

1	M	Benz, John
2	M	Borucke, Rich
3	M	Campagna, Christopher
4	F	Compton, Courtney
5	M	Compton, Ricky
6	F	Eisen, Hannah
7	M	Eisen, Ian
8	M	Fashingbauer, Michael
9	F	Frazzini, Amy
10	M	Frazzini, Christopher
11	M	Frazzini, Larry
12	F	Frazzini, Pam
13	M	Gorney, Kevin
14	M	Griffin, Patrick
15	F	Harmening, Elise
16	F	Harmening, Nancy
17	F	Hayes, Ali
18	M	Hayes, Andrew
19	F	Hohner, Cassie
20	M	Izguerra, Freddie
21	M	King, Andrew
22	F	Kohles, Mary
23	M	Lopez, Anthony
24	F	Maglia, Ellie
25	F	Maglia, Genevieve
26	M	Maglia, Ken
27	F	Maglia, Mary Ann
28	F	Meyers, Amanda
29	F	Meyers, Anna
30	M	Miranda, Adam
31	F	Miranda, Sally
32	M	Mortiz, Pete
33	M	Mortiz, Bill
34	F	Murray, Colleen
35	F	Niemczyk, Elizabeth
36	F	Nolan, Kerry
37	F	O'Donnell, Colleen

38	F	O'Donnell, Kathleen
39	F	O'Donnell, Madden
40	F	Papan, Erica
41	M	Pluchar, Ed
42	M	Pluchar, Kevin
43	F	Reardon, Wendy
44	M	Rossa, Eddie
45	M	Rubino, Joe
46	M	Stone, Ray
47	M	Wills, Jim
48	M	Withrow, Andrew
49	F	Wolfensen, Abbey
50	F	Wolfensen, Tess

Juarez, Mexico 2006

Reflection

By: Elise Harmering

Who in their right mind would travel for 30 hours on a large bus with 49 other people? Who would stay for 4 days in scorching heat without air-conditioning? Who would travel to a foreign country to work for people they do not even know? St. Julie's TNT group would, and I would. I can honestly answer yes to everyone of those questions, and I would do it again in a heartbeat. Traveling to Juarez, Mexico was an unforgettable experience with an unforgettable stench. Yes, during our stay we were only allowed to shower once. This shower was not until Thursday, before mass. Working with a bunch of teenagers in weather that reached up to 112°, body odor was apparent. This however became the least of our worries. Going to sleep praying that a cockroach does not crawl onto your head, or waking up to a centipede in your shoe was much more important. I really am getting ahead of myself though. Our trip to Juarez really started on Saturday the 14th, 12AM.

After a prayer for safe and clean bathrooms by Father Steve, we departed for Mexico. Thirty hours straight seemed like nothing, until we were 8 hours into it. Covering the bus floors, we managed to sleep, watch movies, play games, sing, and keep ourselves occupied. We met our Mexico leaders, 4 people from Youthworks, on Sunday morning. They packed us and our belongings into a truck, van, and yellow school bus. We successfully crossed the border and headed into Juarez. Looking back, the border line was so distinct I could not believe it. The pavement, buildings, and landscape in general were so different between the two sides. I truly realized how different an experience this would be. I remember pausing as we reached the site, taking in everything I saw, and then quickly snapped back into reality as I helped unload and scrambled for a good bed. I say a "good bed" however you must understand these beds were purely wood planks stacked on top of each other. Made by hand, 3 bunks were on top of another and the quarters were tight. Most of us brought a wonderful blow-up pool raft to sleep on, and I remember how comfortable that was the first night, laying flat on a "bed" instead of the floor of a bus.

The next day we were to wake up at 7:00am, in order to be ready for breakfast at 7:15. Our day began after we made our sack lunches, and finished cleaning our plates. At about 8:00, one of our Youthworks leaders would read a passage to go along with the theme of the day. After, we were given about 40 minutes to pray, think about the trip, and just be alone. The bunks were locked however, so no one could try and take a quick nap. From there, we would all split off into our specified groups. The first two days I was on the worksite, and these were my favorite two days. I worked on a one room home, smaller than

most of our bedrooms at home. It would hold a family, who at the time was living in another home with 3 other families.

