



THE EMIGRANT

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DESCRIPTION .

The life of Juan Pérez Saldaña: full of adventures, falling and getting up so many times, and always believing that everything is part of life.

He became insensitive to pain, not hurting him at all; he saved lives by learning how to perform incredible operations; he saw people die who had been full of vitality minutes before.

He lived so much that he would like to pass on his experiences to the reader so that he does not suffer.

He always sought scientific and religious truth. He learned so many religions that he came to the conclusion that they all originated from the Hindu religion, and that if preachers were just and practiced what they preached, they would all be good. But this isn't the case, as some take advantage of these positions for their own benefit and to manipulate people of good faith.

This is an educated immigrant, a doctor who comes to live with the upper class, the privileged one in American medical society.

In Roman times, everyone wanted to be a Roman citizen. Nowadays, everyone wants to be a US citizen.

Dedication:

To my loves:

The loves I've had , time passes and I remember them again , they are moments that I've lived, situations that are impossible to forget , emotions that I felt , because I always said yes to love , my loves, I know , are loves that I will never forget. Not me Ask me which one was better , I gave my heart to all of them , don't ask me who I was happiest with , I'm not going to tell you, I can't tell you. Don't ask me which one was better, It is impossible to compare so much love, Well, all of them were something special, and we were made for each other, and we were made for each other. The loves I've had They have filled my life with joy , they are memories, they are stories , such beautiful feelings that I assumed , a passion cannot be denied , when the heart is committed, my loves, I know it, They are loves that I will never forget.

(this is a graph of a song by Roberto Carlos) .

Introduction

Much has been thought about over thousands of years: Who is God? We have read about the history of religions and it has been thought that this is a product of loneliness and the imagination with which we have lived, we have seen that only man is the only animal that worships a deity and so he created God in his image and likeness; but all this is human, understandable and religions are good, all without exception and as time passes new ideas are generated about their existence, in response to the physiological needs of the organism.

And we only ask that the leaders of religions not abuse their power, because they themselves can destroy their strength; that there never be another Inquisition.

And the three major world religions developed very close to each other in the Middle East, and we firmly believe that all the others developed from the first.

In the oldest religion, Hinduism, the conception of Brahma was made in very small, almost semi - wild and ignorant groups.

The same has been thought in Judaism, that the God Awe that was created by the desert nomads and that later became Yahweh and finally Jehovah, who at first was a Warrior God and later a Good God, was a God created in an intellectually rickety circle, (Christianity descends from Judaism).

In Islam, desert nomads also created Allah; long before Muhammad was born, he already existed and was worshipped as God.

All religions change, develop and even more so in the future, but if this did not happen, then they would become obsolete.

As a result, each generation tends to create a new conception of it, and for now, it develops in an economy with a spirit of aggressive capitalism.

This is not a theological treatise; it is merely intended to inspire the reader's mind with the search for the truth about the existence of God, which torments us so much and makes us beg, imploring that there be a God and that He show Himself to us. What religions instill in man—that we have faith—is empty, for this is suggestion, not reality.

Many people have turned to religions not because they are satisfied with rules, but because they want order.

Marx, Freud, and Darwin have made the Bible tremble. Hopefully, with time, perhaps thousands of years, humanity will not end up as it began, worshipping the sun.

We also firmly believe that the main initiated prophets or Messiahs were educated to bring order to their religions by groups of people who wanted to do good, of course, over hundreds or thousands of years. Let's imagine how the religion of Rama in the three thousand years of difference, with the appearance of Abraham and what he could have learned from Rama, Zoroaster, and Krishna.

It is very difficult to pinpoint the exact years in which the prophets appeared, since some historians rely on the Bible, others on hieroglyphics, and it is likely that the latter are

more accurate, since they were written telling the truth, only to make known the events of those days.

Truths are distorted when they are transmitted from one person to another, and even more so when they are passed from one generation to another or from one country to another.

BRANCH. 5000 years

KRISHNA. 3000 years

The FLOOD and NOAH are situated around this time.

ADAM, was born 1656 years before the flood.

ZOROASTER. 2500 years before Christ.

ABRAHAM. 2000 years before Christ.

AKHENATEN. 1388 to 1358 BC. Ruled EGYPT.

MOSES. 1300 years before Christ.

BUDDHA. 551 to 478 years before Christ.

CONFUCIUS. 551 to 478 years B.C.

JESUS. 4 BC to 27 AD.

MUHAMMAD. 570 to 632 years after Christ.

We emphasize that there must be tolerance among all religions. We don't want another Roman Colosseum with Christian martyrs, but as we said before, we don't want an Inquisition with Christian martyrs either.

We hate popes like John the Thirteenth , but we praise good ones like John Paul the Second .

Popes should be elected when they are over sixty, because you can imagine how hormones work in men in their forties with economic and political power.

We look up at the sky and we all see the same stars. We are all passengers on this planet, we breathe the same air. Why don't we join together to find the truth?

Tolerance is a divine law, and only if God exists can He judge the different religions through which humanity aspires to understand the divine mystery that is God.

Religion is indivisible from man .

Mr. Cristóbal Torres was a Coca-Cola truck driver and an excellent baseball player. He was my friend in 1959, when I left for the United States. He found out about it later and decided to leave as well, albeit illegally.

Years later, I wrote this book, *The Emigrant*. Once, when Cristóbal came to Puebla, he visited me, and I gave him a baseball book like this one. After reading it, he said, "Hey, this isn't the life of an emigrant."

I replied:

"You left illegally and told me you suffered greatly among poorly educated workers. On the other hand, I left as a doctor, surrounded by highly educated people, in a wealthy environment that allowed me to share a different kind of life. They took me to the best restaurants, I wore a suit every day, they invited me to their homes, to their parties, and to their swimming pools. I lived with people from the American Medical Association, a group with a privileged position in the United States."

Cristóbal never understood or knew the social strata in which I lived in style, especially with my legal American residency.

THE EMIGRANT .

Remembering in the garden of Santiago .

Our character is called Juan Pérez Saldaña, who lived in the Heroic and Colonial City of Puebla, Mexico.

We find him in Santiago's garden, walking and meditating on how simple it seems to take a deep, measured breath and let it out with the same rhythm, and in the midst of this, to remember; to remember an entire life; all his experiences crowd his brain, Juan's eyes filling with tears, he begins to sob, and only his pen is halfway capable of describing everything a man longed for in order to escape anonymity, to succeed, to be useful to society, to achieve a dignified place, to obtain an extraordinary woman who, for him, would be the queen of his house and, as a consequence, children who would surpass him, who would have greater physical and socioeconomic power; so much work, so many impossibilities that became realities, and only with tenacity, stubbornness, obstinacy, a brave struggle during the 60 seconds of every minute that made up his life.

He had fallen many times, some in great pain, breathing labored through his wounds, and only in those moments did he mournfully raise his head, imploring nature or powers unknown to him for a little oxygen with which he could nourish his body so he could continue in this battle that is life against those who surrounded him and tried to finish him off.

Many nights have passed in which ideas were accumulated and facts stored.

His childhood, adolescence, and student life deserve a separate account; full of incidents and emotions, he developed in a hostile environment where he was taught to cope, despite each of the difficult times that lay ahead.

AND This is how we move to October 31, 1958; when through hard work within the medical school, the now married man and thanks to his ability, graduated as a doctor;

his self-confidence made him feel that the exam was only a formality that he had to go through and that the jury had to give him the certificate of approval, since he had quite a reputation for being capable and a good student, since he had never failed any subject in school and was just waiting for the jury to call him to congratulate him, because he felt that in the exam he had taken he had done quite acceptable; the doors of the Auditorium of the Autonomous University of Puebla, which were closed, were beautiful, they were made of cedar and with beautiful designs carved in high relief, which made it of a sumptuousness that even, to the most ordinary intellectual, made him feel its majesty;

The door began to open, and the waiter appeared, pulling it open. Inside, one could see the natural-colored wooden chairs, only varnished and specially carved. These chairs were placed around the room where the professional exams for all careers were held. At the back, a circular table was occupied by five of the most prominent doctors in the city of Puebla. In the center, the dean (the oldest of all) appeared, who, with a strong personality, appeared to be a giant. All the judges were impeccably dressed in suits and ties; the necessary formality was felt for these overly solemn exams.

Juan entered the hall dressed in a black suit, white shirt, gray tie, gray handkerchief, and black shoes. At the same time, he felt himself sinking into the beautiful burgundy carpet. He walked slowly, but he was thrilled to think that in just a few minutes he would be declared a Surgeon and Midwife. The walk seemed long. Finally, he arrived at the front of the synod. The dean of the jury, who was standing, stopped and said to him:

-Sir, on behalf of my colleagues and myself, we are pleased to inform you that you have passed the professional examination you just took, and that the School of Medicine of the Autonomous University of Puebla has awarded you the title of Surgeon and Midwife.

We've heard about your excellent performance as a student. We believe that wherever you go, you'll elevate this University to a very high standard. We must think about doing good for the sick. Hopefully, you'll forget about the financial incentive when it's your turn to care for them.

The young doctor paid close attention to what the dean was telling him, at the same time he remembered why he had dedicated himself to surgery and why despite having recently finished his degree, he already had the necessary experience to solve problems in abdominal surgery for men and women; said reason was that when he lived with one of the best surgeons in Puebla, after finishing a consultation he would start talking to Juan and show him his desk drawer full of bills he earned and therefore, this was the main reason why despite being in second year of high school he dreamed that one day he could have his drawer full of bills if he studied medicine and dedicated himself to surgery;

For this reason, when the dean told him not to pay attention to the financial incentive, Juan, deep down, mocked him, thinking that they were just words and that he had to absorb them lightly since his main reason for having disciplined himself so much to

surgery was money, always thinking of being a very good surgeon, but not for being a humanitarian, but to be able to have the comforts that money gives, such as: cars, clothes, trips, beautiful women, etc.; in short, to everything that a man who disciplines himself to be able to master a science is entitled to.

He had spent a student life of continuous struggle at the University; where he had always favorably managed to dominate with great cunning, in his life he had only waited for the supreme moment of receiving his degree to achieve his desires; so many nights over so many years, since he was in junior high, high school, and then in medical school, studying day and night, disciplining himself in the purest form for hours on end learning to reason and memorize. On the other hand, when meteorites passed by, he was always accustomed to praying that they would not fail him, that he would pass his subjects, that he would succeed in obtaining his degree; and with what force he prayed for this: (there is a belief that when a meteorite passes by, you can make a wish that is granted).

The dean of the jury continued:

-We, and I in particular, learned that just a month ago you finished your final year of college, and that a month later, you are now finishing your professional exam. I congratulate you for your efforts . I hope you continue studying hard, just as you have done until today.

From my experience I tell you that you are going to start this beautiful career, that you will have successes and failures and that you will have to adapt to these two impostors of life , I hope you remain equanimous before them, that you do not shelter yourself with any of them, that you are simple in your dealings with your neighbor, that you have enough to live, that when you fall, you get up each time with more strength, that the failures serve as a school for you to perfect yourself more and more. on the path of life.

When the dean finished saying this, he walked towards Juan, extended his arms and gave him a hug. Juan did the same with him and also with each of the judges, who, accustomed to the frequent examinations, were already doing so with too much coldness, perhaps thinking that another possible competitor was brewing at that moment before their eyes.

After being congratulated, the Senior Officer, Eugenio Andraca Malda, of the University, handed him a letter accrediting him as a Surgeon and Midwife. Juan thanked them and left with them. Outside, no one was waiting for him, neither family nor friends, nor colleagues, nor his wife, whom he had married 45 days earlier—no one! Outside the Auditorium, he said goodbye to his examiner. At the same time, the thought crossed his mind that he was now a doctor, and he wondered, "Where had the Hippocratic Oath gone?" He had heard so much about the oath that doctors were made to swear? He had thought he would have to take the oath, but it had all been a dream. The examiners were never interested in what he had heard so much about in the talks; it never came

up, nor was it given any importance. "The Hippocratic Oath," for doctors, was superfluous, and it will continue to be so.

Alone, he stood outside the auditorium, the synod descended the majestic staircase that held so much history as a religious site and later as the Puebla State College; Juan watched them walk away, hesitating for a few moments, not knowing what to do. He had already achieved what he had longed for, but now, what to do? He put his hands in his pants pockets and looked as he had always liked to dress, elegantly, since it made him feel more self-confident and with an air of sufficiency. He raised his head and saw at the end of the corridor, there was no one left. At other exams, parents or wives were already waiting for the recent graduate to congratulate them, and later, a reception awaited them at the restaurant or at their own home, with photographers and journalists. But at Juan's graduation, there was nothing, and no one who cared about him. He felt the pain of not having someone with him very deeply, but he remembered how his childhood and youth had been; very hard, amidst so many problems. Therefore, he was already accustomed to always solving them alone, almost always taking the best part, obtaining benefit even from the most insignificant, for that he had the spirit of a winner, always thinking that when there is hunger, everything is achieved,

His courage was pride and he also knew that when you know or have something you have to show it to the world so that it is valued and a place is saved for you in society. He thought that the more life hit him, the more capable he could be.

Now he also felt his lack of acceptance, thinking that rather than grieving over this loneliness, he had to think about the next thing he wanted to do and stop feeling alone and hurt. He had to get up and keep walking because every minute that passed had to be a struggle and not dwell on anything that hurt him. He started down the stairs, leaving the University, and he asked himself, "What to do?" "What to do?"

At once, the idea came to him to visit the doctor who had been his mentor in life, in his medical career, and from whom he had learned how to dress, walk, eat, talk, how to answer, how to behave in society; and most importantly, how to operate! Even despite the disagreements he had had with him, Juan felt he had an obligation to notify him that he had finished his career. He headed to the teacher's house and when he arrived, he was leaving in his car. Juan approached him and said:

"Doctor, I just finished my professional exam an hour ago!" The teacher, somewhat surprised, looked at him with an air of triumph and perhaps a touch of contempt, since he had already realized Juan's abilities. He answered through the car window:

- Congratulations, congratulations, how great!

Juan felt that congratulation was a bit false and the teacher looked him in the eyes. He tried to start the car and turned his face forward, but he regretted it and turned back to Juan saying:

-Get on, let's give thanks to the Church of Santiago!

Juan went to the other side of the car, got in immediately, closed the door and left; the teacher turned to look at Juan and said;

-They told me you got married!-

Juan felt that question like a whiplash, because the teacher was an enemy of that, he had forbidden him to get married and he had disobeyed him, therefore he answered through gritted teeth:

-Yeah!

-And how are you doing?

-Normal!

-And now, what are you going to do?

-What I said, I'm going to the United States!

The teacher grimaced in disgust, for he had never gone anywhere before. He had opened his own practice as soon as he had finished his studies, and it bothered him that someone was doing what he hadn't done; but Juan knew that the success of a doctor lay in going to the United States to train, for the latest advances were there. He would also experience a different society, a different way of thinking, different characters, a different type of people, a different economy—the best in the land!

They arrived at the Jardín de Santiago where the Church was, stopping the car at one side of the door of the atrium, they got out and closing the car they headed; out of the corner of his eye Juan saw the house of a beautiful blonde girl, who had been the love of his life as a student, he remembered how much he had done to flatter her; how many he had defeated by placing her like a princess in the coronations of the School of Medicine, how many sleepless nights, how many disappointments, so many illusions, a few more of improvement but all had been in vain, her capacity and that of her family had not been enough to grasp, what Juan was capable of and where he could place her;

Meanwhile they continued walking and entered the church in silence, stopped near the altar and knelt; the teacher crossed himself, while Juan did the same, the teacher began by saying:

-Lord, we come to thank you because Juan has finished his medical studies. He has shown great courage, and I believe his reward has been just. He has come to offer you the opportunity to be a good doctor, not to profit from the patient, and to dedicate himself to being a Christian.

The thought crossed Juan's mind of when he had decided to become a doctor, it was when he saw at the end of his teacher's consultations, the drawer of his desk full of bills and he thought that the teacher was only opportunistic, he was like politicians, they said something to look good to the people and did the opposite to look better in their own pockets.

Years before , he had already learned this lesson, and while the master was in deep communion with God, speaking devoutly, looking at the altar, John stood looking at him and nodding his head affirmatively, as a sign that he accepted everything his master dared to say to justify himself before the Church, before the people who knew him and saw him go to pray.

For Juan, everything he had known about religion and the behavior of the people who ran the Church forced him to act like any faithful Christian, although deep in his mind, he harbored disappointment, hopelessness, and disbelief in these acts, because he knew that all the people around him were fanatical Catholics and that he would have to continue living with them, that it was impossible to get a divorce because food came first, and that these same people would soon be his patients, that he could not stop treating them , otherwise, who would admire him and who would he cure? Who would he perform miraculous cures on?

Meanwhile , the teacher continued speaking:

-Now, sir, we offer you communion every eight days for a month as payment for the wisdom you gave to his head, and I also fervently ask you that if the devil nests in his body, please take him out!

Juan, all puzzled, stared at the teacher and asked himself in silence:

-And what's wrong with him now? Why is he talking like that? Is it because I have friends from the Baptist Church?

Meanwhile the teacher continued:

-Lord Jesus Christ, I also ask you with all my heart to punish him with your whip if he does not follow the path of our Christian faith!

Juan remained incredulous at his teacher's requests and thought:

-And now what's wrong with this idiot? Is he with me or against me? I came to give thanks, not to be accused!

The teacher said:

-Lord! Now we are going to pray an Our Father to you; let's see, John, let's begin:

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, give us this day our daily bread, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil, Amen.

So the teacher and Juan finished praying, they stood up and before leaving, the teacher went to wet his index finger with holy water to cross himself by placing a cross on his forehead; Juan did the same; the teacher wet his index finger again with holy water and marked the cross on Juan's back, who, surprised to feel the finger, thought: How much the teacher must have rejected him to do this to him? And he wondered, Had he done it

out of resentment, dislike or to annoy him? Without getting an answer, they left the Church where the teacher was saying:

-Well Juan, I think we have fulfilled our duty to Jesus Christ, so see you there!

Juan answered:

-Thank you very much, Doctor! See you later.

The teacher turned around and headed towards his car, which he immediately got into, started it and drove off.

Juan from the garden had been watching him walk away and feeling alone again, he was staring at the arch in the center of the garden where so many times and for so many years he had sat under its shade to study, where vines of beautiful green leaves and red bougainvillea flowers wrapped around it, he looked at the three beautiful fountains that were around and where when he was a child he would ride his tricycle and use a stick to poke the frogs in the puddles, he was staring at a meadow on the south side, remembering that when he was about eight years old, he used to play with a car tire ring and roll it with a piece of broomstick, it was then that a man approached him and asked him:

-Hey! Do you live next to the Novillero (pulqueria)?

Juan answered him:

-Yeah!

-Do you know Mr. Juanito? The one who knits sweaters?

-Yeah!

-Tell him to come! You tell him that a man from his village has brought him a letter. Here, take this one in pairs so you can buy your lollipop.

The popsicles were flavored ice cubes that cost a penny at Don Rafael's store. So Juan saw the coin, pocketed it, and went around his hoop with the stick to the neighborhood where he entered and went to the room where Mr. Juanito lived, who was knitting a sweater with his machine. Everything was piled up around him: the bed, the wardrobe, the kitchen things, the living room chairs. It was a room of people who lived very tight financially, a typical neighborhood of the Santiago neighborhood. Juan approached and said:

-Juanito, there is a man in the garden who brings you a letter from his village, he is speaking to you!

Don Juanito, a man about 35 years old, with a country appearance, plump and chubby, stood up and said:

-Where?

Juan rolled his hoop again with the stick and left the neighborhood with Don Juanito; as they left the hall, Juan pointed to the corner of the garden, and they headed there.

The gentleman who brought him the letter went to meet Don Juan, greeted him and taking the letter from his shirt pocket, handed it to him and said:

-Sit down and read it!

Don Juan sat down at the edge of the meadow on the stones that surrounded him; the messenger went behind Don Juan, on the other hand Juanito was about three meters from Don Juan, observing what he was reading and also waiting for his tip, for another slap for having gone to call him, in that the messenger took a pistol from between his clothes and shot him several times in the thorax, he fell on his back and Juan felt a shiver run through his whole body, being stunned without knowing what to do, and he only remained watching don Juan lying on the grass bleeding, he saw out of the corner of his eye that the messenger started to run and crossed the entire garden until he disappeared to one side of the Church,

The neighbors began to surround the injured man, who was bleeding profusely, forming a puddle around him. The priest from the Church of Santiago hurriedly arrived and gave him his blessing; Juan didn't know if he was already dead or not, he only saw that he wasn't moving. About half an hour later, the Red Cross arrived with its shrill siren. They opened the door, and two stretcher bearers appeared, who picked up the injured man and loaded him into the car. Now Juan wondered if he would already be dead when they loaded him into the car. He started the truck and drove off again with its shrill siren. But then the injured man's wife arrived and they told her what had happened. She was crying loudly, inconsolably. They called her a taxi from the same place in Santiago, and she went to the Red Cross. That same night, a vigil was held in the room where, in addition to everything, the coffin of the dead man was.

Now Juan raised his head and looked toward the El Novillero pulqueria, remembering that around 1944, it was a Saturday and after playing baseball with a string ball in the street, he saw the drunks leaving the pulqueria slamming the multi-colored folding wooden doors. On the facade there was a bull charging a bullfighter; and from under the half-doors came the notes of a song that was very popular at that time, where Daniel Santos sang and performed "La Despedida," and its melodious notes said:

I come to say goodbye to the boys, because soon I am leaving for war and although I am going to fight in other lands, I am going to save my right, my country and my faith. I already said goodbye to my beloved and asked her to God that she never cry, that she always remember my love, that I will never forget her. It only breaks my soul and condemns me, That I leave my mother so alone, my poor little mother who is so old , who will comfort her in my absence. Who will do me a favor if needed, Who will help her if she gets sick, who will tell her about me if she asks about this son who may never return. Who will pray to me if she dies, who will put a flower on her grave, who will sympathize with my bitterness if I return and cannot find my mother.

It was a song that had been composed in Puerto Rico and that, at that time, touched the hearts of those who were going off to serve in the Second World War. It was also remembered that the boys' mothers wouldn't let them go out after dark because of "La Leva," a cargo truck that would pass by, picking them up to take them, probably to the army, where they would be trained and then sent to war if necessary.

Another song called "Lost Love" was also very popular, and its lyrics said:

Lost love, if as you say it's true that you live happily without me, live happily . Perhaps other arms will give you the tenderness I didn't. Today I convince myself that for my part, you were never mine , nor I for you, nor you for me, it was all a game . Except that I placed the bet and lost. It was a game and I lost, that's my luck and I pay because I'm a good player. You live happier, that's your fate . What more can a troubadour tell you ? Live peacefully. There's no need for you to say goodbye to me when you pass away . I'm not hurt, and by my mother, I don't hate you or hold a grudge. On the contrary, together with you, I applaud pleasure and love. Long live pleasure, long live love, now I am free , I want whoever loves me , long live love.

Juan would be ecstatic upon hearing this music. He loved listening to it and would go into the bullfighter's pulquería. He remembered that in one corner, workers from the Santiago factory were sitting on a bench; two others were playing hopscotch on a brick; and in another corner, other workers were excitedly drinking pineapple pulque, while shouting to one of them:

-You creep! Have one!

To which the chinguiñoso replied:

-Fuck your mother!;- at the same time he raised his forearm and left the pulqueria throwing the folding doors and staggering like a drunk.

Juan saw this when he was inside, and imitating the drunk he also left the pulqueria throwing the doors that barely started where his head ended, at that moment a friend of his father was driving a cargo truck, who upon seeing him shouted:

-Goodbye Juan!

And he, also imitating the drunk he had just seen, answered:

-Fuck your mother!- and at the same time he raised his forearm.

The friend burst out laughing when he saw it.

Doña Jesusita, a lady in her 60s who owned the pulqueria, would always take him out and tell her mother:

-Oh, ma'am, I'm bringing Juan here. You know they say a lot of rude things at the pulqueria, and I don't want him to learn them!

But Juan already knew them all, and since the neighborhood was tough, he would bring them out every now and then in the street fights he frequently had. When he got into a

fight, he was always very scared; sometimes it seemed like his arms would stiffen, but he knew that once someone challenged him, even if he felt scared, he had to fight because otherwise they would call him a coward, which he was far from being. As the fight went on, as time went on, he felt better and landed his blows better and he almost always won. From then on, he knew that when someone challenged him, he had to fight no matter what so that the same opponent would never bother him again. So his fights were always very tough, neighborhood fights, to justify supremacy!

Juan stared at the facade of the Church, observing the swaying and sound of the bells, announcing the next Rosary, also remembering that once he had gone to the Church to collect alms and that in the atrium he had met by chance one of his friends, who was nicknamed "Toad" to whom Juan always boasted by telling him that he was the influential one in the Church, and on this occasion he said to him:

-As you can see, I collect alms here and Father Rafaelito also sends me to ring the bells!

The Toad, all incredulous, answered:

-Do you even know how to ring the bells?

-Yeah!

-Let's see if it's true! Play them now.

-You can't, only when you are called to mass or to the rosary.

-So you don't know!

-Yes I know!

-Then teach me!

Juan, having already realized that he knew, could no longer back out, and against all his will and feeling afraid of what could happen, he answered:

-Well, come with me!

Juan and "Sapo" headed through a door next to the entrance, a very dark and cold spiral staircase. They climbed slowly until they finally reached one of the bells from which hung a loop that, when pulled, made the clapper ring. They stared at the loop, and "Sapo" said to them:

-Come on!

Juan felt his heart leap out of his chest and against all his will he grabbed the rope and began to pull it, at the same time the bell rang and the "Toad" continued to tell him:

-Play harder, you don't even have the strength!

Juan continued playing, a few minutes had passed when he felt someone grab his ear, he turned around to see who was doing it and saw the sexton, a short, plump, dark-

skinned man, who the neighborhood gang nicknamed "Pelón" , with a parted hair, thick black mustaches that reached his ears, Juan tried to escape but the sexton held him tighter against his body.

The sacristan was the one who looked after the Church and who occasionally stole money from the collection boxes.

Juan also did the same when he was put in charge of collecting alms; a little of what he collected went into his pocket.

No matter how hard Juan tried to get away, it was in vain; "Sapo" was running down the stairs quickly , but not seeing the steps, tripped and fell, all he heard was a:

-Ouch! -Down the stairs-

When he reached the top of the stairs he got up and ran out of the Church.

Upstairs the sacristan continued struggling with Juan, and after a few minutes the people around began to gather in the atrium, because the sound of the bell was to make people gather, because they believed that something serious was happening, Father Rafael , Head of the Church who lived two streets away and who was a plump, tall, white man with glasses and who was the same width at the back as he was at the hips, he always wore a suit, he liked to lean towards people of good economic position and poor people, he only treated them well when the rich people who were his favorite were not present.

This father also heard the ringing of the bells and came all sweaty, stopping and shouting:

-What's going on, what's going on! For the love of God, what's going on!

The sacristan from the bell tower also shouted to him:

-This brat who went up to ring the bells!

-So nothing's happening?

-No, nothing!

Juan, upon hearing the priest who was downstairs, no longer resisted and allowed himself to be led by the sacristan. They went down the stairs. Father Rafael was waiting for them halfway down the stairs and with a stick that he took from the flowers that the faithful left in the Church, he grabbed Juan by the shirt and began to hit him on the back and buttocks. Upon feeling the blows , Juan cried and said:

-No more Father Rafaelito, don't hit me anymore, let me go!

He gave him no less than ten lashes with the cane, and all battered, he ran off into the midst of the people who saw Juan hurrying through the atrium; the ladies could be heard saying:

-This boy again, he's the devil!

Father Rafael came out behind Juan, shouting at him not to show up there again.

The Santiago neighborhood at that time was very rough, with frequent assaults on its streets, and only Father Rafael, nicknamed "the Golden Flip-flop," managed to calm the people with his sermons and had a significant influence on leaving barbarism behind.

In the masses that the rich people ordered to be officiated, he tried to keep the poor out because he wanted his Church of Santiago to be the most opulent in the City and to a certain extent he succeeded and so the weddings of the most well-off people were held here and so was everything. On Tuesdays from eleven to twelve in the afternoon it seemed like a pilgrimage around the garden, how many people went, the number of faithful who attended was incredible, and so as time went by, the priest created the cult of the Virgin of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which became very famous.

The poor faithful nicknamed him "the Golden Flip-Flops."

Juan also remembered an anecdote that had happened many years ago. He remembered that on a Friday, it had been announced on the radio that the Guerrero Cinema was showing a movie that lasted four hours, and that it started at four in the afternoon and ended at eight at night and was called "The Devils of the Red Circle" where everything was action and it was advertised as having 12 episodes and 25 parts.

Since he had no money, he remembered that in the storage room of his home, which was a piece of furniture where they placed the plates, his mother kept the money inside a green glass sugar bowl in the shape of a hen; Juan had already discovered where he was and stealthily after eating at about three in the afternoon and when there was no one in the kitchen, he placed a chair and climbed on it, he noticed that there were about 75 cents, he took 15 and quickly put them away, since it was a ten cent coin and a five cent coin so they wouldn't rattle when he walked, he put one in one pocket and the other on the other side, at this point his breathing was shallow and full of anxiety, he quickly got off and put the chair back in its place and thought: It's done! I'm going to see the Diablos del Círculo Rojo, he left and went to see a friend who they called el güero and he convinced him to go to the movies, a little while later at about 3:45 they left and since they didn't have money to pay for the bus ride, whose route was the Garita Panteón, which back then cost five cents and was the idea, take the bus or eat torta after leaving the theater, and they preferred the latter; they began to walk and crossed Paseo Bravo, they went all the way down Reforma Avenue and arrived at the theater that was in the Portal; on the way Juan wanted to go to the bathroom but he thought, as soon as we get to the theater I'll go; but they were late and they arrived around 4:15 at the cheapest box office, which was a gallery, where the poorest people went, almost always bricklayers, workers, loaders, the most financially strapped people, it was located on the third floor; there was also a second floor called balconies first and there was also luneta which was the first floor, where people who had money went; Juan and the blond one got their ticket and started to go up the stairs until they reached the third floor, very tired because they had run up, Juan thought they would go to the bathroom but he heard the screams of the people who were excitedly watching a fight and that the

heartthrob on the screen would win, when he passed by the bathroom he noticed a strong smell of ammonia from the urine of everyone who went in, regardless of the fact that the bathroom was very unclean, for this reason the smell it gave off was unbearable.

Juan thought, gripping his member tightly, I'd better watch the movie first and come to the bathroom during the break. He started walking through the crowd, stepping on one person here and there, babbling, and at the same time, stretching out his hand as he walked, since he couldn't see anything in the darkness. Suddenly, he felt a sharp bite on his hand; the bite also said to him:

-Son of a bitch, you look like you're sleepwalking.

He had put his hand inside the mouth of one of those sitting, who, accustomed to the darkness, had already seen the hand of Juan, in advance, happened to put his hand near the mouth of one of them and the latter bit him at the same time as he pushed him, causing Juan to fall heavily on top of those sitting in front of him; at that time they were like wooden steps where people sat, so that once he had fallen on top of another, Juan would say:

-Fuck your mother!

People hearing this laughed loudly and others shouted:

-Shut up already! Shut up

Juan realized that they were making room for him and he sat down while shouting happily:

-Güero, here I am!

"Here I come!" the blond man shouted from where he was.

Within a minute, the blond man arrived next to Juan and sat down, slowly settling in since there wasn't much room available to finally get properly seated:

Juan had forgotten he wanted to urinate, but when he settled in he felt the urge to urinate again and once again he squeezed his legs together and half writhed and thought about his two options: returning to the bathroom or holding it until the movie was over. But it was still very action-packed and the theater was completely full, so he decided:

-I'd better go during the break!

In the movie the hero was riding a motorcycle with the heroine on the back seat, in a tunnel that had split open, and the water was chasing the people on the motorcycle, all the people were screaming because the water was about to reach them, at that moment the announcement for the intermission came on the screen and the lights came on, people began to protest, shouting and banging on their seats, the noise was so loud that it managed to scare the person handling the movie camera; Juan, seeing the lights

come on and writhing with the urge to go to the bathroom, stood up like a spring, with great difficulty he began to take a few steps among the people who had also stood up and began to climb the steps, but when he was halfway there the people with their screams and thunderous whistles convinced the cameraman to restart the movie, the lights went out again and it started again, Juan, with great difficulty, tried to walk among the people to return to his place, those who, as they passed, said to him:

-Get down!

-Cut off his head!

Since he was in the way of the people who wanted to continue watching the action, he slowly turned around and reached his friend, the blond, who asked him:

-Did you just go pee?

"No, I couldn't!" Juan replied, while simultaneously squeezing his legs together and also squeezing his member with his right hand through his pants pocket, almost cutting his throat. Juan was sweating, and as the movie continued, he sometimes forgot he wanted to urinate. Suddenly, he would start twitching again and squeezing his member again, until finally, the movie was about to end, when Juan said to his blond friend:

-Hey! I'll wait for you outside the bathroom. I'll go ahead.

At the same time that he stood up and began to climb the wooden steps, among the people he passed, he was almost urinating, but he made a supreme effort not to let it spill out; the end of the movie didn't matter to him anymore, he couldn't see the screen anymore, he only saw the bathroom door and the walk seemed eternal, until he finally reached the door, he peeked in and quickly went in, he was almost urinating, he went quickly to where the urinal was, which was like a canal about five meters long, made of mosaics. But when he got there, he saw that the whole place was full of people who were urinating and there was hardly any room to do it, he tried to make room for himself between two adults and pushed them on either side to get a place; at the same time he was abruptly trying to unbutton his fly and was dancing from one foot to the other, Juan was looking for his member and it seemed to him eternal to find it, finally he managed to take it out, but at the same time that he was taking it out, urine suddenly came out, with such bad luck that the urine fell directly on the man who was next to him, he looked like a tall, rough, very strong man, with a very broad back like a bricklayer, who when he felt his hands and pants wet, turned around in astonishment to look down and to his right, and found Juan who was a child and to whom he immediately said:

-Son of a bitch, you're going to see what's waiting for you now!

