



A message from **THE PRESIDENT**

THANKSGIVING 2023

OPTIONAL EARLY CLOSING ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd

Dear Hostos Family:

As Thanksgiving approaches, I would like to express my deepest gratitude for your commitment and dedication to our students by giving the divisional leaders the option of closing their respective divisions at 3:00 PM on Wednesday, November 22nd. This option is not available for employees who have essential job-related responsibilities after 3:00 PM. The decision about early closing will be conveyed to staff by the heads of their departments, units, or offices. As a reminder, please note that the time taken should be charged to the employees' personal time.

We also wish to encourage the College community to "Share your love for Hostos" in support of #CUNYTuesday on November 28th. This CUNYTuesday, Hostos Community College students need you more than ever. Together, this giving season, consider supporting the campaigns of The Circle of 100 Emergency Scholarship Fund or The Food Pantry at Hostos. If you have a special cause you'd like to support, we can make the allocation internally. For example, with a gift of \$5,000, you can create a named scholarship. Please donate at [Give to Hostos Community College | #CUNYTUESDAY 2023](#).

The spirit of Thanksgiving is all about showing gratitude for your good fortune and giving to those who are less fortunate. Express your thanks this holiday season by getting involved in volunteering, donating, and spreading kindness. The wisdom of all ages and all beliefs tells us that giving what we can, from our pockets and our hearts, is better than receiving.

Please also take note, El Semanario Hostosiano/The Hostos Weekly will be recognizing the Thanksgiving holiday this Friday, November 24th. We will resume publication on Friday, December 1st. Wishing all readers a joyous and peaceful Thanksgiving holiday.

Mil gracias y bendiciones,

Daisy Cocco De Filippis, Ph.D.
President

Pan de Gabriela Mistral

Bread by Gabriela Mistral

Dejaron un pan en la mesa,
mitad quemado, mitad blanco,
pellizcado encima y abierto
en unos migajones de ampo.

Me parece nuevo o como no visto,
y otra cosa que él no me ha alimentado,
pero volteando su miga, sonámbula,
tacto y olor se me olvidaron.

Huele a mi madre cuando dio su leche,
huele a tres valles por donde he pasado:
a Aconcagua, a Pátzcuaro, a Elqui,
y a mis entrañas cuando yo canto.

Otros olores no hay en la estancia
y por eso él así me ha llamado;
y no hay nadie tampoco en la casa
sino este pan abierto en un plato,
que con su cuerpo me reconoce
y con el mío yo reconozco.

Se ha comido en todos los climas
el mismo pan en cien hermanos:
pan de Coquimbo, pan de Oaxaca,
pan de Santa Ana y de Santiago.

En mis infancias yo le sabía
forma de sol, de pez o de halo,
y sabía mi mano su miga
y el calor de pichón emplumado...

Después le olvidé, hasta este día
en que los dos nos encontramos,
yo con mi cuerpo de Sara vieja
y él con el suyo de cinco años.

Amigos muertos con que comíalo
en otros valles, sientan el vaho
de un pan en septiembre molido
y en agosto en Castilla segado.

Es otro y es el que comimos
en tierras donde se acostaron.
Abro la miga y les doy su calor;
lo volteo y les pongo su hálito.

La mano tengo de él rebosada
y la mirada puesta en mi mano;
entrego un llanto arrepentido
por el olvido de tantos años,
y la cara se me envejece
o me renace en este hallazgo.

Como se halla vacía la casa,
estemos juntos los reencontrados,
sobre esta mesa sin carne y fruta,
los dos en este silencio humano,
hasta que seamos otra vez uno
y nuestro día haya acabado...

They left a loaf of bread on the table,
white inside, brown crust,
its top broken into a scatter
of big snowy crumbs.

It seems new, a thing I've never seen,
yet it's all I've ever eaten,
but half-asleep, playing with its crumbs,
touch and smell are forgotten.

It smells like my mother suckling me.
It smells like my three valleys,
Aconcagua, Pa'tzcuaro, Elqui.
It smells like I feel when I'm singing.

There are no other smells in the farmhouse
and that's how it could call me.
Nobody else around the house,
only this loaf broken open on a plate
that knows me with its body
as I know it with mine.

Everywhere in the world it's been eaten,
this same bread, its hundred brothers,
bread of Coquimbo, bread of Oaxaca,
bread of Santa Ana and Santiago.

When I was little, I knew it,
in the shape of a sun, a fish, a ring,
and my hand knew its inner warmth
like a plummy pigeon.

Then I forgot it till today,
when we two meet,
I with my body of an aged Sara,
it with the body of a five-year-old.

May dead friends with whom I ate it
in other valleys smell the sweetness
of bread milled in September,
harvested in Castile in August.

It's not the same and is the same
we ate in the lands they lie in.
I break the crust and offer them its warmth,
turn it, sending them its breath.

My hand is full of it,
and I'm looking at it in my hand.
I heave a sigh of regret
for the forgetfulness of years.
My face grows old, or young again,
with this discovery.

Since the house is empty,
we two rejoined can be together,
at this table without meat or fruit,
the two of us in this human silence
until once more we're one,
and our day has ended.

Translated by Ursula K. Le Guin

Gabriela Mistral was a Chilean poet, diplomat and educator. In 1945, she became the first Latin American author to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Mistral, Gabriela, and Le Guin, Ursula K. Selected Poems of Gabriela Mistral. University of New Mexico Press, 2011.

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