

A Day With Hu'ul



Husi Cázares & Kerrie Ann Cázares

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DESERT INK PRESS

O'odham Ñeokad

g 'a'al ha-we:m

(Speak O'odham with the children)

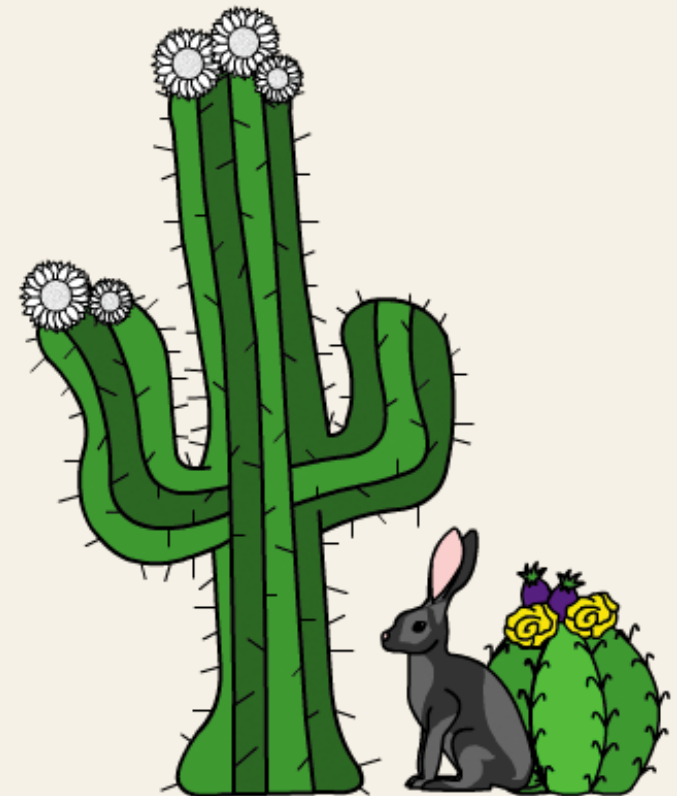


**In loving memory of my Hu'ul
Catherine Josemaria
December 18, 1918 – March 19, 2005**

We dedicate this book to our children Ashley, James, Kaleigh, Chucho, Jegos,
Arshonne, and Ban, as well as our granddaughters
Amariz, Lily, and Cecilia.

This book is also dedicated to the O'odham youth both on and off the
"Rez" in hopes that you acknowledge our himdag (culture), learn the
language, and seek out stories from the elders.

My Hu'ul taught us to take responsibility for our himdag (culture) so that it
would live on through us, this is what I ask of each of you.



Glossary

| Page Number | O'odham Word | Approximate English Pronunciation | English Word |
|-------------|--------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| Pgs 01-02 | taṣga | thah-sh-gah | clock |
| Pgs 01-02 | hu'ul | hoo-oor | grandmother |
| Pgs 03-04 | gaswuikuḍ | gahs-wee-kut | hairbrush |
| Pgs 05-06 | tai | thai | match |
| Pgs 07-08 | watto | wah-tho | ramada |
| Pgs 09-10 | cucul-nonho | choo-choor-nohn-ho | chicken eggs |
| Pgs 11-12 | cecemit | ch eh-cheh-mith | tortillas |
| Pgs 13-14 | muñ | mooñ | beans |
| Pgs 15-16 | ciolim | chee-aw-reem | cholla buds |
| Pgs 17-18 | bahidaj | bah-hee-thahj | saguaro cactus fruit |
| Pgs 19-20 | toka | tho-kah | field hockey |
| Pgs 21-22 | wakonakuḍ | wah-ko-nah-kut | wash tub |
| Pgs 23-24 | 'e'eñiga | eh-ehñ-ee-gah | clothes |
| Pgs 25-26 | pi:t | peeth | clay |
| Pgs 27-28 | takwi | thahk-wee | yucca |
| Pgs 29-30 | huhua | hoo-hoo-ah | baskets |
| Pgs 31-32 | ṣo:maskuḍ | show-mahs-kut | sewing machine |
| Pgs 33-34 | woskuḍ | wohs-kut | broom |
| Pgs 35-36 | ṣudagĩ | shoo-thahg | water |
| Pgs 37-38 | ko:ṣ | koh-sh | sleep |

O'odham is a Native American language spoken by several tribes in the American Southwest and Northern Sonoran Mexico. There are certain sounds that you find in O'odham that you do not find in English or in Spanish.

The O'odham **ḍ** and **ṅ** never begin at the beginning of an O'odham word. The O'odham **ḍ** is always found either in the middle or at the end of an O'odham word. The O'odham **ṅ** is only found in the middle of Spanish introduced words and sounds like the Spanish and English “ng” sound with a strong g added at the end. The O'odham **ḍ** is pronounced like the sound tt like in the English word “mutt.”

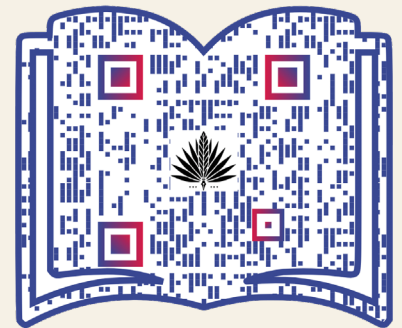
The O'odham **ñ** is pronounced the same as the Spanish language ñ and is found both at the beginning, the middle and the end of different O'odham words.

The O'odham **ḥ** sounds the same as the English “sh” sound and is found in the beginning, the middle and end at the end of different O'odham words.

The O'odham **ḏ** and **ḑ** are both “th” sounds and are not pronounced the same as the English d and t. The O'odham **ḏ** is a voiced interdental (between your teeth) “th” sound. The O'odham **ḑ** is best pronounced by sticking your tongue tip between and past your teeth and saying the “th” sound. The O'odham **ḑ** sounds like the English “th” sound and is unvoiced.

The O'odham **Ḓ** does not have anything that sounds the same in the English language. It sounds like a tongue flap, like in the English word “ladder” or the Spanish r. The O'odham **Ḓ** sounds like the sound tt as in the word “butter”, but in reverse with the tongue moving from a rolled position in the back of the mouth and tapping the center of the roof of the mouth and then moving to the front of the mouth to your teeth.

Scan the QR Code to hear the O'odham words in the book pronounced!





Early in the morning, as the sun began to rise, my **taşga** (thah-sh-gah) began to ring. I reached over and stopped the alarm **clock**. Then my **hu'ul** (hoo-oor) came in to make sure I was awake.