Juan, seeing him all wet with fear, even stopped urinating and stepped back, turned around and ran away, and the man came out behind him too; Juan went down the stairs four at a time, the heaviest urinated man went down the slowest, Juan crossed the entire passage of the City Hall, crossed the Zócalo, stopping the cars that came and continued running along 3 Poniente, he turned around to see if the urinated one was following him and with astonishment he saw it, although it was increasingly far away,

and inside he prayed that it wouldn't follow him anymore, that he hoped it would tire, finally when he arrived at the Church of San Agustín he turned around and saw it stop, Juan was still trotting although he was already extremely tired and almost unable to breathe he gasped for air with a laryngeal stridor he continued walking quickly and at the same time he kept turning around to see if the urinated one was following him and finally he arrived at Paseo Bravo where he looked for a dark place and behind a tree he began to urinate noisily and only raised his head enjoying the freedom with which he could empty his bladder and with tremendous pain in his lumbar regions that They made him kneel down a little and finally, soon after, having recovered, he continued on his way.

Juan kept thinking about his memories, so many fights he had had in this garden, so much that he had lived through the July 25th festivities when Señor Santiago was celebrated, the bicycle races, the greased pole, the cinema that they sometimes showed at 8:00 at night from the Mejoral and Cafiaspirinas trucks that gathered a lot of people in the street, who brought rolls of Miguelito Mouse cartoons, those of Popeye and at the same time they took advantage of the opportunity to advertise Mejoral and Cafiaspirina that were good for headaches.

Juan also remembered the famous gang of robbers called Jomron, whose leader was Galletas, who was his very good friend. On one occasion, at around 10:30 at night, they broke him in through a broken window and he opened the door and they entered a carpentry shop to rob him. A few years later, they killed him on August 10th while robbing a pharmacy called El Sol, which was on 4th West and 3rd North.

He had lived his childhood very intensely, his friends had made him brave and he saw life with a lot of malice, it was no longer easy to deceive him, Juan always tried to make the best of everything that happened in his life,

He always lived as a winner, without complexes, treating his life as an equal with everyone, whether rich or poor.

Juan also remembered how he had decided to learn English, which was when he was in his third year of medical school, thanks to his talent for science. He had begun assisting in surgeries since he was in his second year of high school. Thanks to his teacher, who was very ambitious for money and didn't want to pay an assistant, he taught Juan how to assist. Over the years, when he was in his third year of medical school, another doctor from the Latin American Hospital hired him, who told him he would pay him one hundred pesos a month to assist him in his daily operations. On one of those occasions when he went to the hospital, near the entrance there was a bookcase with quite a few medical books in English. Juan opened one and looked at the drawings of surgical techniques that he hadn't seen in the Spanish-language books he had had. As he looked at the drawings, he was increasingly overcome with the desire to know: What did those books say? And he repeated to himself silently with true fervor:

"I have to learn English. I have to learn English to read this, to be ahead of everyone else; to be more competent!"

As he became familiar with the group of doctors at this hospital, some of whom had been educated in the United States, he increasingly got the idea that he too should be educated in the United States, in order to know more than the average doctor, and when he saw an operation, immediately after seeing it he would go to his room, lie down, and go over in memory everything he had seen, and then he would get up and write in a special notebook that he had bought and that he titled "Enigmas of Surgery," and shortly afterward he would compare this with the books that described the technique used for each of the operations.

Thanks to all these incentives, he never failed medical school.

He stood at the door of the church atrium and thought, "Well, I have nowhere else to go to celebrate. The only thing left to do is go home."

SAN LORENZO CHIAUTZINGO

Juan lived on the opposite corner of Santiago's garden, he walked slowly through it, the afternoon was full of sun, thousands of little birds that perched on the many trees in the garden sang with great joy, the lawns were well trimmed and very green, he paid no attention to the people who passed in front of him, only in his deepest thought did he think that he had been married for two months and that from now on he had to work to support that beautiful 19 year old girl with blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes, but he wasn't afraid of the future at all, he knew and had a lot of confidence in himself to get ahead, he reached the door and knocked firmly, his wife came out and said to her:

-I just graduated and I'm a doctor now!

She hugged him very tenderly and said:

-Congratulations!

No one else received him, the walls of the house felt cold, there was no special welcome from any of the family, his brothers dedicated to their chores, his father working, his mother had gone out to buy groceries, Juan wanted to go out to visit friends who at first did not believe in him and little by little they got to know his ability, he was restless, an enormous restlessness he wanted to shout that he was already a Doctor;

Those desires were fading away little by little as it was getting dark and already in bed I thought that I had an obligation to earn my daily bread and I reasoned to myself I don't have any Hospital that will give me work, the only place I can get money is to go to a town and only there will I be able to take patients to operate on and thus earn enough to eat; Since I was a student I went on Sundays to a town called San Lorenzo Chiautzingo which is about 30 kilometers from Puebla , ahead of Huejotzingo, a place very famous for its cider production.

I thought, at least for this place that is known to me, I don't have to look for another one, while I see how I am going to do it, how I am going to the United States , that same night he told his wife that the next day he would go to that town and that he was sure that there would be no lack of money for food since he was very capable of treating

patients and one or another would fall into some operation and thus he would easily get ahead and he also told his wife that he would stay at his parents' house while he went to that town, but his wife made it clear to him that she was a qualified nurse and that she could help him with something in case of an emergency.

Juan didn't want to, she was too pretty to take her to that town, which had beautiful and picturesque landscapes, contemplating the majestic Iztacíhuatl as a background, the town was very poor and he thought that place was not worthy of her class, but her insistence prevailed, so against her will he agreed to take her.

The next day, they had breakfast very early and told their parents they had decided to go to work in that town. Juan gathered all his medical samples and took them in a cardboard box, along with the sewing forceps and the basic supplies for assisting in births.

They took the bus to San Martín and then transferred to San Lorenzo Chiautzingo, where they arrived at Doña Carmelita's house. It was a two-room adobe house with a kitchen. This was where she had been as a student. Both the house and the family were safe, and there was a lot of peace and tranquility.

Time passed, several days passed and not a single person came for a consultation, Juan wondered.

-What's going on? This is so bad, I think there's no hope.

Juan decided to go for a walk and met a patient with whom he commented:

"How are you, ma'am?" Juan said.

-How have you been, Doctor? I went to look for you the day before yesterday in the afternoon.

-Yes? I was there all afternoon.- Juan answered.

-I went around five in the afternoon and I met Antonio and he told me that you weren't there.

Antonio was the son of Mrs. Carmelita, a boy of about twenty-five years old who had only studied elementary school, but by dint of taking other doctors around town, he learned to give injections and was clever. He also learned empirically that for an infection or sore throat, penicillin should be given, as well as for diarrhea, which are very common illnesses. He gave them suspensions because the doctor who started treating him only came on Saturdays and Sundays and left them saying:

-If someone comes in with diarrhea, you give them this; if they have a cough, you give them this; if they have urinary incontinence, you give them this.

So this young man lost his fear of prescribing, and since there were only two or three people capable of giving medicine, Antonio became one of the best healers in the town, also earning a fee as a doctor. So when Juan arrived in town, he came as a competitor,

and only in cases where Antonio couldn't, did he leave them to Juan. To ensure his consultation, Antonio would wait for them outside and say:

-Go home, Dr. Juan isn't here now, but I'll come see you later.

Juan, surprised that five, six, or seven days had passed without any appointments, already suspected something was up, because the patients weren't arriving, and now what the patient was telling him confirmed what he'd already thought. After analyzing and reasoning, he said:

-What to do? I'm living in his house and he has the whole town on his side, he's cured them, Doña Carmelita his mother treats me very well, but I think she's treating me too well for when her son needs me, and I help him, if I stay here I'm not going to get ahead, Antonio is going to block me all the time like he has done and I can't complain to him, what to do, what to do? I should take drastic measures, I shouldn't offend him, it's likely that I'll be here two or three months, but while I'm here I'm at his mercy, I shouldn't fight with him, besides I'm not alone, I'm with my wife and my duty is to protect her, well I've read that the doctor of a town and the priest are the ones who manage the people, therefore it's time for me to go to him and introduce myself, I explain to him that I am at his disposal and make him trust me, I will present myself with a good face making him feel that I am alone and that I need his protection and that at the same time I can help him and that I am one of his and I will try to be useful; and so it was:

Juan introduced himself to the Priest and said:

-Father! Good afternoon, I am Dr. Juan Pérez Saldaña, I just graduated from the Autonomous University of Puebla and I came to work here, to this beautiful town, I am married and I am living with Doña Carmelita, mother of Don Antonio Retama, could you not recommend me through your sermon to the people, I am a qualified doctor and I can be very useful to them, here I am the only one, they are in danger with the healers, and if something is needed of you I am at your disposal.

The priest, looking at Juan with a bit of suspicion and probably with distrust, nodded his head in the affirmative, saying to him.

-Yes, doctor, I had already seen you and your wife when we passed by Doña Carmelita's house, don't worry, I'm going to recommend you, but why don't you put a big notice on the door.

-Yes, Father! That's what I thought. I'm also going to announce myself on the radio.

In the town there was a loudspeaker through which songs were dedicated. A song called "A la Orilla del Mar" was in fashion and it was sung by Bienvenido Granda and they repeated it all day long, along with some announcements such as, for example, that there were nixtamal mills located in a certain place.

The lyrics of the song said:

Luna, beg her to come back and tell her that I love her, that I'm just waiting for her by the sea. I have very sad memories of seeing you, in the light of night I remember your

sensual lips and your sweet gaze, my great love . Luna, beg her to come back and tell her I love her , that I'm only waiting for her by the seashore.

Juan thought that he had not humiliated the priest and that he should do it and that he had to make the father feel that he was a god and that Juan was subjugated, which is why when saying goodbye to the Priest Juan tried to appear with a humility that he was very far from feeling, he knelt down and said to him:

-Father, please give me your blessing.

This made the Father feel great and he answered:

-In the name of Jesus Christ I bless you! At the same time she made the sign of the cross with her hand and gave it to Juan to kiss, this caused displeasure and rejection in Juan but not showing any annoyance on his face or with any movement and thinking that he should do it; Juan kissed her hand and at that same moment a lady who was about 33 years old entered, who was the one who accompanied the priest everywhere and introduced her to the whole town as her niece and that Doña Carmelita with mockery and malice had made the comment to Juan once that:

-Well, the Father says she's his niece!

Accompanying at the same time a slight smile of disbelief.

The Father thought that Juan was subjugated like the majority of Mexicans and that the foundations of religion weighed on him and that since he was the representative of Jesus Christ, he should be honored, so, that's why he felt that Juan was surrendering to him and when the lady entered, the Parish Priest commented:

-Esperancita! Come, I'm going to introduce you to Doctor Juanito, he's at Doña Carmelita's house.

And she answered very kindly:

-If we've already seen you with your wife, if you want, Doctor, why don't you bring her to have a snack with us?

Juan quickly thought, "I think the lady has already liked me. It would be great to pick up my wife so we can have dinner." I think I made her with the priest, and since everyone likes my wife, I think she'll get along really well with Esperancita, and the priest will recommend me. I've made her!

John answered:

-Yes, of course, I'll go for it! Thanks.

Juan left, arrived at Doña Carmelita's house and upon arriving he met Antonio who greeted him politely saying to Juan:

-Doctor, what happened? They say the consultations are already falling.

Juan, gritting his teeth and feeling angry at the question, answered with disdain, feigning indifference.

-They'll fall, for now I'm coming for my wife, her father invited us to dinner with his niece.

-With your niece?

Antonio mockingly replied, Juan thought, "I'm going to break you with this alliance, you won't be able to do anything to me anymore nor will you be able to stop me from getting my patients, I'm going to get rid of you at the first opportunity."

So Juan told his wife what had happened and they went to dinner where they easily gained the trust of the father and his niece and they showed him the house, the father and niece's bedroom where there was nothing separating them not even curtains only an arch made of brick but which widely connected the two bedrooms Juan thought: this is where religious prejudices are released.

A few days later, Juan, using the pretext that he was far from the center of Doña Carmelita's house, went to talk to Doña Luchita about 150 meters from the church and managed to get permission to stay in that house, again two rooms; in one he slept and consulted, the bed was made of mat and a blanket that was folded up in the mornings so he could consult during the day; to one side was a table and a chair on the floor, on top of some cardboard boxes were the medicines that Juan had of medical samples and that soon along with the consultations he would sell; Doña Luchita was the typical little old woman of the town, about eighty years old, thin and bent, dark, her petticoats reaching to her ankles, always speaking quite kindly and trying to protect Juan and his wife, whom Luchita called the little girl.

Juan was heartbroken to have to sleep on the floor, and above all, he thought that his wife didn't deserve to sleep on the mat, since she was of a high class, her presence caused admiration in the people around her, and her kindness made people feel good.

Luchita had a son who was another of the town's healers, he rode his bicycle all over the area, he had sworn that he was going to assault Juan and steal all his things, Juan feeling all this pressure told Doña Luchita that her son had said that he was going to assault him, Luchita replied that he shouldn't worry that she was going to slap him when he came to see her; this never happened, but most likely she complained to her son about what he had said, faced with this situation Juan did not address the problem again, but nevertheless from that day on, he lived with quite a bit of anxiety and when they would call him at night to go to a consultation, he found himself with the dilemma of whether he should be accompanied by his wife or if it would be preferable for him to stay; and he thought; if she stayed, she could be assaulted and Luchita wouldn't be able to defend her and if he took her, if she could defend her, but since she didn't have any weapons, he got a baseball bat, which he always carried, and he thought; If someone tries something against us, I have to hit someone first before they hit me; so he always went out with his wife and the bat.

At night, when a patient arrived, he would first ask through the door for the name and if the patient was recognized, he would open it, and if not, he wouldn't. One afternoon, around five o'clock, a storm broke out with quite strong hail, and they had to close the door because the water and the tremendous balls of ice were coming in. You couldn't see anything for thirty meters. I could hear the water falling when suddenly a lot of water began to drip from the ceiling. It sounded like a sieve, the whole house. Only the corner where Doña Luchita's bed was was the part where the water didn't drip.

From that corner, Luchita shouted:

-Doctor, where are you going to sleep now? The whole floor is full of water. Why don't you come sleep in my bed?

This was a small bed that had no mattress, just some wooden boards, it was somewhat hard and with a cold that penetrated to the bones, Juan only shook his head because he thought that the bed was not so hygienic and less so for the three of them to sleep and as it was getting colder and later Juan asked his wife:

-What do you say, should we sleep in his bed?

To which she timidly and resignedly replied:

-Yeah!

Water continued to fall around the leaks, and Juan huddled against his wife's body to keep warm, which the blanket couldn't provide.

Days passed and they almost always went out to the neighboring towns on foot, having as a background the Iztacíhuatl, with streams of crystal clear water that come down from the white snows, the thick areas of pine, giving off the most exquisite aroma and with this beautiful blonde with bright blue eyes that accompanied him, it made life more sublime walking on foot through those beautiful places, it was like feeling like he was in paradise and Juan thought:

I have to fight, this is so beautiful, I must treat it as if it were my honeymoon, I must treat these days as a communion with nature, and I must not think that we are suffering here, but rather as a beautiful stage that will pass; my cycle in this area will end, because my goal is not here, my goal is the United States of America, the land of technology, the land of money, the land where the highest standard of living the human brain has ever known is, the land of opportunity, the land of comfort; and I reasoned; from here you can jump to any part of the world; Here I can achieve the culture and the money that I want, once I master the technology to which I dedicate myself, it will become a fact, a reality; Just a little more effort to make everything I have dreamed of a reality, so many nights that I have forged my life, can only bear fruit from the way I have educated myself, so many ambitions, so many disappointments, so much friction with those around me, when I got my medical degree, I left the people who did not believe in me, lying in the way; and I will still continue leaving dead people around me, because I was born to fight, to win, Oh blessed nature! Just give me the strength to continue in the wild fight to become dominant to get the most out of those around me, for the well-being of

my family that I am forging, give me Oh nature! The necessary physical and mental strength to serve as an example to mine so that I can continue further in this world of materialism in which I have to live, my descendants will have to be more skilled than I, will have more, Mine will not die of hunger; and they will always have their tables full of food Oh life! thought Juan as he walked through those thick forests breathing deeply, and he said give me more obstacles , more problems, that when these are overcome, I may deeply experience the pleasure of having overcome them.

Juan continued to develop his skills and skillfully take money from his patients' consultations and carefully save it, because he knew that the little he had saved should be safeguarded for the future. At the same time, every time Juan had the opportunity to visit his father, he always did so. And when they met, the first thing Juan tried to do was take a book of literary fiction with him. When the father opened the door, Juan would clasp it to his chest with his left hand and immediately, with a smile on his face, ask slowly and with an air of benevolence:

-Good morning, Father! How are you?

The Father always received him kindly, clothes were very important to Juan and he always wore very clean shoes and a shirt with a tie, but without it, cashmere pants, always well ironed and everything very clean, always well combed and shaved and with lavender water, so his presence was pleasant wherever he went, he had also learned to walk, to eat; before starting to study Medicine he had already read books on etiquette, "Urbanity and Social Distinction" by Irma Carlota, he had also read the book "How to Win Friends", "How to Speak in Public", he had also read the "Bible" and he would say between laughs when chatting with his friends:

-The most pornographic book I've ever read is Genesis, but that's with the Church's permission!

Juan read a lot and another book that had left him impressed, excited, and excited was "The Night Left Behind," by J. Valtín.

The conversations between the father and Juan had become very pleasant and the father, a plump man about 50 years old, and Juan, 24 years old, had become a great friendship as if they were two old friends, this is what Juan had wanted to get to, of course he always treated the father with the truth, he never told him lies, he acknowledged every little thing about the father, Juan praised him with sincerity, he never praised him for something that the father did not have but always pointed out things that were true.

So Juan had become very skilled at gaining the father's trust, and the latter had accepted him quite well. Consequently, during sermons in the pulpit, the father would mention the sick people Juan had cured and emphasize the kindness with which he treated people. More patients began to arrive from the surrounding towns. He always tried to do the father every favor that was offered to him, with the idea that the father would have to reciprocate. Whenever someone was seriously ill, the father would lend

him the Jeep to take them to Puebla, and this happened frequently. One afternoon, as the two were talking, the father said, becoming serious and in a calm voice:

-Dr. Juan, would you like to ask me a favor?

Juan, paying close attention to what his father was saying, as he had gone from a cheerful attitude to a rather marked seriousness, answered:

-Tell me, Father!

-It's a favor you only ask of a friend.

Juan continued with an anxious look trying to guess what the favor would be, the father continued:

Imagine if my niece has been bleeding for three days and it hasn't stopped. I think that's too much.

Juan understood quickly, but he played innocent and asked:

-Where is the bleeding coming from?

-Where is she a woman!

-Oh, for the vagina!

-Yeah.

Juan's eyes widened and he thought to himself, "I've got you!" This is what a man must achieve when he wants to be successful. He must know the most intimate secrets of the one he thinks will protect him. In other words, the one who protects must be mentally devoted to the one he protects. He who wants to succeed must have an ambitious protector capable of turning dreams into reality. Finding a protector is hard work; it requires sincere dealings and being extremely capable in service.

John continued:

-And when was your last period?

-Two months ago.

Seeing how quickly his father responded, Juan thought, all he had to do was pull the end of the skein and the problem would unravel itself, little by little.

-Is it accurate? Does it occur every month?

"Yes, I have my period every month," the father answered timidly.

Juan now felt that he was the teacher and that the father was the student.

The father felt exhausted, he blushed and began to sweat, he felt like running so he tried to walk backwards.

Juan, more incisive and with a firmer voice, because he felt he had the command, asked.

-Did you have nausea, vomiting, cravings?

-Yeah!

Juan continued and thought of asking the final question to unmask the father.

-Did you have sexual relations?

The father found himself cornered and hesitatingly answered:

-Is it necessary to answer this, Doctor?

-Yes, that's the only way to know. We can diagnose pregnancy. If you haven't had sex, this isn't a threat of miscarriage, and the treatment is different.

-Yes, Doctor! Yes, you have had sexual relations.

For the father to fully reveal himself, all that was left was to ask Juan, "With whom?" But he felt he shouldn't go that far; that was more than enough for the moment. And he returned to the patient again, saying:

-Is the bleeding heavy?

-The day before yesterday it was just dripping, yesterday it was more!

And how many towels have you changed today?

-Since I woke up this morning until now it has been five towels.

"Very wet?" Juan said.

-Yes! he answered.

Juan thought about undressing his father and commented.

-Did they inject you with anything?

The father began with a tic in which he opened and closed his eyes rapidly and was seen sweating profusely and very red, answering timidly:

-Pituisán!

-How many have they given him?

-I've been wearing one every twelve hours for three days, but I stopped when he started bleeding.

-Have you had stomach pain?

-For two days now, pretty strong!

The father's eyes were still twitching and his hands were shaking.

Juan told him with great confidence.

-This is an abortion, and a curettage must be performed immediately, otherwise it will empty!

-Whatever you say, Doctor, I trust you. Who will do it for you?

-Me, but not here!

-So where to?

-In a sanatorium in Puebla.

-Where?

-In the Spanish Charity?

-No, not there! That's where the mothers know me.

-Well, that's where the operating room is best, but if you don't want, we'll look for another place.

-I don't want her to be put in danger, but if you want to, at the Spanish Charity, I just want you to do me one more favor.

-Tell me, father?

-I want you to take her there and back, I'll give you the money and you take the Jeep!

At the same time the father grabbed Juan's hand and squeezed it tightly, saying to him.

-Doctor, I trust you. Get me out of this mess and I'll figure out how to pay you back later!

Juan felt the priest's sweaty, trembling hands and saw him blinking and thinking to himself, how much this man must be suffering, and he wondered, Why does religion impose prejudices of celibacy, if after all these priests are men like us? Why don't they let them lead normal lives? Possibly they could help the Church better; they are as natural and equal as the servants of any religion. For this same reason, when they are prohibited from having a relationship with a woman, they develop a relationship with another man and fall more pitifully into this area, harming this religion more. When people realize this, consequently believe less every day, the faith with which they were born and educated is magically destroyed, here in Mexico.

In an article written in Time magazine, an assessment was made, concluding that the largest number of homosexuals came from seminaries. This fact hurts any Catholic, but it's time for the Church to become more real; and when that happens, when the magic is removed, then we can reach more sincere conclusions about the Catholic Church in Mexico and throughout the world. In New Mexico, there are currently reformatories for homosexual priests. Juan was faced with this reflection when the priest turned around

to take out money from his closet. He counted out five thousand pesos, and with trembling hands, his eyes twitching, and his face sweating, he turned back to tell Juan.

-Doctor, here are these five thousand pesos. Tell me if they're enough, or how much more you need. Please, take care of everything. I also ask you to be very discreet. Please don't tell anyone about this. Please don't make any comments about me at the hospital. You're my niece's relative, and here are the keys to the Jeep. If they ask me anything, I'll tell them you took her because she probably had a severe intestinal infection.

Juan thought again that the money he now had in his hands came from alms from the Church, from the sale of candles, from baptisms, from weddings, from masses for the dead, but what other alternative could the father have taken, if he had made this his *modus vivendi*.

Understanding this, Juan took his niece out and put her in the back seat, because she was still bleeding. He went to Puebla, admitted her, and operated on her that same night, thinking deep inside, I'm going to earn a few cents from here.

Juan took advantage of everything to earn money. He had learned to be very skillful, since the teachers he had were also successful medicine merchants and Juan was no slouch.

Already a doctor, he began to fall into the same category; he would request the operating room as an emergency and use the excuse to the sanatorium authorities that he couldn't find an anesthesiologist, in order to earn the latter's money. In these circumstances, Juan would often say to the operating room nurses:

"You're going to administer a quemital through the glucose IV, and you're going to add one centimeter each time I tell you! Just tie her hands tightly, place the patient in the gynecological position. You must also administer a remeflin to prevent respiratory arrest, and a novatropin to prevent cardiac arrest. And please, stretch the patient's neck well so she can breathe properly. And with that skill that characterized Juan, he always taught by example, saying, 'Look, just like I'm doing it, look.'"

In this way, Juan saved on the anesthesiologist's fees; he did everything himself and charged the patient, even the assistant's fees, and kept almost all the money. Fortunately, everything turned out well for him, since he had been taught by other lions in the matter.

Dr. Juan's patient only stayed hospitalized the rest of the night and the next day at 7:00 in the morning, he came to discharge her and pick her up to return her to San Lorenzo Chiautzingo, around 8:30 AM She was already back with the father, who was very grateful to see his niece, and said to Juan:

-Doctor, you don't know how much I appreciate this. Tell me, how can I repay you? And I will. Did you have enough money?

-Father, here I bring you \$500.00 pesos that were left over, I paid for the operating room, medicine, room, anesthesiologist and assistant.

-And what about your fees?

-No, Father, how am I going to charge you? You've done so much for me in the village!

-Doctor, anyway, I'm going to give you another two thousand pesos; at the same time he took them out of his pocket and gave them to Juan, who pretended he didn't want them, but took the money and at the same time kept it for himself, this time he was left with two thousand five hundred , plus another two thousand that he had already saved previously, Juan was very happy, because the night had cost him four thousand five hundred pesos and the father had been very grateful, the niece as well and from now on the father would recommend him more.

Interrupting Juan's thoughts, the father said:

-Doctor, please don't tell anyone else about this!

-No, Father, I'm in debt to you. How can I say anything? I'd never say that. I'm very upright!

Juan was satisfied inside and did not feel guilty because he thought Reasonably; a thief who steals from a thief is forgiven for one hundred years; for he knew the money came from the services the priest provided, so having obtained four thousand five hundred pesos was nothing to the father and filled the stomachs of Juan and his wife a little. He thought, if Jesus Christ were to wake up and see the commerce carried out in his name, the life the Church leaders lead, the power they've managed to develop, the superhighways they build; the opulence with which they eat their meals, the summer houses, and yet, contradictorily to their principles, they don't support family planning, and some others have been partners in contraceptive factories.

If Jesus Christ saw all these anomalies, he would again fall dead from the shock of what is being done in his name.

When humans discovered that the earthly things they worshipped were not magical, religion was born. The first religions emerged in India and Egypt before Christ.

They raised their heads to the sky, Rama in India 5000 years before Christ ? And Amenotep in Egypt 1388 years before Christ . And they saw the only God who was capable of maintaining life on earth and that was the sun; who with his miraculous baths mysteriously covered the earth; but they did not worship the sun itself but the force that emanated from it; these two characters were the first men who sought a single God and who founded religions. Amenotep worshipped a single God and his priests who worshipped several gods saw him as an enemy, at first Amenotep imposed his law since he was the king, later these same priests lost their identity with Amenotep:

In the decorations of all the temples this king always put the disk of the sun and from this emanated its rays that went to different parts of the body of a person and from some went to a hand and in the center of it a letter T of Teos, God and above this a

symbol of life in an oval form of phallic origin, this is how the cross was born that was later lent to several religions, accepting them all as good luck.

This is also how Hitler's swastika and many others originated, and this is also how the cross came to Christianity.

Religion was needed by humans for shelter and good behavior, and it is inseparable; humans cannot exist without it. Today, there should be universities that study religion, stripping away all its magic and miracles.

The God that the Egyptians, Jews, Hindus, Greeks, Mayans, Aztecs, Muslims, and Christians have sought is no different, it is the same with a different name and people, the great societies, all eager for power and trying to impose their power on the majority, impose their cult of God and as the priests are his representatives, it is to them that homage is truly paid.

-What is God like?, thought Juan, answering himself, that most likely he is made of substances different from those of the human being, but as for his laws, these are natural for the entire Universe, or is it not like that?

The laws of great force are still unknown to humans, as well as the small force, electromagnetism, gravity, and even more controversial is the dark substance that is thought to exist and hold things together; these are extremely advanced sciences, but is there something that controls them? Or are they just as natural as everything else we have here on Earth? In order to sell their books, cassettes, radio, or television ads, merchants speculate about who built the pyramids of Egypt, the stone colossi of Easter Island in Chile, and other extraordinary things, making them appear supernatural, belittling the greatness of man, who has been able to build here on Earth everything we see and more; It will reach other planets in our solar system and will be able, over time, over the years, and with the help of the inhabitants of other planets, to discover who the God of the Universe is, what are the forces that govern us, but many hundreds and thousands of years will have to pass before we manage to discover this truth about religions so that they do not deceive, so that we can unmask the impostor and, as a consequence, not live enslaved.

Everything we see here on this beautiful earth has all been made by man, and how much we pray that we don't end up worshipping the sun as Rama did or as Amenotep did, which is the only visible thing, the only thing we feel capable of producing life, without it we couldn't live. I hope there is something that governs it, and I hope that one day people will finally see what is natural and forget about buying miraculous objects or miracle sprays.

But the only surefire way to lift people out of ignorance is through universities. Oh, blessed universities that made us see beyond our noses, that made us see the grandeur of our Universe! May we not destroy one another; may there be tolerance so that each of the beliefs that man has managed to develop always exists; and respect from man to man; may the state not have to dictate what man should think, nor may religion have to punish man when he disagrees with its norms; may the creation of a

free man be allowed, so that he can manifest himself, naturally, with all the wisdom of the Universe.

Days passed, it was almost two months that Juan had been in that paradise of San Lorenzo Chiautzingo and he knew that it had to end, he thought that his cycle in that region was already fulfilled, he thought and thought again that this place was not what he had been looking for for so many years, he had spent his honeymoon in that beautiful place, the first days of marital consolidation, but that was not enough, the place no longer satisfied him, because he was born to provoke and obtain success, he was not born to be a country doctor, the only idea that crossed his mind was going to the U.S. And he reasoned that the wife he had managed to obtain was not to inhabit that place, it was not the place he had promised her, while she without complaint saw only Juan's behavior and submissively accompanied him in these places.

EXIT TO THE UNITED STATES

November had already passed, and December 1958 was in full swing. At the end of the month, they moved to Puebla to spend Christmas at his parents' house. During these days, Juan began writing more than eight hundred letters to hospitals in the U.S. and Canada, spending hour after hour writing, and as soon as he finished, he would mail them.

One day he went out for a walk in the center of Puebla and by chance he met Mr. Eugenio Andraca M., Chief Officer of the University of Puebla, who was a good friend of Juan, who told him:

-What's up, Doctor Perez , what have you done to yourself? I used to do that in the United States!

-What's up, Mr. Lawyer!

-Imagine yourself Dr. Armando Castellanos arrived from Oklahoma and told me he's leaving the day after tomorrow. I told him about you. And I told him that if I could get you a job there, he told me to look into it, but I think there's no time left, but look into it anyway.

At that moment Juan's eyes opened wide, momentarily the idea of a possibility to emigrate to the United States shone , to study what he had longed for and learn his English to be able to communicate with men who dominated surgical techniques, time was running out, at that moment he became anxious to move quickly he said goodbye to the lawyer and through his head passed ideas crowded one after another, he analyzed what would be the first thing he had to do and decided to go see his friend Dr. Everet Myer, Deputy Director of the Latin American Hospital of Puebla, to whom he informed that he had decided to go to the United States with this Doctor Castellanos, if he had it; to which Doctor Myer replied:

-And who is this Dr. Castellanos ?

-He's a doctor who 's working in Oklahoma!

-And how do you plan to go?

-If he drives me in his car, I'll go, maybe he'll get me a job at his hospital!

To which Dr. Myer replied:

-I think it's very unlikely that I'll take him to Oklahoma, but anyway, you have to do everything possible in life, you have to try everything.

Juan already knew what he needed to do to get to the United States . He needed a Mexican passport and then to have it stamped at the American Embassy to enter. He had already discussed all of this many times with the people and doctors who had been there, so he already knew every detail he would need to cover:

Again Juan commented with Dr. Myer .

-Dr . Myer, could you please give me some letters of recommendation from the Hospital and others from the Baptist Church here in Puebla?

-Yes, of course, Doctor Perez !

-What time do I pick them up?

-When do you plan to go?

-The day after tomorrow, they told me that Dr. Castellanos is leaving!

-You won't have time, you haven't got your passport yet, it's six in the evening.

"Yes, I do have time!" Juan replied confidently.

-Well, tomorrow afternoon you have the letters of recommendation!

Juan hurriedly said goodbye and left. As he walked, he thought he had to get his passport at all costs right then and there. So he went to the Government Palace, asked who issued passports and the requirements needed. They gave him the information and also told him it was no longer time to issue them. However, they gave him the name of the person who issued them and their address. He immediately went to the house of this Licentiate. On the way, he only thought he had to do two things to achieve his goals : one, get his passport right then and there, and the other, go see Dr. Armando Castellanos at his house. He decided to go see him since he already knew his address. On the way, he also thought that he should obtain an attitude of complete submission, that he should put on a foolish face and try to inspire confidence to a certain extent, try to provoke pity, so that he wouldn't be denied what he asked for. When he arrived home, he rang the bell and said to the servant who came out:

-Excuse me, couldn't you speak with Dr. Castellanos ?

-Yes, he'll be right there!

The maid came in to tell the Doctor that someone was talking to him and he came out, asking Juan:

-How can I help you?

Juan, trying to concentrate, trying to find the right words to impact the Doctor, answered him in a very benevolent manner so that the Doctor would not get angry at his request.

- Doctor Castellanos, I met you a long time ago at the General Hospital, because I lived there. I also knew your wife who lived nearby. I heard that you're working in the U.S. And my dream has been to get to know you there, to speak English like you do. I want to have a family like yours, to get an American car like yours. I just graduated as a doctor two months ago. I was working in a town near Huejotzingo. I also just got married three months ago, but I ran into Mr. Andraca and he told me that you were going to the United States. I came here to ask you, with all my heart and goodwill, if you could take me there.

Dr. Castellanos looked at Juan and did not like what he asked for and took him as a probable competitor, much less taking him to his Hospital in Oklahoma. Juan was touching one of the most sensitive things he had managed to obtain with so much work and he said to him :

-But Doctor, why are you going so far away? Do you have any relatives there?

Upon hearing this, Juan thought that Dr. Castellanos was already putting up a wall, that he didn't want to take him, and he added:

-Dr . Castellanos, please, take me, give me a ride!

-But where?

Juan thought that he couldn't tell him to take him to his hospital, because that was sacred to Dr. Castellanos and then yes, he wouldn't take him and Juan said:

-Doctor, I've tried to see some people who would recommend me to leave, I've written letters, lots of them, about eight hundred, I've seen people from the Mormon Church, I've seen people from the Catholic Church, people from the Latin American Hospital, and none of them have helped me!

-Please, Dr. Castellanos, help me!

Juan thought he had to talk to him, make him feel like he should help him, almost force him to take him to the United States .

For his part, Dr. Castellanos put up obstacles and resistance to prevent him from taking him, Juan put all his attention into making him feel that he should help him and he added.

-Dr . Castellanos! I know your in-laws and your brothers-in-law, I also know your mother, and your brother, he's a friend of mine.

The Doctor answered reluctantly and said:

-Okay, but I'm leaving the day after tomorrow at 3:00 in the morning with my wife and two children and I don't think you have your papers ready.

