

Lola Santambrogio

Wright

Blended Advanced Composition

12 November 2019

Place Piece

Pushing open the squeaky, rusted door as I felt the cold breeze brush against my skin instantly sent chills throughout my body. My warm fuzzy blanket shielded my bare skin from the seemingly freezing weather as I wrapped it around my body. As I kept walking, I heard the crickets from a distance and was guided by one flickering lantern hung from the ceiling. My bare feet touched the cold grass as I took every step forward. When I sat down, my back slid down the tree trunk until I reached the ground. I bundled up next to everyone and waited in darkness. Moments later I saw light creeping from behind the trees. The sky went from black to beautiful shades of pink, orange and blue. I couldn't help but smile, as I sat there in awe. It was a feeling of content that is incomparable; I knew that this small village in Kampala, Uganda was where I was happiest. Once the sun was shining down, village kids came running from their huts to greet us with open arms and contagious smiles. Every hug filled my heart with joy, I felt as if everything and everyone else disappeared.

I got to know one little girl named Winnie who lived in the hut across from where we were staying. When I first met her, she had a light pink dress on with white sandals. She had her hair pulled back with a ribbon, and always had a smile from ear to ear. We decided to make

some bracelets for all the kids and I made one that said Winnie on it and gave it to her while we were

Santambrogio 2

sitting under the tree. I told her to close her eyes and I placed it in her hands. When she opened her eyes, tears instantly rolled down her face; She sat there for a second in shock. She gave me a hug and squeezed me tightly as she wiped her tears away. When she stopped crying she whispered in my ear, “Asante Lola” (thank you). She put it around her wrist and danced around the field with so much joy. I will never forget the look on her face when she saw the small, pink beaded bracelet in her hands.

I had never been to a place that impacted me the way Kampala did. I watched these kids as they came out of their small huts with 8 brothers and sisters, having barely any food to eat and bringing back heavy jugs on their backs filled with water from the stream. They have close to nothing, yet they still offered me fruits and vegetables from their garden every morning. Even though they are living in poverty and are barely able to get by, every morning their smiles and laughter lit up the room. Not only did these kids make me indescribably happy, they gave me a whole new perspective on my life. For them life isn't about worrying about the little things, it's about appreciating everything they have and being happy even through all the struggles they face. This trip taught me how important it is to cherish what you have and disregard the small problems, because they aren't important. Kampala, Uganda is and always will be my favorite place. The things I experienced and the people I met, taught me the most valuable life lessons and changed the way I viewed myself and the world around me.