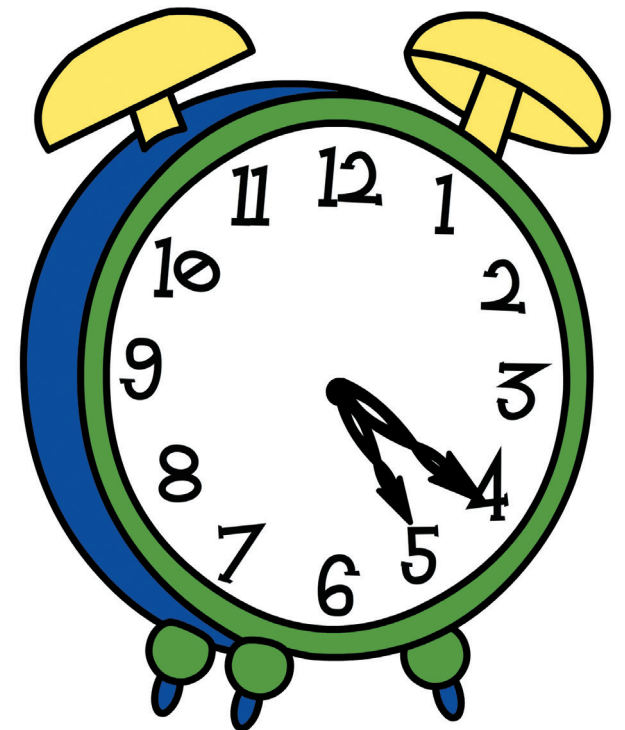
My **grandmother** pleasantly said, "It's time to wake up."

I groaned as my **hu'ul** smiled and persisted, "Wake up sleepy head. The **taşga** has already gone off."

My **hu'ul** smiled as I got up slowly from my bed and I said, "I don't like the **taşga** waking me up. Why do I have to get up this early every day?"

Hu'ul went to my closet and began picking out my clothes for the day and replied, "There's a lot of work to be done. We have to start when the sun wakes up."

I wish that the **taşga** didn't work and I could sleep in late, but it is time to start the day.





After I finally got out of bed and stretched, my **hu'ul** handed me my **gaswuikud** (gahs-wee-kut) to brush my hair.

Using the **hairbrush** I asked, “Why do I have to brush my hair every morning?”

As I attempted to untangle my hair with my **gaswuikud**, my **hu'ul** answered, “You have to brush your hair so there are no knots. We braid your hair to keep it from getting tangled while we do our chores.”

I thought about it, and **hu'ul** was right. If I do not use my **gaswuikud**, my hair will get more tangled and knotted as the day went on.

As **hu'ul** handed me my clothes she added, “Our long hair is what gives us our strength and shows other people who we are. We must make sure we take care of it.”

After I was done using my **gaswuikud**, my **hu'ul** carefully tied my hair into braids. I put on my clothes and was ready to start the day.





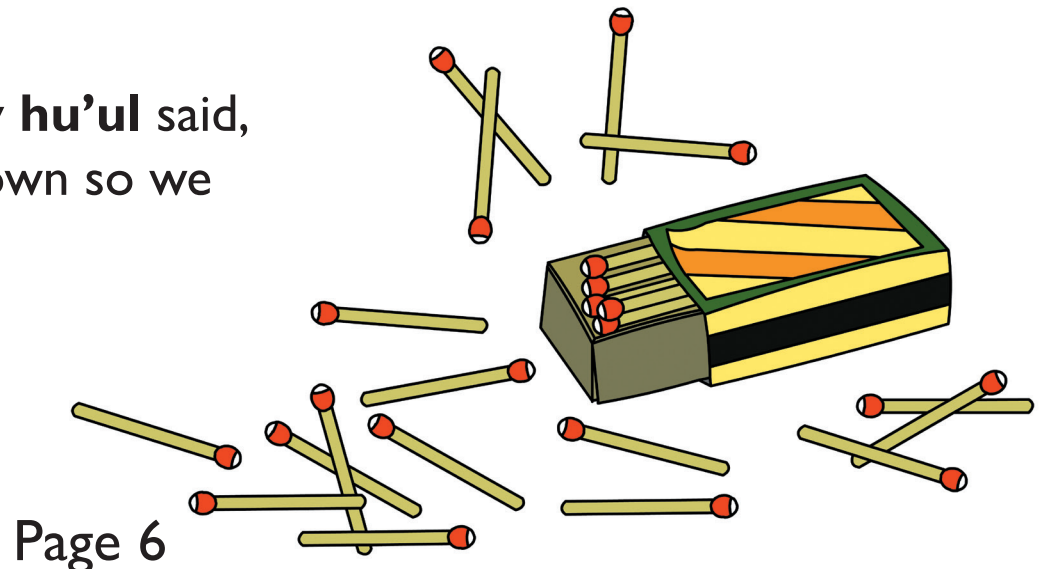
Hu’ul and I went outside to start our chores. **Hu’ul** took some wood from a pile and put it into the outdoor stove. I added kindling and handed her a **tai** (thai) to light the fire. After my **hu’ul** took the **match**, I accidentally dropped the box on the ground. I was frustrated because now I had a big mess to pick up. **Hu’ul** teased, “Clumsy girl!”

As **hu’ul** struck the **tai** to make the fire I asked, “Why do we start a fire in our outdoor kitchen every morning?”

My **hu’ul** tossed the lit **tai** into the stove and replied, “We light a fire every morning because we use the fire to cook our food.”

I continued to pick up my mess. **Hu’ul** put a large pot of water on the outdoor stove so she would have warm water for washing up and for cleaning the dishes after she cooked.

As I put the last **tai** back into its box my **hu’ul** said, “Now we just need to let the fire die down so we can cook.”





As the fire died down, we refilled the drinking pot with fresh water for the day. We kept water in a huge barrel under a corner of our **watto** (wah-tho). Keeping the water barrel under the **ramada** kept it nice and cool. **Hu'ul** filled a bucket from the barrel and emptied it into our drinking pot.

While under our **watto**, I poured fresh water from my small bucket into the large drinking pot. I complained, "Why do we fill the drinking pot every day? Why does everyone need so much water?"

My **hu'ul** put the lid back on the open water barrel to keep the water clean and said, "We need water when it is hot to keep us from getting sick."

Hu'ul put her water bucket under the **watto** and continued, "We do it because everyone is busy working hard. Thirsty O'odham can't work as hard because they get too hot and tired. Drinking cool water keep us healthy so we can finish our chores."





