

Part of the CHILD MIGRANT PREVENTION PROJECT in Honduras, Central America

What follows is from **Kirsten Rotz** blog: “The Transient Lady”

<http://thetransientlady.com/2014/11/21/real-third-world-part-1/>

This afternoon, Sor Pati, Sor Quelin, and I visited the homes of three of our students who live with us during the week. We also spoke with the families of potential students, explaining the advantage of sending their daughters to receive an education that provides them with opportunities far beyond their sights right now. As you can see, we were in an area of the city that is totally overcome with poverty, illness, and struggles. However, all of the people we encountered were friendly, glad to see us, and naturally, the children were all smiles



[...] Tuesday, I ate piece after piece of humble pie. Two of the sisters and I went to visit the homes of two internas or students who live with us during the year. We also stopped by the homes of several potential students.

First we met up with sisters, in the same order as Mother Teresa, whose ministry primarily focuses on men with HIV/AIDS and those in extreme poverty.

Along with two of the sisters and a driver, we were taken to a neighborhood that was so different than the San Pedro Sula I spend most of

my time in that. I could hardly believe we were still well-within the city.

Heavy rains from that morning had filled the potholes that riddled the dirt roads. Two of us sat in plastic chairs in the back of the pickup, like princesses in a parade, which just added to the paradoxes of the experience.

We had to get out and walk small distances to some houses because of the roads. These pathways were littered with trash, mud, feces, and God knows what else. These “homes” consisted of rusted sheet metal, tarps, plastic campaign signs, pallets, large sticks and tree branches, and maybe cinder blocks—if a family was more well-off.



I feel both shameful but truthful to say that I felt dirty being there. After being hugged by lots of children, mothers, and grandmothers, almost getting a face-full of spiders (since I'm taller than most, I almost walked into three big webs at my height), and being invited to sit on broken, stained, and dirty plastic chairs, yes, I felt dirty. And pretentious. And impressed. And lucky. And thankful.



Pretentious. The thought crossed our minds that luckily we weren't visiting during a meal time, because we couldn't bear to have to eat anything that would have been prepared for us.

Impressed. As sad as these homes were, can we all just take a moment to appreciate the creativity and level of expertise these families achieved in creating places to live that meet their basic needs? Yes, the floor was packed dirt, and when it rained, there was likely a small stream or

two through the house. But how many of us can say that we could make a relatively livable home with the same kinds of materials? If need be, probably, but still.

Sor Paty outside the home of a potential student. Currently, the girl runs the family store on the side of the road while caring for her mother, who only has one leg, and young brother.





Lucky and Thankful. Growing up, I eventually learned what it meant to have to work for what you want in life. Granted, for me, that usually just equated to spending money and saving for college. I'm so so incredibly blessed to have two parents who have jobs that even provide benefits. Not a single day of my life has passed that I haven't had more than enough to eat. I have never had to worry that I won't be taken care of if I'm sick. And I've even

skipped classes in school, failing to remember what a prime opportunity it was to even be there.

OK, while I'm sure I could go on about third-world living conditions and the lesson all us first-world jerks can take away, I should get off my soapbox. If you have the time, check out my album on Facebook for more pictures. Also, stay tuned for part two, probably coming in the next couple days.













To see my Picture journal of some of my many experiences living and volunteering in Honduras, go to:

https://www.facebook.com/kirsten.rotz/media_set?set=a.10205088868526923.1073741830.1399932503&type=1