

# Bella Bupp

My mother is a miracle. A dream come true. But miracles aren't made in a day. My mother grew up in San Pedro, Mexico. A small town in the middle of nowhere. And she took me there for the first time in almost 12 years when I was almost 4 years old.

I traveled to my mom's home town in April, 2019. And from the moment I saw my grandma's face in person, I knew this adventure was bigger than me. I stayed in the home my mother grew up in walked the streets she did. Saw the school she went to. I asked my uncle to drive me all over town the first day I was there. I just wanted to see it all.

We stopped at a place that looked like nothing special. Just a brick building. But inside it was so much more. I went inside to find a full working machine shop that had been owned by my grandfather, that my uncle now owns. And I watched as the faces of my family lit up, and that sparkle in my mom's eyes. It moved me.

The shop was not just a building but a symbol of her past. The idea of coming from nothing and then becoming something. This building was a building with no ceiling, no workers but my family, a place that looked like nothing to most. But it was her origin. She is now an engineer at General Motors.

But that was just one moment of understanding.

The moment I will never forget was the night after dinner. We had enjoyed my grandma's cooking like we had every night for the past couple of days. I saw that the sun was setting and decided to go to the roof. I walked up the stairs and onto the roof and watched it all. I watched the kids run down the stairs with nothing but joy on their faces. I watched the young men who tried to sell chips with valentina on them. I watched as the family across the street sit outside and talk to their neighbor.

And I cried. I broke down. I felt vulnerable.

For the first time in a long time I was consumed by the world around me. I was flooded with the thoughts of how different life is. Back



home. I began to question everything. Why are we so quick to judge? Why do people not believe in a second chance? How do people not see the most beautiful things in life are the smallest things that come to us in a split second.

Like the sunset, I was watching the sun fall, felt the earth spin a little slower, the wind grazed past my face, just to be over in a matter of moments, but it will come up again.

I was old enough to understand what this all meant. To have seen the light of life from a different point of view. I gained a new perspective on life. I have never seen something so pure as I did there. The love and compassion the people had for each other were unlike anything I had ever seen. I went to see my family at 17 years old. I met them for the very first time in my life. And all these moments lead to me meeting meeting myself for the very first time in life.

Life is made of many strings strung together to a life you will live.

Okay now i need help with an ending!!!!!!

