The day I realized the world is bigger than I thought

 The day I realized the world is bigger than I thought was when I was on a cruise. When I went on this cruise I thought everywhere was the same as a place I call home, I thought everyone’s lives were almost the same as mine at home, but I was still very young. Growing up I got almost everything I wanted, I wouldn’t consider myself spoiled, but very lucky nevertheless. Growing up I never faced challenges financially, but I wasn’t the type of kid to ask for everything I saw, I knew what I had and what I needed. The trip on the cruise really opened my eyes to what third country lives were really like.

 When I went on this cruise, we went to places like Mexico, Cuba, Aruba, Honduras and Jamaica. Going to these places I was excited, though I never knew what to expect, because I never knew what these places looked like. The only time I got a glance of these places were from songs, sports or Google Images. From my eyes these places looked beautiful and I knew I was going to have fun on the beaches, exploring and going to rivers. When I first got to Mexico, I suddenly realized that Mexico on Google Images was much different than what Mexico really was. When I first got off I realized that there were many street vendors, not something I saw every day, but these people didn’t look like me, not in a bad way but they looked less fortunate. I soon realized that this was because they were poor and we as tourists are their income and they sell stuff to us to supply their families, this was their job my dad explained, but I never thought of it like that.

 When I went to Columbia, my dad had high school friends there and second cousins. I really wanted to explore Columbia, but my dad insisted we saw them, which was fair because when are we ever going to go back to Columbia. I noticed my parents and their friends were putting oranges inside bags and taking them outside the ship, me being the kid I was I asked why? They told me it was because fresh fruit was hard to obtain in this country and it’s just out of respect we gave them to their friends. When I first met my aunt, I noticed her house was much different than mine, she had some windows, but some windows were just bars of metal. This made me re-think where I come from and realized that not everyone is as fortunate as us.

Throughout the rest of the trip, we never stopped anywhere to visit anyone, we got to explore all these different places, but the only thing running through my mind was how these people live and survive, because after going to Columbia my eyes were really open now. My head rushing through emotions felt like the river I climbed in Jamaica. The experience in Jamaica is unforgettable, it was such a beautiful place, something I’ve never seen and the people there they were so humble for everything they had, their spirits are not describable. I remember asking why they were so happy, and my tourist guide told me the world is a big place, but no matter where you are to make the best out of a bad situation, and since then I’ve been living my life to that moto.

In conclusion, this trip really opened my eyes, and made me appreciate my life so much more than I already had. My parents’ goal was to show me how lucky I am to have the life I have and all their sacrifices and what it really means. If it wasn’t for this trip I feel like I would let the bad moments in my life tear me apart, and really change my personality. I realized that the world is huge, but no matter what happens or where I end up for school the world is a huge and mysterious place.