, and driven down the Baja.

The Rosefields drove this long dusty road twice a year for 25 years, like so many like-minded others did in the early days.

The amenities in those days were difficult; but the lifestyle was so relaxed and magical.

However, along with all this hardship, was a spirit in the people, and a sweet, raw, untamed atmosphere that appealed to their spirit of adventure. So David and Lizzy were hooked! To the Rosefields, Baja represented the true definition of freedom. The harshness and ruggedness of Baja, attracts a certain kind of person. And in doing so, has evolved into its own little international meeting place; by appealing to South and North Americans, adventurous mainland Mexicans, Europeans, Asians, Africans, and even Aussies from down under. From the poorest to the richest, from celebrities to recluses; the magical energy of Baja has spawned a growing haven for a diverse spectrum of personalities.

In the early ‘80s, daytime activities for this adventurous couple included dune bugging along the beaches from Zippers (before it was Zippers) to the dunes of La Playita, or occasionally as far out as Punta Gorda, and around to Shipwrecks; or up and over the mountains to Todos Santos. Sometimes they would just visit El Centro, in the historic square, and sit on the concrete benches by the funny fountain and watch people go by. And in the evenings, they would dress up, pile into their VW bug “Brownie” with their friends, and head to happy hour at three bars: Hotel Palmilla, Twin Dolphins and Hotel Cabo San Lucas. After three margaritas and all the free pupus they could eat, listening to the mariachis, and exchanging stories; they would head home along the long narrow dark winding road.

The Rosefields bought a property on “Gringo Hill” on the Costa Azul coast, and set about to designing and building a unique home, which took over 12 years to construct. Following the lead of their friends, Ken and Kimberley Knollenberg, who had built the first palapa house on the hill; David and Lizzy wanted to create a true indoor/outdoor home, which utilized and encompassed the entire property. They wanted to set an example of the best way to live on the Baja, to fully enjoy its incredible weather, flora and fauna.

So, they moved in a camper, fenced the property, planting palms and bougainvilleas around the perimeter, and began to clear the lot of excess plants to make way for the structured parts of their living space. The first item was a big pila for water storage; then gradually, they built the outdoor bathroom; followed by the swimming pool, Lizzy’s art studio; bedroom palapa; tiki room, and finally the house, which consists of a large palapa with open air living room, an elevated sleeping area, and a closable kitchen area, storage, and bathroom.

Today, when one is lucky enough to visit Lizzy... to ring the tarnished, weathered bell, and pass through the stone archway with its rustico Dutch door; you feel like you have arrived in a beautiful magical oasis of calmness, harmony and love. Each of the palapas is connected via winding pathways; wandering through the palm trees, and flowering shrubs. The fragrance of orange blossoms and plumerias waft, while calming music plays on hidden speakers throughout the compound. Just being here lowers your blood pressure, and sense receptors expand to take in all the beauty, the sights, sounds, smells, and spirit. This is truly Baja living at its very best!

And visiting Elizabeth Rosefield’s studio is another treat for the senses. This delightful woman, with sparkling brown eyes, a mane of beautiful wavy white hair, and her deeply Baja-tanned skin, is truly the heart of her amazing home. Her calm, serene demeanor exudes a sweet love, combined with a strength and bravery found rarely in anyone; and you realize that her home is a true reflection of her personality.



Elizabeth Eugenia Reed was born in Sacramento in 1938; into a Catholic family; the second child of three children, the only girl. Her mother was a wartime schoolteacher, who divorced their father when “Betty Jean” was three, and raised her children on her own. Life wasn’t easy, with Betty Jean and her two brothers helping out collecting tinfoil and other items for the war effort in Modesto California.

Older brother Ted’s tragic death in a car accident, when Elizabeth was a high school freshman, was a turning point for her. She began a love affair with the mystery of death and the ways of spirit; renouncing the Catholic faith. But years later she realized that her nightly prayers were simply a mantra, and not to be avoided. She studied Drama and English Literature in College, and planned to be a schoolteacher like her mother. But every time she passed the Arts building, she knew she really wanted to be there.

Lizzy married, but divorced after having two children, Autumn, and Gordon. Shortly after attending an art class in 1965, she met John David Rosefield on a blind date. David and Lizzy were twin souls, connected by their mutual love of the unique in life, and the arts. David and Lizzy soon married, he adopted her children, and brought his son Kit into the mix. David imported Swarovsky crystals from Austria, and Lizzy created beautiful beaded and crystal pieces, called “Crystal Creations” which she sold through craft fairs and trunk shows throughout California for several years.