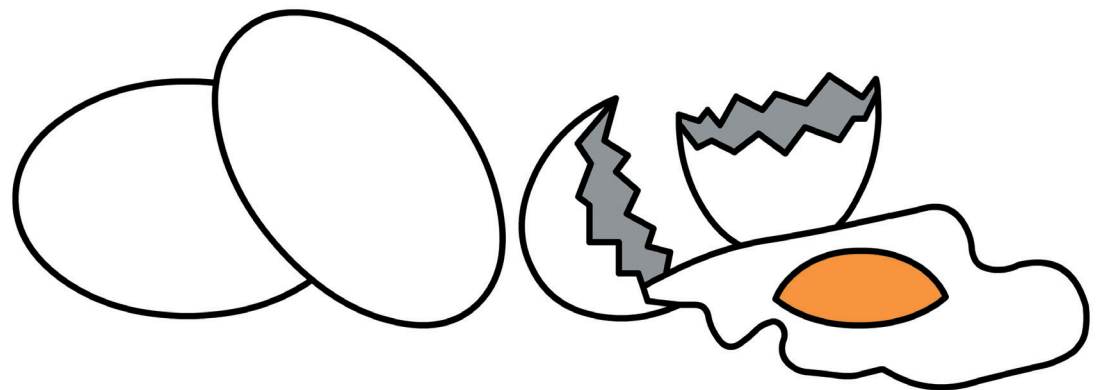
It was time to collect fresh **cucul-nonho** (choo-choor nohn-ho) from the chickens. The chicken coop held a lot of chickens, and those chickens laid many **chicken eggs**.

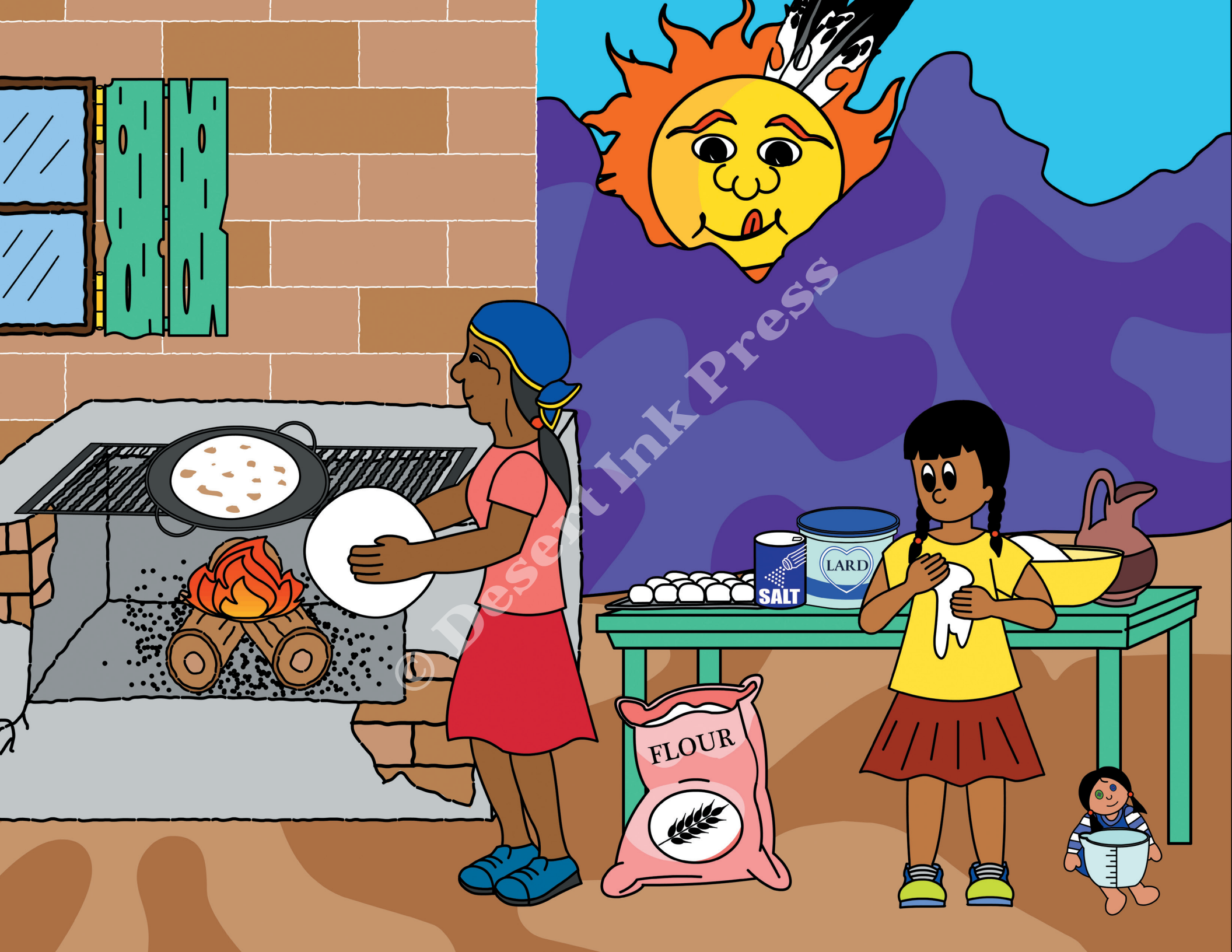
My **hu'ul** placed the **cucul-nonho** she collected into a bucket. I was too small to carry a large bucket, so I carried the **cucul-nonho** in my skirt. When I had collected several of them, I slowly put them in a bucket, being careful not to crack any.

As the chickens ran around me and clucked loudly, I wondered out loud, “Why do we collect so many **cucul-nonho**?”

“Fresh **cucul-nonho** make a quick, warm, and healthy breakfast before we start our chores. We also boil **cucul-nonho** so when the men are working far from home, they can take food they don't need to cook,” **hu'ul** answered.

As we finished collecting the **cucul-nonho** she added, “We also share some with others in our village. Not everyone has chickens.”





Desert Link Press

FLOUR

SALT

LARD

With the outdoor fire burning hot and bright, my **hu'ul** began to make **cecemit** (cheh-cheh-mith) by mixing flour, lard, salt, and other ingredients in a bowl. When the dough was finished, **hu'ul** and I made small balls of dough and put them on a cookie sheet. I love **tortillas!**

I like eating freshly made **cecemit**, but I wondered why we had to make so many. I asked my **hu'ul**, “Why do we make so many **cecemit**?”

As she patted the dough ball round and flat she replied, “We make a lot of **cecemit** because we must feed a lot of people. We not only make them for ourselves, we also make them for our entire family.”

As the delicious aroma from the **cecemit** cooking on the stove filled the air, she joked, “Besides, your brothers and your cousins always seem to come in and sneak off with a few **cecemit** when our backs are turned. They think we don't notice. Everyone loves them so we need to make sure we have enough **cecemit** for mealtime.”