Juan thought, I just want him to say yes, and now at this moment I'm going to get them and trying to help him mentally to give Dr. Castellanos confidence, that he wouldn't be able to get his passport, he said to him:

-I'll try to fix them, and if I do, I'll be here with you at three in the morning. If I don't, thank you very much anyway.

Juan said goodbye to Dr. Castellanos and left his house, reasoning, he thinks I won't have papers, but right now I'm going to get them sorted out. I have no doubt that I'm going to do it, because I know I'm going to do it.

Juan was very confident that he always achieved what he wanted. He had managed to make impossible things a reality. He headed to the house of the lawyer who issued passports, having previously learned his address.

-Mr. Lawyer, I am Dr. Juan Pérez Saldaña, I have seen you often in the newspaper, I know that you are a capable person, that you always achieve what you set out to do, how I would have liked you to be my relative so that you could understand the people who have come from the bottom, who try to improve themselves, I would like you to put yourself in my place, that we could change places, that you were me and that I were you, and that you were asking me to do you a favor.

The lawyer looked at Juan in surprise and said to him:

-Wait a minute, Doctor, what's wrong with you?

Juan answered:

-Forgive me, Mr. Attorney! I don't think I've explained myself. I'm in a hurry. Two months ago I graduated and went to work in a small town, but today I learned that a doctor is leaving for Oklahoma the day after tomorrow at three in the morning, and I only have tomorrow to get my passport at the American Embassy. About an hour ago I was talking to him and asked him to take me, but I don't have my passport and I need it, Mr. Attorney, right now!

The lawyer, somewhat annoyed, said to him:

-But how do you think I'm going to do it right now? It's 10:00 at night and I'm at home!

Juan grabbed the Licentiate's hand and placed it on his chest, begging him, almost pleading with him.

-Counsel, this is my chance to be taken to the United States . I don't know anyone there and this Doctor knows everything. He can get me in. I'll probably be able to repay you for this favor in the future. Feel how my heart is beating from how excited I am. Please, Counsel, I beg you. Pretend that one of your sons is asking a stranger.

Juan's heart was beating strongly and this ended up bending the will of the Licentiate, who answered a little annoyed:

-Okay, Doctor, but I need two portraits and your birth certificate!

Juan answered pleadingly.

- Lawyer, please, please take me to my house and I'll have them there!

The lawyer shaking his head returned to his bedroom, put on his coat and went out, took out his car and Juan told him trying to impress the lawyer that he was a little embarrassed, but in reality Juan only felt that once again he achieved what he set out to do, he did not feel any shame for what he was achieving with the lawyer, in charge of issuing the passports and he said to him speaking very slowly as if he were really shy:

-Mr. Lawyer, I live in the Jardín de Santiago!

Without answering and annoyed, the lawyer headed his car to the Jardín de Santiago and, arriving at a corner, Juan said:

-Would you please wait for me here?

Again the lawyer stopped his car without answering and Juan got out, closed the door very carefully and very slowly, ran to his house, opened the door and entered saying to his wife:

-Please give me my birth certificate and two portraits, I'll make my passport right now!

-Now at this moment, but how?

-The day after tomorrow I'm going to the United States to look for work with a doctor who comes from there, tell my parents that, for now I'm going to get my passport made and tomorrow I'm going to Mexico to the American Embassy to get a visa.

His wife took out the birth certificate and the two portraits and gave them to Juan, who almost ran out, got to the car and said:

-Here it is, Mr. Lawyer. I hope that in time I'll be able to repay you for this favor, since no one leaves their house at this hour; but I hope that you will do me this favor, as if you were doing it for your son!

With these words, Juan knew that he would soften the Licentiate and in fact, the latter answered him:

-Doctor, believe me, I have never met another person who has made me do a favor like this and still take me out of my house in my car and bring you to your house and then return to the Government Palace to get your passport almost at midnight, I think that you are going to do a lot in life, you have learned to manage people and you are too young to do this, to force them to do what you propose, I hope you succeed in what you want, you have an iron will.

The lawyer already saw Juan with sympathy, they entered the Government Palace and he personally made the passport in his office and gave it to Juan saying:

Doctor, here it is, I hope it serves your purposes; and he added:

Come on, I'll give you a ride home.

Juan felt he should no longer abuse this lawyer's kindness, as he always thought it was inappropriate to continue bothering people once his goals had been achieved; so he replied:

-Mr. Lawyer, this is enough, I must not abuse you anymore , but tell me, how much do I owe you?

The lawyer added with a benevolent tone:

-This is a special favor, I don't do it for just anyone. I really liked you. Your behavior in asking for something and forcing me to do it amazed me. It's nothing. It's a gift from me. I wish some of my children were like you.

-Thank you, Sir, thank you very much!

-But tell me, what are you going to do?

-Graduated, I was a 1500 meter champion at the University and I can run from here to my house in 20 minutes, I still train quite hard.

-Whatever you say!

They said goodbye and went their separate ways. Juan wanted to take a car, but he remembered he had little money and that it was better to do what he had told the lawyer. He started running until he reached his house. Shortly after, he went to bed and couldn't sleep, because he knew he had to get up at five in the morning to catch the six o'clock bus and arrive in Mexico by eight. So he did.

U.S. Embassy in a suit, knowing that the presentation was very important. When he arrived, he knew he would be questioned. What was he doing? He had also done a lot of research in advance. What should he answer here? So the interrogation began:

-What do you do for a living?

-I'm a doctor, I work in my office!

-Why are you going to the United States ?

-Let's meet, I'm going with a Doctor who is working in Oklahoma!

How much money do you have?

-I'm not going to spend anything, because this Doctor is going to drive me to his house in the hospital. I'm bringing three thousand pesos. I'm coming back in eight days. I'm just going to help him drive there!

-Married or single?

-Married!

The ambassador's assistant didn't put up any resistance. This was when they were accepting many professionals there, and when a plane ticket from San Antonio to Mexico cost five hundred pesos. Juan already knew that he had to answer quickly and without hesitation, leaving no sign that he wanted to stay and work in the United States, because if not, they wouldn't give him a tourist visa.

He had a habit of always asking many people about the subject when pursuing a goal, and after hearing various opinions, he would then form a sound judgment and act; this was always the case for everything; when he came close to something, it was because he was well-informed, and he knew very well that many people lie or exaggerate when asked something, so for him it was better to ask several people. He also knew that whatever the embassy aide's answer was, it had to be accepted as if it were exactly what was expected.

He also knew how to suggest things to people and knew that suggestion is the process by which an idea is accepted without criticism from the person who accepts it and this idea can be offered in three ways.

- 1.- Direct verbal form, for example, you should not smoke because it can cause harm to your lungs.
- 2.- Indirect verbal form, for example, the person is told, that man died from smoking.
- 3.- Non-verbal form, that is, by example, like a man who didn't smoke and whoever saw him accepted that he didn't smoke because it was bad to do so.

He knew all this and put it into practice often in his relationships with others. He had learned this from what he read. He felt whole, capable of achieving everything he set out to do, and he always appeared humble, but deep down he was the opposite. He felt strong, because he already knew that when he spoke, the first thing he said was:

-Well, you must have realized by now that I'm too stupid for that!

And whoever he talked to, he would answer or imagine.

-What a fool he is, he's too smart!

And with those words he always made a good impression, and Juan just waited for the conversation to develop, and at the most opportune moment and with a humble smile he would add something to make people like him, and he always got what he needed.

After a few hours, Juan left the Embassy with his passport and at around three in the afternoon he thought.

-Well once again, I'm on my game!

He took the Flecha Roja bus on Soledad Street 65 and shortly after arriving at San Martín he got off and went to San Lorenzo Chiautzingo and auctioned off a donkey that he had been paid three hundred pesos for for an operation. He returned to Puebla at eight at night and his wife was waiting for him, incredulous that he had his passport so quickly and that he had nine hundred pesos for the trip and she asked him:

-And do you think that money will be enough?

And he, with great boastfulness, answered:

-With that money I'll come and go!

He still remembered one of his colleagues saying to him in an envious tone a few months earlier:

-Do you think you're going to stay as an intern at the hospital? You'll pass the surgical exam easily, but you won't pass the oral exam.

Juan just laughed and didn't answer him, because he was thinking.

-You stupid idiot, my goals are higher than others, I look for bigger things, not small things!

That same night, Juan went to the Latin American Hospital to pick up the recommendation letters and gave them to Dr. Myer and gave them a warm hug. Dr. Myer sincerely appreciated him, since he was also a globetrotter, and Juan thought he was the same.

He went home to pack a suitcase with a suit and the clothes he was wearing.

He told his wife.

-You wait for me, I have to get a job there, when I have it I'll come back, stay here you won't need anything, my parents will give you everything!

She was crying, she could only do it by hugging him, they fell asleep and about three hours had passed, he woke up around two in the morning and got up to take a bath in a hurry, he already had his suitcase, he said goodbye in tears to his wife because he had only been married for three months and already had to separate; he went to say goodbye to his parents, he entered the bedroom and did the same to his father whom Juan adored; because he was his example of a hard-working man, when it was dark he went to kiss his hand and said goodbye, his father with a broken voice and about to cry answered:

-Go well, son, take care of yourself!

His father was a tough man, strong enough for the daily struggle; he never gave up on anything, always very capable in life and in sports. Now, for the first time, Juan saw him falter. He quickly left his bedroom and immediately got into a car at the spot on one of the corners of Jardín de Santiago. It was two forty-five in the morning; so he arrived at

Dr. Castellanos's house at exactly three o'clock. At that moment, the Doctor was already loading his things into the car.

Juan greeted him:

-Doctor, I'm Dr. Juan, good morning; I'm ready!

-I thought you weren't coming, your passport is ready!

-Yes Doctor!

-Show it to me!

And Juan took it out of a bag that he had made of cloth and that was tied to his chest inside his shirt and where he also had nine hundred pesos, he showed him his passport and Dr. Castellanos examined it and said:

-Okay, sit in the back next to the children-, he was carrying a girl and a boy, -give me your suitcase.

The Doctor placed the suitcase in the back of the trunk. His wife got out and presented it to Juan. They got in the car and drove off. Juan thought, "If I'm delayed another five minutes, they'll leave me behind." Already on the road, the Doctor began to question him about where he lived, how he had done with his studies, and what he wanted to do in the United States . And he continued:

-It's incredible that you got your passport, I don't know how you did it!

"I'm going to get a job," Juan told him.

-Where exactly do you plan to go?

Juan was thinking about where to go, he didn't know where, Juan asked God to enlighten Dr. Castellanos' understanding and that he would take him to the hospital where he worked and that he would get a job there, that he would take him to his house for that and with that purpose Juan answered him:

-Where do you recommend I can get a job?

Dr. Castellanos , feeling that Juan was putting the responsibility on him, stepped aside and answered:

-No Doctor, you are the one who has to decide where you stay!

Juan heard this and felt a great sadness, he felt like crying and asking the Doctor to help him, to not leave him alone where nobody knew him, but he also felt that he should not humiliate himself, especially not in front of Dr. Castellanos's wife. He only felt a lump in his throat and tightness in his chest and again Dr. Castellanos asked him:

-You say where?

-Wherever you think you can get a job, you have much more experience than I do!

Juan tried to make Dr. Castellanos understand that he was putting himself in his hands and that he should at least guide him, where he could stay to find work, since he knew the environment and that depending on the answer he gave him, whether what Dr. Castellanos advised him was true or not, he would still look for some advantage from what he offered him.

When they were arriving in Querétaro the lady told him

Well, I'm hungry now, I'm going to get the sandwiches!

Juan had thought they would go to the restaurant and stop, but that was not the case. The lady brought out a coffee maker and began handing out coffee in paper cups. She gave him two sandwiches and a banana. Juan was still hungry, but he didn't dare ask for more, because he thought it was a bit of a stretch to be given a ride and that he was doing it out of respect for Mr. Andraca. In San Luis Potosí, they stopped to get gas, and Juan quickly got out to clean the windshield. When he asked for the gas bill, he tried to pay it, but he thought Dr. Castellanos would say he would pay it. Sure enough, he said:

-No, Dr. Perez, I'll pay for it, you're going to have too many expenses later!

Juan breathed deeply and thought he wouldn't spend his nine hundred pesos. He was going 110 to 120 kilometers per hour on the highway. The car had very good springs, and the potholes weren't felt. At about five in the afternoon, they arrived in Saltillo. They stopped to fill up with gas in the city, and with a smug air, the doctor Castellanos asked the gas station attendant:

-Hey, what's the best hotel here?

"The Arispe, sir, is in the center!" he replied.

Juan, upon hearing the question about the best hotel, felt hurt and thought that Dr. Castellanos was doing it to make him feel that he could do it and that Juan was a poor devil, and he thought to himself; one day no one will humiliate me, the day will come when I can do it, upon thinking this he bit his lip in rage, stared at the latest model 1958 Chevrolet, two-tone yellow and brown, and mentally answered himself; yes, you can do it, but with time you'll see who I am and what I'm capable of, even though you brought me; they got into the car and almost arriving at the hotel and seeing how elegant the entrance was, Juan thought that he couldn't pay for it, so he felt totally out of place because if he started wasting his money he wouldn't have enough for anything, he was in these thoughts when Dr. Castellanos interrupted Juan, saying:

-Well, we're going to stay with this one!

Juan felt like he was being whipped across his face and was forced to answer, but it came out like a forced burp.

-Doctor, where are you going to park your car?

-In the Hotel Garage.

-Doctor, I can't afford to stay at the hotel! You wouldn't want me to stay and watch your car. I'd sleep in the back seat, and if you wanted, I wouldn't pay for the garage.

Juan, as always, tried to take advantage of himself, but at the same time, he offered Dr. Castellanos an advantage so he wouldn't have to pay for the garage, thinking that way we're paid. Juan, at all costs, tried to offer his services to the people who needed them so that they would serve him as well; this was the way life had taught him to make his way through the jungle of society, desperate to become something and make a name for himself; jumping over the social barriers he was accustomed to, and which he never stopped to notice, never even considered; he had always developed without complexes and treading strongly and confidently.

Dr. Castellanos, seeing the sincerity with which he had answered, was moved and felt bad because they could have stayed in a more modest hotel, but to show Juan that he could do it, he had gone to the best hotel in Saltillo, and he answered:

-Doctor, you're also going to stay at the hotel, I'll pay for it!

-Doctor, you shouldn't do this. I can pay for a simpler hotel, if you don't want me to stay and watch your car!

-No, Doctor Perez, you're staying here. Let's go take a shower and I'll wait for you outside in half an hour so we can go eat!

Juan went into the air-conditioned room that Dr. Castellanos had paid for and when he saw the inside it was very bright, all made of shiny red ceramic, a large bed with a very elegant red bedspread he stretched it out and the white sheets with red flowers, he felt the mattress and it was very soft so he threw himself onto it and sank in and thought: how nice it would be to sleep every day in this bed, he got up, looked into the bathroom and it was very white with shiny silver faucets, he turned on the water and hot water came out immediately, right there he undressed and left his clothes on the ceramic floor thinking that they wouldn't get dirty there, he bathed happily saying to himself:

-I think I'm slowly getting a taste of the good things in life. Although they paid me for it now, the day will come when I can pay for this! - Although every minute, every hour, every day, made Juan feel like a hot iron.

He entered the water, the changes that life had to offer and that should be accompanied by these; without being afraid of the new people who appeared in his path and always trying to manage them as much as possible; he changed and went out; outside they were already waiting for him to go eat; Juan, to avoid further expenses, commented:

-Doctor, while you go eat, I'm going to talk to a friend. Here's his phone number. He's a doctor and studied there in Puebla!

-So you're not coming with us to eat?

-No Doctor, I'm staying here!

-Whatever you say!

Juan would have liked to go eat but he also felt that he shouldn't go overboard because the less he made them spend, the more chance he would have of getting them to continue helping him, because he still thought that he wished it were possible, that Dr. Castellanos would take him to the hospital where he worked and get him a place, he still had hope, and when he was next to Dr. Castellanos he still looked at his forehead and said to him mentally.

-Help me, Dr. Castellanos, take me to where you work, help me for whatever you want!

Juan went to eat just two burritos and a soda with a man who was driving around the hotel in a cart, and he thought, what a contrast it is to be in the best hotel in the city and eat here on this corner.

Afterwards Juan returned and went to sleep soundly enjoying the comfortable room, around four in the morning, he was woken by the phone, it was Dr. Castellanos greeting him saying:

-Dr . Perez, good morning, we're leaving in an hour!

-Okay, Doctor! - Juan answered, he took a shower and went to the garage with a rag he took from his room and a bucket the night watchman lent him, he began to clean the car and when Dr. Castellanos arrived and saw it so clean he exclaimed:

-How wonderful, Dr. Perez, you don't have to do this, I'll do it with pleasure!

Juan only thought that he hoped she would take him to Oklahoma and not leave him alone, because as time passed he was terrified by the idea of being alone in a city, just thinking about it made him shudder and anxiety took hold of him with a feeling of oppression in his chest, he tried to calm down again and thought:

-I must not be afraid, I must be calm now more than ever, I have always come out ahead and I must be equanimous!

Dr. Castellanos told him :

-Doctor, please put on your suit, because we're going to go through customs well dressed!

They got into the car and headed to the highway to Monterrey, they passed through it, at about one in the afternoon they arrived in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico , the first houses appeared along the entrance and the poverty was evident, a very narrow road where only one car could fit going and one coming back, the white line in the middle was barely visible and in some places it didn't even exist, on the sides of the road there were many holes with water, unpainted wooden houses, doors falling down, but if it had been possible to enter any of these houses they would not even be able to describe them, because the poverty inside was extreme, in these parts of our Mexican Republic the temperatures are excessively extreme, in cold weather it is quite hot and in hot weather too, you cannot live without air conditioning in these houses, the people who were seen walking along the side of the road were poorly dressed and dirty, malnourished, their appearance was depressing, there were houses far apart and with large vacant lots and

there were also many Yonkers, which is where they are stored used cars and spare parts for sale, Juan saw all this, but he was already used to the poor neighborhoods, he didn't care at all because he was adapted to this, they crossed the city and the appearance was improving somewhat, in the center, at least there were no longer empty lots, the houses were now close together, the police were seen with faded clothes and poorly dressed, when they arrived at the Mexican customs he could see some small brick rooms with emigrants also poorly dressed, with their light brown shirts and their faded olive green pants, only seeing how they found pretexts to get money from the tourists, so Dr. Castellanos said to Juan:

-We must forget about these people all the time, they are vultures who prefer to hang out with poor and ignorant people!

Shortly after they crossed the bridge and in front was the American customs house, Juan saw it and a deep emotion filled him, he saw the American flag waving and it looked beautiful, full of strength, it looked clean and new, below a strong concrete building, its facades very clean and painted as well as its doors, with ample covered parking, with spaces well defined by lines of yellow paint, a small, well-painted glass booth and inside an immigration agent wearing a blue shirt, a dark blue jacket of very good quality and navy blue pants, well-polished shoes and clean-shaven; as Dr. Castellanos passed by they said to him:

-Where are you going? (Where are you going?)

Dr. Castellanos, with a smug and proud air, answered:

-To Oklahoma! (To Oklahoma!)

Dr. Castellanos felt that from now on he would show Juan that it was not enough to be a doctor, but to know another language and, more than anything, how to function in an environment different from the one Juan was used to. Juan felt this superiority, but he thought, "You're about ten years older than me, but at that age you'll know everything I'm going to do. I'm going to do more than you; I'm not one of those who stagnate."

"Park over there!" the officer replied, showing him the spot.

Dr. Castellanos pulled up and said to his family and Juan:

-Let's go inside!-

Juan, as Dr. Castellanos had told him, had put on a suit, the Doctor was also wearing a suit and the Lady was also very well dressed, as were her children; They looked good, since then Juan learned that in any office in the United States, he should go well dressed in a suit, because they looked different from the common and current class of Mexicans who passed to the United States, since the majority were people with very low jobs, without school, without culture, people from towns who do not know how to express themselves, or walk, who do not bathe, or shave, with hats and dirty clothes, who do not know how to function in that environment, because of that same clothing Mexicans are discriminated against, not only there but everywhere where these types of

people go, in our society, here in Mexico these types of people are also discriminated against, it is impossible to change their manners, their clothing, their customs and if they are discriminated against in their environment, then even more so in the United States where they are seen as work beasts, since there it is noticeable that their maladjustment is aggravated.

Dr. Castellanos told him :

-Dr . Perez, never forget to wear a suit here, much less that you are a doctor and that you are worth the same as those here, and only one thing so that you can compete with those here and surpass them, learn English!

Juan knew that's what he'd come for, to learn surgery and English, and he just nodded. Outside it was cold and chilling to the bone. He could feel his jacket sticking out, but it wasn't enough, even though it was midday. They opened the doors to the offices, which were all made of aluminum and glass, and inside there was a warmth that invited him to quickly close the door. Above all, Juan knew how to be polite and had let the family and Dr. Castellanos in first. He turned to quickly close it, but it closed automatically. Just an "Umm," Juan exhaled in admiration.

Inside Juan felt comfortable and didn't want to leave, there was a table in front that divided the office, very clean, very well varnished along with all the other furniture, fluorescent light, as if it were sunlight, the floor was ceramic, all the other furniture was of very good quality and with fine ornaments, the office was very well decorated, behind the table an immigration agent, of excellent and neat presentation who said to Dr. Castellanos:

Well well, where are you going?

-To Oklahoma, Talihina hospital! (To Oklahoma, to Talihina Hospital!)

-Do you work there? (Do you work there?)

-Yes sir, I am a Doctor!

-Oh, you are a Doctor! Could you give me your papers please?

(Oh, you're a doctor! Could you give me your papers?)

Dr. Castellanos gave them to him and the customs agent said:

-Oh, you are a permanent resident!

(Oh, you're permanent residents!)

Juan watched the elegance with which Dr. Castellanos spoke English and was amazed by the calmness and smile that appeared when he addressed the immigration agent. His manner was high-class. At the same time, the agent responded very kindly and reviewed the papers of the wife and children, and he thought to himself, these Mexicans are different from the rest.

Once he saw them, he stamped them, signed them and said:

-And this gentleman?, (And this gentleman?)

Juan didn't know what was being said to him, because he didn't understand anything; it just seemed like pure noise to him when the immigration officer spoke.

Dr. Castellanos looked at Juan and said :

-Dr . Perez, your passport!

Juan quickly handed him the passport he already had ready in his hands. Juan's reaction was quick, because, lacking English, he tried to pay maximum attention to supplant something he didn't understand, and he inwardly regretted not having learned. He had some knowledge; he had studied three years in middle school, two in high school, but the problem hadn't been speaking it, but rather that he hadn't trained his ear to understand it, and he could read something, and now how much he grieved for not being able to do so. He hadn't decided where he would go, nor how long he would be there, and the immigration agent asked Dr. Castellanos:

-Where is he going?-, (Where is he going?)

Doctor Castellanos, without answering , asked Juan in Spanish.

-Where are you going?-

Juan hesitantly answered: -I don't know, Doctor!-

Faced with this attitude, Dr. Castellanos responded somewhat annoyed.

-He is going with me!-, (He is going with me!)

-For how long?-, (How long?)

Dr. Castellanos asked Juan :

-How long will you be here?

-I'm going to look for work from city to city, I'm not leaving here until I find a job, when I have one I'm going to get my passport to Mexico!

When Juan answered this, he did so with reckless determination; Dr. Castellanos shook his head and thought, "Good thing the American didn't understand Spanish, otherwise he wouldn't let him through."

Juan told Dr. Castellanos.

-I think I'll be here for about three months!

Dr. Castellanos asked Juan .

-Doctor Pérez , do you have enough money?

-I have nine hundred pesos!

-That's not enough, Doctor!

-Dr. Castellanos, that's enough, I know there's going to be more!

Juan said this with considerable confidence, and Dr. Castellanos shook his head again in regret.

It was one of the few times Juan dared to look Dr. Castellanos straight in the eye, very passively and always trying not to use words of courage, but on the contrary, trying to make Dr. Castellanos always think that he should protect him, seeing his weak attitude; but Dr. Castellanos' question at that moment stood in his way and took away his courage to face him like a bottle opener opening a bottle.

With that response, Dr. Castellanos felt annoyed with Juan and turning to the immigration agent, he said to him in English.

-He is going for 30 days!

Dr. Castellanos had already realized that Juan didn't understand any English, so he asked Dr. Castellanos .

-Did you tell him I'm going for three months?

"I already told you!" he replied.

Why had Dr. Castellanos lied to Juan; because of the emboldened response he had given him, out of envy, a likely future competitor, or so that they would return him soon and that Juan would not achieve what he had set out to do, so that they would get him out of the United States ; or to protect him from the fact that he did not have enough money; how much bitterness this lie left him with for the rest of his life, but it served him well; since if he was distrustful of all people, this ended up sealing him in his behavior towards his neighbor and he always said, blessed is the one who makes us suffer because that is from there we learn everything in life, he also always said, the first mistake is made because of not having experience in that, but a second mistake is not the fault of the one who does wrong but of the same one who causes them to respond badly.

The immigration agent extended his permit for 30 days and put it in his passport. Juan, not knowing English, didn't notice when they gave him the passport and put it back in the bag he carried as a blanket under his shirt, confident and innocent. He was just excited that he would finally be able to enter the United States to look for work, and he thought they had given him permission for three months.

With the question that Doctor Castellanos had asked Juan about where he would stay, he was already disheartened, he had already understood that he would not take him to his hospital to look for work, that soon he would be alone, the two paradoxical feelings came together, how he had experienced life; the two opposite sides at the same time, the positive and the negative side, but nevertheless he perceived them as he had felt

them so many other times, on the one hand the joy of feeling in this country full of comforts and technology and on the other hand he felt sad to think that soon, very soon he would have Facing life alone made him take a deep breath and swallow his urge to sob, recover and begin to breathe normally.

Dr. Castellanos said goodbye to the immigration agent with a friendly smile, Juan felt bad for not being able to speak English and just turned around; they all headed to the car where another agent was waiting to check the car and the luggage, he did it and putting it away again they got in the car and slowly drove away from customs, they began to cross the city and what a difference, Juan saw very nice houses all with gardens and green grass very well decorated on the outside and probably on the inside, the road without potholes no longer jumped the car, concrete bridges, businesses that looked full, very well painted commercial signs, what a difference with Mexico, Juan did not take his eyes off the window as he admired the city and said to Dr. Castellanos .

-Doctor, how beautiful everything is!

-You haven't seen everything, the best is further inside!

-Is it prettier?

-Of course it is beautiful and majestic, you will see and hear what I have heard so many times, poor Mexico so close to the United States and so far from God! Little by little you will learn to know and love the United States. If you manage to stay and live here, our land pulls you a lot, we will probably be like elephants returning to the cemetery.

Dr. Castellanos was passing by a gas station and said ;

-Let's get gas!

He stopped and got out, a Mexican descendant approached, well uniformed and clean, and started filling up the car and with a glass cleaner he cleaned the windshield with soap that he already had prepared, Juan got out of the car and was amazed by the service of the gas station attendant, the gas stations were clean, the machines were like new, very well painted as well as the walls, he approached the offices and how clean, the cans of oil additives were very well arranged, to one side was the washing and greasing service and the mechanics with hydraulic jacks to lift cars, everything excessively clean, the floor all cemented and he thought; there is a lot of difference with Mexico , totally; everywhere there was comfort and technology, he went into the men's restroom and everything was lined with white tiles, the toilet was extremely clean smelling of vanilla deodorant, with rolls of paper towels and hand towels, on top of the sink liquid soap with fragrance, Juan washed his hands and dried them, he looked at the soap and hand towels and washed and dried them again and thought, what a difference with the bathrooms in gas stations in Mexico, what a difference; he left the bathroom and to one side was a restaurant, he looked inside and thought, it's late and I'm really hungry, he looked inside and saw how clean it was, what furniture to sit on, what extraordinary decoration, very pretty lamps that despite it being the middle of the day were still lit, a counter with two large coffee makers, another very large Coca Cola

machine, behind it also a large wall-to-wall mirror that made the restaurant look extremely large, it was all carpeted and with large flower pots hanging, he opened the door and a little warmth invited him to come in, when he heard someone shouting at him.

-Dr . Perez, let's go!-

He closed the restaurant door and walked away, got to the car and said to Dr. Castellanos.

-Doctor, shall I pay you for the gas?

Dr. Castellanos looked at Juan as if pitying him, because he thought that he would soon leave him alone, so he said :

-No Doctor, you're going to need those pennies soon!

Juan was hungry but out of pity he didn't complain and held it in, his intestines were making noises, but he still didn't lose hope that Dr. Castellanos wouldn't leave him, he stared at his head and said to him just thinking:

Don't leave me, don't leave me alone, help me, I don't know anyone here, please don't leave me, treat me like I'm your brother!

But Dr. Castellanos didn't do anything to pity Juan. He just wanted to get rid of him, since he was already in his way. He stopped at a store and bought some sliced bread, ham, some bananas, and some soda. He got back in the car, and his wife started making sandwiches. They gave them to Juan and a soda, which somewhat alleviated his hunger. Dr. Castellanos commented:

-We're going down Highway 81 to San Antonio!-

They headed toward it, where a marvelous highway appeared with large signs. For the first time, Juan was on a one-way road with three lanes, each one in one direction, with a well-trimmed patch of grass in the middle separating the incoming lanes. The other incoming road was also a three-way road, without potholes, very flat. How marvelous, Juan thought. But just imagining that soon he would be alone in a strange land, a feeling of oppression in his chest choked him. He saw Dr. Castellanos's head again and said to him mentally:

"Don't leave me, don't leave me, take me with you, what am I going to do?" At that moment, Dr. Castellanos was saying to Juan:

-Dr . Perez, how far are you going?-

Dr. Castellanos ' decision to leave him was inevitable, and the sooner the better; but Juan still relied on his goodwill, which is why he replied:

-Doctor, you have more experience than me, you know this better, tell me, where can I find work sooner?

-Dr . Castellanos, becoming a little thoughtful and speaking very slowly, answered:

-I think in a big city, there are more hospitals and the best is San Antonio, we'll be there in three hours!-

Juan felt a lump in his throat as he thought that he would soon be there and that this would be the end of the trip. But he thought to himself: I've never backed down from anything. When I fought back in Santiago, my arms would initially stiffen, but as the fights progressed, I was able to move better and I almost always won. It's going to be the same here. I'm going to win. It will be hard work at first, but as the hours and days pass, I'm going to achieve what I want. With this mindset, as the hours passed, he grew more courageous.

Fear did not exist for Juan, he only knew that he had to walk forward, not one step back and depending on how the current came, he would also have to swim, he had done it so many times that one more time

It didn't mean anything, along the way he knew he would fall but would get up stronger, with more experience, more whole.

Finally, some white spots were seen on the horizon and Dr. Castellanos said:

-There's Saint Anthony!-

Juan, looking into the distance, thought, undaunted, that's where I have to stay, that's where my fight begins, we'll see what comes next, we'll see, we'll see.

The car began to enter the city on a very wide road with beautiful houses on either side. What was most visible and what caught my attention were the car dealerships. The lots that sold them had such a large number of them. There were Chevrolets, Fords, Cadillacs, Chryslers. The lots had large illuminated signs and countless strings from which paper triangles of all colors hung over the cars. Each one of the dealerships looked like party centers like what we were used to in our neighborhoods. So many cars, what a difference from ours where you could see two or three cars in each one and in those there were 30 or 40. And what can I say about the used car lots? This was paradise, such abundance, and Juan thought to himself, "I'll have mine, I'll have mine very soon." The moment arrived when they arrived downtown and Dr. Castellanos told Juan:

-Dr . Perez, I'm going to step aside and I'll leave you here!-

Juan felt a very strong heartbeat, like a blow to his chest.

Dr. Castellanos pulled over and stopped; the car continued working, he applied the handbrake, got out, opened the trunk, took his small suitcase from Juan, who had already gotten out as well, put on his jacket, went to say goodbye to the woman, the boy, and the girl, and could hardly speak because of the lump in his throat .

Dr. Castellanos told him :

-Well, Dr. Pérez, we were born alone and we have to continue alone!

Juan just nodded his head in the affirmative, thinking how hard life was. He couldn't even answer. They shook hands as a farewell. Dr. Castellanos got in the car, started it, and drove off.

Juan stood there watching the car disappear into the distance, and at the same time he felt such sadness deep within him, such great loneliness. Tears streamed down his face. Scores of cars of various colors and models continued to pass by him. It was getting darker, and he thought, I have to get away from this superhighway, but how do I get off? In the distance, he could see buildings taller than the rest. He kept walking, and finally, about a kilometer away, there was an exit. He kept close to the guardrail and got out. Along the way, he thought, where to go, where to go, what to do. He remembered the letters of recommendation that Dr. Myer had given him, introducing him as a doctor and a good Baptist, and he thought, this could be his salvation for that night. He walked for about two hours to the large buildings, when he got to them just seeing how big they were made him terrified and thought, I have to be very careful of everything, the cars, the people, everyone I have to be careful of, he kept walking and thinking; so far I'm safe; he walked along the sidewalk and thought again, I'm safe here, but what would happen if someone threw something from the window of those buildings and it fell on my head, it would kill me; for this reason he thought it was better to walk almost at the edge of the sidewalk than at the edge, he kept walking and thought what if they threw something harder, then it would hit me even if it was on the edge, Juan then began to walk under the sidewalk he walked aimlessly he didn't know where to go, night had fallen and it was absolute darkness, walking under the sidewalk he saw the glow of the neon signs and he liked San Antonio more and more, he kept walking and seeing the stores so full of products; what a comparison with those in Puebla; where there were only a few low quality items; He looked at his watch and it was like 9:30 at night and he thought, if I don't find a place to stay I'll go to a hotel that's not very luxurious but I'll find one; his feet were already burning from walking so much and he passed his suitcase from his left hand to his right and sometimes he felt that his nine hundred pesos that he carried under his shirt along with his passport, and he looked back thinking that maybe someone was already following him to rob him but he didn't see anyone and he continued, in the distance he saw a building where there was a fluorescent cross and he thought, I should go there probably they'll give me asylum there for the night. Juan had read the Bible and remembered that when traveling, the apostles would ask for lodging at the nearest place and be given a place to sleep. Supposing that this was the house of God, those who represented it would not deny them a place to rest. Confident that the inhabitants of that place would have to play their role of benefactors well, he got closer and closer to the place and more and more confident. When he got a hundred meters from the building, he thought, let's see what kind of church it is, what kind of religion they have, but since it had the cross, it was most likely Christian. He reasoned, if it's Mormon, I'll have to be Mormon. If it's Presbyterian, I'll have to be Presbyterian. And if it's Baptist, how good that it's Baptist because I have papers from the Baptist Church of Puebla. I'm so lucky that it follows me wherever I go. and as he was getting closer he could see the larger sign that said BAPTIST CHURCH, a strong heartbeat began to

emanate from his chest, yes it was Baptist, he approached more and more confident and thought to himself, they are going to give me asylum here, I have already managed to spend the night, he felt his money under his shirt and thought I am not going to spend it, I am not going to spend it, it will continue here under my shirt and if I manage to get this connection, they will even give me food; finally he arrived at the largest door and inside a fluorescent light came out he was wearing a suit, he fixed his tie and breathing deeply he took out his handkerchief, he wiped the sweat from his face, buttoned his jacket and delicately rang the bell that was to one side of the door, he waited a few seconds and a young lady of about 17 years old, blonde, came out, she looked like she came from a very good family with class, who said to him:

-What do you want?-, (What do you want?)