But, Lizzy knew that she couldn’t keep doing all this beadwork ~ it was too hard on her hands and eyes. And one day, in 1984, while swimming in the Sea of Cortez, she asked God to show her a sign. And the very next day, her friend and paint guru Nancy Brazil, tried to persuade Lizzy to paint. She was reluctant, so Nancy encouraged her just to throw the paint at T-shirts. And that’s how Lizzy became a painter!

Over the course of a decade, she painted beautiful art onto T-shirts, modifying them with all kinds of embellishments, gold yarn, etc. Always conscious of art and community, Lizzy collaborated with Gloria Greene, and Christina Gaglia to create the La Jolla Arts & Crafts Show. This annual one-day exhibition benefiting DIF, was held at the beautiful new La Jolla Complex, on the last Sunday in March between 1994 and 1997. This was the event of the year, attracting gringos and locals alike in droves. Hundreds of artists and craftspeople participated, displaying photographs in the lobby; below the dining room, fine art; and local crafts on the lawns. A tamale stand supplied sustenance; while Vic & Liz played the harp in the morning; and jazz afternoons with Peter Lenihen & Friends provided the entertainment, to keep the crowd fed and happy for the entire day. In one day, with Gloria Cote and Fran Robinson selling raffle tickets, they raised enough money (\$4,000USD matched by the government) to build the playground at the old Rusty Putter (now Baja Blue).

In the evolution of Elizabeth Rosefield’s art, her T-shirt customers were the catalyst to get her finally painting on canvas. All of their aging, painted clothes were falling apart and fading, and everyone encouraged Lizzy to paint something that wouldn’t wear out in the wash! So, in 1993 she started painting acrylic on canvases ~ starting with a common theme of cacti silhouettes on sunrises. This led to a group show at the Old Palmilla Hotel, where Lizzy, along with Mike Doyle, Karen Griffith & Christina Gaglia promoted their fledgling art.

By now, Lizzy was dedicated to pursuing her art; there was no turning back. Fascinated with the art murals of Víctor Cauduro Rojas, with whom she studied during the winter of ’96; helped to expand Lizzy’s skills in portraiture and human form. She also studied and has been inspired by the works of Georgia O’Keefe. Her love of flowers and interest in botanicals has driven her to explore her own large-scale floral studies in oils on canvas.

She grows them, photographs them, and then captures them in paint... And this past December, at age 73, Lizzy held her very first solo art exhibition at Galeria de Ida Victoria, to rave reviews. She continues to amaze her growing league of fans, with each and every new piece she creates. Own an Elizabeth Rosefield original, or giclee, and brighten any space with her beautiful energy.

For more information email her at erosefield@earthlink.net -JL





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By Bruno Lojero

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I walked in very carefully; the cage was full of cats; and all of them looked anxious to see if somebody was getting them food. This is why more than taking a look, I was worried about stepping on one of them accidentally. It didn't smell nice in there, but it was not surprising, as there were a lot of cats in that cage and food all over the floor.

Most of the kittens were young, maybe no more than three months old; but according to what the shelter worker who walked in with me mentioned; they didn't accept cats regularly, only dogs. But, once in a while they would make an exception and accept cats if somebody showed up with one.

The guy also explained that it was very unusual when somebody came to them looking for a cat. Usually when people visited the shelter they were looking for a dog because they had plenty options to choose from, of all sizes and colors, each one of them noisier than the other. The shelter was a spacious place, clean and well managed, the dogs in there looked happy, as happy as an animal that has to be locked inside a cage can be, but happy anyway.

All of the dogs started jumping joyfully and barking at me, the moment they saw me walk across the patio. Maybe they had learned that whenever somebody walks in, one of them was going to be adopted. I can imagine that many people visited the shelter hoping to find a labrador, a schnauzer or a german shepherd, but the truth is that all of them looked quite mixed-breed -- friendly, but zero pedigree. Still, I'm sure that any of those dogs would have made any child completely happy, because they don't go to the shelter trying to find a purebred dog, they go there looking for nothing else but a good friend.