With the little Spanish I know, I was able to help direct our worksite. Antonio, the head of our worksite, gave me directions on how to make concrete and mortar, completely in Spanish and with hand gestures. It was almost like charades, but if I guessed wrong, the house that we were building would be ruined. Luckily, my group and I were able to figure everything out, and mashed, mixed, and carried large amounts of heavy concrete and mortar to the house. Our group was mainly focusing on laying the last two rows of bricks, filling up the walls with stones, and later concrete. It was hard labor, and the sun never gave us a break, however I never heard a complaint, or saw someone with a frown. We just put on extra sunscreen and drank plenty of water. At home, I never drank water without ice, and most of the time I only drank it if it was bottled. While in Mexico, I am sure you could ask anyone of the 50 of us, and each person would tell you how they drank hot water, and liked it! My favorite part of worksite was seeing Antonio's face after completing a task. His face would glow, and he would say, "Okey, Dokey" in the best American accent he could. He was a great guy, and he was always encouraging us. If he saw one of us working hard, he would yell out, "Machine, Machine!". Those were two memorable phrases, on two memorable days.

Each afternoon, at around 3:30, we had free time until dinner, which was served at 5. After dinner, we had club, which was a time where the Youthworks leaders led us in song, and an evening activity. I was having a conversation with one of our leaders, who asked if we knew the song "Prince of Peace". I explained it was one of TNT's favorite songs. She said she could really tell because our faces lit up, and we sang it beautifully. Speaking of beauty, that was one of our themes for the week. I remember struggling with this theme because I just could not find beauty in shacks, and dirty sand, rundown buildings, dirty homeless dogs, and all around horrid conditions. Beauty to me was pretty colored flowers, white clouds, tall green trees, and big brick houses. Nothing in Juarez fit this description.

In Juarez I could not find anything that was appealing to the eye, except for the Coca-Cola signs, which signified a cold drink. This was not the kind of beauty I was supposed to be looking for however. Nevertheless, I was determined to find beauty in Juarez. We climbed a very steep hill, and were able to take time to sit silently and just listen and look around us. I took this opportunity to close my eyes and listen to what was going on around me. This is when I found beauty, and realized what God's definition of beauty must be. I listened to the poorest part of Juarez, and heard children laughing, dogs playing and barking, and soccer-balls bouncing off feet. This was beauty. I decided that this must be what God sees. He sees beyond the outside appearance, and listens

to everyone and everything. Children who have nothing, and live in indescribable conditions were laughing and having fun. That is beauty. I continued to see this beauty my 2nd two days in Juarez during Club de Niños, or Kid's Club. We basically got to play around and connect with kids all day, playing soccer, blowing bubbles, doing crafts, singing songs, putting on plays, etc. I saw the beauty in companionship between us and the kids, even with our language barriers. Although I missed home, I was very sad to leave Juarez. It was a beautiful place, and although we left to help them, I feel they have helped me, and opened my eyes to true beauty.

Juarez 2006

Juarez was my first mission trip, so, I don't have anything to compare it to, but it still meant a lot to me. The people of Juarez, especially the community we lived in, broadened my appreciation for my life and all the blessings in it. The children were so pure and innocent and had little idea how the rest of the world lived compared to them. They valued what they had and found happiness in the littlest things. In all my life, I have never been made to feel so welcome and appreciated by so many people. You could feel how grateful the Mexican people were to have us there helping. One experience that stood out to me the most was one day when we were sitting along the street, outside of the ice cream shop, a truck full of Mexican men drove past and Pete and I waved and said, "Hola!" In response, the driver yelled out the window, in all sincerity, "God Bless You!" When we got back to our bunks, I took a moment to stop and thank God for bringing us there to help the people of Juarez and sending us all the blessings he had. Juarez was a truly amazing, spiritual experience and I will never forget the way we helped the people of the community and the memories made along the way.

Colleen Murray

Juarez, Mexico Reflection

Last year I traveled with TNT youth group to Cairo, Illinois. I thought I could never have an experience like it, until I spent a week in Juarez, Mexico. I learned so much in Mexico. I take for granted every day what God has given me and I complain about it, im not grateful for it. I go to church once a week and that's it. Im nice to people, I believe in God, sure. But what does that do? I could do so much more. I could be so much more appreciative of what I've been given. Of what I've been blessed with. The people in Juarez had very close to nothing but looking at it another way, they had everything. They had family that they loved and spent time with. They played soccer with each other in the dirt roads outside of their houses made of cement and garbage. They didn't mind the conditions they were in, they knew of nothing better. They had their friends and family, their church where they could praise God, and they were happy. People here in America are never happy with what we have. We buy things we don't need, even me. We don't spend time with our family, we just rush around getting from one place to the next. We don't just sit outside and admire the beautiful weather or the sun that god made for us that shines down on us every single day, even when it can be unbearably hot, as we learned in Juarez.