Juan didn't even remotely understand what she was asking him and just said:

-I'm a doctor from Mexico, I'm here looking for a job. It's getting late and I don't know what to do now.

This young lady had probably encountered Latino people many times and didn't understand anything, but she imagined that perhaps he would go for someone who spoke Spanish since he signaled with his hand to wait. Juan waited a moment longer and an American gentleman returned, about forty years old, wearing a white suit. He was probably the Pastor who was saying to him; in very bad Spanish but with a benevolent tone of voice:

-How may I help you?-

Juan, seeing that he could understand Spanish, answered him:

-Sir, I'm a doctor, my name is Juan Pérez Saldaña!-

At the same time that he bent down to open his suitcase and take out the letters from Dr. Myer and the Baptist Church of Puebla, which spoke highly of him, the American gave them to him and read them carefully, nodding his head affirmatively and asking:

-How can we help you, Doctor?-

-Look, I'm a doctor. I come from Mexico, from a city that is ninety miles to the south (an old road). For the last three years, I've dreamed of coming to work in the United States. Doctor Castellanos brought me here and left me on the highway that runs through one side of the city. But it was getting late and I didn't know where to go. I saw the cross on the church and I dared to come here to see if they could help me.

The American thought for a moment and asked.

-Are you a Doctor of Medicine?-

-Yeah!-

-Hmm, wait for me a moment!-

The American came in; Juan waited for him in the doorway with his suitcase at his side. It took him about 10 minutes to return and say:

-Doctor, please wait for us for about 20 minutes. I've already spoken to the brother from the Mexican Baptist Church of Antioquia, Reverend Charles C. Pierson. He will be in charge of helping you.

-Alright!-

-Sit here in this chair!-

The American got in and Juan was left thinking, now I think I have a place to spend the night, I won't spend my pennies anymore, but what will I do tomorrow, how will I start looking for a job in a hospital, what will Pastor Pierson be like, I hope he treats me well, but if he is the Pastor like the American says he is going to help me, most likely he will be like the apostles that the Bible tells us about, I hope he plays his role well:

Juan was thinking all this when he saw a car parking in front of the door, an American got out, went to the door, greeted Juan politely and spoke to him in Spanish but with an American accent.

-You must be the Doctor?

Juan answered.

-Are you Reverend Pierson?

-Yes, my brother called me and told me that you were a doctor and that you were coming from Mexico to look for work, that you were bringing a letter. Please don't show it to me.

Juan quickly and quickly took out the cards and showed them to him. He was showing them to him when the first American he had seen appeared. He greeted Reverend Pierson and said to him:

-It's him!

Reverend Pierson reviewed the letters and read them carefully, as the light was not very strong he came very close to her, when he finished reading them he said to the other American:

-Everything is in order, I'll take it!

Juan prayed inside for help, that they wouldn't leave him alone like Dr. Castellanos had done, and when he heard that they were going to take him away, inside he thanked God that things were starting to turn around, and now he felt the drastic change that a few hours before he was in Mexico and treated like Mexicans, now the treatment was more delicate, finer, he perceived that they treated him with more attention, treatment that he had never felt before, Reverend Pierson said goodbye to the other brother and grabbing Juan's suitcase he said:

-We're leaving!

Juan bowed to the first American who didn't even know who he was, if he was the Pastor of the Church where he had arrived, Mister Pierson opened the trunk of his car and put his suitcase in and then opened the door to Juan who got in and there he introduced him to a lady saying:

-My wife Doctor!

And his wife commented.

-Is this Dr. Perez from Mexico? Nice to meet you, Doctor!

They drove for about 20 minutes and stopped at a house, like almost all the ones there, with a wooden fence nicely painted white and a small garden where his car fit in, in front of it was a small plastic room where he kept his tools, they got out and Reverend Pierson took down the suitcase saying to him:

-You're going to stay here with us, come in!

They opened the door to the living room and Juan saw, for the first time an American house, the living room was small but with very nice furniture, the house very well decorated, to one side a very complete kitchen, the reverend said to him:

-Look Doctor, here's the refrigerator. Take whatever you want for dinner, we've already had dinner!

Juan was hungry, but he thought he should have something to eat soon, lest his presence bother the reverend and his wife from the beginning:

-Thank you very much, replied Juan!

The Reverend seeing that John was tired

He told her:

-Well, you look tired, Dr. Perez. It's better if you rest tonight, and tomorrow at breakfast we'll talk about where you want me to help you get a job. But now you're going to sleep in my son's bedroom, who's studying abroad. Come this way:

The Reverend opened a door and the bedroom appeared, also very pretty with banners of American Universities on the walls and many photographs, a wooden bed with a very pretty woven bedspread of bright colors, to one side a bureau on which was a pocket radio the size of a half hand, portable and with an earphone, Juan stared at it and the Reverend noticed it and taking it, showed it to Juan and said:

-It's a portable radio and you can hear it!

The Reverend put it in Juan's ear and asked him:

-Is there any in Mexico?

Juan told him:

-I think they're just starting, I haven't seen them.

-You can use it as long as you want!

The reverend made his bed and said:

"You can go to bed if you like. We usually get up at 7 a.m. and have breakfast at 7:30. There's a drawer under the bed with shoe polish if you want to use it. Well, I'm off. Good night, Doctor. Oh, I forgot. The bathroom's right next door!"

Juan thought that he should show his gratitude and thank him for everything and that he should try to get the Reverend to like him because who knows how long he would be in that house and Juan said:

-I am extremely grateful to you and your wife, because you have made me feel better than at home. You are so kind. I hope God rewards you, and that your son, wherever he is, receives much more than what you are giving me!

The Reverend, upon hearing about his son, approached Juan, hugged him and said:

-Thank you brother, you are home!

He went out and said to her:

-Good night, brother!

"Good night, brother!" Juan replied.

As soon as the reverend left, Juan undressed and quickly lay down, he put a pillow on his back, the radio earphone, listening to different stations, but the one he liked the most was the one that was playing Only You by the Platers which was very popular,

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He looked around at the clean bed, the carpeted room, the pretty decor. He picked up the radio again and stared at it closely, thinking about its advanced technology, its great advancements. He reasoned to himself and concluded: I'm never leaving here, how different it is from how we lived back there, how different.

So the night passed. At dawn, he got up and went to the bathroom in his socks. The carpet was so soft he sank into it when he walked. He went into the bathroom, which was also carpeted. He turned on the light again and was surprised by the beautiful furniture and the strong pressure of the water, which smelled of chlorine. He lay back down and couldn't sleep anymore. He put the radio earphones back on and as he listened to the nighttime songs, nostalgia for his Puebla began to invade him. He now heard the ranchera songs he didn't like. Here in San Antonio, he began to have a different conception of them. Outside, morning began to dawn, and he thought, "What am I going to do now? What am I going to do? Life is very nice here in this bedroom, but it's someone else's, and to get one of your own, you'll have to work." The first thing he

had to do was get up, do something around the house to win over the Pierson family, he got up and dressed in his work clothes that he had brought and went out to the garden, he saw the car a little dirty and grabbed a bucket and a rag that was on the side, he filled the bucket with water and with the rag he began to wash it until it was clean, he began to dry it, he noticed that in the opposite window the blinds were moving slightly and he thought:

The Pastor must be watching me. I hope he realizes I'm trying to get along with him and helps me. I've heard that the Baptists have large hospitals, and if he's a Pastor, he must have a lot of influence. I hope I'm not mistaken. I was cleaning the car when the Pastor came out and said to Juan in his American-accented Spanish:

-Good morning doctor , I feel sorry that you are doing this, you shouldn't do it, you are a doctor !

-When one is far from home like now, one must be on good terms with people who are doing good like you. I try to win you over and I try to serve you more to earn what you are giving me.

-Doctor , it seems that you are very intelligent and you know how to look good, it seems that the life you have led has taught you a lot!

-Too much, brother, too much!

When Juan called the Pastor brother, this mentally bent him and the Pastor hugged Juan, the Pastor was moved by the words he had said to him and began to see him as someone who should help, he took the cloth from him to clean the car and putting his arm around the man he took him inside and said:

-Doctor , we are going to have breakfast, go to the bathroom to wash your hands!

Juan did so and felt like he had won over the Pastor, the lady had already prepared breakfast and there were three plates with two fried eggs on each one and a piece of bacon, they served him black coffee and for the first time, they put cream in the coffee, next to it there was a toaster for the bread, there was also butter and jam to add to it, a glass of orange juice, it was an American breakfast that when he saw it Juan was ecstatic about the way of life of these people, he was mentally hooked, the lady meanwhile asked Juan about his life and he replied that he was already married and that he belonged to the Baptist Church of Puebla, although in truth he had never attended any service but she had to tell him that he was one of them.

The Pastor at that moment said to John.

-Doctor , get ready, I'm going to take you to the hospitals to introduce you, let's see if you soon find the place you're looking for!

Juan got up from the table and went to take a shower. He put on the only suit he was wearing. He went out and the Pastor was already waiting for him in the car. He got in and they went to the first hospital they would visit.

Already on the road the Shepherd said to John:

-I'm going to take him to Santa Rosa !

When they arrived, Juan saw a large light that said; Santa Rosa Hospital and thought to himself; Will it be possible for me to work here? -and answered himself- Yes, it is possible, yes, I will work here! It will cost a lot of work, but I will do it. When he got out of the car, he felt cold even though the sun was shining. The air that ran through him felt icy and he had difficulty breathing through his nose and it passed through the jacket that made him feel very weak for this season. He quickly opened the door and upon entering, he felt a pleasant warmth in the lobby of the Hospital. He quickly closed the door and the Pastor also entered with him and said to him:

-It's very cold , Doctor . Is this cold also felt in Puebla?

-No, it doesn't feel like that, we have spring there all the time!

They arrived at a door that said; Administration, the Pastor passed and after him Juan entered, at this moment the Pastor told the secretary, in English, that he was his friend from Mexico, that he was a doctor and that he was interested in working at that hospital, that he was a Baptist Pastor, the secretary took the intercom and communicated with the Director of the hospital explaining what they wanted, while Juan listened to the conversation but did not understand anything and thought how nice it would be to understand English and be able to communicate with people, but understanding their reality he answered, I will learn it, I will learn it. They passed with the Director and the Pastor introduced himself and at the same time introduced Juan. The Director of the hospital extended his hand, the Pastor reciprocated and Juan although he did not understand anything immediately extended his hand to compensate for the lack of understanding of this conversation; and he thought, I hope they don't notice that I do not understand English. The Pastor explained to the Director what Juan was doing and what he intended, but after they talked, the Director spoke to Juan and asked him if he understood English. Juan just stared into his eyes, not knowing what to say. Juan didn't respond and became anxious because he didn't know what to ask and how to answer. After another few minutes of talking with the Director, the Pastor politely said goodbye and extended his hand. Juan quickly extended his hand and said goodbye. They left the office, and Juan imagined that since he couldn't answer the Director, they hadn't been able to give him the job. Moments later, the Pastor said to Juan:

-Did you understand the conversation, Dr. Pérez?

-No, I didn't understand anything!

-I already realized it, doctor. But I hope you don't get discouraged. We're going to fight it from another angle.

Juan thought to himself, how kind is this man, I think I've won him over, he doesn't dislike me but what an idiot I am, what an idiot, I don't understand anything, what do I do, what do I do; Juan took a deep breath and a sadness filled his entire being, now he realized how much he missed English, why hadn't he studied it thoroughly in middle

school and high school? Why, why? He thought he would never miss it but what a disappointment, now he regretted not having learned it, now he would have to. They got into the car and with the windows up, Juan tried to lower one like he did in Mexico when the Pastor told him:

-Aren't you cold?

Juan hurriedly got him back in, the Pastor turned the air conditioning on and he felt so comfortable inside the car, at that moment he thought, one day I'm going to have a car like this with air conditioning, they continued touring the city and he saw the signs in English of the businesses and they saw them beautiful and the roads very well paved, without potholes, wide, clean, some even with concrete on the floor, what a difference from what he was used to, along the way, how many used cars there were signs for some that said 300 dollars and he thought; how is it possible that they cost this much? He saw the houses all with a small garden and said what a beautiful society, the Pastor seeing him so distracted asked him:

-What are you thinking, Doctor?

-The United States is very beautiful, but it would be even more beautiful if I could get the job!

-Doctor, you will find it, everything in life is difficult, nothing is easy, do not think that life for me has been easy, to get settled in this place, you do not know how difficult it has been to get to where I am and what you are doing is not easy and what's more, you come to a different society than the one you are used to, there are other laws, another type of man, but you as a person have other virtues, your career in first place and it is evident that you want to excel in life, and that serves you well, do not worry, I will help you here.

Juan nodded and wondered, "But how long will he help me? I mustn't tire him out. I hope he finds a job soon so I can support myself. Meanwhile, I must be very attentive to the Pastor and his wife. I'll try to help them in every way. I mustn't tire them out, since it's the only thing I have here in the United States." Suddenly, the idea struck him to let the Pastor know that he needed him; that he shouldn't leave him helpless, that he had no one to help him. And he said:

-Sir, you and your wife are the only thing I have here in the United States . I have no one else, what would I do without you, you don't know how alone I felt yesterday when Dr. Castellanos left me on the highway, he brought me, I would have

Darling, you would have taken me to Oklahoma to your hospital, but maybe he already wanted to get rid of me and left me, but how great, I found more support in You and I need it very much.

When John said this to the Pastor, he stared into his eyes to make him feel it more deeply; the Pastor, hearing this, was moved and said:

-Don't worry Doctor , I'll help you and well!

The Pastor began to slow down and stopped next to another large building with the name Robert B. Green Memorial on the front, and said:

-Let's go to this one! The Pastor here is my friend, I'm going to see him, hopefully we'll find something here.

The Pastor and John walked to the main door. John moved forward slightly and opened the door for the Pastor to be on his good side, but the Pastor said.

-No Doctor, you go first!

-Thank you, Mr. Pierson!

They entered and the Pastor said to Juan.

-Wait for me . Here in the lobby, I'm going to my friend's office!

Juan sat down and looked around again, doctors and nurses crossing the lobby. He looked at them with admiration, thinking, maybe these will be my coworkers someday. He also saw the decor and the fine furniture, the well-painted walls, the fully carpeted floor, and everything very well lit. But what impressed him most was the people working at the administrative desks in front of him who spoke English. He looked at them with such admiration and thought to himself: I'll get to speak like that. I think I just have to wait a little while. Juan was deep in thought when he saw the Pastor coming up front and when he got close he said:

-Come with me, my friend just made an appointment for me with the administrator and he is going to see us right now ; They went to the administration room, the Pastor spoke to the administrator in English and shook his hand, probably introducing himself, then he pointed to Juan who imagined that he was also being introduced, he extended his hand to the administrator, they sat down and they continued talking in English, Juan was very attentive but didn't understand anything and he thought maybe with those noises they make when they talk they are understanding each other, but they do understand each other and they understand each other like we do back in Puebla, but these people seem more sophisticated, better dressed, with more personality and the things that surround them are of much more value than the hospitals to which we are accustomed in Mexico, there is a difference, a big difference, it is difficult to admit but what it is, cannot be hidden, these people seem more well organized than ours.

The administrator looked at Juan and spoke to him. Juan became very attentive but could not answer what they asked him. The Pastor added:

-Doctor , they are asking you if you could interrogate a patient!

To which Juan quickly replied:

-Of course! Just tell them to give me the chance. I don't understand anything now, but I'll do it in a few days, even if I learn everything by heart.

The Pastor translated it into English for the administrator, who shook his head and replied to the Pastor:

-Sorry Mr. Pierson , I don't think I can help you right now!

The Pastor stayed chatting a few more minutes with the administrator and then said goodbye politely. The Pastor left a little embarrassed with Juan, who followed him and said:

-They were asking you where you were from , what your parents' names were, and you didn't answer anything and you told me that you , like this, couldn't help them with the sick, and more than helping them, you would be a burden to them!

When Juan was told this he thought: what an idiot I am, what a useless beast; he insulted himself mercilessly, he felt like hitting the wall, inside him was a mountain of fire that burned everything and how miserable he felt when the Pastor told him this, he just shook his head. In the affirmative, he couldn't defend himself, what they were telling him was true and he had to hold on, so as not to feel suffocated, he breathed deeply and raised his head to the sky and how much it hurt him that his parents hadn't forced him to study English, they got to the car and got in, the Pastor said to him:

-Dr. We're going to have lunch. It's late, it's already one o'clock. We're going home!

When they arrived, the wife quickly prepared some sandwiches and they sat down. Juan was sad and depressed, he could barely speak. His wife asked the Pastor in English what had happened. Again, Juan didn't understand what they were saying, but he imagined they were talking about him, and he accepted with benevolence that he couldn't understand their conversation. The Pastor, turning to Juan, said:

-Doctor , don't worry, you 're going to find a job. I can tell you're eager to tear down a mountain. Everything takes a lot of work, but cheer up. I see you're very depressed!

At the same time he said this he patted him on the back.

Juan, with some reservation and a little embarrassed, said in a low voice, trying to use words to please him;

-Reverend, are we going to another hospital?

The Shepherd, who had begun to eat, remained chewing and finally took a sip of milk. Juan anxiously waited for him to finish swallowing so he could answer him, for he was eager to continue looking for work, if possible even at night. However, for the Shepherd, things were different. He had not led a life as abrupt as Juan's. His life had been easier without so many setbacks. Juan's, on the other hand, had been a savage struggle, full of combat, full of envy, and in each of these encounters, he had always emerged victorious.

The Shepherd finally answered slowly, as if time stood still for him:

-Doctor , now that's enough, I have things to do at my church, I better invite you . I want you to meet her!

When Juan heard this, he wanted to continue looking for work, that was why he had come to the United States, not to pray, but biting his lips and the electricity that filled his body, he let it discharge, tightly gripping the seat of the chair in which he was resting and feeling that he should not contradict the Pastor in anything since his future materially depended on him, with resignation he answered:

-Whatever you say, sir!

For Juan, what he was beginning to eat, with his hunger already growing, tasted like eating a rag, and he thought that he should control every word and reaction he had and should be very careful with the Shepherd, because otherwise there would be no one to help him. He continued eating, and in his head a swarm of ideas came to him, and mentally he was like an erupting volcano, asking and answering himself how he would manage to continue surviving in this society, still different for him, but which he was beginning to scrutinize.

The Shepherd finished eating and said to John:

-Let's read the newspaper and then we'll go!

He handed him a section on the table and carried the rest to a recliner. Juan sat down and, as he read the headlines, all he could think was, what an idiot, what an idiot, I don't understand anything, I'm a beast, I don't know what I'm going to do, but I have to learn English, I must learn English. He jumped up like a shot and said to the Pastor.

-Excuse me Mr. Pierson, don't you have a dictionary that would allow me?

-Yes, but only in English, I don't have it in Spanish!

Juan, once again disheartened, sat back down at the table and began to flip through the newspaper again. He flipped through it again, but he couldn't understand a thing. Meanwhile, the Pastor had fallen asleep in the recliner. The Pastor's wife was clearing the table and then washing the dishes. Juan, trying to be on good terms with the lady, approached and also began to wash the dishes. This pleased the lady, and in her broken Spanish, she said to him:

-I wash them and you rinse them!

Thus, he began to gain the lady's trust. When he finished, he began to sweep. The lady saw him and laughed.

A few minutes later the Pastor got up and saw Juan sweeping and this pleased him.

At about 6:00 PM the Pastor told Juan, well then we're going to church.

The well-dressed Pastor left accompanied by his wife, when Juan got to the car he was polite in opening the door for the lady in the front seat, Juan got in on the other side in the back seat, it took about 10 minutes to arrive at a one-story house, very pretty, made

of wood and with a sign that said Church of Antioquia, around the Church a poor area could be seen, the houses unpainted, doors very poorly placed, no gardens, some still as seen in the outskirts of Puebla with clucking chickens, rusty wire fences, very old cars parked in front of the houses, the people who lived here were seen in very low economic and social conditions without culture, through the windows the bedrooms, the kitchen with very little cleanliness, the utensils of very poor quality, the wallpaper peeling off the walls, the owners of the houses came out in front of them, only in pants, they did not wear shirts, half-naked with long hair and the Spanish that could be heard speaking was crude, more than the one our townspeople spoke, because they mixed Spanish and distorted English, was called Spanglish and only they understood each other because the American people and the Mexicans from the center of the republic could not understand them, a very resentful group had formed in the society that surrounded them and they were almost not admitted by American society, it was a marginalized minority, who did not know how to behave like people with class, they were the peons of the well-off, because they were descended from bricklayers, blacksmiths, car washers, harvesters, plumbers; it was the lower class that by their very conditions were unable to compete with their fellow men and led a life of resignation, where they only found consolation and were treated humanely with almost equality, in the Church.

The faithful supported the pastors of these churches with their tithes, which were sometimes burdensome for their finances. But since they felt happy in this unique place where they were well received, for this reason alone they felt obliged to give their share to the Church in order to continue sharing the place of their resignation.

During the course of the services, each of the brothers who were giving their tithe was named and they were flattered and encouraged to continue fulfilling their duty to the Church and they also named those who decreased their tithe and those who did not give anything and said that they did not give because they were not in a position to give, so the services were like a show to show the people who were helping the Church, because these were children of God, and those who did not give were those who did not comply with the laws of God according to the pastors.

Juan entered the Church of Antioquia for the first time and the Pastor introduced Juan to all the brothers and sisters, who were amazed when the Pastor told them: this doctor is from Mexico, because these people had never seen a doctor socially and they only saw them when they went to the consultations, to the hospitals, so having a doctor as a brother of the Church already meant a lot, he was quite a character, Juan felt this superiority, but he felt sorry for himself when he remembered that that same day he had not been able to find work, even though he was a doctor; as the service went on, Juan also found calm in that place to ask God to find him work, he tried to realize a deep communion with him, he was asking it so intensely that he did not realize, at what moment the deacon placed a tray in front of him, pushed it to his chest so that he would give the alms, the deacon believed that Juan had a lot of money, because in the United States being a doctor is to be of a privileged and rich class; Juan reacted and thought that they were asking him for alms and he thought about the deacon; idiot, I'm dying of hunger and you want me to give you some; at the same time he clutched his 900 pesos

that he had under his shirt and continued thinking, I'm not giving you a damn, at the same time with a slight negative head movement he told the deacon that he wasn't going to give him any, the deacon stared at him and walked away heading to another faithful who was behind Juan but was annoyed and puzzled.

After the service ended, the parishioners gathered in the social hall to share coffee and cookies. Juan tried to chat with everyone and was friendly and engaging with each of them, whom he met for the first time. In the church itself, there were nursery schools and people who cared for the children while the families attended the service. After an hour, the people began to leave, and the pastor did the same. They went home, and upon reaching his bedroom, Juan lay down and fell deeply asleep.

At dawn he got up again to wash the Pastor's car, when he made a noise he woke him up, the latter looked out the window and said:

-Doctor , good morning , let's hurry up and go look for a job!

The Pastor went to take a shower and Juan did the same. They had breakfast and left again, heading to another hospital called San Antonio Baptist Memorial. When Juan saw the name Baptist, he thought; this is one of us, they're really going to open the doors for me here. Besides, I'm coming with the Pastor, who's a Baptist, this can't fail. Juan fully trusted in finding work and entered more calmly, without anxiety, and almost relaxed. He walked slowly and breathed deeply; he felt that this hospital was his home. The Pastor entered to speak with the administrator. Juan saw that the latter spoke with distress, and although he didn't speak English, he understood the Pastor's movements and tone of voice, which was urging them to give Juan a job. But the administrator seemed inflexible; he didn't change his deep tone of voice, nor did he even show a slight smile. He seemed to be made of steel. Juan, who had entered confidently, began to feel anxious, and the confidence he had turned into distrust. Finally the Pastor said goodbye to the administrator coldly and they left the Hospital, outside the Pastor said to Juan:

-Doctor , you don't know, you didn't realize how much I begged the administrator, I told him that we are brothers in religion, I touched the most sacred thing about him, his children, but I couldn't place it, who knows what's happening to you, I'm discouraged; every time I've gone for help, I've always gotten it and now I couldn't.

Juan answered slowly:

-I thought, when I saw the name of the Baptist Hospital, that I would find a place here, since we are of the same religion. In Puebla, I've always heard that Baptists always reach out to each other, that they are never left helpless, but the brotherhood doesn't work here.

For Juan, feeling like a Baptist was like an ace up his sleeve, it was what he had hidden to be able to defend himself in the United States. According to him, it was the blessed secret to succeed anywhere he went; now what he felt deep inside was only bitterness, disappointment, he could no longer continue trusting that being a Baptist held the key to

success; probably what happened is that the Pastor had very little strength, because maybe if he had gone with another Pastor from a more important Church, they would have given him a job and that is why the Pastor was in that Church of the poor because he had no power, because he thought that even in that place, there must also be hierarchies, as in all societies of all religions, in all governments, in which the influential, even if they are not capable, They are placed in positions of power, as these people walk in the jungle of favoritism.

The Pastor and Juan walked listlessly out of the hospital towards the car, they got in, they didn't talk, both were thoughtful, the Pastor thinking that he was getting tired of carrying Juan and the latter praying inwardly that he hoped the Pastor would continue helping him, that he wouldn't abandon him since he was his only support and against all his will he began to try to make conversation with him to get on his good side saying:

-And how did you come to know Christ?

The Shepherd was lost in thought but this question made him pay attention and he answered.

-Ten years ago I was working as a sales agent. My son fell ill with pneumonia. My wife was a Baptist, and we clung to the Church to pray for him, but Christ performed a miracle for us. I felt so strongly about religion that I found much comfort in it. I began helping the Pastor, and little by little, I was given a scholarship to study the Bible.

-And are you satisfied to be here?

-Yes, quite a bit! We have too much work with the Mexican people, I feel that we should help them more, there are ignorant and very poor people, we have to get them out of where they are, we have to teach them how to live, sometimes I get discouraged because the majority do not learn, but the seed is planted and probably those who are going to receive it are their children, it is likely that this generation will no longer be able to leave, but the next must improve and the only way I see is school so that they progress and this society can defend itself from the Saxons, I think that one day we will be able to have the descendants of these people as political leaders, because I have seen that they are capable, that the only thing they need is school and others who no matter how much help they get do not learn, in the Church we have several brothers whose children are already in universities, those are going to live better.

The Pastor continued driving while Juan reasoned with himself; I'm one of those who will live well, I'm one of those who have jumped the barrier of the societies that separated us, I'm capable, I just have to learn English and I'll do it and I'll get a job, just calm down a little, I'm a beast now, but I'm going to do it, I'm going to learn to live, to get ahead here in the United States ; Juan, looking at the sky through the window, breathed deeply.

The Pastor approached the parking lot of a restaurant and said to Juan:

-Doctor , let's have lunch, it's already twelve o'clock and I'm hungry!

Juan asked:

-What, is it time to eat?

-Okay, doctor, it's twelve o'clock; so, what time do you eat?

-We have breakfast at 8:00, lunch at 3:00, and dinner at 8:00! And you?

-We have breakfast from 7 to 7:30, lunch at 12:00 which is light, the heavy meal is at 5:00 in the afternoon when we finish work, and then something light at 9:00 at night!

-So you eat four times a day?

-Yeah !

We only make three in Mexico!

-Yes! Customs and foods vary from region to region.

Juan began to delve into American customs. He entered the well-decorated restaurant with a jukebox where the Platters' trendy music was playing "My Prayer." When he sat down at the table next to the Pastor, an ecstasy of well-being invaded him. He was in love with the American way of life. A world of fantasy intoxicated him. This was the way of life that fascinated him. He was in his midst. He didn't even pay attention to what they had brought to eat. In his mind, all that fit was "My Prayer."

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The music ended and he wanted to keep listening to it, he thought, to hear it he would even dare to ask the Shepherd for a coin to play it again, but nevertheless, he should control himself, since he might bore the Shepherd; they finished eating when the Shepherd said to Juan:

-Well, now let's go to the Church because I have to do something!

Juan wanted to suggest that he drop him off near a hospital but he was afraid that she would be offended and he didn't dare to do it, on the way the Pastor got off on an unpaved street, in an old wooden house that was unpainted, he knocked on the door and a very poor lady came out with two children behind her and to whom the Pastor said:

-Good afternoon, sister! Why haven't you gone to church? We've been waiting for you.

-Brother, we've been in a bad way. My husband got drunk all last week and the kids have had diarrhea. We haven't even had time for a doctor!

The Pastor thought for a moment and, grabbing his beard, turned to the car where Juan was, saying:

-Doctor, what can be done?

Juan quickly got out of the car, because he wanted to be useful to the Pastor, he knew that he should find a way to serve him so that they would help each other and need each other, he remembered that in a town he had been to, since there were no injected serums, he prepared:

A liter of rice whey with four tablespoons of sugar, two of bicarbonate and one of salt to avoid dehydration, went down and entered the house, it looked dirty with furniture almost without paint, the bed unmade, sheets and sarapes dirty and old, a pile of dishes in the kitchen unwashed, the lady's dress dirty, uncombed, put the child to bed and examined his abdomen which was soft, asked for a spoon and saw his mouth which was normal, put his ear close to the heart and lungs and heard it normal so he said to the Pastor:

-Excuse me , I don't have any equipment to examine it but we'll make up for it with the desire to serve!

Juan asked the mother how many times she had had a bowel movement since yesterday and she replied that ten times each and almost pure water with mucus and that they had had fevers and colic.

He examined the other child again in the same way and listened to him. The woman asked him what he could do to prevent dehydration, and Juan replied that he should prepare exactly the same thing as for the other child: one liter of rice whey with four tablespoons of sugar, two of baking soda, and one of salt. Each time he finished this, he should continue preparing it until the diarrhea stopped. He should also add boiled apple and banana.

Juan spoke to the Pastor again, telling him that he needed an antibiotic and that he wasn't licensed to prescribe it, but that he thought he would get better.

Inside, Juan felt unable to treat the patient since he didn't have what he needed, but he prayed that the children's own defenses would overcome and cure them, that the serum would only serve to balance them and the body would do its part to heal them.

The Pastor said goodbye to the woman and promised to bring her food as soon as possible, and that if the children didn't improve during the night, he would call the church to take them to the doctor.

Juan was surprised by the social work that the Pastor carried out, since he did it not only in the Church but also outside of it, very different from what he was used to seeing in Catholic Churches by priests who did not leave the altar where they celebrated the worship, since they feel that the kingdom of heaven belongs to them by divine mandate and the most real one is the immediate one which is the kingdom of the earth.

Now he was getting to know the other side of life in the United States . He had always thought that they were all well-trimmed gardens, first-class pavements, beautiful houses, luxurious decorations in each of the places he visited, he had always seen this and now the complete opposite since around this house he had visited, there were dozens of them and it was thought that all these people lived the same, marginalized

from the comfortable life that most Americans led, he had always thought, when the words United States came to his mind, as something of super luxury in all its aspects, neighborhoods of always rich houses and not a dozen but hundreds, but now he had also known the miserable neighborhoods lacking pavements and with large puddles of water and when cars passed by, the tires were almost buried.

They left the house, got into the car and finally arrived at the Church, here the Pastor's wife and other brothers who had stayed to see were already waiting for them, since they had planned a revival of the Christian faith, they all entered a room and began to discuss strategies

To make them successful, the wife, who had most likely already spoken with the Pastor, stood up and, turning to Juan, said:

-Doctor Juan, we would like you to also participate in the Church's plans. We would like to know if you are willing to cooperate. We will do this for eight days!

Juan, all confused, answered:

"If you tell me how, I'll cooperate!" he feared and hoped it wasn't about money.

-We would like you to give us talks at night all next week on how to prevent diseases like measles, smallpox, and chickenpox!

-Yes, of course! - Now he breathed easier and felt relieved.

Juan thought, "Where did I get all this from? I don't have any books to consult." But he remembered the kind of people who were very uneducated, and he reasoned that he could do it with just what was on his mind, and that he would crack a joke or two, and that would be enough. Juan also felt that he would now pay for the food they had given him at the Pastor's house with conversation, and he felt better about not being a kept man. He also thought that maybe the Pastor and his wife were thinking the same thing. They left church around eight at night and headed home to have dinner, and then they went to sleep. The next day, Juan got up to wash the Pastor's car, and the Pastor looked out the window and said to Juan:

-Doctor, what do you think you will do today?

-Keep getting jobs!

The Shepherd, unable to see John in front of him, said to him:

-I'm going to drop him off at a tuberculosis hospital that's about fifteen kilometers from here, but I can't go with him to the interview, I have a lot to do!

Juan felt his body electrify and thought to himself, he's tired of me, I've bored him, but I can't force him to come with me, and with a lump in his throat he answered, pretending to be calm.

-Okay, I'll hurry!

Juan continued washing the car, tears welling up in his eyes as he cleaned the car. He continued thinking about what Dr. Castellanos had told him ; we were born alone, and we have to do our own thing. He tried to calm down and went to have breakfast. He showered quickly and went out. The Pastor was already waiting for him, and he was saying to him:

-Don't you have a sheet of paper and a pencil?

The Pastor came in and out with a notebook and a pencil, Juan said to him:

Please write down for me which bus I take to return and how do I say you drop me off here!

The Pastor, a little surprised, answered him.

-I'll write it down for you, but I can pick you up at noon!

But John, feeling that it was better to become independent of the Pastor for the well-being of both, answered him:

-I need to know how to get around, and I can do it. I just need you to tell me how to take the buses, how much they cost, and what routes there are here, and how often people take the buses here in San Antonio, and where they go!