Back in those days I worked at Cabo Del Sol, a touristic development that is about twelve miles away from San José del Cabo, where I lived. I didn't have enough time to come home for lunch; mostly because the truck I was driving then (a silver gray 1965 Ford F100) wasn't very fast. So I had to fix my lunch with whatever they had served at the employees' lunchroom, and I would return home late in the afternoon.

I had been working at Cabo del Sol for about two weeks when my wife, Liliana, mentioned she would like to have a cat at home, a little kitten she could talk to instead of talking to herself.

I have always liked things that have something else inside of them, more than just the definition of what they are and I like my gifts, my words and my actions to also have that 'something else'. I have failed many times in this resolution but it's an idea that always crosses my mind at the moment of doing something; not that I want to make something extraordinary and unforgettable out of every little thing I do or every single moment but I like to take the time of thinking what would be the most authentic and original way to do it.

I thought that coming home with a kitten one afternoon would be a nice surprise, and when I considered adopting one at the shelter was when I finally got thrilled with the idea.

Every time I want to give somebody a present, I picture in my mind the object before finding it; and I like to imagine the person receiving that gift. and keeping it for years. I don't like gifts straight from the window of the store, I prefer looking to the side trying to find the different, the special; I look for the patina that time has left over the shiny surface of things, which is what turns them into special objects. I dislike things that are obvious, fake or shallow. That's why I love my wife, no, she doesn't look like an old object hee hee, I love her because she is more authentic than the salt of the ocean and she has a beautiful personality and a sense of reality that keeps my feet on the ground. She has beautiful factions, the ones you would recognize on an old photo but with that spark in her eyes as if she still was a five year old girl, she gives me great moments with her company and her love and I can't be anything but grateful.

The idea of getting her a kitten from the shelter made that gift special, or at least that's what I had thought until I walked into the cage where I was now. I had spent all day thinking about that kitten, picturing it in my mind, its figure, its color and even some possible names and well, definitely, what I was looking for wasn't inside that place.

In that constant quest I have for things and special moments, I have always considered myself lucky, but it seemed like that was not one of those times when I could find exactly that special object I was looking for. I gave the shelter guy a black and white cat that I had picked from the ground and we walked out of the cage.

"There's a couple more." said the guy. "They are in that other cage." I had noticed the cage on the other side of the patio but I didn't think there were any other cats there.

The guy explained that they had those two in there because they were a bit unfriendly and always fighting with the others. These words gave me a little hope, so I walked in and saw a black kitten, very similar to the one I had left behind just a moment ago; it wasn't what I was looking for.



This other cage was cleaner and had two small bowls with food on two opposite corners, on the other side of the cage, there was this little cat curled up in a ball. I was leaving the other one back on the floor when I saw her; her blue eyes caught me immediately, she looked me right in the eye, I crouched down for a closer look and compared it to the picture I had inside my head. It was a little female cat in a very light brown color that turned lighter as it reached her belly, she had her tail curled around her body and as I lifted her I noticed that a good part of her tail was totally hairless, also one of her paws was hurt; she was also very skinny.

The shelter guy explained me they had found her on vacant lot nearby and apparently she had been attacked by a dog. That kitten had this astonished look, with her aquamarine colored eyes widely open and checking everything out. I must admit that she didn't look very pretty in that condition she was, however, I took her with me.

When I got home, I had put her inside a shoebox. Liliana was happy to see me with a gift but she couldn't hide certain strangeness when she looked at that small ball of fur that I put on the floor. There was that kitten, right in the middle of our small living room observing everything and everywhere. The wounds and the grime that I had seen on her when she was in the cage and judged 'not that bad', turned out to be just a little worse and more evident. We fixed a bowl of milk and left it in one corner for her.

As the days passed by, we grew fond of her, almost every day when I got home from work, we would take her out to the hallway where we put a bowl of milk and lifted her to the banister so she could play with Lily and me while we talked.

Little by little, the kitten began to trust Liliana and dropped that surly attitude she had when first arrived. At the beginning it was nearly impossible to play with her, she was always scared and whenever we lifted her from the ground, she would meow loudly and tried to escape, even though she never scratched us, it was clear she wanted us to leave her alone so she could run and hide behind the furniture.