One of the leaders told us how she and her mom and sister used to be abused by her dad and how she had developed an eating disorder. I was amazed. Here she was, sitting in front of us in one of the poorest parts of Mexico, devoting her whole life to God when she could hardly even think of reasons to love him as a child. She was so happy and energetic every minute we were there because she loved life. She found God. I was born into a loving caring family and have

everything ill ever need. I went to good schools and got a good enough education to be accepted into my first choice college, Saint Mary's College in Notre Dame. I have so much and I should be thanking God every single day for that. I learned so much in those 8 short days in Juarez and I hope to go on so many more mission trips. One of the things I prayed for while I was there was for all my friends and for all the people who have never truly known God. They have no idea how much God loves them and if they only knew, they could be so much happier.

Juarez, Mexico 2006

I found myself in ^{utter} ~~under~~ awe and wonder while on this magnificent Mission Trip, even compared to my previous trip to Juarez (1999). On this trip I found myself in a unique situation, not a teen, not quite an adult, but feeling like a teen and acting like an adult. Being a chaperone shed new light onto this Mission Trip. I found myself digging inside of me looking for questions to ask the teens, but ultimately ended up questioning myself. The biggest question I posed to myself was, "Who is richer? The people who live here or the people who live in the States?" I decided that the people who live in Juarez are richer. They are not concerned about the latest fashion, what's on TV, which actor is dating which actress, etc. They are more in touch with themselves, their family, and their faith. I was also faced with the struggle of the language barrier. I found myself more outgoing to try and talk to someone who did not speak English and eventually we figured out what each other were saying! It was also unique for me to have my family in Juarez with me, with the exception of Katie who was serving her own exceptional Mission Trip. They too have helped me dig inside myself, whether they know it or not.

This Mission Trip to Juarez, Mexico is my faith. The most valuable thing I have to give is my time, heart, and talent, which may or may not include mixing concrete and building cinder block walls! The people of Juarez have taught me more about myself, my beliefs, my family, friends, and faith than any lecture ever could, and to that I am thankful.

Genevieve Maglia

2006 St. Julie TNT Mission Trip – Juarez, Mexico
Saturday June 17th – Saturday June 24th

52 people, 42 teenagers and 10 adult chaperones, crowded into a bus for a total of 50+ hours. Plywood plank beds stacked 3 high, packed into a sweltering dormitory with a thin foam rubber pad for a mattress. 107 degree temperatures for a full day of manual labor building houses for complete strangers. Warm drinking water for refreshment, often in short supply. A dirt and gravel parkway outlined with 8 foot tall concrete walls topped with barbed wire to keep the scary neighborhood thugs out designated as the play area, soccer field and basketball court. This sure doesn't sound like an ideal place to take the family for a weeklong summer vacation. That's what we did this year and if my family had their way, we'd do it again every summer!

I know that the 2006 Juarez Mission Trip was very special for every individual that had the opportunity to go on the trip and this was absolutely the case for me. My family pushed me to be a part of this life-changing experience for years but I was never able to make the time commitment. Now that I've experienced a TNT Mission Trip, specifically a Juarez Mission Trip, I am truly a better, more fulfilled person.

The poverty in Juarez was breath taking. We constantly said "How can people live like this?" "Why do people live like this?" "They are so close to America, how can this be?" All good questions and I absolutely know that am not nearly smart enough to have any good answers to these questions. What I do know is that the 42 young people and the 10 "old" people that made the trip learned that God's love can and does take many forms.

Our teens worked and sweated and played and constructed and laughed and sang and cried and cleaned and ate and babysat and sawed and mixed and prayed and danced and listened and respected and slept and focused like they have never done before in their lives. I had the extreme pleasure of watching one of my children participate as a teen and another as a chaperone. That was VERY special to me. I only wish that ALL the parents of ALL the teens could see their particular child throughout the week. They would certainly see a side of their child that they may never see again. The teens performed countless little miracles each and every day. Their willingness to work in that sweltering heat to build homes for complete strangers is something for which they should be beaming with pride. Their willingness to play with and babysit the dozens of children that came to "Club Del Nino", once again in that sweltering heat, was another example of the Lord's work being performed by some awesome St. Julie teenagers.