The Pastor, seeing Juan's determination, went into his bedroom and took out a map of San Antonio and marked where his house was, where the center was, where the hospitals they would visit that morning were and where the ones they had visited previously were. He also told him that buses cost 25 cents, and that from the hospital he was going to he could take it, that when he got downtown he could take another bus that could take him to his house, that he should ask for a transfer on the first one which is a ticket, so that he wouldn't have to pay on the second one.

Already informed, he quickly went to iron the only suit he was wearing to make a good impression, he got ready and the Pastor took him to the hospital; in the Camino was reviewing on his papers how to order a sandwich, how to ask for the truck to stop, how to say good morning, how to see the manager, etc.

Finally they arrived at the hospital and Juan got out of the car. The Pastor said goodbye to him and wished him good luck. He walked toward a glass door of the hospital, which opened automatically upon reaching it. He was amazed; this was so new to him; he had never seen one like it in Mexico. He entered and stared at a young lady who was writing at a desk. She looked up and saw him. Juan, not knowing what to do, looked elsewhere and went to see a painting hanging on the wall. The young lady continued writing. Juan approached to look at the painting and couldn't figure out how to speak to her in English or how to ask if he could speak to the administrator. Juan was embarrassed; he had gone speechless. He sat down in a chair next to him. Doctors and nurses were passing by and he didn't know what to do. He took out the paper on which was written and which said:

May I see the Administrator? He read it and reread it trying to get it into his memory, and he repeated it and repeated it again. When he felt confident, he went to the secretary and told her. Seeing that he was having difficulty saying it, she answered him in Spanish.

-Why do you want to see him?

Juan, upon hearing her, answered her with joy.

-Look, I'm a doctor from Mexico, I'm looking for work, and I want to know if I could get one here.

-Let me announce it!

The secretary communicated with the administrator in English and he agreed to receive him and when Juan entered, he spoke to him in English asking him what his name was, where he had studied, Juan did not understand anything, the secretary seeing that Juan did not answer agreed to tell Juan:

-Do you understand what they are saying to you?

Juan responded.

-No! But tell him to put me to work helping with the operation, and you'll see I don't even need English.

The secretary repeated this to the administrator and the administrator replied to the secretary in English.

-Well, well, does he have permission to work here?

Okay, okay, is he allowed to work here in the United States ?

The secretary translated it for Juan and he took out his passport and the permit to be in the United States. As a tourist, the administrator checked it and told the secretary that Juan did not have a work permit and that she could not give him a job. She translated it for Juan and he, all sad and dejected, thanked her and left the office. Outside he stayed chatting a little with the secretary and begged her to intercede on his behalf, but she, a little embarrassed to see Juan's insistence, answered:

-I'm really sorry, I can't help you!

Juan seeing the categorical refusal said goodbye, thanking them and feeling that his feet weighed a ton each, he left the hospital walking very slowly and headed to where the tallest buildings could be seen, towards the center of the city, after walking for two hours thinking if he would take the bus or not, if he took it it would cost him a quarter of a dollar and he would start to use up his 900 pesos, plus he didn't have any American currency on him, he continued walking and arrived at the center of the city where he saw an office; he went in and explained that he wanted to see the doctor. Well, he wanted to ask him if he could give him a job; The secretary went in to see the doctor and told him what Juan was doing and she didn't even want to see him because she

sent him word that there was no work for him. He came out even more demoralized and didn't even feel like begging for work. He walked a few more blocks and found a garden. He sat down, feeling devastated, alone, with no one to ask for help. He became thoughtful and sleep overcame him. He was woken up by an elderly man who sat down on the same bench and spoke to him in Spanish.

-Sorry, I think I woke you up!

Juan answered:

-No sir, don't worry; are you from here?

-Well, I'm almost from here. I've lived here in San Antonio for 40 years. I came here when I was very young. I'm from Durango. I got married here, and I have my children and grandchildren.

-Are you not planning on returning to Durango?

-No, not anymore: sometimes I go to visit, but almost all my relatives are dead. And you, where are you from?

-From Puebla, it's 90 miles south of Mexico City!

-I know Puebla, I've been there on a trip, it's very beautiful!

-We have spring all year round!

-And what are you doing so far away?

-I came looking for a job, I'm a doctor, but I haven't been able to find one!

-He's sad, it seems!

-Not only sad but discouraged, but that's just the beginning, I'm going to keep looking.

-I'll buy you a hamburger, come on, let's go to the corner!

Juan and this man went to buy hamburgers, Juan found it very tasty and devoured it, he was even hungrier but didn't dare order another one, when he finished he said goodbye to this man and consulted his map and continued walking, he arrived at the Pastor's house around four in the afternoon, very tired; the Pastor and his wife were waiting for him to eat and asked him what had happened, Juan told them what had happened and the Pastor listened attentively when his wife commented:

-Will you be so kind as to give us the lecture?

-Of course, madam!

After finishing the meal, Juan went to his bedroom and began to write about measles. He thought that he had too much of it and that the people who would hear it would not give him any trouble, since they had a narrow culture.

The days continued to pass in which Juan would get up early, go out to find work and return around five in the afternoon, then he would give lectures to those poor people, two weeks passed and Juan didn't get anything, he was desperate, the Pastor and his wife encouraged him, but he had already exhausted the places and offices he visited to get work and one afternoon the Pastor asked him:

-Doctor , what do you plan to do now?

-I think my watch here in San Antonio has stopped. I've looked everywhere and can't find it. I want to go to another city!

-But where do you think you're going?

-To another city!

-A brother is leaving for Austin tomorrow and if you would like I could recommend him to stay at your house and look for work.

-If you do me a favor, I'll go with him!

-The next day the Pastor saw with sadness how Juan packed his things and the brother who was leaving for Austin came to honk his horn and it sounded and Juan got out and gave the Pastor a farewell hug and the same to his wife, he arrived in Austin and asked the brother who had taken him for a map of the city and using the telephone directory he located and found the hospitals and again he left very early and returned very late without finding work, another brother took him to San Angelo, and the same thing, then he went to Waco and everywhere they told him the same thing but he did not get discouraged in the mornings, although in the afternoons everything was loneliness and sadness, he had already become accustomed to that in all the houses where they gave him asylum he learned to be useful to his hosts either as a doctor, helping with the housework or giving lectures in the different Churches, he settled down to survive and not spend his 900 pesos that he still carried in his cloth bag under his shirt along with his passport which were the two most precious things which he looked after with great care.

Finally he arrived in Dallas with Pastor Jonas Gonzalez, who gave him asylum in his home and Juan knew how to make himself nice to people, one thing he had learned was to take an interest in their problems or ask about their lives and he was already doing this quite well; this Pastor had already told him that he was a postman, that he had known the word of Jesus Christ, he He had become a believer, had been to Costa Rica where he had married a beautiful blonde woman and had returned to Dallas where he had been given the first Mexican Church El Calvario.

Juan saw the nice house that the Church paid for, the Church itself had bought him his latest model car, they paid for his gas, at that time the Pastor even brought a razor that he connected to the car and he thought, maybe someday I will become a Pastor; by then the Pastor had already asked Juan if he had already been baptized in Puebla and Juan answered no, the Pastor asked him if he wouldn't like to know the word of God and Juan at first didn't know what he was trying to tell him by knowing the word of God

and just said yes, but the Pastor on one occasion told Juan that he was already preparing for his baptism, that night he remained thinking:

-And now what the hell have I gotten myself into!

The next day at church during the service the pastor was saying that it was a privilege to announce that Dr. Juan Perez Saldana had become a believer and was going to be baptized in the church. At the end of the service all the brothers surrounded him and congratulated him. He was the only professional in the church and was seen with sympathy by all. By then he was invited to the homes of all the brothers in the church and since they had a softball team that Juan liked a lot and he played well, he felt comfortable and let everyone bully him. He had been to so many services that he had read the entire Bible again and Pastor Jonas was letting him help in the service and also preach. Juan thought, if I don't find a job as a doctor I'll become a pastor.

The Pastor had liked him and he introduced him to the main benefactor of the Church, Mr. Iron McAllister, who was a millionaire and owner of the main Chevrolet car distributor. He had also liked him very much, so much so that he had taken him to his house and from his wardrobe he said:

-Dr. Choose 10 suits, 15 shirts, 5 pairs of shoes, 10 ties, 5 sweaters!

From then on he no longer wore the same suit every day, now he had something to change into every day.

The day arrived for him to be baptized. The Church was packed with brothers and sisters, and John was the newcomer. People thought, with this life I'm leading here in the Church, let them do whatever they want with me. If they want to baptize me, let them do it.

At the altar was the choir made up of brothers and sisters singing some very beautiful hymns and wearing very white uniforms behind this choir and a little above there was a kind of small illuminated fountain filled with water; Juan had never seen a Baptist baptism, Pastor Jonas approached Juan and said go put on these clothes and take off your suit; the clothing was a white gown the Pastor put on one like it and under the singing of the choir with piano music and in a very solemn service and with the brothers very expectant the Pastor got into the font and said to Juan:

-Come on down gently!

Juan reached the bottom and the water reached his waist. The Pastor grabbed him with one hand, covering his face, and with the other, grabbing him by the occipital bone, submerged him in the water, and thus he was baptized in the Baptist Church.

Juan felt like a fish in a glass jar and thought everything was for his own well-being.

Juan had already earned the trust of the brothers of the Church and every Sunday they invited him to eat in different houses and perhaps they even felt honored that a professional was going to eat with them, he had liked a lot that the housewives put everything in the center of the table and everyone after prayer they would serve

themselves of everything, that way the lady of the house did not have to stand up and ate with everyone, here also Juan sometimes had to lead the prayer before the meal and what impressed him most was the Hawaiian Punch, which was a juice of many fruits of intense red color and the bottle was blue painted with drawings of all the fruits and it tasted delicious. On one occasion, after finishing eating, Brother Jose Mena and his wife invited him to go to a service at a Mexican Baptist Church in Forth Worth. They introduced him to the Pastor who was from Argentina. This Pastor was very kind and had a great personality, very well dressed in an impeccable suit. He preached beautifully and made all the brothers feel deeply Baptist. He greatly influenced the lives of his parishioners. Juan really liked him and began to have a certain friendship with him because he knew that in life we need everyone, rich or poor, cultured or uncultured, political or apolitical, religious or non-religious. He had to leave the doors open everywhere he visited and The best way to make friends was to be sincere, to praise people with things that were true and above all to try to serve, to try to be useful to your neighbor, so that if one day he asked for something they would not deny him and make him feel indebted, so he began to frequent this Pastor; one Sunday he showed up at the service of this Church and noticed that the service began and the Pastor was not present but he noticed that the brothers were whispering something to each other, the service was conducted by one of the deacons, when it ended they went out and as was customary in front of the door of the Church the brothers would stand to greet each other, Juan asked one of them with whom he got along best, why the Pastor had not given the service and the latter answered very slowly, almost in his ear:

-Shut up, don't ask any more questions, the Pastor left yesterday with the wife of one of the brothers!

-And where?

-I don't know! But I saw his wife yesterday and she was crying. I tried to bring her to the bathroom today but she said:

-Shame on the Church!

Juan thought when they told him this; that the beans are cooked everywhere.

And as with all services, every family, no matter how poor, had their car and left, that day they did so more quickly than usual.

Some Baptist churches even had their own buses to pick up members who didn't have cars, but from what Juan saw, the churches were very economically productive, as most families gave their tithes. To make them feel good and more committed, the pastor would announce in the sermon who gave the most money, and no one was able to comment against this.

Juan had already gone to Baylor Hospital, Saint Paul Hospital, Methodist Hospital, Partland Hospital, and they didn't give him work.

MEDICAL ARTS HOSPITAL

Finally, one Sunday after the service, he was invited by Brother Eladio Granados and his wife to eat at their house. He quickly accepted and after eating, the brother said to Juan:

-Brother, I invite you to visit a sister who had surgery at Medical Arts Hospital. Maybe she'll look for a job while I watch her! I'm going with my wife.

-Of course!-

-Well, let's go now!-

The three of them left, headed downtown, and parked their car next to a parking meter. It was a late-model turquoise Chevrolet, and Brother Granados had to hold the gear lever in place because otherwise it would jump. This brother could afford a new car because he earned quite a good salary, and his wife also worked in a clothing factory; so they had enough. When they arrived at the hospital, Juan looked around and saw that it had about twenty floors and a beautiful store on the first floor. They went up in the elevator to the floor where the patient was lying, and Juan said to Brother Granados:

-While you see your sick person, I'm going to look for a job!

Mr. Granados went to a room and Juan headed to the nurses' station. He was impressed by the thick carpet on the floor. He saw the very pretty nurses passing by. He approached one who smiled at him as she passed by, saying :

-One moment please!

The nurse stood up and answered:

-How can I help you?

Juan quickly took a piece of paper out of his shirt pocket where he had written what he said: I am a Mexican doctor and I am looking for work.

-I am a Mexican Dr. And I am looking for a job!

(I'm a Mexican doctor and I'm looking for a job!)

When the nurse saw that Juan was saying this while he was reading it, she smiled and called another nurse who spoke Spanish and said to her:

-Wait a Minute!

The nurse who spoke Spanish arrived and said to him:

-How can I help you?

Juan felt more confident and laughing in a slow voice trying to be nice and get the nurse to like him better, he said:

-Miss, I am a doctor, I come from Mexico, I have looked for work and I have not been able to find it. Do you know if they need any here?

Doctor Francisco Garfias just thanked him this week . Why don't you talk to him ?
Maybe he knows?

-Miss , don't you have your phone number?

-Wait, maybe I have it!

The nurse quickly went to look for the phone, found it and came back saying:

Look, I have your number here!

-Miss , would you do me the favor of speaking to him, please help me, I don't have anyone?

The nurse looked at him and said, "Come this way." She went to where the phone was and spoke to Dr. Garfias, who in turn answered the phone.

Juan was secretly dreaming that he would hopefully get a job here and prayed to God that it would be so, he crossed his fingers although it was difficult with his toes, he picked up the phone and said:

-Dr . Garfias, I'm from Mexico, I'm a doctor and I'm looking for work. Could you help me?

-Are you a doctor?

-Yeah!

-Where from?

-From Puebla, I just finished three months ago!

-How old are you?

-25 years!

-Yes, they need a doctor. I just left the post a week ago, but doctor, it's already seven o'clock at night and it's Sunday. Come back tomorrow at ten in the morning. I'll see you right where you are!

-Do you think they'll give me the job?

-Yes, I think so!

-Okay, doctor. I'll be here tomorrow at ten o'clock!

They said goodbye, and Juan thanked the nurse and went to find the Granados family. He had seen them go to the place where he had seen them and knocked on their door. Brother Granados said, "Come in, doctor. May I introduce you to the sister who was operated on?" Juan greeted the sick woman out of courtesy, but inside he was living a world of happiness. Finally, after so many places, someone gave him hope of hiring him, and Juan turned to Mr. Granados and said:

-I think I've found a job! I spoke to a Doctor Garfias and he told me that they needed a Doctor here, that he would see me tomorrow at ten in the morning.

-And do you think they'll give it to you?

-Dr . Garfias told me that I'm likely to get a job!

-Well, I hope God helps you, you've already searched too hard, it's only fair that you find him!

The Granados family and Juan said goodbye to the sick woman and left; for Juan it was all about making plans, that night he stayed to sleep with Brother Granados and he was near the window, it was a one-story wooden house and outside the window it looked directly onto a street full of pine trees, the singing of the crickets could be heard so divine, between the branches of the pines the stars could be seen and suddenly a meteorite passed by and quickly Juan with true fervor, asked and for the first time he broke away from the routine of asking to graduate as a Doctor, now he asked that they hopefully give him the job, that he liked Dallas; the area was very beautiful and he would like to stay there, he remembered that he had left his wife and had to return for her, he remembered Santiago's garden, all the adventures he had been through there, all the fights he had had, the famous "Aguiles Serdán" School, its fields where he had played so much Baseball, his School of Medicine, his classmates and he wondered; the 40 of us who left school loved each other like brothers. What have they done? Are they already graduating, each one of them? They are going to begin the great adventure that we have in our lives, a whole future awaits us and I am going to succeed in what awaits me, I am going to succeed, I am going to succeed... And thinking about a whole world of illusions that life had in store for him, little by little he relaxed until sleep overcame him. It would be around six in the morning when he began to hear that the Granados couple was getting up to go to work, he did the same remembering that he was scheduled for ten in the morning, he went to clean the Granados family car, the children were also getting up and going to school, Juan prepared his breakfast and went to the bathroom and at eight in the morning he left on foot to the city center, he arrived at Medical Arts at nine, went up to the hospital and sat down to wait for Dr. Garfias at ten in the morning Dr. Garfias arrived and Juan asked a nurse:

-Is this Dr. Garfias?

Only Garfias understood him and answered:

-Oh yes!

Juan followed her, she pointed out who she was, Juan asked her:

-Are you Dr. Garfias?

-Yes! Are you the doctor who comes from Mexico?

-Yes, it's me! I called you yesterday. I'm looking for work and I haven't been able to find one. I've been to San Antonio, Austin, Temple, Waco, and now I'm here. Please, Dr.

Garfias , help me . I don't speak English, but if they ask me to help in surgery, I won't make you look bad. To help, I don't even need you to talk to me. I know how to help!

-Yes, doctor. They need a doctor here, but you don't speak English!

This truth left him trembling, mortally wounded, and with a broken voice he said:

-Help me, Dr. Garfias, I'm very tired of looking for a job!

Dr. Garfias looked at him and smiling, he answered :

-Wait, I'll introduce you to the manager!

The two went to the office and Dr. Garfias told the administrator, whose name was Henry E. Taylor, that Juan could be very useful and that they should give him a chance. Mr. Taylor went up with Juan to see the Director of the Hospital, Dr. Max Colt, who looked like a fat, tall, round-faced, good-natured guy who looked like Baby Ruth and he said to Dr. Garfias in English.

-Tell him to tell me all the muscles in his whole body!

Juan, who had already gone over the entire anatomy on his own, began to tell him everything from the head down.

Then he said to him:

-All the bones!, (All the bones!)

And Dr. Garfias said to Juan in Spanish.

-All the bones!

And John repeated all the bones again.

Dr. Garfias and Dr. Colt exchanged approving smiles and Dr. Colt said to Dr. Garfias in English.

-Ask if he has experience in OR!

(Ask him if he has operating room experience!)

Dr. Garfias asked Juan questions and he answered .

-Tell him to give me a chance to help him!

The three of them went to the operating room and ordered Juan to dress and wash. They put him in to assist in an operation with another doctor and saw that there was no need to speak to him in Spanish, since he followed all the steps. The operation was completed and the three of them went up. Dr. Colt went to see the administrator, Mr. Taylor , and ordered him to give him a contract employing him as a surgical resident. He did it, and Juan, not understanding anything they were saying, asked Dr. Garfias.

-Doctor , are you going to give me my contract?

-I'm sure you made a very good impression on them!

After finishing the contract, Mr. Taylor gave it to Juan, laughing and wishing him good luck. They explained that he should return to Mexico City and present himself at the American embassy with the contract and try to get an immigrant visa. Juan, all excited, thanked heaven that he had gotten it. He left the hospital and thought that what he had dreamed of so much in his student life had now begun to come true. Now he was going to learn English, now he was going to be educated in the environment he had so desired. He felt deep inside that it was a very special joy, he was going to live the life he had always wanted. He thought that on the first night at Pastor Pierson's house he had said, "I'm never leaving here," and now this could become a reality. He said goodbye to Mr. Taylor and Dr. Colt; Dr. Garfias had already left and was leaving the hospital. On the corner, he turned to see the hospital and how impressive it looked! What a beautiful building in the center of the city, he thought, I'm going to work here, this is going to be my home, anyone would envy my position, how lucky I am, if my friends saw me, I'd see where I was going to work; what operating rooms I had entered, what consulting rooms, what kind of refined people, almost all the patients he had seen looked very high social class, there was no poverty here, the hospital was for people with money, what rooms, air conditioning throughout the building, constant temperature of twenty degrees Celsius day and night, what beds, wheelchairs everywhere, fresh flowers in every room, the nurses and doctors looked like good people and Juan was going to work with them, what a joy, how happy; it had been hard work, what work! But everything had been compensated, everything was wonderful, Juan began to walk, the idea of taking the bus came to his head but why, he had to enjoy the streets, he turned back to the building and it seemed so beautiful as if it were shining, it seemed like Snow White's castle, Juan breathed deeply when he saw it and what satisfaction he felt, he opened the contract and it seemed incredible, the people he had dealt with did it with finesse, with elegance, with class and with that same style I would return to work, I continued walking and twenty blocks away I could still see the building. Beautiful!

RETURN TO PUEBLA

He arrived at the Granados family home and their children had already arrived from school. He told them what had happened. He told it with such joy! He had had many satisfactions and achievements in his life, just like when he was a student, but this was extremely special. He was so happy that suddenly, while talking to Eladio, the son of the Granados family, he cried out loud. Eladio just stared at him and laughed. At that moment, he spoke to Pastor Jonás González, almost shouting into the phone that he had already received his contract. He answered:

-And now what are you going to do, Doctor ?

-I'm going to Puebla, I'm going to Puebla!

-How are you going to leave?

-I'm leaving right now as soon as I'm ready!

-Wait for me, I'll see you!

The Pastor arrived with the Granados family and hugged Juan and said:

-Doctor , I have prayed for you , the Lord is with you , and so are we!

Juan hugged him effusively and the Pastor said to him:

-Grab your suitcase and I'll drop you off at the bus, but first we're going home, we're going to eat!

Juan left the Granados family home and went to eat at the Pastor's house, he left around 6 PM and was touching the 900 pesos that he still had in the cloth bag under his shirt, he wanted to leave as quickly as possible, they went to Gray Hound and when they arrived the last bus to Laredo had already left, they told him to wait because the next one left the next day at 7 AM, but Juan was used to doing everything in the shortest time possible, he was a man of action and did not want to wait, he asked Brother Jonas if the plane left until the next day to Mexico and he said yes, in addition, he almost He would spend his money on the fare, he would look everywhere for a way out that night and Pastor Jonas would tell him:

-Well, maybe by train?

They went to the train station and it was leaving for San Antonio at 10 at night and Juan thought:

-Well, I'm going in this one, after all, little by little I'm getting closer to the border!

Juan felt it was taking a long time but there was no other way, the Pastor bought his ticket and at ten o'clock at night he boarded the train, he said goodbye to the pastor and he said to him:

-Remember brother that God is with you , may it go well for you, we hope to see you soon!

The train departed and Juan said goodbye. He felt joyful, as his life would change as soon as he returned to Dallas. The train was also all comfortable: the seats were extremely soft, the cars air-conditioned, the car attendant perfectly dressed in a bow tie. He offered him two pillows and lay down on the seat, almost as if he were in a bed. He thought about how hard he had fought to get what he wanted. He reflected on how he had never wavered, how he had never thought he wouldn't get a job. He also reflected on how many people he had already met. Now he had Mr. Iron McAllister as a friend, who had come to like him very much.

He felt his canvas bag with his 900 pesos that he still had under his shirt and thought to himself, how much time has passed and I still have all of them; also coming to mind the idea that societies or religions cannot be judged by the actions of their members but that people should be judged independently of what they belonged to, because there will be right people and bad people and the more time that passed the more one would learn from one's neighbor and he thought to himself, one must be like the fish that the evil

one tries to catch in a fishbowl and it jumps out, it escapes easily; also thinking to himself, if they close one door on me I have to open a hundred more; each time he felt more confident; he took out his contract and it was a pleasure to observe it slowly since he didn't understand anything; he couldn't understand how he had acquired it, now he dared to greet people in English and ask questions, he wrote down new words and complete sentences in his notebook, he reviewed them and read the names of the stores and how each of their products were advertised , he began to slide in English like a fish in water, and he said it's only a matter of time, it's a matter of time; his determination to continue forward in this adventure knew no bounds and at each step he climbed it was to lean on and dare to take the biggest step on the next, he had learned to smile, when someone was introduced to him for the first time he tried to be pleasant, he listened and then he praised them, but with sincerity, looking for positive things in them that were true, to flatter his neighbor and thus have friends wherever he was, but he thought, friends forever and that they don't forget me so easily. In all the houses he had been to, he had cleaned their cars, swept their houses, washed their dishes, cut their grass, consulted with them, gave them advice, asked them about their problems in conversations and took an interest in them, he had learned to gain the trust of those around him, the hardships he had endured had made him skilled at success.

He fell deeply asleep and was only awakened by the occasional loud sound of the train siren. At about 6:30 in the morning he arrived in San Antonio. He got off the train and headed to the bathroom to clean himself up. He found an electric razor that he only had to insert a coin into and shave. He was amazed at the service they had on the railroads. What a difference. He thought; I'm going to return to enjoy all these services. What a world awaits me. The standard of living is higher. I will no longer be a provincial doctor. Little by little I will become more educated. I will treat Americans at the same level as I do. My concepts will become more universal and my capacity will increase. Suddenly he thought, I should tell Pastor Pierson, but since he couldn't say where there was a telephone, he looked around for it. Finally, he found it. He went to him and put in one of the few coins he had, one of those he had found lying around in the houses of the brothers he had been to. He returned them to him, but the brothers told him to keep them. Finally, he put it down and spoke:

-May I Speak With Mr. Pierson?, (May I speak with Mr. Pierson).

-He is speaking!, (He speaks!).

Juan didn't understand what he said, but he recognized the voice and answered:

-Brother, this is Doctor Juan speaking . I was living with you in your house!

-Do you remember me?

-Of course! How have you been , where are you?

-Here in San Antonio, I already got a job in Dallas, I have a contract and I'm going to Mexico to get my visa!

-Where are you , here in San Antonio?

-I'm at the train station!

-Wait for me right there , I'm coming for you!

The two hung up and after half an hour the Pastor arrived for Juan. They met and Juan remembered that because of him, the doors in the United States had opened and he gave him a strong hug, more of a greeting of gratitude, at the same time the Pastor said to him:

-When I took him to the hospitals, I saw that they didn't give him work. I thought he wouldn't find it, much less going further inland; because of the English, but now you have shown me that nothing is impossible, he who perseveres achieves, he who has the desire to succeed does it.

-It took a lot of work, sometimes I got discouraged, but I never believed it was impossible!

-Show me the contract!

Juan took it out of his suitcase, showed it to him and the Pastor said to him with admiration.

-Oh come on, in the contract they give you they say that you should be given an immigrant visa in Mexico and in the hospitals where I took you they talked to me about a student visa, so you are much better now!

-So I can work anywhere?

-Anywhere and anything, you are free here in the United States, you will no longer depend on hospitals!

In Juan's mind the thoughts passed that he was thinking of coming here to work in a hospital and that he would depend directly on it and if the hospital closed its doors to him he would have to return directly to Mexico, as It had already happened to other colleagues, but now he had a broader perspective on what was happening; the Pastor added:

-And if you want, you can become a citizen immediately!

Juan thought he had always lived his life on a grand scale and always sought the best, and this fell from the sky, and he reflected that he had always been very lucky to move forward and succeed in life.

The Shepherd told him:

-Doctor , have you had breakfast yet?

-No, not yet!

-Well, let's go, I'll treat you, what are you thinking about going to Mexico!

-Whatever, we could go to the Grey Hound and see what time the bus leaves.

-Of course, we'll have breakfast right there!

The Pastor and Juan went to the Grey Hound and asked and the bus departure was at three in the afternoon with a connection in Laredo to Mexico City, and Juan thought I'll probably arrive tomorrow, it's a long time and I already want to get to Puebla soon, what Juan told the pastor:

-Would it be possible for me to go by plane and how much would it cost?

-Of course, I'm going to ask!

The Pastor was on the phone and asked what time the plane to Mexico City was leaving and they told him that it was at 3 p.m. and that it would cost the equivalent of 500 pesos. He told Juan, who thought, I brought 900, I'll spend 500 and I still have 400 left, so he decided, great, I'll take the plane!

The Pastor took him to breakfast at the same station, all the food was American style, the restaurant with the kitchen all made of aluminum, with dishes in which the customer served himself, all the food looked very clean, excellent presentation and after choosing them he sat down in a Table, the Platers' trendy music was playing; the piece was "The Pretender"; what a pleasant feeling, sitting with the smugness of a winner,

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Juan had breakfast discussing with the Pastor the odyssey he had been through, he also showed him the Sunday newspaper of the Baptist Church of Dallas, in which it was reported that Brother Juan had been baptized and had come to know the way of God, the Pastor had liked Juan very much, and when he finished he asked him:

-Do you always plan to travel by plane?

-Yes, it's better, I'm going by plane!

-Well, if you want, I'll go to the church right now and reserve your ticket from there?

John answered:

-Well, if you leave here at 3 p.m. and it's 9 a.m., I'll have plenty of time. I'll take a taxi and get to the airport in a bit.

-Well, then you're staying here?

-Yes, just tell me which way to go!

"Look , on this street you go straight and you'll reach the airport!" said the Pastor.

-Without deviating, straight, straight? - asked Juan-

-Here you go straight to the airport! Well brother, may it go well for you , may God bless you.

The two hugged and said goodbye.

Juan looked at him with respect and much gratitude because he had behaved with much kindness; the Pastor got into his car and disappeared; Juan saw him walk away and thought that if he would see him again, and if the opportunity to thank him arose, he would do it but when he was in a good economic situation; on the horizon he disappeared; he took his suitcase with his right hand and began to walk, on the street there were almost no people, along the streets many cars passed, he continued walking, they had passed About 45 minutes later, a police car pulled up. Inside were two uniformed officers, one of whom was speaking to him in terrible Spanish.

-Hey! Where are you going!

And John answered him:

-To the airport!

They asked again in astonishment.

-To the airport?

-Yeah!

-Do you think you'll get there on foot?

-Yes! Why?

-Do you know how far away it is?

-No, but they told me that one goes straight here!

-And why are you going to the airport?

-I'm going to take the plane that leaves for Mexico at three in the afternoon!

-Show me your papers!

-What papers?

-How are you here?

-I'm a doctor from Puebla, here's my passport! - he remembered telling Dr. Castellanos he was coming to the United States. Three months had already passed, two and a half months, so he thought there was no problem and just waited anxiously for the police to leave so he could continue.

The policeman read the passport and said to Juan:

-Your passport expired a month and a half ago, come on in and join us!

Juan turned pale, his heart pounded, and a cold sweat broke out across his body. Although he knew the police there weren't corrupt, he still didn't trust them. He wondered what if they robbed me and took my 900 pesos. Discreetly, he touched his cotton bag containing the money with his forearm. He thought about running, but he imagined they'd easily catch him in the patrol car. He chose to obey them meekly, while

his brain worked quickly and anxiously, thinking of all the possibilities for success. As the policeman saw that Juan made no move to obey, he said again forcefully:

-Get in, I tell you!

As he opened the back door, Juan immediately thought, I'm going to try to subdue them by making them think they should protect me. With this in mind, Juan grabbed his suitcase and climbed into the back seat of the patrol car. Inside, a wire mesh divider separated the back seat from the front seat. He started the patrol car and the first thing he said to them was:

"Please don't hurt me. I'm a doctor. You don't know what I went through to get a job here. I think you have brothers or children. Think of me as one of your own. You'd like me to hurt you. I'm leaving for Mexico. I'm taking a plane at three in the afternoon. I've already found a job at a hospital in Dallas. They've already given me a contract. I'm going to Mexico to get my visa."

-Show me the contract!

Juan quickly took the contract out of his jacket pocket and showed it to them; the police officers began to read it and said:

-And you say you're leaving by plane at three in the afternoon? Have you already booked your ticket?

-Pastor Pierson told me he was going to remove him from his Church!

-Oh, you have friends here in San Antonio.

-Yes! If you want, you can call him at the Antioch Baptist Church.

"Okay!" said one of them, "first we go to a house and then we go to the office."

-Please don't hurt me, my plane leaves at three in the afternoon.

-We already told you, first we're going to a house and then we're going to the office to fix your stuff!

The patrol followed and went out on a road that was not paved, just dirt and quickly, suddenly they stopped and got out, they put handcuffs on one of Juan's hands and the other on the fence, Juan was alarmed, he was extremely scared and thought:

-Fucking hell, let's see how I get out of this, if I get out at all!

The patrolmen went to a very poor house and entered through the back and after ten minutes they came out through the front door and Juan saw them arrive back at the patrol car and he imagined that they had gone to look for some criminal, they started the car and said to him:

-Now let's get this straightened out, don't worry, it seems like you've been telling us the truth so far, and tell me, do you know your visa has already expired?

-No! I asked for permission to stay here for three months. I came with a doctor from Puebla, Castellanos, when crossing the border. He was the one who asked for permission for three months. Since I don't understand English, he was the one who said it.

-Well no! He asked you for permission for a month.

-So he was the one who said I was coming for a month? I told him to ask for my permission for three months!

-Don't be scared, we'll check now!

They arrived at the police station and went inside. One of them called the airport. He asked if there was a ticket reserved for three in the afternoon in the name of Juan Pérez Saldaña. At the same time, he checked his passport and Juan's full name. He thought, "Now the Pastor still hadn't reserved the ticket." This would make things even more complicated. Maybe they'll even jail me. But he trusted that he'd always had good luck with everything, and now he trusted the Pastor to have already reserved it. From the airport, they confirmed that the ticket had already been reserved for three in the afternoon to Mexico City, in the name of Juan Pérez Saldaña. The police officer laughed and said, "As he hung up the phone,"

-Don't worry, it's already out of the way. You know you didn't like it, but what I don't understand is how you were going to walk from the city to the airport, if it's so far away!

Juan took the opportunity to get on their good side even more and said to them:

-The money I have isn't enough for anything other than the plane ticket, and I was thinking of walking. At around twelve o'clock, I was going to assess how much money I still had left, and at that time I was going to start asking for a ride to give me time.

-Did you know the airport is like 25 miles away?

-No!

-Don't worry, we'll let you go, we'll just take your fingerprints, for identification, but we won't bother you at all!

Juan's fingerprints were taken on both hands. He was now breathing more easily. They gave him a special liquid to remove the ink. He washed his hands thoroughly. They left and boarded the patrol car. They went to the airport. They arrived around 1:00 p.m. The police accompanied him to buy his ticket and then invited him to lunch. They exchanged addresses. Juan invited them to Puebla, but told them he was soon returning to Dallas. After eating, they hugged and said goodbye. Juan was left thinking about the huge difference between the police and the Mexican police. They couldn't even be mistaken for the people he had just met today. These were clean, clean-shaven people with impeccable clothes and ties. Above all, they smelled of perfume. Most Mexican police smell of sweat, and as soon as they see money, they'll try to grab it under any pretext. They arrived at two thirty in the afternoon and Juan went to check in. At three he boarded the plane and looked at the airport. How beautiful, how elegant and clean!