After a couple weeks, she was already following us through the apartment, she played with the curtains or with any toy we gave her. In a short time, she changed her attitude and her appearance. Some of our friends who had seen her when we had just adopted her were really surprised that she had changed so much. I know it may sound weird to describe her like this but she was actually a very elegant cat. Liliana had bought her a little purple collar and in some way I thought it blended perfectly with her personality.

On her first months the kitten became very playful and she loved when we waved a little rag or a ball of colored paper in front of her, she would run all over our small apartment and the truth is that she made us laugh a lot. Little by little she began to heal, gained weight and grew bigger.

Although she was most of times very playful and active, there were other times when she just liked sitting by the window and standing still, she would sit on her hind paws and curled her brown tail over her forepaws. Her tail by that time had regained all of its hair and contrasted very well with the lighter brown color of her body. Standing by the window as she did, maybe no one would have paid attention that she was there, but she had this thing that would catch everybody's eye because she became a very pretty cat, that besides her elegant pose and her purple collar.

That little cat continued growing up and I knew that Liliana really loved her first when I could hear she was scolding her for some mischief she had done. Soon that little cat adventured out of the apartment and learned to walk by the cornices of the building. Several times I had to go outside the window to bring her back into the apartment, although, after a few months she was as audacious and agile as the rest of the cats that lived around the building and she wouldn't stop running through the railings and the moldings, now without the slightest hint of fear or difficulty.

I still remember the first time she disappeared for longer than one day, Liliana was quite worried and we walked around our block several times trying to find her. Lily feared she could be hurt or that a car had hit her.

Of course, our little cat would always return home after one or two days and every single time we welcomed her back with love. A couple days later everything was back to normal, with us scolding her because she had scratched the upholstery of the couch or because she would climb on to the dining room chairs.



A year passed by and we decided we needed to move, we felt like we wanted more space so we began the search for a new home. A few days later we found a house with two bedrooms and a small room we could use as an office, besides there was back yard and this is what Lily liked the most because we were finally getting our own washing machine and we wouldn't have to do the laundry outside anymore. We didn't think it long and moved there, we packed all of our stuff, put everything on our truck (cat included) and headed to our new home.

Liliana unpacked and fixed the place in the blink of an eye, I have always thought she is a very capable woman who doesn't hesitate much before doing something she thinks is necessary. Every time I came home from the work, I noticed the doors had been painted, the grass mowed or the walls patched where needed. After a short time, we finally had our house completely organized and decorated. It wasn't as new as the apartment we had before, it was actually a fairly old house, but it didn't take us long to feel it like home.

Our little cat felt the same way too very soon; she made the back yard her territory and swiftly learned to avoid the dogs which lived down the street. We were worried during the first days but we realized that our little cat was a very smart animal and she had the ability to get out of all the troubles she got herself into, she was very independent, as cats usually are.

I once told Liliana I felt that our little cat, after passing through some rough times during the first months of her life (like being always expectant of a kick, an unfriendly dog or maybe a wreckless driver) had finally found some peace and quiet at our home and that she could probably feel something close to gratitude, if not to us, to fate, which allowed her to have a meal everyday and a box with a soft pillow to rest at night after a day of wandering around the neighborhood.

The months passed by and the inevitable happened, our cat went missing and several days later we still didn't have any news of her. When she finally came home, we noticed something weird was going on with her as she was gaining weight quickly. We took her to the vet who confirmed our suspicions, our little cat was pregnant.

We had to wait for a few weeks more for the kittens to be born, although for me, it felt like an eternity. One night when I came back from work, Liliana told me that our little cat was hidden under the desk; we improvised a curtain so the light wouldn't bother her, and around 10 p.m, three kittens were born. Liliana kept an eye on her little friend for as long as that moment of difficulty lasted.

A few days went by and the kittens finally opened their eyes and finally began to look like kittens (on their first days they didn't look precisely like that). It was during those first days when some things caught my attention and I think I'll always remember them. Liliana was amazed that our cat wouldn't leave her kittens alone for a single minute.

The first three days after they were born, she didn't separate from their side and she was quite attentive to properly feed them, if one of them was crawling around the floor, she would quickly put it back with the other two and whenever they were hungry, she was there for them.



After those three days, she finally dared to go out of the house twice a day; the first time was early in the morning, she ran as fast as she could and returned in less than five minutes back to her kittens where she would stay for the rest of the day until late at night when she repeated her sprint; the same routine continued to happen for about a month. This was where we could see the maternal instinct that even an animal that suffered that much since birth has for her offspring.