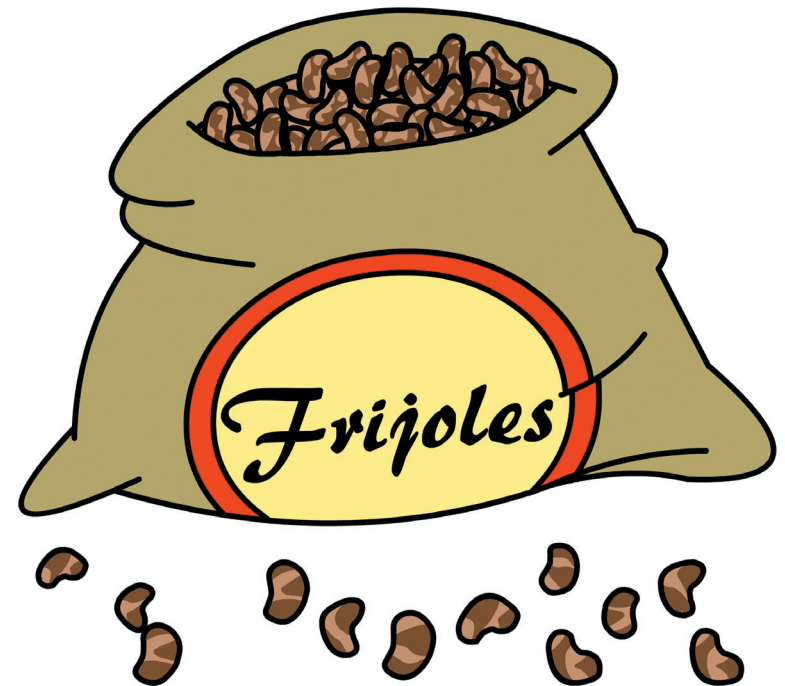
We were having **mu:ñ** (moonñ) for dinner. Cooking **pinto beans** takes a lot of time and preparation so we had to get started right away.

My **hu'ul** set me up at the table to separate the **mu:ñ**. **Hu'ul** poured some from a sack onto the table and spread them out for us to sort through. I asked, “Why don’t we just throw them all in the pot?”

As she stepped away from the table to fill the huge cooking pot with water she explained, “**Mu:ñ** grows on the ground and we need to clean out all the small rocks, twigs, and dirt that accidentally get mixed in. You don’t want to eat small rocks, do you?” I shook my head no.

Hu'ul explained that after we separate the **mu:ñ**, we have to cook them for several hours.

I groaned to my **hu'ul** that it takes way too long to cook a pot of **mu:ñ**. But my **hu'ul** reminded me, “**mu:ñ** is nutritious, and a big pot will last us several meals. They also taste great with **cecemit**.”





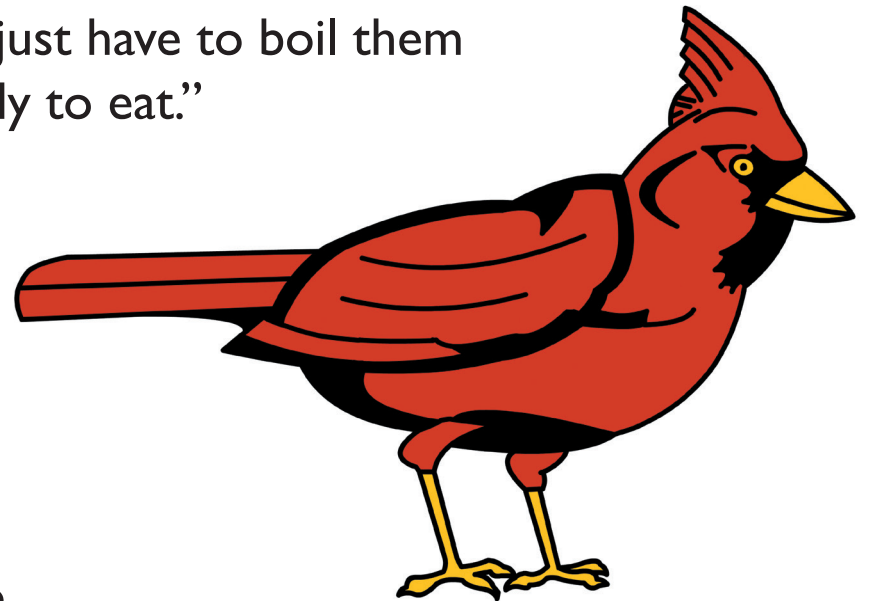
Before the sun grew too hot, my **hu'ul** took me out in the desert to collect the **ciolim** (chee-aw-reem) that grew on the cholla cactus. I didn't like to gather **cholla buds**, I only like to eat them. It is tricky to avoid the sharp thorns from the cholla cactus. We already had enough **ciolim** for our meal, but **hu'ul** kept picking more. "Why are we picking so much **ciolim hu'ul**?" I asked.

My **hu'ul** chuckled and explained, "We gather **ciolim** when they are ripe, and we eat them with our meals. We also pick extra so we can dry them out in the sun."

"Why do we need to dry them?" I wondered out loud.

"We'll dry the **ciolim** so that we can store them and eat them when they are not in season," She replied. "If they are dried properly, we can store them for a very long time. When we want to eat them, we just have to boil them and they'll plump right up and then they are ready to eat."

As she continued to fill her bucket with **ciolim**, my **hu'ul** stated, "The desert provides us with the food and things we need, we just have to know when and where to get it."



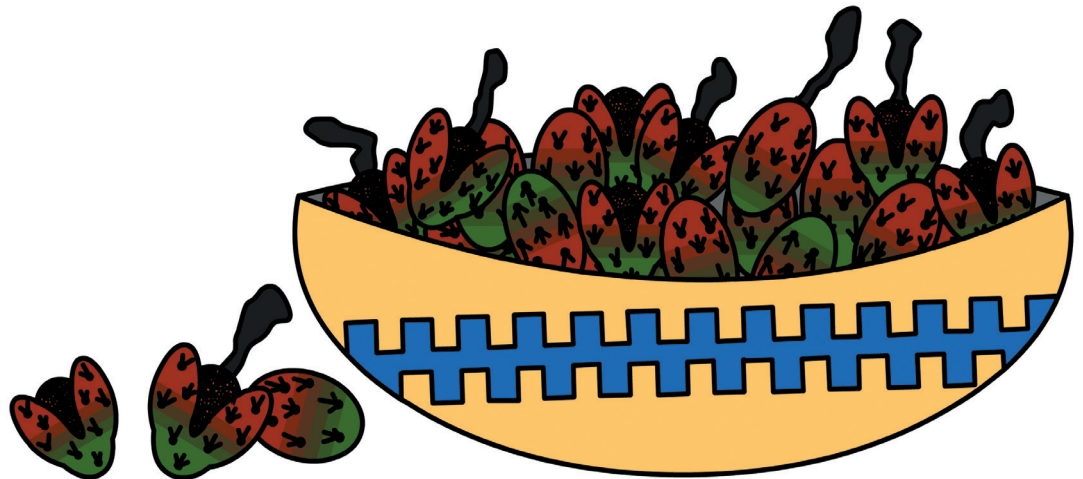


When we gather **bahidaj** (bah-hee-thahj), it is very different than picking **ciolim**. **Hu'ul** has to use a long harvesting pole to knock the **saguaro cactus fruit** off of the tall cactus. I try to catch them with my bucket before they hit the ground, but sometimes I miss.

