

## AGUA ES VIDA

Many years ago, my parents had a dream of living in Cubita, New Mexico where my father was born and raised. When my mom found out that she was pregnant with me, my parents decided to build a home on top of a hill in Cubita. However,



before they could start building their house, they had to get utilities to their property. First, they got electricity, then they got gas, and last was water. Because the house was in such a rural area, they did not have access to the local water system, so they had to drill a well. To get a well up at their property they hired a local well witcher named Manuel Crespín; and a drilling company from Albuquerque. To find the spot to drill, Manuel used 2 jaras, or reeds in English. The jaras pointed him in the

direction towards the spot, so he started walking towards that way. Once he was over the spot to drill the water, the jaras shook and gravitated to the ground with a confidence that could not be denied; they knew where to drill. The drillers started to drill and Manuel said that they should only have to dig about 120 feet. The drillers did hit water at 120 feet, although it was not enough to sustain the household, so they kept drilling. They drilled to 300 feet and didn't hit any water, so they kept drilling. They went to 400 feet and still didn't find anything. They kept drilling for another 200 feet and still couldn't find any water. My parents' dream was being shattered, but they decided to quit digging because their money had become as dry as the well. The drilling company was charging \$30 per foot, and after digging 600 feet without hitting water, they didn't want to invest any more. My parents were devastated that they were not able to find water on their property. However, my grandpa wasn't as easily discouraged. He was determined that they were going to be able to find water. The very next day he asked the

Village of Cuba how far they had to drill their wells in la Mesa de Cuba which were located near my parents' property. They told him that they had to drill about 640 feet to get their water, so my grandpa took it upon himself to tell the drillers to keep drilling another 100 feet and that he would pay for it. At 620 feet, they finally hit tons of water! It brought joy to the whole neighborhood of Cubita, especially my great-grandpa who was 92 years old at the time. When my great-grandpa Telesfor saw all the water gushing out, he threw his hands up in the air and started jumping up and down for joy, yelling "Agua! Agua! Alfin le pegaron al Agua!". Which, translated to English means, "Water! Water! They finally hit the water!". My great-grandpa was so excited that he rode his four-wheeler back and forth through the stream that was coming out of the well. This well has provided water for my family for as long as I have been alive. Without the well and the clean water it provides, my family and I would have never been able to live on "la loma de Cubita", or the hill in Cubita.