Those three kittens became very playful in a short time, one of them was completely white, and the other two were identical to their mother, which I liked because our cat had become a very pretty animal.

The Vet told us we had three male kittens and when they were old enough we began looking for a responsible and reliable person who could take care of them. It wasn't long before we found a new loving home for two of them and we decided to keep one kitten with us.

In the following months, our little cat gave us quite a spectacle on how a mom teaches her son the skills that will be essential in the life of every feline. She would play with him but she also taught him how to stalk and hunt. I remember that sometimes that dumb kitten would be running around the back yard chasing a fly or a bee trying to catch it when all of a sudden his mom jumped over him and pretended to bite his neck and dominated him. She repeated this over and over again besides other games that soon required the kitten to be faster and more agile. The kitten followed his mom everywhere and although at first he struggled with this, he never stopped trying. Eventually they were jumping over the rooftops or they would climb up the walls and got through the narrowest spaces, while they were in the street she taught him to hide from the dogs under parked cars and how to sneak through the back when they weren't watching.

Many times I thought they took unnecessary risks, but I think it was all part of the training that the mom was giving to her child.

With time, we had two pretty cats. The kitten had grown and he and his mother looked very alike, the only difference was that he had a darker brown color, but that was it. By then, our cat was even cuter, she wasn't fat or skinny, and as I mentioned before, the only word I can find to describe her was 'elegant' given her aquamarine eyes, her sense of gratitude, her mission as a mother and her little purple collar.

Now she only observed her kitten from some corner and I think she knew he had learned his lessons well, although, sometimes she would still jump over him in the most unexpected moment. She had to teach him that life has rewards but also surprises and that in the most unexpected moment, everything changes.

We were kind of used to the fact that our cats disappeared for a few days but they always ended coming back home with maybe a few extra scratches and covered in dust, so we didn't worry that much when they weren't around.

However, one time she went missing, a few days since we had last seen her, a kid that was our neighbor asked me if I already knew that our cat had been hit by a car. I remember I felt a knot in my throat but I disguised it and said that I didn't know it till then. I asked him what happened and he said he had seen our cat dead in the street and that other neighbor picked her from there and buried her. After the kid left, I went to check out the spot where he told me and I saw some blood on the pavement. After our other neighbor confirmed this, I began to think about the most appropriate way of telling this news to Lily.

When I finally told her, we both cried. We didn't have the chance to say 'goodbye' or 'thank you for your company'. We also felt really sad because we didn't have the chance to bury her in a nice place at least. It's funny how things like these hurt because without noticing they become relevant in our lives.

Ever since that day, something else crosses my mind at the moment of giving somebody a gift; that's because with our little cat I learned that the authentic and meaningful things, the ones that have an essence on the inside, are the ones that attach to our lives; and as we live together with them, they become a part of us; that's why they are the hardest ones to say 'Good bye' when the time arrives. -BL

In memoriam of Petunia.