As our buckets and baskets quickly filled with the tasty desert fruit, I asked “What are we going to do with all of this **bahidaj**?”

“We gather as much as possible because we can only harvest it once a year. Would you want to have it only once a year?” My **hu'ul** asked. I shook my head and said, “No,” because I really love **bahidaj**.

Hu'ul told me we use **bahidaj** to make jam, candy, and syrup, and we dry it and prepare some for later use. We also use it to make wine for the Rain Ceremony when we sing down the rain.



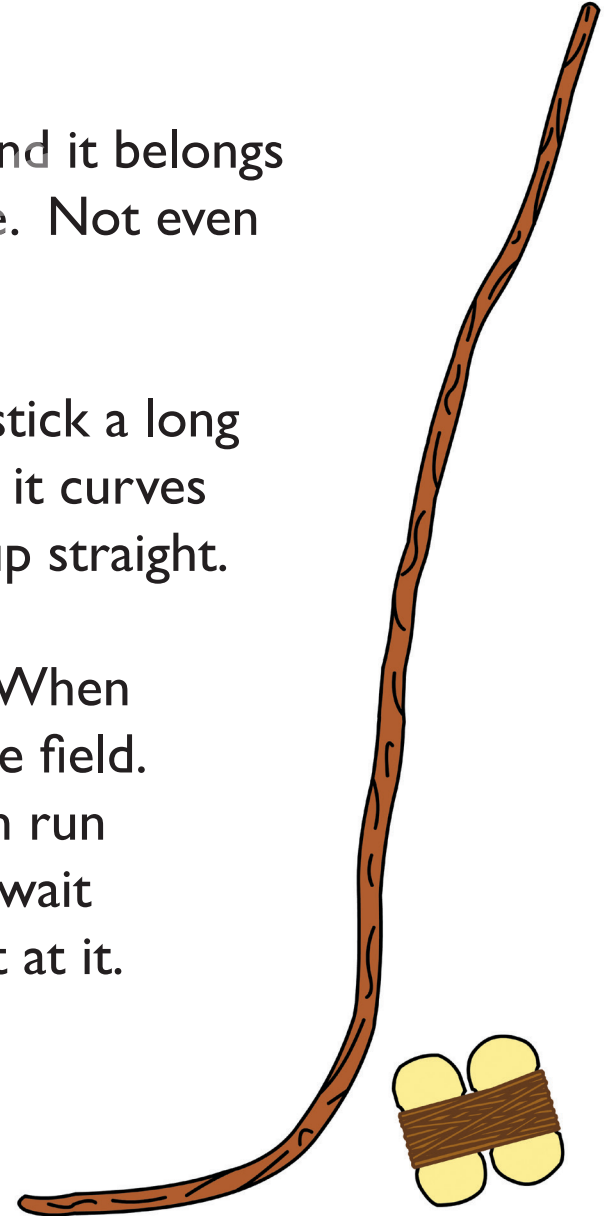


It was time for **hu'ul** and I to take a break from our everyday chores. We went to meet her friends at the **toka** (tho-kah) field. **Hu'ul** and her friends love to play this game. This is an O'odham women's game. It is sometimes compared to **field hockey**, but **hu'ul** doesn't like to call it that.

She told me, "It is a game that comes from our people, and it belongs to us, the O'odham women. Only women play this game. Not even your Grandfather and the other men can play it."

Hu'ul told me that a man in the village made her **toka** stick a long time ago from mesquite. **Hu'ul's toka** stick is huge and it curves at the bottom. It is taller than she is when she holds it up straight.

I am too small to play **toka** with **hu'ul** and her friends. When I go to the game, I have to sit on the sideline, far from the field. I sit there so I don't accidentally get hit while the women run and swing their **toka** sticks. I cheered **hu'ul** on. I can't wait until I am big enough to play **toka**, I know I'll be the best at it.





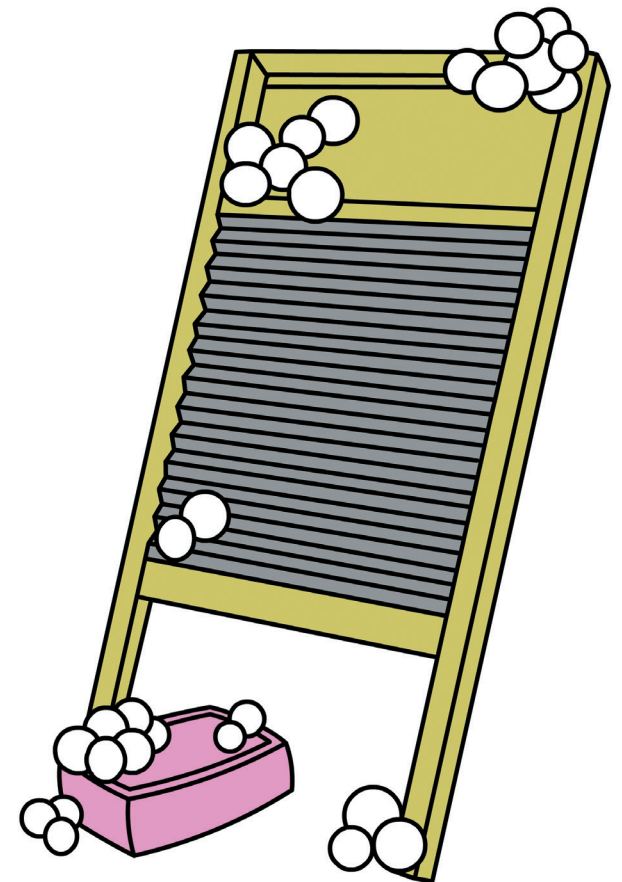
Hu'ul gathered our dirty laundry and brought it out for us to wash. She placed the dirty laundry in the **wakonakud** (wah-ko-nah-kut) and began to fill the **wash tub** with water. I helped by adding the laundry soap.

“Why do we wash everyone’s dirty clothes all the time?” I grumbled, “Why can’t everyone just wash their own? Can’t we just let the clothes soak in the **wakonakud**?”

Hu'ul looked at me, shook her head, and replied, “Everyone in the family has a different job to do, and ours is to wash the laundry.”

My **hu'ul** scrubbed a shirt and responded, “Soaking dirty clothes in soapy water in the **wakonakud** does not get rid of the dirt and smell in the clothes. We have to scrub them clean using the washboard.”

I handed **hu'ul** more clothes and she continued, “Using a **wakonakud** and washboard ensures our clothes are clean and smelling fresh.”



