

# Sharing

Sometimes life slaps me hard and puts me in my place. Such experiences make me open my eyes and I see the world as it is or should be. Many years ago I had such an experience I want to share.

My wife's parents live in Piedras Negras, Mexico, which is a border town with Eagle Pass, Texas. We visit Piedras Negras often and frequently spend the weekends there. As some of you can imagine Mexico is not like America. It is common to see people of all ages begging. You find them on the streets, sidewalks, parking lots, plazas, and places you would not imagine.

One Saturday morning I decided to get my truck washed. I invited Sergio, one of my wife's nephews, to go with me. Sergio was about five-years-old at the time. We arrived at the car wash and pulled into the washing area. Sergio and I got out of the truck waited for the truck to be hand washed. We stood looking at the truck when a little boy walked up to me. The little boy looked like he was about six or seven years of age. It was cold that day, and he wore a raggedy old sweater and was bear-footed.

We visit Mexico frequently, in fact so frequent I got used to seeing poverty all around me. After so many visits, I did not realize it but I began to ignore it. It is not that I stopped caring, for poor people, which are abundant in Mexico I became desensitized.

At the car wash a bear-footed little boy looked at me and raised his hand. He held a small cardboard box that looked like it was just about to fall apart, and in the box, he had some chewing gum. The child asked me if I wanted to buy some chewing gum. I told him I didn't have any change and turned back to look at my truck being washed. A moment later, I felt a tug on my shirt again. The little boy raised the little cardboard box again and said that maybe my son might want some chewing gum. He was referring to Sergio my wife's nephew. I told him that I did not have any change, again turned my back on him, and looked at my truck again. After the truck was finished, Sergio and I walked to the cashier to pay for the car wash. The truck wash cost me all the Mexican currency I had on me. My change was two pesos.

Next, to the cashier, there was a coke machine and Sergio asked me if I would buy him a soda. The cokes were four pesos. I reached into my pocket and pulled out two Mexican pesos. I told Sergio that I only had three pesos and that I would buy him a soda later.

I then felt a tug on my shirt again. I turned around and looked down and there he was the bear-footed little boy again. I thought he was going to ask me again if I would buy some chewing gum, I was wrong.

The child raised his hand and showed me a Mexican peso. He said in Spanish, "Here mister so you can buy your boy a soda."

I could not believe it; I was stunned. At that moment life slapped me awake, opened my eyes, and heart. The little boy offered me his hard-earned money, to buy Sergio a soda. I felt beyond shame. I felt lower than dirt.

The words to express my gratitude stumbled out of my mouth. Shock and shame made it difficult to thank the boy but I did best as I could. I told him to keep his hard-earned money and gave him the three pesos I had. I would have given him more but I only had large American dollar bills.

The short drive back to my in-laws seemed forever. My wife saw the dazed look on my face and asked what happened. I told her about the little boy. We both went back to the car wash and we found the little boy, on the sidewalk, in front of the car wash selling his chewing gum. My wife bought some chewing gum from the little boy, with a large Mexican bill, and told him to keep the change.

It has been years since that day and I have not forgotten the little boy. He is a grown man by now and I hope the struggles of life had not corrupted his wonderful heart.

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