The St. Julie teenagers (and the adults as well) learned first hand that they are truly blessed to be citizens of the United States and to be raised in a place with an abundance of virtually everything. We have so much and we take so much for granted. As true as this is, my most overwhelming feelings about the 2006 Juarez Mission Trip are pride and hope. I am filled with pride knowing that 42 young people in the neighborhood where I live are truly good people, each with a huge heart. I know that these young adults have seen and done the Lord's work. It was very difficult work but they did it with a smile and they did it day after day after day. I am also filled with hope that the memories and the lessons learned during the 2006 Mission Trip can continue throughout their lives.

I'm a better Christian, husband, father and man for being a part of the 2006 Juarez Mission Trip. Thank you St. Julie TNT for allowing me to be a part of the event. I'll never forget 6/17/06 – 6/24/06!

Ken Maglia
12/3/06

Reflection Essay

The day I left for Mexico, I have to be honest I was scared because I didn't know what it was going to be like. But when I got there I noticed a lot of things. The first thing I realized was Juarez was very big on religion, and I ~~realized~~^{seen} a huge sign made with rocks and it said "The Bible is the truth Read it" in Spanish. Then, when we got to the site I seen it was poor but it didn't matter because everyone there was happy with what they had. After I got there I was a little relieved however the week was just beginning. But as the week progressed things got better and better. This whole week I learned more and more about God, Jesus, and lady Guadalupe. Also, I must say that I never really went to church because I didn't see any point but after this week I learned that church is not a waste of time, and then I realized that God has been helping me ~~the~~^{my} whole life and I never noticed it. But now I do and I want to thank him so much. I also realized that God is my one true friend. I've noticed this because he's been there through thick and thin, and he would never lie to me and I could always trust him. From now on I am going to church more often. This trip has changed my life now and forever.

Mission Trip: Mexico!!

It started with a thirty hour bus ride where people were sleeping on the floors down the whole aisle. Following that was a hundred degree bus ride across the border of the U.S. into a whole new world. Going down there I didn't know what to expect, except for terrible living conditions. I had seen pictures from past years to Mexico, but I never expected the truth behind that. We had split up to groups and one day we might be building a house. Then, another day we might be playing with kids. Finally, at the end of each day we got to know the community a little better!

The groups we had split up into then got put with another group to one day build a house for a family. The first two days I was in Mexico I got to go build a house for a family with 2 girls and 2 boys. The two girls were Sara and Heidi. When I would take a break to get water, which was very often these two girls would come and talk to me. With only being in Spanish 3 (at the time) at Sandburg, there was still so much I had not learned, but I tried my best. We would sit there and talk about the most random things and sometimes they would try to teach me Spanish or talk to me and if I didn't understand they would help me. We could've probably talked for ours even though it was harder than talking in English. Also, they taught me this hand game, later that I played w/ many kids in the community. It was fun. I also, got to talk to the two boys about lots of soccer, I mean Futbol stuff! No, I didn't just sit there while the rest of my group was working but I also helped build a house. A guy named Mario helped my group, and if I would be nailing or something, he would encourage me by yelling "Machine, Machine!!" or even "Rapido!!" However, we were not just building this home for any family. We were building a home for a family that, the husband/dad, stole the churches sound system and instead of turning him in; to show him that god forgives people they decided to build a house. Think about if that happened here in Orland or Tinley, completely different...right? I thought that was so amazing! Also, working with us was the pastor's daughter (who is my age 16) and she helped us make concrete to build the house and she has been doing this since she was 5! (Which I never knew how important cement trucks were until today...hah!)

Then, the next two days I got a chance to be a part of "club de ninos" (kids club), which was kind of like a bible school for these kids. In the first part of the day we sang songs and put on skits from the bible. Most, of these kids were so into it and enthusiastic, and so happy!! (Confused?) how these kids could be so happy to come to a bible school, I know when I was younger, I didn't like going to ccd, bible school was more fun, but I don't think I would've chose o tog to bible school if I had a choice. Then they also had to recite a passage from the bible by memory. After all the learning we got to play games outside with them, and for some reason playing "Futbol" was pretty popular (hah!). Or we were inside making crafts. I usually played outside. But again, it hit me how these kids were so happy when they had not nearly as much as we do today. But I once heard..."When we are weak, we are strong" While in kids club some kids didn't want to play a sport, but just sit and talk. I and a few kids would teach each other English and Spanish, well I basically quizzed her on her English colors!