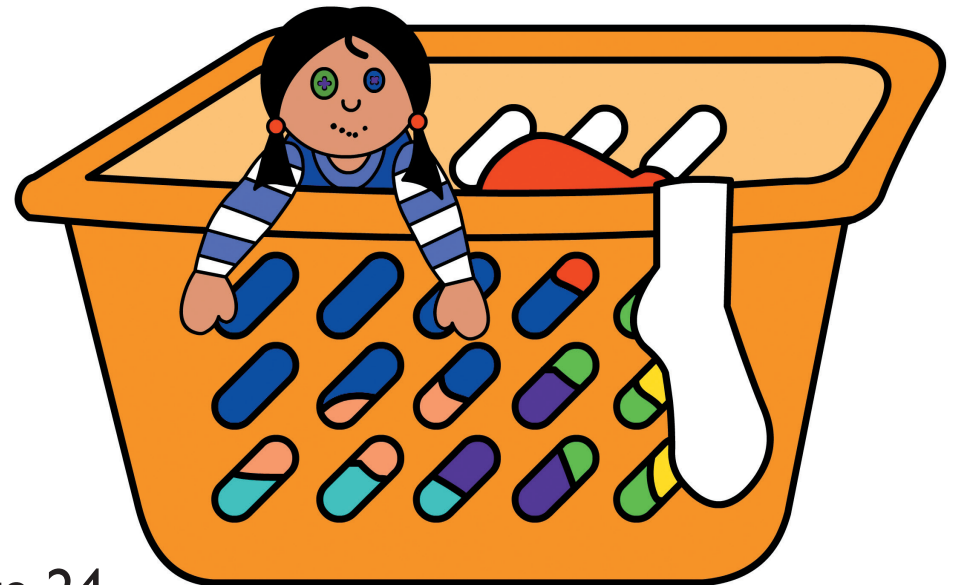


Once the **'e'eñiga** (eh-ehñ-ee-gah) were scrubbed, rinsed and wrung, we hung the wet **clothes** on the clothesline to dry.

The day seemed long and I was getting tired. As I was hanging all of the socks on the barbed wire fence, I used one of my best whiny voices and complained to **hu'ul**, "This takes too long. Why do you have to pin every single piece of our **'e'eñiga** on the clothesline?"

My **hu'ul** ignored me at first and continued to hang the **'e'eñiga** on the clothesline, pinning each piece down with a clothespin. As she worked, she explained, "If we don't pin them down, the wind may blow them down to the ground. Since they are wet, the **'e'eñiga** will get muddy and we will have to wash them all over again."

I didn't want to wash everything again. I would rather take the extra time to hang the **'e'eñiga** on the clothesline the right way. I stopped complaining.





This afternoon my **hu'ul** and I were going to make pottery. **Hu'ul** mixed some water with a certain type of soil to make **pi:t** (peeth). The **clay** needs to be made just right to mold pots. I love squishing the **pi:t** in my hands and making it into shapes. I also use the **pi:t** to try and make pots like my **hu'ul**. I am not as good as her, but she tells me it is important to keep practicing.

Hu'ul showed me how to use the paddle to pat the **pi:t** over something round to create a bowl shape. We used paints that we made from different plants to paint traditional patterns on the bowls.

Hu'ul painted some designs on the pots before she put them in the outdoor kiln to harden. I asked her, "Why do we make these?"

Hu'ul smiled and replied, "We make pottery as part of our culture. It is part of our history as O'odham. We make our pottery out of **pi:t**. We make some to use around the house, some for decoration, and some we take to the trading post to sell so we can get things we need."



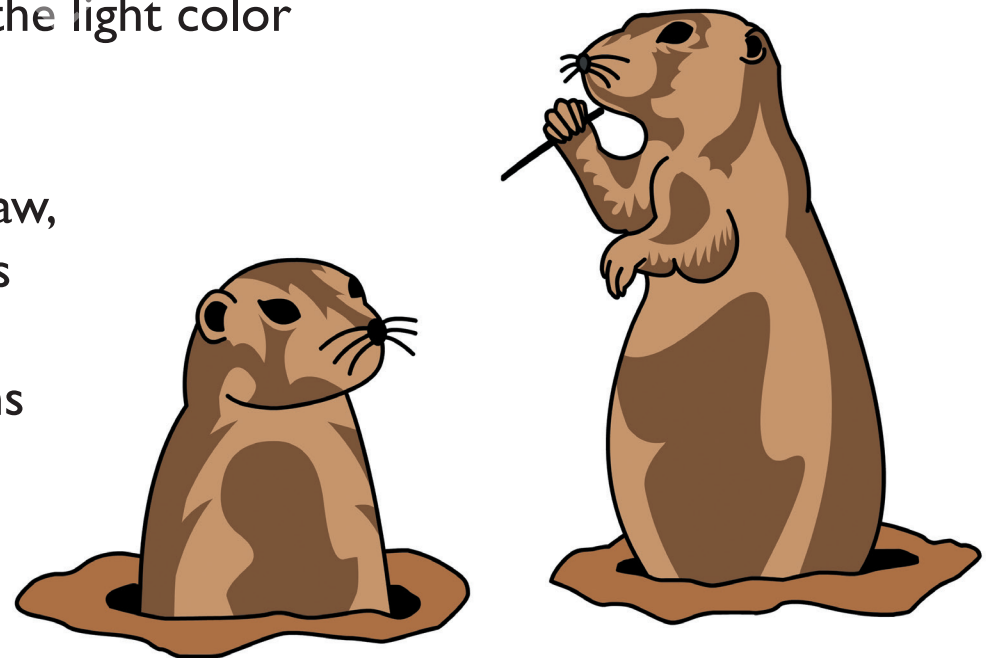


Sometimes **hu'ul** would take me out near the mountains to gather **takwi** (thahk-wee) to make baskets. Gathering the center pieces of the **yucca** plant was difficult, but **hu'ul** was skilled at it. She grabbed a bunch in her hand and twisted and pulled them out quickly. She was careful not to cut herself on the sharp edged **takwi** leaves.

As **hu'ul** pulled out the **takwi** and placed them on the towel, she told me, “We harvest a lot of **takwi** for our baskets. The rest we sell or trade to other basket weavers who can't make it this far out or gather their own supplies?”

As **hu'ul** continued to remove the **takwi**, she reminded me that when we get home, we have to lay the **takwi** out to dry so it will get bleached by the sun. This is what creates the light color in our baskets.

Sometimes we would also gather devil's claw, banana root, and bear grass. We use devil's claw for the brown colored designs in our baskets. Banana root forms the red designs and bear grass forms the center coils of our baskets.



