By Matthew Chua*

I arrived in Mexico City two weeks ago not knowing what to expect, and two weeks later, each day is still overflowing with surprises. My first few days in Casa Manuel were an interesting mix of handling the language barrier, receiving welcoming gestures yet with the still unfamiliar awkwardness, and with not knowing what will happen next for each part of the day up to dinner time each day.



Here, Ronald and me are at the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe with Carlos Bravo and Carlos Acencio.

The last part probably had to be the most frustrating part about being here; everything happened as it came and I just had to go with the flow otherwise my more Asian, as well as Bostonian, instincts of being in control of my time would cause unbearable inner turmoil.



Iris and Marcos are the two young students in the community that I have started to teach English to.



