

# Saturday, January 10, 2009

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For this morning, I took my second cold bucket bath. As Sarah went to breakfast, I stayed at my host house to make origami with the magazine and strings from my socks. Honestly, I strongly believe that this artwork is the ugliest thing I ever made. Next time, I will always travel with my origami paper or other art materials.

After taking photos with my host family, I packed my luggage for my trip to the Four Communities to meet my next host families. When we arrived at the four communities, we got lunch. That was quick; breakfast was only a couple hours before lunch. Since I was not hungry, I skipped lunch. Following lunch, most of the student went to visit the construction site for the Four Communities Water Plant. Since I already visited the site, I stayed behind to help Tamar to prepare for the Health Fair.

When the gift/candy bags were done, we formed groups and went to each house to invite the residents to the Health Fair. I was grouped with Henry, Reiko, Lalo, and WenQi to go to Rio Frio (one of the Four Communities). For most of the time, I did not speak because I did not want to confuse the resident with my broken and incomprehensible Spanish. As always, Henry could not stop his weird behaviors and limited vocabulary in Spanish. Mainly, Lalo spoke to the families and he tried to convince the residents to come to the Health Fair. After some practice, Henry improved his invitation speech to the Hondurans. As we finished all the invitations, Henry chased and stopped a vehicle driving to Rio Frio. After he spoke, he threw in an invitation into the vehicle. Lalo could not stop laughing because instead of telling the driver that the Health Fair is free, Henry told the driver that he does not need money. That's Henry!!

By the time we returned by the lunch area (popurri), it was dark and we had to meet our host family. Sarah and I were selected to stay with a host family in Rio Frio. It turned out that Sarah and I have to cross a bridge-like ladder across a river to reach our host house. In addition, our host was the furthest house in Rio Frio. Other students staying in Rio Frio were: Chris, Henry, Jeff, Kelvin, Halley, Reiko.

When we introduced ourselves to our host family, John left us with the family. For a long period of time, Sarah and I sat in the silent living room and stared at each other. Then Sarah broke the silence by offering chocolates to the girl, father, and the father's brother. In the mist of the silence, I wanted to ask the little girl about her mother where about. I held back my question because I was apprehensive that her mother may be dead. Then the man of the house offered to turn on the TV. As we watched the TV, I wondered if there were women in the house. Thanked the lord, the girl's mother came back and she stated talking to us. Her arrival broke the awkward silence. Women seem to be more talkative than the men.

She showed us how she cooks. In addition, she asked us about our backgrounds. From our conversation, I noticed that she is very religious. She even suggested to me to go to church. I can't imagine myself attend church/mass. I am not very religious. However, if someone asks me if I believe in God, I would probably answer yes. If God does not exist, there is no big lost in my part. On the contrary, if Goes does exist, I will be in a safe zone. Basically, there is no lost in believing in God. Does following a religion lead to people being hopeful for what the future may hold? Is that why Hondurans still remain happy even with separated family members and harsh living conditions?

Furthermore, our host mother told Sarah and I about how her husband brother got hit by a truck at a young age and lost his teeth. While we have a large plate of tortilla, avocado, cheese, mayo, and beans, the little girl and boy only ate tortilla. As I ate, I felt very guilty that I was eating such a large meal while the children ate almost nothing. Even through this family have very little money; they still welcomed us to their humble home. Why?

Later in the night, the family showed us our room. The first thing I spotted is that it is the master room with one full size bed. At that juncture, I wanted to volunteer to sleep in the van. The van is very comfortable. Sleeping in the master bedroom implied that I am driving the parents out of their private room. However, our host mother explained that her older son sleeps in the master room and he does not come home very frequently. This made me feel slightly at ease. Nevertheless, I was still restless. Am I going to be a big hassle for them?

Deeper into the night, the mother explained how she will go to the Health Fair because her youngest son is sick. He has a nose infection and head problems. They went to the clinic in Tegucigalpa and brought a medication for 500 lempira. Despite the medications and clinic visits, the doctor still did not know what the son has.

At midnight approaches, we went back into our room. Sarah and I reflected on what the woman said. The more we see how people live in Honduras, we felt very lucky and fortunate about our living style at our homes in the states. There are many things that I take for granted. People don't miss it until it is gone or too late. Carpe diem.