He thought once more, I have to go back, I'm going to go back to enjoy the whole city, its people, its cars, its comfort, he was born to be a triumphant man over everything and over anyone who stood in his way, he would have to fight and defeat everyone, how much work, how many disappointments, but every time he felt stronger, more full of life and more secure; now he could offer his wife a different world full of future, full of comforts, he was doing great, what he had dreamed of.

So many times and he still thought there were more disappointments, more precipices to come, but he would have to overcome them no matter what.

The bad times he was going through would be like food to gather more experiences and thus fly higher and higher; already on the plane he ate his food extremely well prepared, the people who were traveling with him also seemed like good people and he thought how is it possible that things are going badly for me if all the people I deal with are good people and with acceptable economic position, if I continue to be surrounded by wealthy people I will always it will have to go well, I should not surround myself with needy or bad people because then I will do just like them, if I have good and rich friends I will always do the same as them and most likely they will share their earnings with me. The hours continued to pass until they arrived in Mexico City, the plane stopped and he saw again with sadness the difference in airports, he got off the plane, waited for his suitcase until they gave it to him and went out to the street to wait for a car, he remembered that at the airport they charged more, so he went out one more block and boarded a car that charged him less, he arrived at the streets of Soledad 65 and took a bus. He contemplated with sadness the disgusting streets full of garbage, smelly, people of very low economic status and the surroundings, he thought; This Mexico has to change, there must be improvements, the rulers must work to obtain a standard of living like in the US, clean streets, first class buses, comfortable trains, but would this be a dream? He took the Flecha Roja bus and a few minutes later he left for Puebla, he arrived here around 11 at night and took a car and went to his house in the Santiago neighborhood, he knocked on the door and his wife appeared, it was all a surprise, they gave each other a big hug, his mother also appeared, who also welcomed him, Juan went into his father's bedroom and kissed his hand, when he said to him:

-It's great that you arrived, son! Did it go well?

-Yes, Dad, I already got a contract in Dallas and I just came to fix my passport because I'm going back soon!

Juan's dad could barely speak, he acted strong and wanted to greet him very naturally, but when he spoke his voice broke, Juan saw that his eyes were shining with tears that were spilling over and he bent down, he also felt pressure in his chest because he thought that it wouldn't be long before he was separated from him again, now that Juan was an adult he understood his dad quite well and was beginning to appreciate how great he was, the strong, tough way he had been shaped and the example he had set at work, Juan had been molded in steel; he remembered that when he was twelve For years they would wake him up in the middle of winter, when the cold soaked to the bone at six in the morning and take him for a run, then when he was sweating they would put

him in to bathe with cold water in a shower about half a meter in diameter and when he got in he would only sigh, he knew he had to get in, because if not, they would spank him, but it wasn't only Juan who went in to bathe, what Juan later appreciated was that his father also went in to bathe with that cold water, so they were educating him by example; as the years went by Juan blessed his father for how he had molded him, Juan on the street, with his neighbor, he was also made of steel and no one could harm him, he felt that in the daily struggle they couldn't cut him, they only scratched him and he said deep inside.

Blessed nature for having given me this father, because with his example and the education he gave me, he made me a man of struggle!

AMERICAN EMBASSY

The next day he got up very early again, as there was no time to rest or rest on his laurels, so addressing his wife he said:

-I'm going to Mexico. I have to go to the American embassy to present this contract and arrange a visa to leave.

He had breakfast and said goodbye. He arrived in Mexico City. He saw the dirty, smelly streets again, the same with the bus terminals, and he couldn't even move his head. He took a bus to the American embassy. On the way, in front of the Alameda Garden, he saw a cousin walking by, and she saw him at the same time and raised her arm to greet him. Juan wanted to get off to greet her because it had been a while since he'd seen her, years, and that's why he wanted to get off, but there wasn't time. He couldn't waste a single minute. This pained him to the core, but his eyes were on the embassy, and he couldn't be distracted, not even for a second. His future was at stake. He arrived at the embassy, approached the information desk, and they told him which young lady he should go to. He said:

-Miss , I have a work contract in Dallas. They told me to arrange an immigrant visa myself. I am a doctor.

-Show me your papers!

-Here they are!

The young lady looked at everything carefully and answered him.

-You need to bring me your birth certificate, a copy certified by your government of your medical degree, also certified by the embassy, two letters, also certified that they know you ; a letter of fingerprints from the police of your city and you sign this emigrant application.

-That's all?

-As soon as you have them, bring them to me.

Juan immediately returned to Puebla and tried to find the papers, taking everything he needed.

To support himself, he would study every patient he saw until he found some illness that needed surgery, and once in a while he managed to convince them and operate on them, and in this way he would gradually earn enough to eat; He would get up at five in the morning, go take the bus, arrive in Mexico at 8 and go immediately to the American embassy, there he would talk to the young lady who had been assigned to help him and tell her that his papers weren't ready yet, that they were being processed, how ardently Juan wanted them to fix them, he thought that he was going to go from the newspaper until they crashed and so he did, from the newspaper and at twelve noon he would return once again in Puebla, he would go to his office that he had set up in a poor neighborhood in an aunt's house, where he had some old armchairs as a waiting room and as a desk, a table and three chairs, he sat on one and two for the patients, between the two rooms there was a very old cloth curtain, Juan felt the environment was very depressing but he thought to himself, it will only take a little while for my life to change, I already knew how a man with ambitions should live, this is transitory; Days passed and one of them showed up a patient with very sharp pain in his abdomen below the ribs, on the right side, he gave him a painkiller and sent him for an x-ray of his gallbladder, the diagnosis was stones, this opened his eyes with joy and he thought about the money he would make; operating on this case, he proposed the operation to the patient and the pain was so strong that it only went away while they gave him painkillers, he quickly accepted the operation and they agreed that he would charge him three thousand five hundred pesos which was a lot of money, since the trip from Puebla to Mexico cost 3.75 pesos, this way they would get him out of financial trouble for quite some time, he was very happy and suddenly he became quite scared, a cold sweat ran down his back when he thought that He would have to open the patient through the abdomen and look for the cystic duct and the artery, which was the most difficult to dissect, and he thought, if I can't do that, what a disaster it would be, what a disaster. He began to tremble in his office and thought to himself, I've assisted in like three hundred of those operations, I've seen another three hundred, how could I not do it? I'm tired of doing it, I'm tired of doing it, and besides, with that money I'm going to support my family. They too should start to admire what I know how to do, and the patients around here are going to spread the word and have more confidence in me. I'm going to do it, I'm going to do it. And plucking up his courage and feeling deep down the confidence he had, he planned everything. He got the anesthesiologist and his assistant, Doctor Jaime Gómez, whom he had classified as one of the most intelligent in his class, who he knew could help perfectly well. And they did it in the old Haro y Tamariz Hospital.

At first, Juan was again afraid, but when he washed up and entered the operating room, he forgot his fear. He only remembered how he had helped other doctors do it, since he had studied this technique a lot, had it memorized and written down in his notebook, so he began to work. Now he moved and directed the entire team, gave orders and moved his hands with great skill. He thoroughly enjoyed working inside a person's body. It was a delight to be operating and even more so after a long dissection, removing the cystic duct and its artery and tying them off as he had learned. When he finished doing this,

which was an extraordinary pleasure, he felt like a winner and thought to himself, now I've earned that money, and this patient's family will take it upon themselves to make me famous and get more patients so I can make more money. He closed the patient up and tried to radiate humility to his surgical team, but inside, he felt that he had shown them that he could do it. But before that he had operated on other cases, since the third year of medical school, because he would bring patients from a town, he would operate on them in Puebla and they would leave, but this was the most difficult thing he had ever done and he had achieved it, he went out, gave the postoperative orders and three days later the patient left the hospital, eight days later he removed the stitches and both the patient and his family were very grateful and in the office that at first couldn't stop even the flies, now more sick people started to come in.

It was on one of those days when his mother passed a polyp vaginally and had heavy bleeding, the doctor who saw her had performed a uterine curettage, but the patient continued to bleed so Juan thought, if despite the uterine curettage she continues to bleed and at 44 years old, instead of doing the curettage they should have performed a hysterectomy, being admitted to the "Haro y Tamariz" hospital they did not let her leave and he thought, I'm going to perform the hysterectomy because I thought, I'm going to go to the United States and I won't be able to see her anymore and I must make her well, Juan quickly mobilized an anesthesiologist and a doctor who was a very good friend of his. During the operation Juan was sweating intensely he was afraid to do the hysterectomy, but in such a situation he just reasoned and hoped that everything would go perfectly well.

With all his experience, at least 9 years of being in operating rooms, he was confident that everything would turn out super well; finally he removed the uterus that was large with a tumor, upon leaving the room he sat down in an armchair extremely exhausted, the struggle to perform the operation, the desire to please his family and his temper of steel made him overcome one obstacle after another, he was exhausted and with the awareness that he had put into this operation all the discipline he had been able to accumulate, in this operation on his mother he had jumped like when he saw that one of his companions was doing badly in a fight and he went out to defend him, getting into a fight with the other, so on this occasion when he saw that they had not done what was right for his mother; that she did not have the adequate treatment, he also went out to defend her, offering the remedy.

He had done it and thought, I just have to make sure the urine comes out properly through the bladder tubes, and so, little by little and with great anxiety, he watched the urine come out drop by drop. He took the womb that was in a tray, large and fibroid, and broke it open. He thought what a great satisfaction it is to know where one was formed and to think that 25 years ago I inhabited this place, this was my sacred precinct. Without anyone seeing, he brought the womb to his cheek and squeezed it tightly with a love he had never felt for anyone; not even for some of the women he had had, no one had been able to awaken in him what he felt for this womb. Then he tenderly placed it on the tray and ordered the nurse to place it in a jar of formalin so that it could be analyzed by the pathologist in case there was any risk of malignancy.

Days passed and he continued to go to the American embassy every third day to inquire about a visa and as they did not give up he said, I must look elsewhere and began to look in a book of American Medical Associations where he had the addresses of all the hospitals in the United States and Canada, so he wrote 800 letters, daily writing and sending them; what great joy he experienced when he began to receive reply letters with letterheads from the hospitals, although at first almost all of them arrived with a refusal to work but just receiving them gave him a great feeling of triumph that they were answering him in English and he began to translate them with the help of the dictionary.

Finally at the beginning of May he received a letter that felt thick, he opened it with anxiety and indeed it was sending him an application from a hospital in Canada, Regina General Hospital in Saskatchewan, he put the papers they asked for, letters of recommendation, portraits, photocopies of his medical diploma certified by the Canadian embassy and sent them and he thought, I should send them and grab the first thing that comes to me, it doesn't matter if I don't show up after that is enough, they are not going to do anything to me and even more so being far away and I must answer them all and I'm going to the best I have; Shortly after, another one arrived from Valhalla Hospital in New York and he also sent the application with all the paperwork and they continued to send him hundreds of letters with rejections, from the very few doctors in Puebla who knew English and from whom he was going to ask for letters of recommendation, if the doctor was a lung specialist he would ask for the letter and tell them that he planned to study Neurology, he knew that he had to cover up his true intentions, if not, the same thing could happen as with Dr. Castellanos, who would misinform him and not give him his position in the United States or Canada and that is what he did with a General Surgeon to whom Juan told him he wanted to be a Pediatrician, because those doctors were envious and saw in Juan a probable future competitor and he had already gained experience, he had already been soaked to the bone by dealing with Dr. Castellanos and other doctors who were around him, he already knew how to defend himself in the future and at the same time how to force them to help him, dealing with doctors had given him very strong experiences, since most of them saw him as an enemy and for Juan this no longer surprised him at all and he only thought about himself, about moving forward and overcoming all the obstacles in his path; out of the 800 letters he sent, he received eight applications and he sent them all. Now he was sure that in July he would be in some hospital in the United States or Canada and he reasoned, what to do if they confirm me in some hospital and in Dallas at the same time; and he thought that the most convenient would be Dallas because there the visa would be for an immigrant and no one would be able to get him out of the United States and in the other hospitals it would be with a student visa and if it wasn't convenient for a hospital, they could fire him and he would never enter the United States again, so he should give preference to Dallas.

Juan continued going to Mexico three times a week, to the American embassy, the lady who attended this department had already become his friend, so she said to Juan:

-Doctor , why don't you call your hospital so they can call the embassy here and ask about your visa?

-Yes! That's what I've been thinking for a few days now. I think you're quite right. I'm going to talk to you now.

Juan with a very firm and very sure idea left the embassy heading to a long distance phone; he decided to call person to person with Dr. Garfias who they located and explained that they did not want to give him the visa and the latter told him that he would notify the administrator of the hospital Mr. Taylor and he effectively called the American embassy saying that they needed Juan very much and that if it was not possible for them to process his visa quickly and indeed they accelerated the steps for the visa, Juan was extremely tired of going to look for the visa, because he thought that he would continue harassing those at the embassy and that it would not be boring, that he would continue going and more now that he thought that his visa was not far away, after having fulfilled the requirements, the fruits of so much struggle would soon be there; He remembered when he had been the university racing champion, being the best in the entire state, when having trained hard he never got bored and when the competitions came at first he would get tired and breathing would become difficult, but as time passed and he ran more, little by little his breathing became rhythmic and he would take two shallow breaths followed by a strong exhalation and from time to time a deep inspiration followed by a deep exhalation, he knew that at first he couldn't find his pace, but once he reached this type of breathing, it seemed like he was floating and running didn't cause him any fatigue, he almost always emerged victorious in competitions and he thought that was how it was in everything, to begin with something always went wrong, but once he found his pace there was no one who could beat him, he also thought that a true man's greatness or weakness is known when he is in trouble and that the sublime comes to him as a response to adversity; He managed his financial situation to a certain extent with ease. He was no longer in trouble, he no longer had many appointments, but with one operation or another he was able to live comfortably, not in luxury. He lived from day to day, but with a full stomach and always well-scented, which was one of the things that worried him most.

Days passed and suddenly he received papers from four hospitals accepting him definitively, some as an intern directly into surgery and others as a resident in general surgery. They sent him the numbers of the hospitals so they could give him a visa as a student. He immediately replied that he would be with them on July 1st and reasoned, I must have a secure place, in the end I will choose which is the best option and I will go there, while I must keep the doors open to all these places.

Until finally, one of the last days of June 1960, he went as usual to the American embassy to ask how the procedures for his visa were going, he was already a little disconsolate, he thought that his best option was in Dallas and nothing was coming to him, and that the other hospitals had even accepted him and had notified him when he should present himself and how he should do to get to those places, on the way he prayed to God with all his mental strength that he was capable of that they would accept him in the embassy as an emigrant, because he saw the great possibilities especially for his wife and descendants who would also be given the same visa and never because of a difference with the hospitals, they could not cancel his visa and remove him from the United States.

When he arrived with the young lady he had to ask and who he had become friends with, he said to her:

- Good morning, Miss. I'm bothering you again. Would you like to let me know if my visa hasn't been approved yet?

She laughed and said to him:

-I think so, they already spoke with the consul from Dallas and they asked us about you, I told them that you were almost here. From the newspaper from Puebla, give me your full name and application number.

Juan gave them his name and application number, inside he was jumping for joy, finally after so much waiting they had taken care of him, he prayed that they would fix his papers, he crossed his fingers and toes and bowed his head concentrating on the ambassador and asking God that they would fix his papers, after an hour of waiting the lady called him and had him pass with one of the embassy assistants saying:

-Please sit down! Do you want to go to the United States ?

-If you allow me!

-How did you get this contract?

-You have no idea how I got it, this contract is made with sweat, desperation, humiliation, hunger, but always within the law!

-Gosh, why are you telling me that?

-Do you want me to tell you?

-Yes, please! - At the same time, he was reviewing all the papers, saying: I'm listening!

Juan thought, if he listens to me I have to convince him sincerely, I will tell him my odyssey and he will give me the visa, Juan began to tell why he had decided to go to the United States and each of the steps he had to take; as things went by, the embassy aide became more astonished and from time to time he looked at him out of the corner of his eye and began to sign the papers; when Juan saw this he imagined that they would give him the visa and very encouraged he continued telling him that he had Mr. McAllister as a friend and to continue encouraging him he said that he had been baptized in the Baptist Church and the embassy aide commented:

-Okay Doctor, your visa is approved!

-And my wife's?

-Not yet! You go first and find a place to live, once you have the place you send us a copy of the house contract and then your wife will get to you.

-But my wife is already 7 months pregnant and the baby is going to be born here!

It's better! The visa will be extended to the wife and the child. You don't know how you'll be solving problems in Dallas, and she'll be better off here in Mexico and then she'll catch up with you.

Juan knew that he shouldn't reply, that he should blindly obey what the Consul's assistant told him, because any obstacle he put in their way could even result in his visa being taken away, and he obediently nodded his head in acceptance. The Consul's assistant handed him a set of papers along with his photos and said:

-As soon as you arrive at the border, hand over these papers upon entering the United States and they will give you the necessary paperwork. I hope you settle in soon.

-Thank you so much, thank you so much!

Juan left extremely happy that they had already approved it, although he felt very sorry that his wife was not going with him, but what more could he do, but what more, the embassy had also granted too much to admit him as an emigrant and he thought that he would only be separated from her for a few months and that in the end he had to grant her her visa and that it was just a matter of waiting. He left Mexico City for Puebla and carefully guarded the papers they had given him at the embassy, he couldn't lose them for anything, he carried them carefully under his shirt, so he got home and with great joy he told his parents and his wife that he had finally achieved what he had longed for, what he had worked so hard to seek and at the same time he explained to his wife that she would receive her papers later, that as soon as the child was born she should go to the embassy to get them arranged, and so they would meet in Dallas, for Juan there was nothing left to do in Puebla, his world was another world, his world was the United States, His stay here was unnecessary, his mother asked him:

-And when are you leaving?

To which he replied:

-Tomorrow!

-But how, so soon?

-My time here is over, I have nothing to do, I have to go conquer other lands, I'm going to continue learning surgery and English, which I don't understand.

Juan's way was demanding and decisive, now after walking with humility and asking for help, this shell had melted and the shell of arrogance, pride, and victory appeared, and he thought, "I have to learn to be humble when I ask and to show pride when I implement my power of work, when I teach what I know."

His personality was now beginning to transform. He was meditating on this when he thought about having to pack his bags. Sometimes he breathed with difficulty. The thought of having to separate from his parents, his siblings, his wife made him feel like his chest was opening up and he wanted to cry. But he thought, I'm not going to make a scene here with my family now. I must be strong. Paradoxically, the pain of separating from his family was harbored within him.

And the emotion of going to find the world he had already known so different from his own, the United States , sometimes tears shed at the thought of leaving his family, but he reasoned, I must be strong, I must be strong, a totally different environment awaits me than the one I have, those beautiful hospitals await me, such precious operating rooms, with so many instruments like I've never seen, so super equipped, where each person who was part of the hospital was a special entity and worthy of respect. Here, everything seems so vulgar, so poor, where everything is improvised, it's simply a different environment. So Juan thought, he continued to gather the courage to leave, no one could stop him now.

RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES

The next day he got up at three in the morning, began to bathe and get ready; it was time to say goodbye and the one who hurt him the most was his father, because his father had taught him to be brave and had raised him very harshly, but at the same time he had shown him many signs of the great love he had for him. Juan was his idol because his father had been a great baseball player and the way he raised him, he never made him feel the social differences that a neighborhood kid develops in, and through baseball, he had many people who admired him, whether poor or rich. Juan had gotten used to dealing with all kinds of people, and besides earning a lot of money, he always carried his pocket full of bills. Juan was proud that whenever they went to a restaurant or to buy something, his father would immediately take out the roll of bills to pay, and this had given Juan a lot of security in the social environment. He always tried to emulate him and even more so now that he felt he was earning, with great effort, the place he believed he deserved; As always, he dressed quite well in one of the suits that Mr. Iron McAllister had given him , he remembered what Dr. Castellanos had told him; you must always arrive at American or Mexican customs well dressed, because they must not confuse you with the Mexican braceros who arrive, because one is a doctor, we have an education and we are above the rest.

Juan was planning to go by plane, he still had money, but he thought it was better to go by bus and save the money for the future, one should always have something saved and even more so now that he was going by a totally different means. He took the bus to Dallas and had to transfer to the Gray Hound in Laredo Texas, on the road he contemplated the great deserts that lay between San Luis Potosí and Nuevo Laredo, so much poverty through the small towns that were on the road and the poor people who sold rabbits, snakes, birds to survive and the little houses they lived in made of adobe and Palma; the highway was only one lane going and one way coming, very narrow, the only exception being the city of Monterrey, which was a large city with an area of housing like that of the United States. And he thought, if only all the cities in the south were like Monterrey; leaving here they again passed through large expanses of desert and extremely poor towns. In Mexico City he had bought bananas, soft drinks, oranges, ham and that was what he was nourishing himself with, because he thought he shouldn't spend so much in restaurants and of course he carried his bottle of vitamins and minerals that he always took daily. Upon arriving in Nuevo Laredo he saw again the poverty in the outskirts of the city, with large puddles of water and holes on the sides of the road, the areas were unpaved and the houses were separated by vacant lots, the

facades of the houses unpainted and the famous junkers, which are spaces of land full of crashed cars, which are being dismantled to sell the used spare parts. They crossed Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, and arrived at the American Immigration office via the bridge. How different! What beautiful offices, full of comfort, air conditioning, light, as if it were daytime, comfortable seating, and the very friendly, smiling guards . One of them, who spoke Spanish, told Juan as they checked his documents:

-Are you a doctor ?

-Yeah!,

-Are you coming to stay with us?

-Yeah!

-And where are you going?

-To Dallas!

-Do you already have a house?

-I have friends, lots of them, one of them very rich and a job contract at Medical Arts Hospital in Dallas!

-Very good, very good, you are one of those from above, different from the Mexicans who come looking for work, the Wet Backs, sign these papers, you will receive your immigrant visa in Dallas, give me your address there!

-I don't have a house now, but I'm going to get one. I'll give you my pastor's house, from the Mexican Baptist Church. I'll write the address here.

-Oh, you're Bautista!

-Yeah!

-I'm Bautista too, here's your stamped passport!

And Juan, remembering that last time he had been given permission for only 30 days and thought he was going for three months, remembered that he had been handcuffed in the police car, so he asked:

-Excuse me , can I stay here as long as I want?

-You can stay forever, and work wherever it suits you best and travel freely throughout the United States , this is a country of immigrants, here you will find good people and bad people, choose your friends and you will not have problems!

Juan didn't like ranchera songs. When he heard Jorge Negrete sing, he thought this type of music was very payo-like. The movies always showed poor places, people dressed in cotton underwear and adobe houses, always getting drunk on tequila, mezcal, or pulque. He got the impression that they were very innocent, incapable of having high opinions of life, and always entrusting their fate to the Virgin of Guadalupe.

At that moment, he heard a Mexican tourist waiting for his visa to enter the United States. He had a radio playing ranchera music, and on American soil, he felt that he liked this music. He kept thinking about Puebla and how much nostalgia he began to feel. Juan stood still when the immigration agent saw him and said:

-Do you like ranchera music?

-Yeah!

-There's a lot of playing around here, you'll hear it more often!

-Yes, thank you so much for everything!

At the same time that Juan extended his hand to the agent and said goodbye with a handshake, he left the office and found the bus from which the luggage had already been unloaded, Juan approached a guard, and the guard said to him:

-What is your luggage?

-This!

-Open it please!

Juan opened it, and the guard noticed that he was wearing nothing but his clothes and said to him:

-Thank you very much, that's all, you can put it in the car!

The driver and his assistant put all the luggage back in and all the passengers got into the car and set off.

Juan saw downtown Laredo, Texas, with large stores full of neon signs. They arrived at the Gray Hound terminal and the car stopped on one of the platforms. The driver told them, "You can get off and board the car in front of you."

Juan was the first to get comfortable in the Gray Hound unit. What a change! What a nice car, the seats were extremely soft and reclining, you could feel the cold air conditioning, he looked for his spot, which he had marked on his ticket and sat down, immediately seeing through the window a restaurant with plenty of light, very clean and the great variety of dishes it had and that the customer served himself, quite comfortable chairs and tables, little by little the minutes passed and the car moved towards Dallas; Six hours passed and they finally arrived. Juan got off at the terminal and looked around at everything. He saw his suit that Mr. McAllister had given him in a mirror. It fit him perfectly. He felt like a winner with great pride and vanity about what he had. He had earned it, he no longer had any doubts that he belonged to the group of winners. Now he was on the right path. All he had to do was learn surgery, which was what he had come for, and at the same time, English, which was important to be on top of the rest.

Mr. Jonás González 's name in the directory and said:

-Good morning, brother. I'm Dr. Juan. I've already sorted out my immigration papers. I'm here in Dallas, at the Gray Hound terminal!

Mr. Taylor from the Hospital has been communicating with us and told us that the embassy had already spoken to you and that you were coming, that we should get you a house and now we have it.

-Do I really have a house now?

-Yes, wait for me at the terminal!

Juan hung up the phone, feeling a deep gratitude toward Brother Jonás González and to Mr. McAllister who had served him, not as religious but as true blood brothers. Half an hour later, Brother Jonás arrived in his latest model Chevrolet. He got out of the car and gave Juan a big hug. He said:

-Congratulations, Doctor. I never thought you were capable of what you've done. Mr. Rewards tenacity, and besides that, you're very intelligent!

Juan saw it and thought, I'm going to be so much more, I'm going to conquer the U.S., I'm going to improve intellectually, my presence anywhere won't go unnoticed. Juan tried to appear very simple both externally and internally, he felt inflamed, he felt he could climb to high places within American society, he had what it took, and he had already demonstrated his ability.

Juan got into the car and put his suitcase on the back seat at the same time that the Pastor said to him:

-We're going to have breakfast at home, then to church, and then I'm going to show you your house. You're going to take possession of it as soon as you arrive!

They went to have breakfast at the Church and then to an area of houses exclusively for Mexicans, there were about 50 little houses, all with gardens, they had two bedrooms upstairs and a bathroom downstairs, a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, this one with furniture and a refrigerator, the house was very decorated with its polyvinyl floor and in front of the general management, with a piece of garden and rented only 35 dollars a month, Juan had a contract for 175 dollars a month and he only spent 12 dollars a week on food, Downtown spent 25 cents on the bus, so it was still enough and he still saved about \$70. The only drawback was that the apartment didn't have air conditioning, and at three in the afternoon it was stiflingly hot and unbearable. Juan thanked Mr. Jonas, who said,

-I'm going to lend you a bed that I have, it has a mattress and some sheets while you look for your furniture.

Juan answered yes, although he thought he didn't have enough money to furnish the house, nor did he feel like living in government buildings, where everyone around them were people who worked as factory employees with very low wages. He found them all wearing t-shirts or factory work uniforms, and some of them went around shirtless, which Juan didn't like at all, and he tried not to make friends with them.

RETURN TO MEDICAL ARTS HOSPITAL

That same afternoon, Juan called the hospital where he told Mr. Taylor that he was now available for work and Mr. Taylor replied through an interpreter to show up daily at 7:30 in the morning and that he would leave at 4:00 in the afternoon and that they would feed him right there; the next day he got up at 6:00 in the morning, ate milk, bread and bananas that he had bought the night before at a nearby store; took the bus that they had told him went to the city center, nice and clean and in a suit he went to the hospital, what a pleasant feeling, how important he felt when Mr. Taylor was introducing him throughout the hospital with the entire team of doctors and nurses and where he only bowed his head and laughed because he didn't understand any English; Later they took him to the operating room and introduced him to a nurse who was of Mexican descent named Ruth Adame and she was his support in everything, she was about 30 years old, pretty with a very special sense of service, she showed Juan where his locker was and where he would have clothes to enter the operating rooms, they brought him a new pair of shoes especially for the operating room, the entire hospital had air conditioning. That's how the doctors began to employ him, first as a second assistant, and as time passed they began to like him and some already took him as a first assistant, it was not difficult for Juan to help because he had already done it in Puebla with people who had also been educated in the United States , and with American doctors like Dr. Myer , in addition, he already had about ten years of experience in surgery, because he began to help since he was in high school, so he did not need that They told him how he should help, he was always ahead of all the steps that followed in the operations, the doctors began to bring him everywhere, they invited him to lunch hours outside the hospital, they took him to Saint Paul Hospital and to Baylor University for conferences, and so he began to loosen up in English and Ruth, always kind, wrote down for him the words the doctors said that he didn't understand, they bought him a Spanish and English dictionary and he tried hard to use English everywhere, in the stores, on the buses, but he felt that he needed a car, so when he went down the streets he always passed by a place that sold used cars and he looked and looked at them, there were eleven cars in front of him until one day the agent who was nearby told him in English to stop by and see them, Juan at first didn't understand anything, but when he saw that the agent opened the door of one of them that was very nice, he approached and got in; How wonderful! What a pleasure to take the wheel! The agent opened the engine and Juan was left open-mouthed. The agent put him to work and showed him the air conditioning. Juan walked everywhere and thought how wonderful it would be to drive one of these cars, but he didn't dare buy one because he didn't even have a driver's license, so he felt it was impossible for him to buy one for now. He said goodbye to the agent, just saying, bye bye. The agent spoke to him and insisted that he was giving him facilities, but Juan didn't understand anything.

He was very hot every day, at night he sweated a lot and the mattress became very hot to the point of being unbearable and just to mitigate the heat a little he would open the refrigerator door, stand in front of it and stay like that for 10 or 15 minutes and drink very cold water and then he would lie down only in his underwear on the polyvinyl floor to

cool off a little, this was becoming unbearable for Juan, until a brother passed by him on his way to the Baptist service and he said to Pastor Jonás González:

-Hey bro, what can I do? It's so hot in the house, I can hardly sleep. At night I just sweat and sweat!

-You need air conditioning, but don't worry, I have a fan in the warehouse here at the Church. Ask Brother Granados to bring it to you in his truck!

-Yes, of course!

At that very moment he went to ask Brother Granados to take him, and he immediately agreed to do so; so after the service they went to get him.

And Juan was greatly surprised to see the fan. It was over two meters in diameter and was probably from a factory that had been given to the Church. When they tested it, Juan, who was standing in front of him, almost knocked it over because it was so strong. Juan thought, "Now the heat is really going to run my errands." With great difficulty, they carried it in the truck, as four people carried it. They then lifted it into the bedroom, also with great difficulty, and placed it in front of the bed. At night, he turned it on, and the air blew so hard that he could hardly breathe. He stood it for ten minutes, then got up again and turned it off. It was impossible to sleep with that air and the tremendous noise it made. At midnight, he got up again, in his underwear, opened the refrigerator door, stood in front of it, drank cold water, and tried again to sleep on the living room floor. He thought, "No, we can't live like this! There must be a solution." The next day he went to ask how much an air conditioner cost and its price was 125 dollars so he forgot that it was too hot, besides the fact that he wasn't happy living there, Juan continued working extremely happily at the hospital, trying to spend most of the day there, when it got dark he would go home to avoid the heat. Time passed and every day he learned more English; they almost made him the first assistant in all the operations. One of the things he liked a lot was that the doctors were very formal with him and very often took him to very good restaurants for lunch. And since Juan was always well dressed, always in a suit, he wondered; I'd been told there was a lot of discrimination. I've been to very good restaurants and very good places, the best in Dallas, and there's none, or at least I haven't felt it. Maybe it's because my environment is different, more distinguished and professional; we are educated people.

All the doctors treated Juan perfectly and would chat with him, like Dr. Lanius, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Galt, who were important people, but there was a Dr. Bush to whom Juan was always first assistant and they had become very good friends, despite his character, which was a bit harsh, with Juan he had special attentions that made him feel good and important.

Juan was fed up with the heat in his house, the lack of furniture, the noise of the fan, and the fact that he had to pay daily for the bus, which took him about 30 minutes from where he lived to the hospital, even though the bus was comfortable and air-conditioned. Juan started looking for another house. He was told that he could rent an apartment with air conditioning and furniture for about \$70, and a brother from the

Church told him that a woman who was a tortilla maker rented an apartment in the city center near the hospital.

Days passed and a surgeon told Juan in English:

-Hey Juan, tomorrow I'm going to do a nose job on a girl from Guatemala. She doesn't speak English. Don't you want to come over and talk to her?

-Yes, of course, doctor!

-What time?

-At eleven in the morning!

The next day Juan helped other doctors operate and around eleven in the morning they sent him a nurse informing him that the plastic surgeon was already waiting for him in one of the operating rooms, Juan remembered that he already had a commitment to be in that room and hurried to go there, upon entering he saw that the scrub nurse was arranging the table and as always a large number of these instruments on large aluminum tables, the room was large with a large number of accessories on the walls and the modern operating table, a large device to administer anesthesia, the patient was lying down and covered, they were going to work on her nose with local anesthesia, Juan approached and said to the Doctor:

-Hi. Doc!, (Hello Doctor!)

How are you, Johnny? (How are you, Juan?). This is María Isabel and. This is Dr. Juan Pérez. (This is María Isabel and this is Dr. Juan Pérez).

The Doctor introduced the two and Juan said to the sick woman.

-Is your name María Isabel?

María Isabel, who had already been given anesthesia in her nose, spoke with difficulty and her voice sounded hollow.

-Yes, Maria Isabel Vides!

-Where are you from?

-From Guatemala!

-And what are you doing here?

-I've been here for six months, I study at SMU (Southern Methodist University), and you, what are you doing here?

-I am a doctor from Mexico and I am working here at Medical Arts, as a surgical assistant.

-From what part of Mexico?

-From Puebla!

-Where is it?

-Ninety miles south of Mexico City.

-It must be very beautiful!

-Extremely beautiful, we have four mountains surrounding Puebla, Popocatepetl and Iztacíhuatl that are together, there is a very beautiful legend about them, it is said that Popocatepetl is the Indian kneeling before his beloved Iztacíhuatl who is sleeping and that it is exactly located between Mexico and Puebla, other mountains are Malinche and Pico de Orizaba.

-It must be very beautiful!

"It has snow on its summit most of the year, and Popocatepetl has a crater that Hernán Cortés, the conqueror of Mexico, used to climb to obtain sulfur and make gunpowder," Juan said.

"Very interesting!" added Maria Isabel.

"It's beautiful! It's spring almost all year round, and there's lots of fruit of all varieties!" Juan commented.

-Would you take me to visit your city someday?

Maria Isabel asked.

-Any day you want!

The conversation that María Isabel and Juan had been having took over the operating room and the nurses and the surgeon and his assistants didn't understand anything, they just stared at each other, it even seemed that they were bothered by the fact that Spanish was being spoken, because now they were left speechless, it was the opposite of what happened when Juan remained speechless, because he didn't understand well the conversations that the nurses and doctors were having.