Finally, every night when the work was done we would eat and do a few chores, and then we would usually go play "Futbol" with the community. "Futbol" being my

favorite sport I took part in this every night. Here in our towns we pay so much for training, yet they pay no one and they usually ended up beating us, except for a few times (heh)! The very last night we went to a church service which was very fun, with the singing and meeting all the people and attempting to talk to them, ha! After that we played one last game of "Futbol" and even the pastor for took in this game, and all of a sudden a sand storm started. Oh gosh it hurt so bad like needles were pelting you, but we didn't want to stop. After we had to go in I had gobs of sand in my hair and ear, and everywhere. Unfortunately that day earlier, was the night we got to take our one shower for the week, so that bathing paid off for nothing oh well.

It never really hit me how much this trip changed my life, until when I look back on it now. How much these people suffer and we go about our business everyday, w/o caring destroys me. I wonder how I am even able to, but yet I can. Being able to experience this was amazing and I am so glad I got to take part in this trip. I made everlasting memories, with Heidi, Sara, Sarai, and so many others. Also, I made everlasting friendships and also made stronger friendships, with amazing people in this TNT group! Being able to go in the hundred degree weather and build houses, play with kids and play Futbol is a gift from god for that strength and I thank him. I never knew how much people could touch your lives in so many different ways! Now I know what that whole new world is like, but I don't think I could ever fully understand it, even with gods help, but I will try my best! This is truly a trip I will never forget!

Mexico Reflection

I am not even sure where I should start. Mexico 2006 was my fifth and final mission trip that I was going on. I remember myself when I was a little freshman going to my first mission trip, and did not know what to expect on my first one. I was scared, excited, and nervous all at the same time. I have never experienced when I was away for a week from my family to go and serve people that I didn't know. That was the year 2002, and I was entering freshman year in high school. Now, back to this year, Mexico 2006, I was a graduated senior. When I left for Mexico, I had the total opposite feelings of my first mission trip. I was through this four times already, and knew what to expect. I was excited, happy, and pumped up to go to Mexico with a group of kids that I loved very much. I was the veteran of the group, the person that went to every possible mission trip that I could have gone on. I knew what to expect on this mission trip, I knew everything that was going to happen, probably the same as every other mission trip. We help people, and get so much out of it. It felt so good to be able to help someone else in need. It was the most amazing feeling that I could ever have. It was indescribable. I was ready for the same old thing, with no other surprises from this trip. That is where I was totally wrong, because Mexico 2006 was the most heart-warming and best experience that I have ever felt.

Everything was falling in place to be the best trip that I have ever been on. My best friends were going to Mexico, and we got to have a thirty hour bus ride together. Most people would find that as torture, but that is what is so special about TNT. The whole group could be together forever, and still not get sick of each other. Whether it is the thirty hour bus ride, or just hanging out back at home. That is what I love most about this group of amazing kids. We were giving up a week of our summer, to go to Mexico to help people. When I tell people that I am going to Mexico for a mission trip, two things come to their mind: Why would you do that, and Do you have to pay to go help people? Well sometimes it is hard to tell them why I do it, because it's so indescribable to tell someone about mission trips when they haven't experienced it. When I answer the next question, the first thing that comes to my mind is that I am not paying me to go, but the people I go to serve are really paying me.

When I say that the people are paying me to help them it sounds a little crazy, but it is totally true. They don't pay me with money, but they pay me with stuff that is way more important than money. The people of Mexico pay me with love, grace, and compassion. There is a language barrier between me and the people, but I have never felt so connected to someone that I couldn't communicate with. The smiles that I received from the children when playing soccer, or the warmth that I felt when **Octavio** told his witness about his struggles and his life and how he found God, or when the community of Jaurez opened up their church to all of us. Everything that was given to me from the community will always outweigh the cost I paid to go to Mexico. I have never felt this way before in my life, and I owe it all to the people of Jaurez, Mexico. I cannot even describe how I felt after helping the community.