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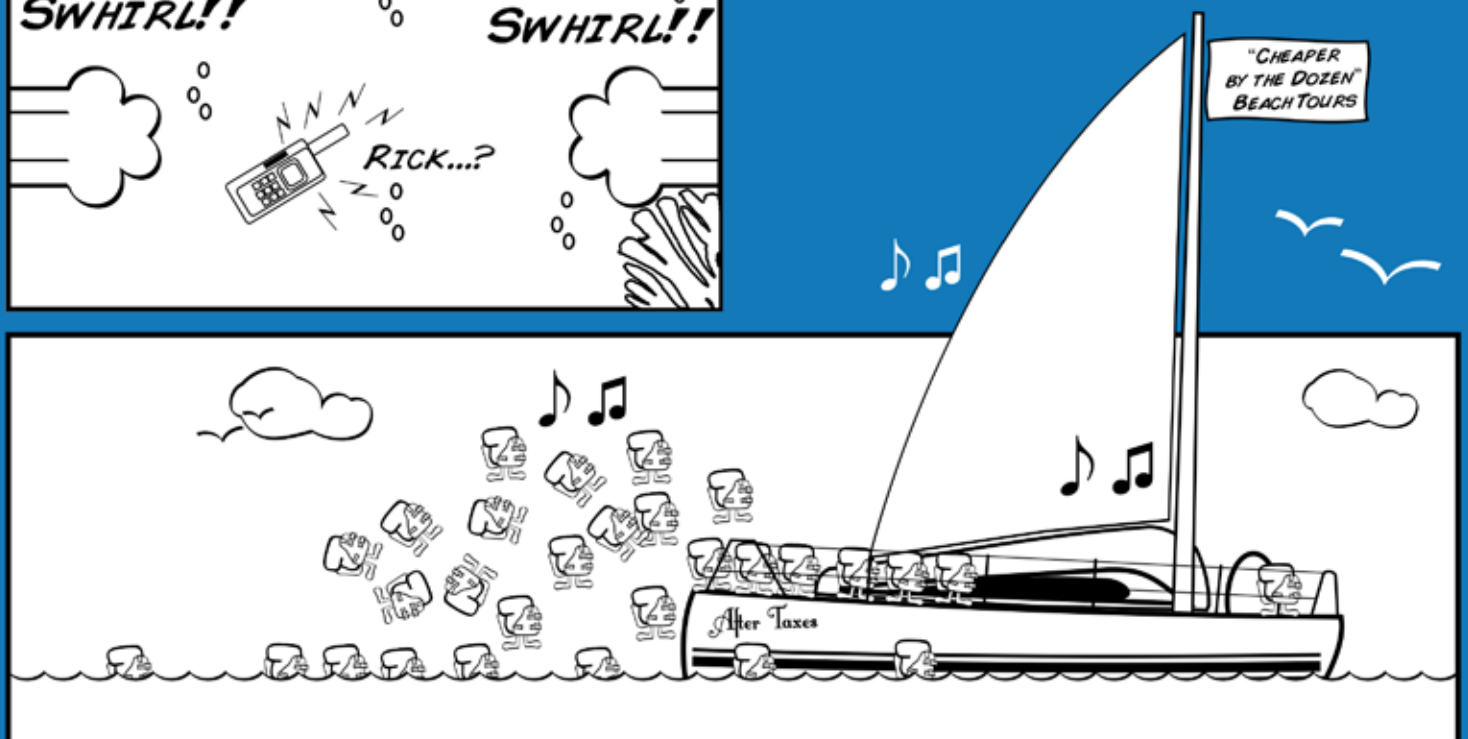
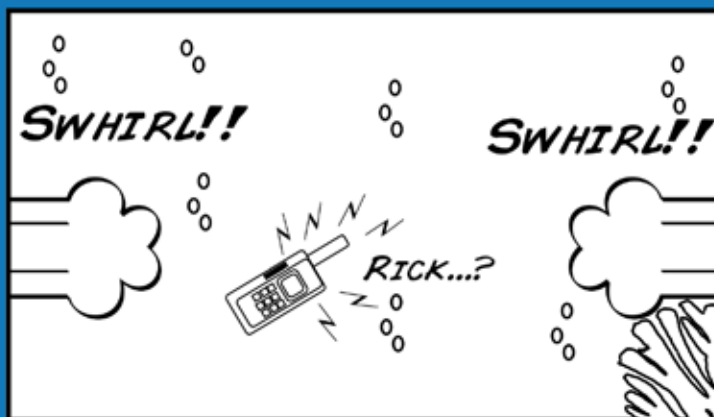
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HEY ROD, WHILE YOU TRY TO CATCH DINNER RIGHT THERE I WILL SWIM A LITTLE BIT.
PLEASE DON'T FORGET TO LET ME KNOW IF "YOU KNOW WHAT" APPROACHES...



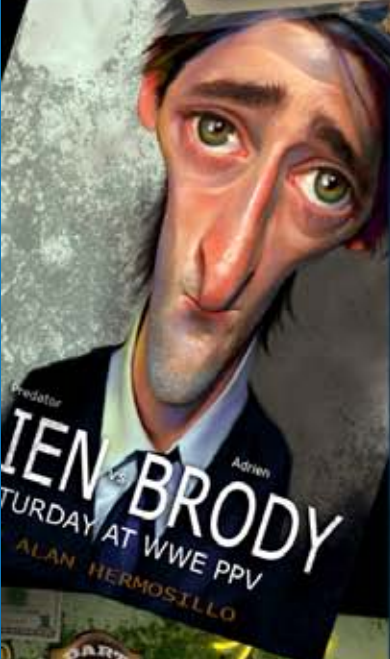
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