The surgeon said to Juan:

-The talk must be good, Johnny will you explain to me later what you are talking about.

-Yes Doctor, (Yes Doctor).

The operation continued, and Juan thought it best not to speak, as María Isabel's speech became increasingly difficult. Minutes passed, and the surgeon concentrated on working on her nose. Juan later learned that her nose was a little aquiline, and that she had wanted a straighter one. Since the patient's nose was almost completely covered, only the skin of her lips and nose could be seen, and Juan thought to himself:

What will this María Isabel be like? Will she be pretty? At least she's white, maybe she's a monument or maybe she's ugly, who knows?

Finally the surgeon finished the operation and said at the same time that he removed the cloth field that covered her face.

-Well, well that is all!

When the bandage was removed, a very pleasant face and a very swollen nose were seen. The doctor proceeded to splint it and cover it with a bandage. Juan was impressed and thought; she seems pretty, and if her nose looks good, it's probably a scam. Then he thought again, well, maybe she belongs to the law of the thrush, with skinny legs and a fat ass. And mentally he smiled. A malicious smile appeared on his face, which the surgeon noticed and said:

-Why are you laughing? (What are you laughing at?)

Juan just shrugged.

The nurses were helping Maria Isabel put on her nightgown and Juan got a good look at her white thighs and buttocks and he said softly:

-Phew!

At the same time that her lips were trembling as she made that exclamation, he also went to the trouble of helping her move her onto the stretcher and they took her out of the operating room and to the room where she was. Juan saw it and understood that it was one of the best in the hospital and he thought, this room is one of the expensive ones and it's private, how much it must have cost, especially the operation, this old woman must be very rich.

At that moment, they were calling for Juan over the loudspeakers, telling him to contact the operating room. He went to the nearby telephone, called, and was told that he was urgently needed. Juan left María Isabel's room and went back to the operating room to assist with another operation. When the operation was over, he returned to check on María Isabel again and found her asleep, unable to talk anymore. Four o'clock in the afternoon arrived and Juan left the hospital. In the elevator, everyone was gathering; it was time to leave, even the doctors, and here he met Dr. Galt, who said to him in English:

-Are you leaving? Are you going to your house? If you want, I will give you a ride.

Juan didn't understand anything, and in the midst of all the people getting off the elevator, he only answered by intuition.

-Yes Sir! (Yes sir!)

They continued going down and Juan, who was glued to the door, quickly left the elevator, he continued walking when he heard Dr. Galt's voice saying to him:

-Johnny!

Juan turned around and Dr. Galt grabbed him by the shoulder and led him to the parking lot halfway down the street, while waving his hand and saying,

-Home!

Until then Juan understood that what she had said in the elevator was that she was giving him a ride home. Juan, all embarrassed for not having understood and blushing, answered:

-Excuse me!

And so Dr. Galt took him home, it was clear that Dr. Galt accepted him very well.

The next day Juan spent the whole day locked in the operating room, he came out of one operation and went in to assist another, Juan was making more and more of a presence among the doctors who were seeing him and who thought that even though he didn't speak English in the operating room he was behaving well and didn't need English to help; in a notebook he continued to write down the most frequent sentences they used in the operating room and he went over them, he told the surgeons to say the sentences in English so his ear could get used to those sounds, when he left at four in the afternoon he remembered that Maria Isabel was hospitalized and he felt a little indifferent and because he was so tired he thought about not going to visit her, he went down the elevator and when he was down he thought, well what am I going to do now at home? I'm going to go cook and it's so hot right now, I better go back see her and that way I'll make time for her to cool off more, there's air conditioning here; so he went back in the elevator and went to the room where she was hospitalized, he entered and she was lying on the head of the bed, the room was very elegant and smelling of an extremely pleasant perfume, he thought this is the one she uses, the bed with a salmon-colored bedspread looked new and a large bouquet of roses on the table next to the bed and she with a large bandage on her nose, and in a new white robe, she looked very classy, the skin on her face was white as well as her legs, and a very red color on her toenails that gave her a touch of distinguished people, you could see that they were people accustomed to living well, so with great delicacy she said:

-Good afternoon, I'm Juan, the doctor who was with you in the operating room yesterday. Do you remember?

She laughed with difficulty and with a stifled sound, with her nose covered, and answered:

-Of course! How did I behave yesterday? I was really scared of the operation, but you know how vain we women are.

At the same time, she gracefully touched the wound on her nose, straightened up, and squatted on the edge of the bed. Juan watched her move so femininely, and the thought quickly crossed his mind, "She looks beautiful!" And at that moment, she remarked:

-Doctor, let's talk to each other informally. In English, this doesn't matter or one doesn't realize it, just because of the treatment, but in Spanish one does realize it, it gives us more confidence in friendship!

John answered:

-What a lovely concept you just told me. I hadn't even realized the use of "tu" or "usted" in English, but there's no doubt that knowing another culture makes you appreciate your own more. But tell me, in Mexico, when someone has surgery, the whole family is there, and neither yesterday nor today have I seen anyone who accompanies you.

-This may seem a little sad what I'm going to tell you, but I'm getting used to living and solving my problems alone. Here in Dallas, I don't have anyone.

-So who do you live with?

-The owners of the Dallas Times Herald (Newspaper) are friends of my parents and I came to study here.

-And what do your parents do?

-Now they're in Paris, they're traveling all the time, I have more brothers and sisters, they're all married and we live in Guatemala.

-And what do your parents make a living from?

-We have ranches and we export fruit and sell it to the United.

-And you dared to come live here in Dallas?

-I really like life here!

-Well, there are two of us now. I love living here too. If I told you how I got here, you'd be amazed.

-Was it really hard for you to come?

-You don't know what I went through to get an immigrant visa, and you're here as an immigrant?

"No, I have a student visa!" said Maria Isabel.

-So we are two lonely people in this American labyrinth- said Juan-

"We're two Latinos learning to live the American way!" said Maria Isabel.

-You must feel alone?

-Sometimes I feel very alone, but I'm not going to play around and tell my parents that I want to go back. Now I either drink it or spill it.

Juan thought inside that he had found another person similar to him, who had a similar personality and that because of this same state he liked María Isabel, he liked her more and more and he also felt that she was one of his own, that he should join forces with her to achieve greater courage in the environment in which he worked.

Maria Isabel stared into Juan's eyes and didn't dare, but she finally decided and said to him:

-I already told you part of myself, and you?

Juan, a little embarrassed by the question, because he was afraid to tell her that he was married, shied away a little and murmured:

-And me?

-Tell me about your life, your family?

Juan was surprised, but he knew he had to tell the truth so he started trying to circle around the truth.

-I have a dad and a mom, the one I love most is my dad, I love my mom too but my dad is a very special kind of man, I'll tell you in time, he's not an ordinary father, as a friend he's exceptional, I have two brothers and a sister.

Juan wanted to end the conversation about his family there, but María Isabel, more energetic and interested in Juan, put her finger on the sore spot and asked:

-Did you leave your girlfriend there?

-No! , Don't leave a girlfriend.

He commented on this very slowly, which made Maria Isabel suspicious and asked again:

-So you brought her to Dallas?

Juan felt cornered and answered decisively.

-I'm married!

-Do you really live with her here?

-No! She stayed in Mexico to have a baby.

-Do you live here alone?

-Yes! I feel very lonely, but like you said, I'm not going to back down now.

More than words, Juan's complaint came out.

-So we are companions of the same pain!

At the same time as she said this, a sad and melancholic smile appeared on María Isabel's face, as if she had been shipwrecked at sea and, on the verge of drowning, had found a piece of wood that she had grabbed onto to keep from sinking into the water.

Juan felt the same way and bent down, tears trickling down his cheek, María Isabel was speaking to him and Juan, embarrassed, didn't want to lift his face so she wouldn't notice he had tears in his eyes, she gently put her hand on his chin and lifted his face, Juan took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes; when María Isabel said to him:

-I didn't think you were so sensitive! But, I'm going to tell you something. Sometimes at night in my bedroom I've started to cry, feeling nostalgic for everything.

My thing, I left Guatemala like a plant that is taken from a pot and planted in another pot in Dallas. I separated from my family, my religion, my customs, my friends. This place is something else, something else!

-Did you leave your boyfriend?

-No!

-Do you have a boyfriend here?

-I have a suitor, American!

-Speak Spanish?

-No! Only English

-Are you dating him?

-Sometimes, just to the movies!

-Do you want it?

-He's the only friend I have here, but as you can see, he loves me a lot. He knew I was going to have surgery, and you see, he hasn't even shown up yet. But anyway, it's a good thing he didn't come, otherwise, we probably wouldn't have talked the way we are, as nicely and sincerely as we have.

At that moment the nurse arrived with a tray and several plates, María Isabel asked Juan.

-Did you eat yet?

-No! Not yet, I have to stop by Safeway to get some groceries.

-Do you cook?

Yes, but it's almost always the same: eggs, fruit, and steak!

-One day I'm going to cook for you. Look, there are six dishes, set aside three and I'll make three!

"No, you better give me everything and we'll eat half of everything!" said Juan.

Maria Isabel and Juan began to eat and when they finished Juan told her:

-Look, it's already six in the afternoon and you should rest, when are you leaving?

-I don't know yet, when the Doctor comes he'll tell me when I'm leaving.

-Well then you'll still be here tomorrow, I'll come see you after work!

-I'll wait for you Johnny!

Juan said goodbye and gently kissed her hand, trying to make her feel like a gentleman, but without letting her think of the idea that he was openly courting her, because he didn't want María Isabel to put up a barrier before him, since he could have easily said goodbye to her with a kiss on the cheek, but that wasn't the right thing to do. Juan left and María Isabel looked at him tenderly. She felt that Juan was pleasant, that he had liked her a lot, and that there was a similarity in their lives and that they made a couple, because the common union in their ideas was evident. They both loved life in the United States, they both felt alone, they were both very brave and could accompany each other to face American life.

Juan arrived home and again began to feel a terrible heat, he sweated and sweated, he drank plenty of water and it seemed that it did not satisfy him because it was insufficient, he put on shorts and went out to sit at the door of his house, the grass was already tall and longing for the baseball fields of Puebla, he lay down on it, about half an hour had passed when he fell deeply asleep, suddenly he began to feel very itchy and began to scratch desperately especially on his legs; The itching became so desperate that he was almost tearing his skin off and it was hanging by his nails. He looked for where the itching was and found absolutely no lesions. Despite examining himself, he found nothing. He took a bath and it calmed down a bit. An hour later it was itchy again. He sat down on the bed to think about what was wrong with him. He had never seen this in any patient. Finally, sleep overcame him and in the middle of the night he woke up feeling very itchy again. He peeled off the epidermis and started bleeding from scratching. He remembered that the bath had gone away. He went in and with the bath it calmed down. He got out and dried himself off. He lay down, fell asleep and woke up at Six in the morning with the itch, he got up and had breakfast quickly, went to take a shower and went out, took the bus again that went to the center of the city where the hospital was and quickly looked for the nurse Ruth Adame and said to her:

Hey Ruth , look how itchy my legs are.

She saw them and said:

-Holy Mary, what happened to you?

Juan's legs had multiple abrasions and almost no epidermis from scratching all night. Juan, all distressed, asked him:

-What is this Ruth?

-They're Chiggers! (tick larvae)

-Did you sit on the grass?

-I fell asleep yesterday afternoon!

-That's it!

-What's that?

-They are very small animals that burrow into the skin!

-And what is good for that!

-Let's go find Dr. Taylor at his office!

They went to the office, showed Dr. Taylor the skin lesions, and he told Ruth to go to the pharmacy. He would call to get 50 cm of resin, which she should apply three times a day, along with some tablets for the itching. They went to the pharmacy, gave them the medicine, and Ruth applied the resin. It looked like a thin, plastic layer, especially on her legs. With the help of the tablets, she felt better throughout the day, and little by little, the itching began to go away.

For Juan, the Chiggers were something very new; he had never seen this parasitic disease, but it was another experience; he had to learn more about life in the United States.

Juan felt the very strong heat, the apartment without furniture, the noise of the loud fan that kept him awake at first and which he had later grown accustomed to, but the place where he lived was becoming unbearable.

One afternoon when he returned home he found the lawnmower by the door and the management told him that the grass was too long and that he should cut it. Juan, who was not used to being a gardener, felt that this was a humiliation and asked for a gardener to cut it and was told that there was one who charged 5 dollars for a small piece. When they told him the price, he preferred to do it and so he started and saw that it was not difficult to cut the grass. At first it was difficult for him and later he did it every eight days with great pleasure.

Juan felt that the place he lived in was not for him and that his wife would probably arrive and he would also have to live there. The house was fine, extremely fine, but the people who lived in those places were factory workers, bricklayers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and the same with the women. You could see people who were not on his intellectual level. They were people who had not been able to do anything in Mexico and who went there as illegal immigrants to work. Some were already legalized and went out to buy their food in old cars. They would go out in shorts, without a shirt, unshaven, their houses were totally messed up, they were people with no education but they lived in good houses and simply when they spoke they did so with idioms that only they understood each other because the Mexicans from Mexico did not understand that type of Spanish they spoke, (because there are Mexicans from the United States), they used to say the truck loads the truck, in English it was truck or when pushing they would say puchalo, instead of saying to push which means to push or when parking a car they would say parquealo instead of saying park the car or sometimes they would say, come here, when applying for a part-time job they would say: I want a part time, or see you later they would say until bye bye; sometimes to say go to the supermarket, let's go to the market; instead of saying let's go to lunch they would say let's go to lunch; tapiar, instead of saying let's go to lunch, they spoke the famous: spanglish and among these people it was understood well, but with educated people from a university like Juan, this

environment was not acceptable by him; When he went to church he had to deal with them because he had no other way out, but he tried to avoid them and as soon as he felt he could choose doctors and nurses as friends,

He preferred to go to this environment and asked himself, "Why should I discriminate against these kinds of people? I shouldn't. They're people like me, but with their way of being, I can't get along with them. My environment is different." He continued meditating and answered himself, "These kinds of people need to change, and the only way to do that is to send them to school. If they could be sent to learn English, to attend universities at night, they could change. But how difficult it was to make that leap. With what they work, they feel it's enough to eat, live, and buy an old car. Their cleanliness is disastrous, as is their clothing. In the Church, only one young man, about 20 years old, was studying engineering; everyone else worked, and there were about 100 people.

The only nice and clean houses were the Pastor and two other families.

Juan asked himself, "How would I help these people get out of the intellectual hole they were in?" And he answered himself simultaneously, "I don't think these kinds of people will ever jump over the wall, but some of their children probably can; the second generation of these people will probably be educated and have a better social standing." The social and cultural disorientation of these people is such that after some time in the United States, they already feel ashamed of being told they are Mexican. Americans themselves reject Mexicans, and Mexicans, feeling this rejection, no longer want to be Mexican. Some even take their nationality as a "motherfucker," and that's why, for short, instead of calling them Mexicans, they call them Xicanos (Chicanos).

At the Baptist Church, Juan had already gained the Pastor's trust. At night, he gave health lectures and preached during services. What he liked most was when they sang hymns, and it was beautiful to hear them. At that moment, Juan felt there should be something special about the space. It was like a communion with God, and he saw that the people who had come to this country in search of a better life and had found it felt so alone, so far from their roots, and in the midst of this loneliness, all they had left was the consolation of religion. Here, they lived together socially. After services, they greeted each other and invited each other to eat at their homes. This was different from the traditional Catholic Mass, where at the end, everyone went home until the next Mass. However, at the Baptist Church, it was different. Here, they cared about socializing, for their own benefit and that of the Church. If the Pastor saw that a family stopped going to Church, he would immediately go visit them and if they were sick he would try to take them to the doctor, he would take care of his flock, in exchange for this the tithes would increase every time, the Church would maintain itself, no longer They needed the gifts of Mr. McAllister, who so kindly gave them what they needed.

In services, Juan advised the faithful to send their children to university, to never let them work, to help them, but sometimes Juan began to think that the children of this class of people probably didn't have the capacity to study, and in that case, how could they escape the social environment they found themselves in? They had to be ordinary workers, doing jobs that Americans didn't want to do. There were almost no Chicano

politicians; Hispanics weren't heard from within the government; almost all of them had American names, so Americans believed that Mexicans from Mexico were the same as the Mexicans they knew who lived in the United States. Juan was always concerned about excelling in everything and tried to dress well all the time so that the difference between a man who had gone to university, who was Mexican, would be seen. As time went by, he saw that there were a lot of Americans, who were also very uneducated, some who didn't even know where Chile was and others who confused New Mexico with Mexico, this consoled him somewhat but when he went to the airport, to visit universities or other hospitals, Juan had no choice but to admit the great superiority of the United States , its great economic potential.

As always, after leaving work, Juan went to visit María Isabel and she greeted him happily and said:

-Johnny! I was just waiting for four o'clock in the afternoon. Did you work hard?

-A bit!

-One of the operating room nurses was telling me that she came to deliver a patient to the room next door.

-Yes! And what did he say to you?

-The doctors say you're so smart, they don't even need to talk to you for you to help them.

-I've been an assistant for so many years that I already know what to do in each operation. If I were new to this, I've been in the operating room for a long time.

-You know what? I like you more every day that passes, although before I hated Mexicans, -said María Isabel-

"And now?" Juan asked.

"No more! Mexico is a very big country. You took Chiapas from us, that's what they tell us at school," said María Isabel.

-That's history. You see us the way we see the United States . It's a big country, and they took California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas from us. You're right. Most of my fellow doctors in Puebla hate the United States, but they don't know it. They haven't seen what life is like here, that's why they're against it, just like most of you are against Mexico.

"Let's leave that topic alone!" said Maria Isabel.

Maria Isabel laughed lightly to take care of her splinted nose and Juan, seeing her laugh, delicately caressed her cheek very softly with the back of his fingers and Maria Isabel said:

-Johnny, you know I like it when you caress me. I felt like I had found someone to protect me!

-Well, I can caress you much more!

-Oh Johnny. Johnny! Do you know I'm leaving tomorrow?

-I'm going to miss you!

"I'm going to come see you as soon as I recover!" said Maria Isabel.

-Are you really coming?

-Yeah!

At that moment a person came in with the tray of food and as had happened the day before, María Isabel said to him:

-Johnny, take a plate! - and Maria Isabel began to serve him half of each thing, they felt accompanied, each other, they felt comforted, they no longer felt lonely, it seemed as if they were lost until they They found out, Johnny no longer had to come home to cook, he had found a break and Maria Isabel told him:

-Johnny, where do you live?

Juan was upset, he didn't know whether to give her the address or not, he felt ashamed and inside him, his brain worked like a machine while he chewed his food and thought that he lived in a house surrounded by non-intellectual people, Mexican workers, who were very frowned upon by the Americans, and to top it all off he had seen María Isabel who lived very comfortably, he was embarrassed to give her the address and as time passed and Juan ate more food, María Isabel stared at him and said.

-Don't you want to give me the address?

Juan, understanding that he should not tell a single lie to María Isabel and that he should face reality, said to her:

-María Isabel! I live in a government housing complex, which is cheap for Mexicans. My protector found one for me when I arrived and I'm living there. They're very nice, only Mexicans live there, they're very ordinary. And where you say you live must be very nice and luxurious. I don't have any furniture, just a bed and a fan for the heat.

María Isabel answered while they continued eating:

-At home when we were very young, my dad taught us that we should value people for their personality, not for how much money they had, and I really like you, and as a professional, people tell me you stand out.

"I swear, Maria Isabel, that I won't always live there; and very soon I'll be moving to a much better apartment."

Juan thought, but why do I have to swear to María Isabel that I'm going to get better, if she doesn't belong to me, she's just a friend.

However, an atmosphere beyond friendship surrounded them, they began to take a greater interest in each other and they liked each other.

Juan finished eating and got up to take a more manly attitude with well-studied movements to please María Isabel, he put his hands in the pocket of his pants under his jacket and leaned against the wall, saying to María Isabel in a very soft tone as if asking if she would allow it.

-Leave?

Maria Isabel, who was sitting on the bed with the plate in one hand and the cutlery in the other, raised her face and answered:

-Do you want to leave so soon?

When Juan heard this question, he thought, I've got you, and he stared into her eyes and said:

-María Isabel, I really like you, especially your personality. You realize the situation you and I are in.

-I like you too, Johnny!

Juan thought to himself: if you've accepted the caress and already told me you like me, you'll easily accept a kiss on the cheek to start, and at the same time, I subtly reject her, saying goodbye, and she'll feel it and become even more attached to me.

"I must go now." Juan gently grabbed her cheek, leaned down, and at the same time whispered in her ear, "I'm leaving." He placed his lips on her cheek near her ear, and Maria Isabel answered him.

-Johnny, it's too early!

Juan knew it was time to gently snub her, to make her feel that even if she wanted to stop him, she couldn't do so easily, so that she would put up less resistance to being won over and a deeper relationship would develop between her and him; Juan answered.

-María Isabel, I have to go, I still have many things to do!

-What do you have to do?

-I don't have any clean clothes anymore; I have to go to the laundry!

-Do you wash your clothes?

-Yes, and the refrigerator is already full of ice and I need to defrost it!

-Is that what you're going to do now?

-Yeah!

-It's hard to find men like you, I don't know one who does that!

-When you live alone and are used to being clean, you become more responsible, because your needs increase!

Juan extended his hand to María Isabel and said goodbye very slowly. María Isabel saw him and was left with a very pleasant impression of Juan, since she was used to hanging around young men from Guatemala, people with a lot of money, who wouldn't have even mistakenly picked up a broom to sweep, much less wash their clothes. In their homes, they had many maids and people who worked for them even in the smallest details, and now, upon leaving her house, she was beginning to meet people very different from those in her environment.

The next day, when Juan left work at 4 p.m., he remembered that María Isabel told him she was leaving the hospital, but since he wanted to see her, when he left the operating room, he went to the room and found the bed, but with another patient whom he only greeted, since he had already confirmed that María Isabel had left the hospital.

Days passed and Juan remembered, especially when he left the hospital at four in the afternoon, that he could no longer visit María Isabel and he thought that it was most likely that he would never see her again and that it had been very nice to have known her.

Fifteen days passed, it was about 3:30 in the afternoon, he was sitting in the doctors' lounge, studying very hard the advances in medicine that were coming out in the American magazines and with his English - Spanish dictionary at his side, when he sat down to study he heard almost nothing around him, because his thoughts were only on the English that he was beginning to feel deep inside him, there was a little black boy who was cleaning in the hospital's operating room and he said to Juan.

-Dr . Johnny, a beautiful girl is waiting for you outside!

Juan didn't understand anything, he made signs to her to wait, he left his books open and went to see Ruth Adame, the nurse and said:

-Hey , Ruth, the little black boy told me something that I didn't understand. Don't you want to ask him what he's saying?

Ruth went to the little black boy and asked him and returned to Juan to whom she said with some malice and laughing:

-He said a beautiful girl was outside, asking for you!

-Thanks Ruth!

Juan walked away towards the operating room door wondering, Who could it be? When he arrived he looked out and saw a beautiful woman with a gorgeous face wearing a black blouse that barely covered her belly button and black shorts with white trim that reached above mid-thigh, low black patent leather shoes and a black bag that she was graciously carrying on her left forearm with a smile coming out of her red lips and in those moments she stared straight into Juan's eyes and at the same time she said:

-Johnny, it's me, María Isabel!

Juan, a little confused, since he hadn't expected this beautiful woman to be María Isabel, much less that she would seek him out, stared at her, saying:

-Are you María Isabel?

And she answered with great affection.

-Yes Johnny! I promised I would come see you and here I am!

Juan had thought that maybe he would never see her again and now he was surprised that she was going to look for him, the doctors and nurses who passed by saw them talking and laughed maliciously, because they saw her in the provocative way she was dressed and Juan only limited himself to saying;

-María Isabel, how beautiful you are!

-Seem to you?

-Yeah!

María Isabel knew she was pretty, that she only needed to have her nose fixed and now that it had been done she felt she was a woman to impress, Juan had come out wearing operating room clothes, with a cap and white shoes so he said to María Isabel:

-María Isabel, are you waiting for me? I'm about to leave, while I change, it's four o'clock!

-But now you're going to invite me to eat! I used to invite people even though we shared the food, -said María Isabel-

-Yes! Wait for me.

Juan returned to the locker room and changed anxiously, when one of the doctors said to him:

-Johnny, what a woman, what a woman, where did you get her?

Juan imagined that they were making fun of him, since they had seen him talking to María Isabel and he laughed too, at the same time that he finished getting ready with one of the English suits that Mr. Mc. Allister had given him and that made him look with quite a bit of personality, the doctors were already chatting mischievously about the girl who was waiting for Juan and when he put on his tie one of them whistled at him:

-I went, I went!

Juan felt very proud that this kind of woman was waiting for him, and even more so, he had already seen some of the doctors' wives who looked very pretty and classy, and he began to think that he was not far behind, he also had his own thing; Juan left the dressing room and headed for the door, María Isabel saw him and said:

-How handsome you look!

At the same time she grabbed his arm, the nurses saw him and said to each other:

-He is married, isn't he? (Is he married or not?)

-Yes , he is, his wife is in Mexico!

Juan felt very proud and even more so now that María Isabel was holding his arm. He felt like an angel flying, as he had already shown his ability as a surgeon in the operating rooms, and now as a man before the American doctors, María Isabel told him:

-Johnny! Where are you going to invite me to eat?

-Wherever you want, María Isabel! I'll just tell you, it has to be around here, because I don't have a car.

Juan already had experience in dealing with a woman and knew that he should never lie to any woman that he had a lot, he had already gone through these same experiences, he knew that when he boasted that he had something and it was not true, he fell badly and now he told María Isabel that he did not have a car and this made her fall into a state of automatic protection towards Juan and more sympathy, but he had also learned that when he had something he should show it as soon as possible, not only to the woman but to everyone.

María Isabel answered slowly.

-Don't worry, I have some!

-Then I'll treat you, but you take me to the place you like the most! - said Juan.

Maria Isabel answered:

-Don't you know any you like, I'll take you?

That answer made Juan feel very uncomfortable, because it made him feel like he was not a man of the world and he immediately thought that Dr. Taylor had invited him to the next block from the hospital, that a little black waiter had attended to him and that he called him by name Dr. Perez , that he had called him that several times, since Dr. Taylor had introduced him that way; the restaurant was

Very luxuriously and boldly he thought of taking her there, looking for the little black waiter who had already served him, so that María Isabel would see him, that he also knew of distinguished places, that he frequented them to eat and thus show off with her, Juan told her:

-I'm going to take you to one very close to here, where I sometimes go to have lunch!

Juan had only been there once, but he had already said that he went frequently to Maria Isabel's, they headed towards him and arrived, Maria Isabel was taking him by the arm, people just stared at her, who was causing a sensation with how she was dressed,

inside Juan prayed that the little black waiter who had served him was there, so that they would go to him directly, since he knew that with another waiter even his English would be difficult, so all fearful he looked for the little black waiter and she said in a low voice to Juan:

-If you want, I'll get a table?

And John answered him:

-Wait for the little black boy who always takes care of me, he does it very well!

Juan looked for him anxiously with his eyes, until he finally saw him, he went up to him and the little black boy recognized Juan and said to him in front of María Isabel, almost shouting at her:

-Doctor Pérez, do you want a table?, (Doctor Pérez, do you want a table?).

Juan answered him at the same time that he shook the waiter's hand, that made him feel very good and Juan too, then Juan said to the little black boy:

-A table!, (A table!).

The waiter signaled with his hand for them to follow him, Juan, holding Maria Isabel's hand, went behind him, the little black boy very attentive pulled out the chair first for Maria Isabel and then for Juan so they could sit down, when they did the little black boy brought them the menu, Juan told Maria Isabel to choose what she wanted, the little black boy talked and talked and Juan didn't understand a thing, but he tried to pretend that he understood everything, nodding his head affirmatively, finally they pointed to what they wanted, in front of them a small orchestra played, "Solamente una vez", which made the atmosphere extremely romantic, Juan appeared before Maria Isabel's eyes, as a man of much World and thought he had impressed her and he wished she would leave full of this place, so he said to Maria Isabel:

-This music is from Mexico! Do you want me to play you another one from there?

-Yeah!

-Do you like "Perfidia"?

-I love it! Is it from Mexico too?

-Yes! But there's one I'd like you to play for me.

-Which?.

"Woman" by Agustín Lara!

-Why don't you give me the record?

-I'm going to make you play "Woman"!

Juan stood up and placed a 20 dollar bill inside a napkin, went to the pianist and said:

-Do you play Mexican Music?

-A little! (A little!)

-Can you play Mujer by Agustín Lara?

-Of course! (Sure!)

He came back, sat down, and said to her:

-I hope you feel the piece is special to you!

Before Maria Isabel's eyes, Juan's image grew ever larger, and the music of Woman began;

.....

Juan grabbed Maria Isabel's hand and she let him, saying to Juan:

-Tell me the words to the music!

Juan began to sing the music to her in a low voice; María Isabel became enraptured and stared into Juan's eyes, saying:

-Johnny, you are a very special kind of person!

-And you are very beautiful! I don't think I'm the only one who has told you that, I think others have done it many times, haven't they?

And she answered with simplicity:

-Yeah!

Juan felt pained to the core by giving away the \$20, but what he had gotten from her was far more than the money, and he thought: just two rides to where I live will pay me back.

After finishing eating, Juan asked the black boy for the bill using signs, and he brought it to him while saying:

-Doctor Pérez, here is the bill!, (Doctor Pérez, here is the bill).

María Isabel saw that the little black boy called her Doctor Pérez , and she began to think that Juan was a very worldly man, without realizing that he was trying to appear as such without being one; Juan was deeply hurt by having to pay the bill and the tip for the band; the waiter politely took the chair away from María Isabel, and Juan thanked the little black boy while leaving him another twenty-dollar bill as payment for the bill and said:

-Keep the change!

They left and María Isabel was holding Juan's arm, once outside she commented:

-Where are we going?

-Wherever you want, if you want we can say goodbye here, I'm going home now, -said Juan-.

"I'll take you!" answered Maria Isabel.

Juan felt sorry that Maria Isabel knew where he lived and he answered her:

-María Isabel, from what I've seen you must be living very well! I'm a student, I earn 175 dollars a month, they got me a government house for Mexicans to live in, the housing complex for black people is nearby, I'm embarrassed that you know where I live, but I swear that soon I'll be living in a better apartment, it would be good if we said goodbye here, I'll take the bus.

-You understand, I'll take you!

-María Isabel, I don't even have furniture, like over the kitchenette and I only have the bed that has two sheets!

-Johnny, you know I like you the way you are, I like your sincerity, I've never dealt with a person like you before.

-María Isabel, I feel sorry, but what can I brag about?

- Johnny! You have a lot to brag about at the hospital. The nurses and doctors told me you're a smart person in the operating room, that you have a great future. That's enough for me, and the way you've behaved now, I think you're a real man.

Maria Isabel and Juan continued walking, she went to a parking lot that was one street away, handed over a ticket, paid and got out of her car, a beautiful pearl gray color, it was a European Peugeot presumably from the year, Juan looked at it and thought, this car costs a lot of money, he got in on the other side and Maria Isabel meanwhile, put on her dark glasses, which made her look very elegant and Juan told her where she should go; The afternoon was very hot and Johnny asked her permission to take off his jacket, she did and was more comfortable, his white shirt with a very well starched collar and cuffs could be seen, they arrived at the house guided by Juan and she said to him:

-Johnny, your house is beautiful, even with a garden!

-You haven't seen it inside!

-Come on!

Juan breathed deeply and answered with resignation.

-Come on!

They entered and since Juan had already told María Isabel that he had no furniture, she was not surprised and Juan said to her:

I have two options to invite you to sit, on the stairs or on the bed and I think it's better on the stairs!

Maria Isabel was laughing out loud but in her mind Juan had already given her the idea of going to bed, Juan took off his tie and went upstairs to brush his teeth and put perfume on his face, shirt and hands, he returned to Maria Isabel who was sitting on the stairs, sat down next to her, grabbed her hand and they both squeezed it, Juan stared at her and approached her cheek, he placed a kiss on it, she reciprocated with another kiss on Juan's cheek, while he whispered into her cheek:

-How beautiful you are, Maria Isabel!

And she answered him:

-Johnny, I like you the way you are!

Juan approached her lips and began to bite them. She responded in the same way, closing her eyes. Their breathing became labored as a whirlwind of kisses intoxicated them. Juan, without moving away from her lips, lay down on top of her. However, she felt pain in her back as one of her vertebrae rested on the edge of the step, and she threw him a:

-Oops, it hurts!

Juan separated from her and explained:

-It's the edge of the step!

And she said:

-Yeah!

Juan tried to carry her up to the bedroom, but she said:

-Let me breathe fresh air!

He went outside the apartment with his bag, sat on the car trunk and said to Juan:

-Johnny, I'll get you later!

He got out of the car, opened the door, got in, started the car and drove off.

In Juan's mind, the exclamation of one of his companions who had failed to stop a child at birth crossed his mind. The perineum of the woman in labor had torn and he said, "She's gone!" That's exactly what Juan said: "She's gone!" Sadly, he returned home and, in his underwear because of the heat, lay down on the bed with his hands crossed under his head, staring at the ceiling, remembering María Isabel's beautiful face and white body.

At the hospital, Juan continued his routine: he came in at eight in the morning and left at four in the afternoon. He continued as the first assistant, and the more days that passed, the more the doctors trusted him to help them. He had read that there was

discrimination against Mexicans, but he didn't feel any; on the contrary, he had flattered himself in his vanity, since the environment in which he worked was one of doctors, and doctors in the United States belong to a privileged class. He dressed like a doctor and thought patiently, how different this environment is, so different from that of the Mexican peasants who arrive without speaking English, without a passport, without bathing, without shaving, dirty. Who is going to want them here? Who among these upper-class people is going to invite them to dinner at their home with their wife and children? Juan thought that not even in Mexico would he be able to live with them; he would put up with them for two, three, four, five days, but no more. Besides, these people marginalized themselves, and he thought they should be helped to leave where they were, but it's impossible to live with them; their manners and vocabulary are different; they have to be helped to get back on their feet. In the church he continued to attend, when he had to address people, he always advised them that they should go to school even at night, that they should learn English, and that they should try to send their children to university. To excel in society, they would have to go to school and study hard and treat all Americans without complexes, on the same level, and to achieve that, only school was capable of leveling the social strata.

Eight days passed in which Juan thought from time to time about María Isabel, what had happened to her?, if he would ever see her again, he was used to not looking for any woman, because he had already had too many disappointments in love; he thought that when a woman wants She must seek out the man, but if she is not willing to share affection, then the man should not seek her out so as not to run the risk of being humiliated.

