

My story will be about two cultures that I belong to Christianity and Hispanic. There is a plot for every story or event that has taken place in someone's life. I am Hispanic because I am from two different countries that are in South America: Colombia and Puerto Rico. I am very proud of being part of that culture. Someone might ask, "what does being Hispanic have to do with Christianity?" Well, you see, in any diverse group, almost everyone believes or follows something. Almost every Hispanic person believes in either Catholicism or Christianity. When I was little my mom brought me to church every Sunday, and in that church, there was barely any other culture but Hispanic people there. I grew up with Hispanic people around me, which was never a problem until I was about 12 years old.

One day, my mom woke me up and I realized that it was a Sunday. I thought it was a little strange that my mom woke me up at 5 a.m. just to be at church early. It made sense why she would wake me up, so she could be the first one to pray, but I just didn't understand why that early.

My mom burst into my room and said, "Gabby wake up!" I said, "why? It's too early!" She responded, "C'mon I want to be there early, that way I can be the first one to pray in church". I was really tired, but my mom convinced me to get up by saying, "I'll take you to Wawa".

And after my mom said she was going to take me to Wawa if I woke up and went with her I got so happy that I rushed and was the first one ready. After my mom finished getting ready, we went to the car and drove to Wawa. I always order this specific breakfast when I go to Wawa- it's a Croissant sandwich that has bacon, egg, and cheese with apple juice on the side.

After eating a delicious breakfast, we arrived at church early. I think there were a couple of people but not as many because then again it was 5:00 in the morning. So my mom went to the front and prayed. A couple of hours passed and the church started. I love going to church and hearing the word of God, but the church that I went to ended around 4:00 pm and I would just get so bored that I would eventually sleep. Then, I would wake up because the pastor would start praying very loudly. My mom and I listened to the pastor but then something didn't seem right. There Were a lot of people that I knew at church who were nice, but some weren't. They weren't afraid to express how they felt about someone who was sitting next to them. My mom and I overheard because the group of four people sitting behind us was talking a bit loud.

I heard one person say, "Hey, did you see that?". Another responded back to them, "Omg yeah they seriously look like they need help because they can't dress well". Someone got upset and shushed them." The first two people apologized but still kept talking.

My mom and I were so disappointed because we knew who they were and talking negatively about someone wasn't okay.

So ever since that day, we didn't go back to church and we found a better church that is more diverse when it comes to race and ethnicity and doesn't judge anyone. I realized that our church wasn't okay with mixing cultures. Some people would try to influence others to make

them act differently and change their perspectives. I am grateful that I left because if I stayed longer I could've picked up on the bad habits and could have spread them to others. I am also grateful that I'm in a more diverse church that doesn't really criticize and is more open to different types of people.