Making *Tortillas*

I learned the art of making *tortillas* every Saturday and Sunday morning, Grandma mentioning as a warning that I would end up like the Garcias and not be able to find a husband.

She'd tell me the measurements, and she started pouring ingredients making it all seem effortless, saying it all comes with experience, as I started to knead the dough.

In her hands the dough she rolled, and in short time with skill, I would see its form unfold, and she would fill the grill, while I used help from a *tortillero*.

She would talk to me about life, about her life experiences as a sister, daughter, mother, and wife, some as advice and others a whisper, making beautiful memories.

The food impregnated the air making the family rise happy, we soon had enough to share to the family who came hungry making a perfect start to the day.

By Linda Machuca