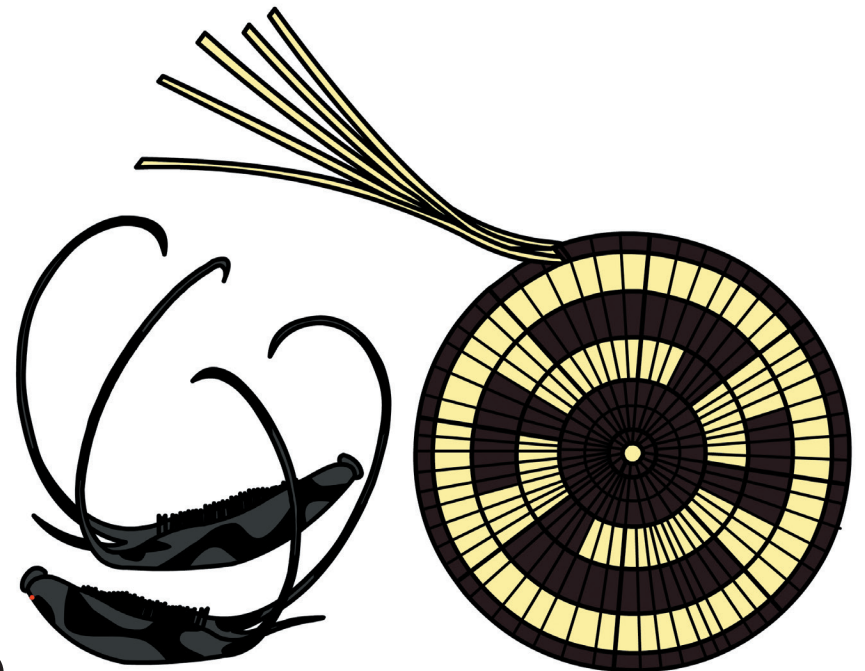


Weaving **huhua** (hoo-hoo-ah) wasn't something we could do in just one day. For a few hours each day we sat on a blanket under the mesquite tree and worked on weaving our **baskets**.

Hu'ul instructed me, "We use the natural materials from the desert that we have gathered to create beautiful **huhua**. We use an awl to poke a hole in the sturdy inner bear grass coil, then thread a strip of **takwi** through the coils and pull it tight. We continue to slowly stitch around the coil with the **takwi**. We then use devil's claw or banana root to make colorful designs. It is a slow process."

While using the tools handed down from her mother and grandmother, my **hu'ul** wove with expert skill. She made many **huhua** because we used some around the house to gather and store things in, but we also sold or traded many **huhua** at our local trading post.

Hu'ul made perfect baskets. Her **huhua** were always round and had pretty designs on them. Mine weren't very round, but **hu'ul** liked them and said they were a good start.



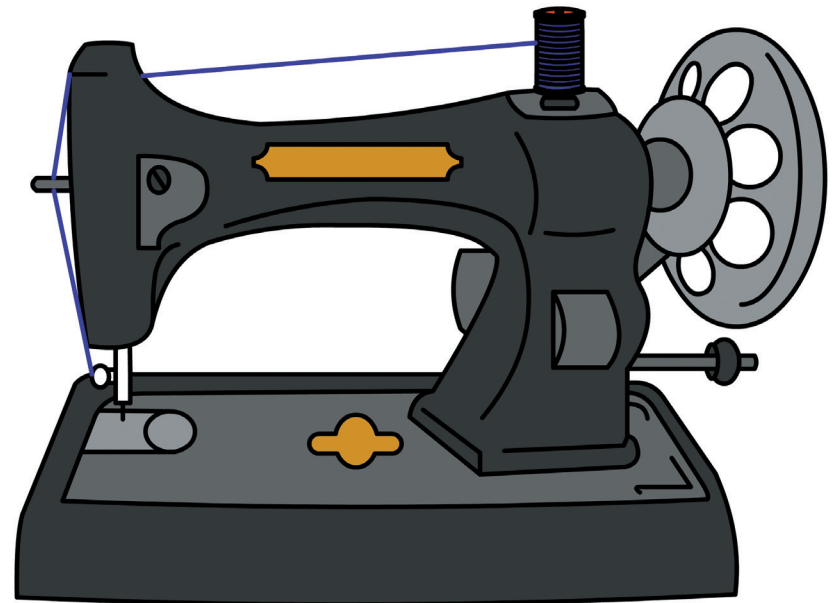


Next **hu'ul** decided it was time to do some mending. She took out her **şo:maskuđ** (show-mahs-kut) and sewing supplies. Over the past several weeks she had been putting all of the **'e'eñiga** that needed mending in a basket next to the **sewing machine**. My **hu'ul** began to move her foot up and down on a foot peddle to make the **şo:maskuđ** work.

Hu'ul taught me how to sew with a needle and thread. She says that I am too short to use the **şo:maskuđ**. While I attempted to fix a rip on my doll I asked, "Why do we sew the **'e'eñiga** that get torn and have holes in them instead of just throwing them away?"

While the **şo:maskuđ** bustled along **hu'ul** responded, "We live out in the desert and do not have stores nearby that sell **'e'eñiga**. These are still good. They just need a little repairing. We take pride in taking care of our things. We do not have a lot, and that is why it is important for us to appreciate what we have."

Hu'ul continued to use her **şo:maskuđ** until all the ripped **'e'eñiga** were mended.





At the end of the day, before dinner, we cleaned up the house. My **hu'ul** used the **woskuḍ** (wohs-kut) while I held a dustpan for her.

“Why do we even bother sweeping the floors with the **broom** when the floors will just get dusty and dirty again tomorrow?” I asked.

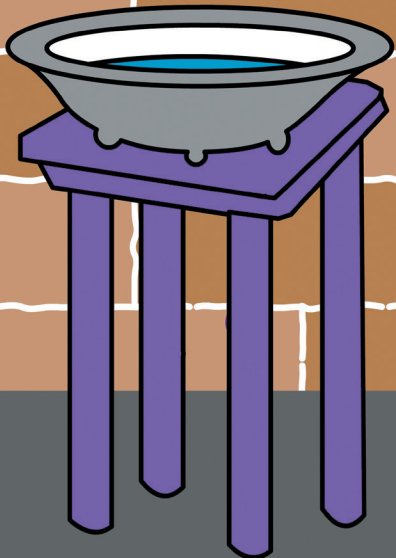
My **hu'ul** playfully hit me on the butt with the **woskuḍ** and responded, “You don't want to sit here in a dirty house do you?”

“No, I guess not,” I agreed. “But it seems like we are always cleaning and sweeping with that old **woskuḍ**!” I exclaimed.

My **hu'ul** nodded her head in agreement and continued to sweep with the **woskuḍ**. “It might seem that way sometimes, but having a clean house helps you feel good.”

Hu'ul smiled and whirled the **woskuḍ** like a dance partner and said, “Well, look at the bright side, using the **woskuḍ** can help you practice all of your dance moves!”





