

Mexico Trip

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Last week was an unforgettable experience that was filled with the hammers striking a melodic rhythm, the saws creating a husky violin tune, and a house rising from a dump.

Last week, my family and I went to Mexico for a vacation. You would think, *Oh, wow, a typical cruise, right?* Buuuutt... no. We went to Mexico not for a luxurious vacation, but to visit and build a house, from scratch, in probably one of the poorest areas in North America. After we crossed the border, the landscape turned for the worst- immediately and drastically. As we drove further in, we reached a place that seemed to have been robbed of all pride and wealth. The average house was composed of old garage doors and whatever the people there could summon out of the area that was regarded as a dump. It seemed so impossible for such poverty to exist just a few miles south of the wealthy and flourishing city of San Diego. Even in the relatively cozy area we were living in (an ex-orphanage building), we were deprived of sanitary tap water sinks where we could brush our teeth and flush toilets.

Although the conditions were harsh and shocking, all the builders have gained a sense of selflessness after witnessing such brutally destitute areas. This is one moment beyond the description of words.

Now reflecting upon this trip, it seems so unjust in their favor that we hold prejudice against the people of their race who have crossed the borderline illegally. It is truly depressing to see skyscrapers that are higher than than these native people's hopes and opportunities just across such a small distance.