

# **The Day Snow Came to South Texas**

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The word was out. A train laden with snow was coming to South Texas and it was cold enough that it would not melt before it got here. Almost the whole town lined both sides of the track, the Gringos on one side and we on the other, waiting for this spectacle in excited anticipation -- like waiting for a parade. Word that the train was running a little late added to the excitement of the moment.

It was coming. We could see it in the distance. The steam locomotive huffed and puffed sending great billows of steam clouds into the cold, crisp air on the top and the sides. It looked like a Chinese dragon with a white spine as it snaked its way along the countryside. The crowds roared as the train passed in front of them. It was coming. It was coming. And, finally, it was there. Some of us started running back and forth along the train, hoping that a piece of snow would dislodge and we would be able to touch it. It didn't, but it was still a release and we cheered.

The train passed and we could see the people on the other side and we didn't taunt each other. We only cheered. They cheered in English and we, in the forbidden language.

It was a beautiful winter day.