With the sleepy sun lowering in the sky, my **hu'ul** poured warm **ṣudagǐ** (shoo-thahg) into the tin bathtub to wash the day's work off of my body.

“Why can't I just go to bed **hu'ul**, I'm tired?” I mumbled as I rubbed my eyes. My **hu'ul** poured more warm **water** into the tub and replied, “The day isn't finished until you get cleaned up.”

Then she laughed, “Besides, we just washed your sheets, your dusty little body would get your clean sheets all dirty again.” I slowly lowered myself into the soapy **ṣudagǐ** and complained, “But I'm so tired.”

My **hu'ul** explained, “A warm bath will not only get you clean, but the warm **ṣudagǐ** will help your tired body relax so you can sleep better.”

Hu'ul hummed and scrubbed my hair, I blew bubbles with the soapy **ṣudagǐ**. When I was done, **hu'ul** rinsed me off. I stepped out of the dirty **ṣudagǐ** and wrapped myself into a dry towel that **hu'ul** had waiting for me.





With the sun tucked behind the mountains and my **hu'ul** dimming the lantern, it was finally time to **ko:s** (koh-sh). I quickly got into my nightgown and used my **gaswuikud** to brush through the knots in my hair.

As I tucked in my doll, my **hu'ul** spoke softly, "It's time to **sleep** and rest your eyes." We need to get up early tomorrow."

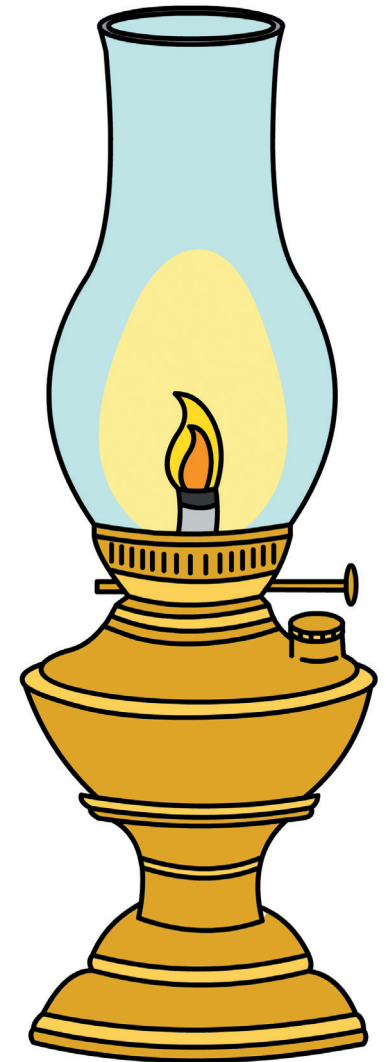
"Why do we need to get up so early?" I like to **ko:s**." I yawned.

My **hu'ul** smiled and reminded me, "Just like today, there's a lot of work to be done."

I was so tired from the day's work that I crawled right into my bed. As soon as my head rested on my pillow, I was ready to **ko:s**.

I began to slowly fall asleep, and I hear my **hu'ul** whisper, "Good night little one."

Half asleep I mumbled, "Good night **hu'ul**, I love you."



About the O'odham

The O'odham are a group of Native American people that live in the American Southwest in the state of Arizona and the Northwest portion of Mexico in the Mexican state of Sonora. Traditionally, there were several groups that referred to themselves as O'odham or some associated description of that name.

Tohono O'odham translates to Desert People. These are my people. Ak Chin O'odham translates to Arroyo Mouth People. This refers to their farming style. Onk Akimel O'odham translates to Salt River People. This group of O'odham lived along the Salt River. Gila River Indian Communities are known as Akimel O'odham or River People, because they lived along the Gila River up near present day Phoenix, Arizona. In various parts of northern Mexico, the nomadic O'odham are called Hia Cedj O'odham, or the Sand People.



Husi grew up between the two villages of Ku:pk (Canteen Lid) and Pisin Mo'o (Buffalo Head) on the Tohono O'odham Reservation

About my hu'ul

This book chronicles some of the many experiences between my sisters, Eliza and Gabriella, and my hu'ul that I witnessed as a young boy growing up on the Tohono O'odham Indian Reservation in southern Arizona. This book is about some of the lessons that my hu'ul provided my younger sisters as we grew up. Hu'ul is the O'odham word for maternal grandmother (mother's mother). In O'odham culture, the instruction of important life skills and cultural teachings were primarily passed down to us by our grandparents. My grandmother taught cultural lessons to my younger sisters, and my grandfather imparted knowledge to my brothers and I.



This book recounts the many tasks during the day that the women in my tribe attend to with their young granddaughters in tow to provide them with cultural instruction and training. My sisters were raised this way, and this storybook provides insight into their daily routines as I witnessed them doing their chores. Of course, all of these activities could not be done in one single day, but this book represents more of an overview. Some of the tasks in this book, such as gathering saguaro cactus fruit, were only done once a year; other endeavors could be done several times a year or daily.

In O'odham culture, there were very specific gender roles related to activities of everyday life. To this day there still exists activities done only by women. But, in more modern times, many of the activities of the Tohono O'odham are becoming gender neutral to keep the himdag ("way of life") thriving. Children spend much of their time with the grandparents as parent's worked to support the family. We were left with our grandparents and they spent a great deal of time helping raise us. Parents often had to obtain and maintain jobs off of the reservation. Who are better than grandparents with their years of experience, wisdom, knowledge and the expertise to instill culture and help raise their grandchildren?

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About The Authors



Husi Cázares

Husi Cázares is an enrolled member of the Tohono O’odham Nation in southern Arizona where he grew up. Much of his youth was spent living between the small villages of Kupk (Water Dike) and Pisin Mo’o (Buffalo Head), a larger village with 340 residents.

For eleven years he taught his native Tohono O’odham culture, history and language and has taught courses in Tohono O’odham language, history and culture. He holds a M.A. in Native American Studies from the University of Arizona.

Currently, Husi works as a tri-lingual speech language pathologist in southern Arizona. His passion for sharing and preserving the O’odham language and culture has kept him actively working with his tribe to encourage language preservation and literacy. He is continuing to write bilingual Tohono O’odham books for children.



Kerrie Ann Cázares

Kerrie Ann Cázares works at a nonprofit organization that donates free diverse books to classrooms and libraries in Title One schools in Pima County, Arizona. She also writes and illustrates books, language coloring books, and language materials for learning the O’odham language with her husband Husi Cázares.

Kerrie Ann grew up in Orland Park, Illinois. She got her Bachelor’s degree at Saint Xavier University in Chicago, Illinois. She moved to Arizona to attend the University of Arizona. Kerrie and her husband live in Marana, Arizona, nice and close to many of their seven children and their three granddaughters.



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