My last and final mission trip was something I will cherish forever; something that I will hold onto the rest of my life. I have never felt so alive before, and it was the best feeling anyone can ever have. Let me go back to when I said that this mission trip

will probably be almost the same as any other mission trip. Technically I lied. Mexico 2006 mission trip is everything and more than I have ever expected. The experience of the trip will last with me forever, and I thank God for letting me experience this amazing feeling. I feel like I have done something for once in my life, and it is by far the best feeling that anyone can ever have.

Colleen O'Donnell

Mexico

Over this summer I went on the mission trip to Juarez, Mexico and it was an experience that I will never forget. Before I went on this trip I didn't think much about how badly other people can live in this world until I saw it for myself during this trip. On the work sites you got to see the full view of the city. It was like two totally different worlds looking across at the border. Skyscrapers and huge buildings were towering over this small run down city, that not that long ago got electricity. I came to the conclusion that we take many things for granted. For example we are not happy because we are always wanting more, for example, cell phones, cars, toys, computers, and on. In this town of Juarez though they were so happy with what they had which was very little. I wondered how they could be so happy a joyful living in the conditions that they were such as houses with no doors, toilets that were just like a wooden box, no real walls to hold up their home, water that just came from a hose that was unsanitary, no showers, and very little food with insects everywhere. All these people needed was each other and their family's and they were the happiest people alive. They didn't need "things" to be happy. This made me look twice on things when I got home I realized that

we have so much more than them and there is no reason to want “things” to be happy. Also working with the kids was an experience. During kids club we got to bond with these children that spoke a totally different language but wanted you to play with them and learn something new everyday. The language barrier was hard but the kids helped you learn as they wanted to learn from me as well. By the end of the club ,language didn't matter its was the physical gestures you would make or the games that we played that help us communicate the kids just wanted to be loved and wanted attention. Also this was my first mission trip im so glad that I went on it too. From all the new people I met to just the experience of being there has changed my life and I will never forget it.

Juarez Mexico Reflection
By: John Benz

Mexico was not only a trip; it was an experience that opened my mind and heart to giving and love. It gave me a sense of what I have in my life, and what they didn't have in theirs. But more so, it made me realize what was missing in my faith.

When I ventured to Mexico in June with TNT, I noticed how each and every child I met had faith in God. Every child could sing song after song praising God and all he had blessed them with. When I arrived, my first thought was not about how much God had blessed the children, rather it was how much God had not been there for them. The kids found good in what they had. If the kids had nothing to do, they would come to the kids club and play games. If there was only one soccer ball for 20 kids, they would take turns to play. They saw the glass half full, instead of half empty.

Another thing I noticed was how much they had affected me. The kids got me thinking about how much all of us here in Orland Park really have. We take simple things like fresh water for granted, when in Mexico, some kids don't get to drink for hours at a time. Many of us don't even realize that at this very moment, we're sitting in a church that's fully air-conditioned to help us relax. Everything we have is a blessing from God that we should thank him for every day. And although we may not notice it, we all are a family that should look after and take care of each other as the kids in Mexico do.

Overall, the trip was an experience that will always have a place in my heart. I encourage any teen here to consider joining TNT to take trips such as Mexico.

Thank you.

Mexico '06 Mission Trip

This mission trip was one of the best experiences of my life. I could talk about this trip for hours about all the things I did and experienced and felt. In Mexico, I helped build homes for the people who needed homes in Juarez, Mexico which is just about everyone, but for the people that needed it the most. I also took care of the children for 2 days for a few hours. There were many things for the kids to do, such as crafts, games, and much more. I did crafts, and the first day we decided to make t-shirts. When the kids realized we were making t-shirts they were so excited because they have another piece of clothing they can wear. Seeing the kids smile made me feel like nothing else in the world mattered to me except those kids. I met not only many friends in Mexico from the trip that I will never forget, but the people from my home in TNT. Now I have become good friends with people on the trip. Since I play soccer, the best part of the trip for me was playing soccer literally every spare moment I could with the kids and even parents at night from Mexico. They love playing soccer and could play it all day. Every time one of them scored on me or anyone, they would have the biggest smile on their face. I felt God inside me whenever I saw them smile. No matter how hot, tired, or thirsty I was, I used every energy in my body to make them smile. And every energy to see them smile was worth it.