He was finishing an operation in which Juan was assisting, when a nurse came to tell him that a young lady was asking for him at the door. It immediately crossed his mind that it could be María Isabel, well, who else could it be?

Dr. Bush told Juan :

-Oh Johnny, can I go in your place?

And all the nurses started laughing and making funny comments, so Juan said to Ruth:

Dr. Bush tell me ?

-What if you wanted him to go instead of you?

Juan started laughing and commented.

-Ok Doc, you go, (okay Doc Go).

And everyone kept laughing.

Juan finished and went to change his clothes, he put on perfume and went out. It was 4:15 in the afternoon. At the door was María Isabel again, this time wearing a very elegant dress and high-heeled shoes. She looked beautiful, very distinguished, a woman with class. When she saw Juan, she said to him with a beautiful smile:

-What did you say? He's not coming back!

At the same time she grabbed his arm in front of the nurses and he was a little embarrassed but at the same time feeling proud to be with such a woman, they left the hospital and she said to him quietly:

-Now I'll buy you lunch!

-Where to?

-I'm going to cook!

-Where to?

-Where I live!

-How, where do you live?

-I already told the owners of the house that I was going to invite you to dinner and that you were a doctor, and they told me there was no problem.

The two of them went to the parking lot to get the car and left. They arrived at a beautiful residence on the outskirts of Dallas. It was very large, about half a block wide, with very pretty, well-decorated gardens. They parked the car and went in. Juan was very surprised by the luxury of this house. Upon entering, he looked at the living room, the dining room, the chandeliers, the carpets, the tapestries, and he thought about how wonderful these people live, how luxurious. They went into the kitchen and what an elegant kitchen it was. A chubby, elderly, and well-uniformed black woman was chatting with María Isabel, and she introduced Juan to her. She also said to him:

-Johnny, this morning she and I prepared the food that I'm going to serve you-

Juan felt a little uncomfortable with so much luxury to which he was not accustomed, and watched how the black girl and Maria Isabel carried the dishes to the dining room, so he commented:

-María Isabel, would it be possible for you not to carry the dishes to the dining room? Why not, we stay and eat in the kitchen?

-No Johnny, it's better to eat in the dining room!

-Please, let's eat in the kitchen!

-I want you to eat comfortably and if you want to eat in the kitchen, that's fine!

The kitchen was so elegant and the table so pretty that it seemed like he was eating in the dining room of any ordinary house, the two sat down and ate what had been splendidly prepared, the owners of the house were people with so many occupations and businesses that they almost never ate at home except for the children, when they finished Juan thanked María Isabel and the black girl, after a while they left by car, she went to drop him off at his house and finally they arrived.

Looking at the differences in media, John said:

-María Isabel, after having been where you live, you make me feel like I live in misery!

-Don't tell me that, Johnny, that house isn't mine!

--But you live there! And I promise I'm going to move so I don't feel miserable.

María Isabel just laughed and they entered the house. Juan led her and they sat on the bed, which was the only piece of furniture. He took off his tie and leaned back, lying down. María Isabel, who had also sat down, leaned her head over Juan's chest and kissed his chest. Juan grabbed her head in his hands and pulled her close. The deep kiss was the beginning of a passion that overflowed with anxiety between two people who felt alone in the jungle of American society and who identified deeply with each other in that limitless devotion, wanting to never be separated again, finding mental and physical refuge in each other. Shortly after, she whispered in Juan's ear:

-Johnny, don't leave me!

Juan grabbed her head and leaned it back to his chest and ran his hand over her back, patting her, not wanting to answer. Maria Isabel, seeing him silent, asked him again:

- Johnny, are you going to leave me? Why don't you answer me?

-What do you want me to say?

-I ask you if you're not going to leave me?

-You know I'm married and my wife will be coming from Mexico soon!

-Don't you have children?

-Yes, a girl who will also be coming soon, they are arranging visas!

-Why don't you tell them not to come anymore? You can make up a lot of excuses.

Juan didn't answer and just shook his head in the negative to her proposal; he was also burdened by the thought that María Isabel would never return.

-Johnny, if you want, we can go to Guatemala! You don't even need to work, we're going to my ranch, -she said-

-No, Maria Isabel, I have a commitment that I can't undo!

Maria Isabel, feeling that Juan's answer was very strong and definitive, said to him:

-Okay, I'm leaving!

She got up, took a shower, dressed reluctantly as if she didn't want to leave, kissed Juan goodbye, her beautiful car was outside, and she drove away.

Days passed while Juan expedited his wife and daughter's visas through the hospital administrator, who spoke directly to the American embassy to get them. At the same

time, his friends from church told him there was a furnished apartment near the city center. He went to see it. It was located at 1613 McKinney Avenue, in Mrs. Luna's house, above the El Fénix Restaurant, and next to it was this lady's tortilla shop. Many people admired and recognized her, since she had started selling tortillas made on a metate and had made quite a bit of money. She was originally from San Luis Potosí and had emigrated to Dallas. She was very intelligent. Now she delivered tortillas to very exclusive people in her new Cadillac. She was a person to be admired and always walked around extremely well-groomed. She was the one who rented Juan a beautiful apartment, furnished, with air conditioning, all carpeted for 75 dollars a month, the hospital was about seven blocks away and they were within walking distance, Juan continued seeing María Isabel, her love for her was growing every time, demanding more fidelity and when he changed apartments she saw him in a different way, as with a greater possibility of success in the future, she would pick him up from the newspaper to the hospital in her car; she already knew that Juan left at four in the afternoon and would wait for him on the street, Juan got used to it and liked that she would go to the hospital for him, she emphasized that they could get married and he told her a thousand times that he was waiting for his wife, something that she did not accept and continued going for him, for Juan the moment came when they notified him that they had already obtained the visa for his wife and daughter and in a few more days they would arrive in Dallas.

He told María Isabel that they would soon have to stop seeing each other. She seemed a little sad and grumpy. She stopped seeing him for four days, and one Sunday at about five in the afternoon, she went to look for him at his apartment, asking him:

-I think your family hasn't arrived yet, right?

-They arrive in two or three days!

-Take me dancing as a farewell!

-If you like?

Juan put on a suit and tie and accompanied by María Isabel he left in his car, the afternoon was hot and she was wearing a pretty yellow dress with shoes and a bag of the same color, she looked very elegant, they went to the outskirts of Dallas, about 25 kilometers, a beautiful place where they danced in the garden and it was with many arrangements, many colored lights, an orchestra that played Glen Miller music, very soft, Juan had about 40 dollars and said to María Isabel.

-Forgive me, but I forgot to tell you that I only have 40 dollars, I don't know if this will be enough.

-I think you'll have enough, and if not, I'll bring more!

As he picked up his bag, they sat down at a table meant for six people—that is, for three couples—with very elegant tablecloths. A very elegantly dressed waiter approached, and they ordered him to bring drinks. Juan thought, "Who knows how the bill will go?" She anxiously took his hand and said,

-Let's dance!

.....

Other couples also got up to dance, the atmosphere was very romantic, she hugged him with both hands behind his neck almost inviting him to grab her waist which Juan automatically did and they began to dance gently, she moved very sensually in front of Juan's body, grabbing his face she gently attracted him to kiss him on the mouth and repeated to Juan.

-Hold me tight!

They continued dancing, but she was very anxious as if her life was slipping away and what she was plotting to do in revenge came to her mind, then she slightly rejected Juan and separated him from her and a slight ironic smile appeared on her face, they spent the rest of the afternoon talking and dancing very pleasantly, Juan also felt that it could be the last time he was around María Isabel, so he treated her with great affection and delicacy, it would be around nine at night when María Isabel said to Juan:

-Honey, are we going?

They called the waiter and paid the bill, which was \$38.40. Juan thought it was safest to go to his apartment, and he harbored this idea. They left the place, headed to their car, got in, and drove away. About ten minutes had passed when he pulled over and stopped his car. Juan, puzzled, thought that maybe María Isabel wanted to have sex at that moment, and thought it was better to go back to the apartment. He stared at María Isabel, saying:

-And now!

María Isabel stared at him and said with force and contempt.

-Get off!

Juan laughed and thought she was saying it playfully, but she raised her voice and said it again.

-What am I telling you, get off!

Juan answered him, surprised.

-What's wrong, Maria Isabel?

And in response she stretched out, opened the door and with her foot she angrily pushed Juan at the same time as she said to him:

-I'm telling you to get off!

Juan almost fell on the asphalt, surprised and without saying a single word he stared at María Isabel, feeling humiliated that she had taken him down like that. Such a pretty car; it started up and drove off; Juan saw it and thought, it must have been a joke, it was

lost in the distance. He raised his head to the sky and saw it studded with stars, all the constellations against a black background; He was stunned, he breathed deeply, with difficulty he began to take a few steps and little by little he began to walk faster, he hoped that Maria Isabel would come back to pick him up, he began to run at times and when he got tired he walked looking around to see if a car was coming, until finally he saw one that approached and signaled for a ride, but it didn't stop, he ran again and when he saw another one coming he made the same signals for a ride, but they never had mercy, the more time passed, the angrier it made him that a woman had done this to him, he continued walking and he remembered that when he was 16 years old, in the neighborhood where he lived at 1308 West 15th Street, in Puebla, on the second floor lived a woman named Josefina in an apartment, she was 28 years old, extremely pretty with three children and her husband, she flirted with Juan and they ended up in bed, at that time he was in his first year of High school, he also recalled that since he had no money, he would always go with her to the Atoyac River, have sex on its banks, and then return to the city. On one occasion, she told him:

-Wait for me at seven o'clock at night on the roof and I'll go up supposedly to hang out the clothes!

And there they stayed making love to each other by the kitchen skylight, through which they could hear everything that was happening, on one occasion they heard that her husband had arrived asking for her, the maid said he was on the roof hanging out the laundry, they could hear everything through the skylight, Juan, all scared, stopped having relations, as her husband climbed up so she wouldn't see him, he remained hanging from the wall at a height of about six meters, as he was exercising a lot, he thought he could easily climb back up, her husband arrived and began to help his wife continue hanging the laundry, after five minutes they finished and got down, Juan swung to go back up but his arms couldn't hold him anymore, Josefina had already finished and fell onto the roof of the house next door, a Spaniard who was the owner hearing Juan fall, went up and found him lying down, complaining of the pain, and asked him:

-Boy, what are you doing?

-I went too far off the roof and fell!

Between the father and son they carried him and took him home. Juan was in a lot of pain in his legs and spine for three days.

Juan had fallen deeply in love with Josefina and she ended it every time she had him, she told him that it would be better if they went to Mexico City, that he should stop studying and work together, Juan was so in love that sometimes he thought about how nice it would be to live with Josefina and not have to hide anymore, but he also liked to study a lot, so the balance leaned very strongly towards studying and being a Doctor, but he did not want to leave Josefina because he had an extremely good time with her.

Juan's father had already been told about these relationships and had been told that she wanted to run away with him. Of course, this situation scared the man and he

began to watch Josefina to talk to her and tell her to leave his son alone, but things took a different course.

One afternoon, Juan was at home around five o'clock when he saw his father arrive in the cargo truck he was driving and said to him:

-Juan, get in the car!

Juan thought, what did I do now? He's going to break my face.

The two of them left, going round and round in a colony called Volcanes, which at that time only had a few buildings, until he finally told Juan.

-You noticed!

Juan saw Josefina, about ten meters away, holding hands with her best friend. He looked at them and couldn't believe how the woman he was deeply in love with could be with his best friend. Juan's father repeated to her:

-You noticed! Stop being an idiot!

What a harsh lesson and how difficult to believe, they had left him crucified, sealed, full of distrust for the rest of his life, he never believed in a woman again, nor in her words full of deceit and now the more he ran he repeated to himself:

-Juan, stop being a fool, stop being a fool!

He continued running, with increasing hatred for Maria I Sabel, and the cars passed by and did not stop. At about midnight he arrived at the Medical Arts Hospital and He went up to borrow ten dollars from a nurse, telling her he had lost his wallet; he got out and got into a taxi that took him home, filled with hatred and resentment.

Five days passed in which the resentment against María Isabel accumulated more and more, one Friday at around eight in the evening he was in the living room of his beautiful apartment, outside full of cars arriving at the Fénix restaurant, he was watching the television that with the help of a doctor he had bought at a discount, he was attentive to a boxing program when he heard a knock on the door, he opened it and María Isabel appeared who was as always very elegant and beautiful, who said to him:

-Johnny, I came to apologize!

Juan, incredulous, couldn't even speak. He just stared at her, holding the door handle with his hand. Little by little, he began to remember how he had run when she had left him on the road. Every second that passed made him more and more furious. Inside his brain, it felt like an engine, ideas were pouring out of him in torrents about how to react to her presence. Until finally, he made a decision. Gritting his teeth, he said:

-What do you want!

In a harsh tone, because what she had done was enough to make his attitude one of indignation.

-Johnny, I want you to forgive me!

He appeared humble and said in a calm voice, although inside he felt like he was boiling.

-Come in!

She took a few steps into the room and threw herself at his neck, kissing him by the ears. Juan felt like bursting, but showing the control he was used to in difficult moments, he calmly removed her hands from his neck. She believed that with the kisses she had given him she had already conquered him, and she obediently spoke to him again.

-Johnny, kiss me!

At the same time as he offered her his red and seductive mouth, Juan, gritting his teeth with anger, again very calmly said to her:

-Well, close your eyes, my love!

She, without having time to suspect something, thought she had it under control and answered

-If that's what you want, my love!

At the same time she closed her eyes and offered him her lips.

Juan took a step back and with his right hand he slapped her hard on the left cheek. She fell heavily on the carpet, her earring falling into a thousand pieces. She stayed on the floor for several minutes. He went back to sit quietly on the couch and thought to himself, I shouldn't be scared, I should act calm. Several minutes passed and he was thinking, "Hopefully nothing has happened." He approached her and saw that she was breathing. Then he took her pulse and it was normal. Suddenly, she began to cry very loudly, saying:

-Johnny, what happened? You hit me, right? Why did you do it?

And he, a little fearful and probably regretful, answered:

-It was your fault, don't play another one of your tricks on me again and above all, what happened is that you planned it, I had played fair with you, I never cheated on you, I always told you I was married and that I wasn't planning anything with you, you accepted me like that, so why did you get revenge, why did you leave me on the road, above all, you knew I didn't have enough money to return.

She nodded her head in acceptance of what Juan was telling her and continued to cry, saying:

-Johnny, my head hurts a lot!

Juan went for aspirin, gave him two, at the same time saying:

-If you want, I can take you home in your car?

And she answered:

-I want to stay with you!

-No! What are they going to say at home?

-There are only the servants, the family left for New York.

Juan felt calmer, lifted her from the floor and carried her to the bed, shortly after they kissed passionately and from time to time she sobbed and he drank her tears between kisses, only words of love whispered in the air and an anxiety that intoxicated them until they fainted completely.

Shortly after they fell deeply asleep, at dawn Juan woke up, remembered what had happened, looked for Maria Isabel but she was no longer in bed, he got up abruptly, looked out the window looking for her car and it was no longer there, Maria Isabel had left while he slept.

Four days later, María Isabel returned to the apartment and it was then that Juan told her that his wife was about to arrive, that she shouldn't go back, that she should look for someone else to marry her, that he couldn't offer her anything, she left the apartment with reluctant steps and Juan never heard from her again, ever!

The following week, his wife arrived with their daughter; Juan felt increasingly fulfilled; he no longer had to cook breakfast; they continued to go to the Baptist Church to help with the service, and other times in the evening, he gave lectures to the faithful about illnesses.

At the hospital I increasingly felt like I was an important part of the team.

On one occasion a doctor performed a biopsy of a small tumor in the mammary gland of a patient, Juan was an assistant and they removed the small nodule and sent it to be studied as a frozen section, a quick laboratory study, after a few minutes on the phone they told him it was malignant, the doctor had no choice but to remove the gland and empty the lymph nodes in the armpit on the same side.

These are devastating operations, and the doctor performed them with total dedication, aware that he was saving a life. Three days later, as the surgeon sat in the locker room, the chief pathologist spoke to him and asked if he had removed the patient's mammary gland. He replied:

-Yes, why!

-Dr. I want to tell you something. I don't know how you're going to fix this, but we made more cuts later and checked them with an electron microscope, and the patient, to me, is healthy; it's not cancer.

"Who else knows?" the surgeon asked.

-Only my assistant who was the one who told you, You and me!

-Okay, please don't tell anyone else, please I'll see you at your office later!

The surgeon hung up the phone and went to sit in an armchair and fell hard, he grabbed his head with both hands and remained like that for several seconds, Juan saw him and asked him what was wrong and he answered:

-Johnny, do you remember the tumor we removed from your mammary gland last week?

-Yeah!

-Well, now they just told me it's not cancer. We removed the gland completely. Let's see what happens. Please don't tell anyone about this.

-Don't worry!

Juan was left thinking, but how is it possible that this could happen in this country, where there are all the advances, where everything is luxury and well-being and where it is thought that medicine is infallible; On one hand, the surgeon was deep in his thoughts, feeling guilty and meditating, what problem could come from this, how could he solve it, because the family members had already been told that as soon as the patient recovered from the operation, she would have to have medical treatment, also radiation and now how it weighed on his mind knowing that she did not have

Cancer, and he had undergone the tremendous operation and still had to damage that healthy body with radiation and medical treatment, which is why his hair had to fall out, and if it didn't, and the patients realized it, he could be sued, prosecuted, and discredited.

Days passed and one morning when the surgeon was alone Juan asked him:

-Doctor , what happened to the mammary gland patient?

-I discharged her last week. I told them I would monitor her closely and that if she did well, radiation and the very aggressive medications would no longer be necessary.

-And they believed you?

I've operated on several cases in their family, and they hold me in very high regard. I didn't dare play along and give her radiation and antimetabolites and ruin her even more. We'll see if this continues to go well. Only time will tell if I was able to handle this problem or not. Someday you'll go through these things, and I hope this serves as a lesson to you, to know what to do in these cases, because I'm sure you'll have them too.

Two months passed and Juan didn't hear anything more about the case. The surgeon continued operating. He looked fine, and Juan admired him deeply because he had indeed been able to handle the case and handle it well.

Juan read the newspapers a lot, and heard a lot about the struggle between capitalism and communism. He remembered that around 1956, a group called FUA (Anti-

Communist University Front) was formed at the Autonomous University of Puebla. This group was heavily influenced by Engineer Feldmann and Engineer Corro, students at the School of Civil Engineering.

At first, Juan did not take this ideological struggle at the University very seriously, and although he had been educated in a fanatical Catholicism, he did not agree with them very much, since his tendencies were very liberal and at the University there were frankly leftist or rather communist tendencies. He had to take sides and he supported the liberal ideals, but not as a communist nor as much as FUA. As time went by, news came out in the newspapers he bought that communism was slowly taking over the Autonomous University of Madrid. Puebla and it was then that he began to read and became quite interested in communism and capitalism.

From Dallas, on Sundays, the National Time broadcast on Cadena Nacional from ten to eleven at night could be heard. They played music that reached the most tender parts of Mexicans living outside of Mexico, and Juan tried to hear it. They said that any Mexican living outside of Mexico could receive a newspaper every eight days for free if they requested it. Juan requested it, and they only sent it once. They never sent it again, despite requesting it several times. That's how he began to learn about the promises of his government. He remembered the capitalism of his first time arriving in the United States of America, and the differences between the two borders on the Mexican side and those of the United States.

Juan's life had changed so drastically in terms of comfort, as soon as he entered the United States and with so many facilities for being a Doctor and so respected, he thought:

-I'm never leaving here!

This is paradise for the working man, to be able to live with elegance.

The conferences he attended at Baylor Hospital, Saint Paul Hospital, and Portland Hospital were all of high scientific standing, with all the latest technological advances and in a high-quality environment. At night, Juan thought to himself:

-How divine the United States is, it seems like a dream I'm living.

The work at the hospital was tough, very tough, but with the vigor of a 26-year-old and having practiced so much sports in Puebla, any effort at the hospital seemed minimal. Sometimes he wondered, "Is this kind of life here the same as in other countries?" And he learned from what he read that the highest standard of living in the world was found in the United States.

COMMUNISM

Juan always tried to document himself about communism and every time he left work he went to the library, where he was informed that the

Communism was born as a workers' cry against the dark Satanism of early capitalist industries. It emerged from bookstores, bourgeois salons, and occasionally from the aristocratic salons that existed; it read that within socialism, there were three classes:

1.- Russian Socialism, "Marxism-Leninism" better known as "Communism" and which was the most repressive form of socialism, concentrating all its strength in a very closed party.

2. Another form, "Social Democracy," was the most liberal form of socialism, where they accepted a multi-party political system and believed their goals should be achieved peacefully, and that the economy was combined with the competition of free enterprise and government-owned businesses. This is the form Mexico had fallen into.

3.- And finally, "Third World Socialism," which links the most absurd forms of socialism such as Islam, Algeria, Libya, Syria, and Tanzania.

These three forms of socialism have in common the belief that workers are exploited and that production is under the complete control of private enterprise.

In 1834 in Paris, a group of German refugees asked Marx and Engels to write "The Communist Manifesto," and in 1836, the most extreme socialists formed "The League of the Just"; their motto was the community for all things.

In 1840, they formed a group of Germans called "Workers' Education" who tried to establish themselves in London and Paris and they were the ones who invited Marx and Engels to meet in the spring of 1847, and in the summer of the same year they held their first congress and organized themselves into communes; in December of the same year they asked Marx and Engels to make a manifesto to direct society and in February 1848, the manifesto came to light:

In 1850, the group split into two, one headed by Marx and Engels, and at Marx's initiative the society dissolved. Carl Marx was born on May 5, 1818, in Prussia, the son of a Jewish lawyer. He studied law at the University of Bonn, then studied history in Berlin and took his doctorate.

In Tena, in Philosophy in 1841; and with his leftist Hegelian ideas he only found work as a newspaper correspondent and later edited a magazine that was published in Cologne; and banished from Germany in February 1842, for his radical ideas he went to Paris with Jenny Von Westphalen as his girlfriend and there he met Engels in 1844, and together they wrote a book called "The Holy Family." He was also removed from Paris in 1845, went to Brussels where he collaborated with Engels and wrote "German Ideology" and "Philosophy of Poverty." In 1848 he was forced to leave London and there he wrote the famous communist manifesto with Engels.

In 1864, Engels and Marx organized "The First International" which was a workers' society and brought representatives from many countries of revolutionary socialism, this society lasted until 1876, when it was dissolved in Philadelphia, after which the main offices in New York were won in 1872 and Marx died in March 1885.

Marx analyzed capitalism and saw the class struggle always in progress between the owner of the companies and the one who owns nothing, except his power to work, that is, between the bourgeois and the worker, he saw that only the capitalist can make profits by exploiting the labor of the worker and as a consequence of this, the worker would have to rise up violently destroying capitalism and erasing the class struggle, and what has been seen over the years is that the worker does not have the capacity to direct the industry and the one who does, once again puts his foot on the head of his companion as happened in Mexico with the union leaders.

Marx claimed that he had discovered certain scientific laws of history and that capitalism created a progressive increase in the impoverished working classes and that these in a violent revolution and in an apocalyptic way would destroy capitalism and this confident prediction for more than a century gave inspiration to almost all socialists, they thought their cause was just and its triumph inevitable, this in time was a lie and a bitter reality for the disillusioned socialists, many of whom did not even have a house to live in.

Frederick Engels, born in 1820 in Barmen, Germany, helped Marx originate and develop scientific communism and socialism. He was the son of a textile factory owner who also owned another factory in Manchester, England. At the University of Berlin, he was influenced by the Hegelian left and wrote pamphlets against Schelling's philosophy (State and Revolution).

In March 1842, he criticized Schelling's effort to harmonize science and religion and in Paris he met Marx in 1844, after sending him his "Critique of Political Economy."

Engels published his own book "Conditions of the Working Class" in Germany.

Engels worked for his father's factory in Manchester and contributed considerably to supporting Marx and his family, almost supporting them. He died on 5 August 1895, after dictating volumes II and III of Marx's Capital.

Engels said that what he did contributed to putting together and elaborating the theory of communism and that what Marx did, he could have done without him.

The working class of Europe formed the "Second International." It was attended by representatives from European countries, and it was a series of congresses, especially those held in Brussels in August 1891. They emphasized the fight for the eight-hour workday and the celebration of Labor Day, which were of communist origin and later became law on May Day.

»The working class founded the "Third International" in Moscow on March 26, 1919, attended by 52 delegates from communist parties of some 30 countries and guided by Lenin and Trotsky, which announced the replacement of capitalism by communism around the world, this third international held more congresses in later years.

A society called the "Fourth International" was founded. Shortly after, Stalin came to power and defined communism as:

- 1.- Abolition of all classes.

2.- Abolition of private property.

3.- I work equally for everyone, according to their abilities.

4.- Equal rights for all to work, according to their ability and pay according to their needs.

It was also recognized that tastes and needs are not and cannot be equal in quantity and quality; Juan, after analyzing the above, thought that Marx was a victim of society, and that those who followed him were ignorant, incapable of starting businesses, incapable of standing out on their own.

There were intelligent people who took advantage of these ideas for their own benefit, such as Lenin and Stalin, who forcibly forced the abdication of their Russian government. However, this is nothing new. It also happens in religions, where the most power-hungry and intelligent use this to manipulate the ignorant masses, subjecting them and establishing laws that suit them.

Here in Mexico, the government created the Ejido as a means of subjugating rural people.

For Juan it was inconceivable that everyone should have the same thing or that private property should be abolished or that rulers should tell them what they should work on and when or what religion they should have. Juan had a special appreciation for clothes, cars, women, nice houses and this could only be achieved with free enterprise. He had known capitalism in all its splendor and thought that he should work, fight by all means against communism.

Within those in power, there are people who maneuver around in the jungle of favoritism to obtain positions, but they are servile people, bowing their heads, cynical, begging, all of this makes up the power elite.

Juan thought the abolition of classes was impossible, he thought; there were always classes, there are classes and there will be classes, within communism Lenin and Stalin and the generals, were the highest class in their environment, they owned property, lived in houses unfit for others, worked in whatever they wanted controlling others and had clothes that others didn't have and within capitalism all of the above could be had by anyone with the ability to work, there was theft but not for the great masses and he had already experienced the comforts with which people lived in the United States.

When the Bolshevik Revolution took place in Russia in 1917, a group of Americans took special interest, and seeing that it had been achieved by force, they tried to implement it in the same way in America and formed the Communist Party. They tried to Sovietize America. A writer named John Reed embarked on this adventure, and a film would later be made about him. He had returned from Russia speaking enthusiastically about the Revolution. His group made contact with Moscow and were invited to send delegates to Russia in March 1919 to help form the Third International. When they returned, John Reed used the columns of the New York Communist League to agitate the workers through the International Workers of the World (IWW) society. Its members learned the

techniques of sabotage and violence that had been taught to them during World War I. A man named C.A. Martens was sent from the Russian Communist Party to America to sharpen the Bolshevik program. He brought a significant amount of money to form cells within the unions and the armed forces. He claimed they were coming to liberate the workers of America. As the movement progressed, American representatives went to Russia to obtain permission to establish the Communist Party of America as a branch of the International Communist Party of Russia. These envoys had to sign 21 conditions of admission. Conditions that were discovered in a 1952 search that shamed all Americans. Among these were:

The US Communist Party should develop a program or propaganda to prevent the transportation of munitions to the enemies of the Soviet Republic, since Europe had the Eastern countries on its side and Europe was in favor of the United States.

The program of the Communist Party of the USA should also be revised by the International Communist Party of Russia.

Therefore, the American Communist Party should be subservient to Russia, conducting its propaganda thoroughly, especially in the U.S. military, by developing communist agitation within the unions; the U.S. Communist Party should be subordinate to and loyal to the Soviet Union.

On April 28, 1919, a series of attacks began, with 36 bombs distributed by mail to people such as: the Attorney General of the United States, J.P. Morgan, John. D. Rockefeller and other prominent figures. Another bomb was intended for Senator Hardwick who was trying to

Denying Bolshevik migration to the USA; a servant opened the package and blew his hands off.

On September 16, 1920, a bomb was transported by horse-drawn wagon to the corner of Broad and Wall Streets in New York City, the apex of American capitalism, and destroyed the building occupied by the firm of J.P. Morgan and Company.

These acts of murder and violence created resentment against the Bolsheviks throughout the United States, and in retaliation, some citizens took revenge, many were the arrests made by the Attorney General and finally many foreign Bolsheviks and communist leaders were deported to Russia and Finland on the ship "SS Buford"; on board this ship was Emma Goldman who with her anarchist speeches 25 years before induced Leon Zolgosz to carry out the assassination of President McKinley, she was very far from thinking that two years later she would repudiate Lenin and his Bolsheviks and that by 1940, her last and great hope was to die in the USA

William A. Foster was a member of the Communist Party here in the USA. He was the person appointed by Moscow to influence American labor unions, and they gave him a million dollars to promote communism, not only here but in other nations. As a result, many people began to identify worker sympathies with communism, without realizing that it was very different.

Foster became an agitator and strike promoter. Many people knew that coal miners and steel workers had legitimate reasons to strike, but Foster and his associates saw an opportunity to get involved in these movements. In reality, their main ambition was to overthrow the US government through violence and subordinate American workers to a dictatorship, a copy of what they had done in Russia. Foster saw himself as the future dictator. He ran for president of the United States twice and also wrote a book, "Toward Soviet America," in which he described how the communists would do it. When impeached by a congressional committee, he cynically admitted that he had been tasked with abolishing capitalism in the US and all other countries and that he should wave the red flag all over the world. He reaffirmed:

-I have stated, as many times as necessary, very clearly that the red flag is the flag of the revolutionary class and we are the revolutionary class.

There were other stories of Americans like the Whittaker Chambers who converted to communism and published atheistic pamphlets and many intellectuals of the 1920s and early 30s, they created a group of men who years later repented and became cynical, disillusioned and some like the youngest Chamber brother who became alcoholics and eventually committed suicide, and their relatives who became a group of despairing people, a prototype of the shattering of family ties that Marx and Engels had planned and had previously declared would happen.

The Communist Party was persecuted, and they tried to avoid arrests and operated under the radar. Little by little, they emerged and continued their campaign for a revolution to overthrow the United States government. It was a prosperous time here, and there was no reason to worry about communists; the word was even joked about.

Governor Bradford wrote that Plato's and other ancient philosophers' concept of taking property and bringing it into the community made them happy, made them flourish, and affirmed that they were wiser than God. The governor concluded by saying:

Communism was not only inefficient but it went against nature, violating the laws of God, regardless of the fact that people reasoned when they saw the comfort with which they lived here in the USA. They sensed that communism could not flourish, since free enterprise of the "Capitalist" type was better, which "over the centuries had been highly developed in the USA, better than in any other nation, and the great communists had seen that the distribution of wealth was more uniform and fairer in this form of government than in any other known.

Thus capitalism evolved, adapting to the needs of highly industrialized societies.

In Europe, communism continued to expand and before the Second World War, Adolf Hitler, seeing the danger of this ideology, tried to end it, but unfortunately Russia allied itself with the countries of The West and finished off Germany. In the postwar period, Russia, under Joseph Stalin, proclaimed in universities that it was important for students to understand the doom to which the capitalist world was headed and that this society's inevitable fall was the key. Thus began the Cold War, that is, the war between Russia

and the United States. There were many confrontations, with communism always swearing that it would devour capitalism.

Juan, who had never participated in ideological wars, upon hearing these discussions thought, "How could there possibly be a better standard of living than this one?" He was experiencing this in Dallas. With its streets, buildings, and homes of the highest quality, hospitals with fully equipped staff, universities like Southern Methodist University—Juan had never seen one like this in Mexico—and stores brimming with dirt-cheap products. On the streets of Dallas, when two or three traffic accidents occurred in the same location, the causes were investigated, the reasons for their occurrence, and the traffic location was completely re-evaluated and, if necessary, modified.

Likewise, the traffic lights on the straight streets were coordinated, so that traffic moved extremely quickly, something I had never seen in Mexico.

The abundance of so many beautiful cars, of the most varied makes, and the ease of obtaining them, made him think, I don't think there's another country like this; so many churches of all religions; in Mexico, only Catholicism predominates, and it's rare to see other religions. How much religious freedom there is here, he thought, this is the country of democracy, this is the perfect country, this is the country all the citizens of the world want to emigrate to.

What great respect and responsibility the people showed for the cleanliness of the streets, as did the nurses and patients for the American doctor; they had that same respect for Juan, and he experienced firsthand the pleasant news of knowing he belonged to a privileged class—the American Doctor.

As the Cold War raged on, the Russians tried to stifle capitalism and vociferated against it, they considered it dead and thus proclaimed it throughout the world, Juan began to think again, if the Russians really thought they could gain supremacy in the world, they should be super armed, along with the countries of Europe, from the East, which they had subjugated; the United States, allied with the Western states, stood up bravely and did not back down.

Russian universities, hospitals, cities, clothing, food, and housing were of much lower quality than those in the United States. Russia was preparing for war, at the cost of the poverty of its people.

When Juan arrived in Dallas, there was fury, disgust, and rejection of anything reeking of communism. Newspapers were reporting that in Mexico and other Latin American countries, including Cuba, the Communist Party was trying hard to destabilize governments. Just as had happened in Russia, where a handful of Bolsheviks had taken over by force, they tried to do the same in these countries as well.

In Mexico, there were people trying to gain power through strikes and unrest in companies such as PEMEX, the Electricity, Education, Railways, and Telephone.

At that time, the head of the Communist Party in Mexico was David Alfaro Siqueiros, who tried to kill Leon Trotsky. Another leader was Jorge L. Tamayo. At the universities,

the Communist Party increasingly attempted to take over. This included the Director of the School of Economics at the National Autonomous University of Mexico, Emilio Múgica, who also circulated pro-Communist pamphlets.

Other notable communists in Mexico included Vicente Lombardo Toledano, Luis Aguilar Palomino, an electrician agitator, and Jacinto López, who agitated among the peasants of the northeast of the Republic.

At the University of Puebla, Rector Guerra Fernández was very agitated; everything was run by the Communist Party.

Thirty years later, Juan was discussing with a cousin how the US had prepared itself against communism; and the cousin replied:

-While you were preparing against communism, we were preparing against capitalism!

Cardinal Spellman of New York declared that there were communists everywhere; in the army, in the navy, in the government; and he was afraid that the

Atheist Russian country became the master of the world as it intended, since they had sworn that they would devour capitalism.

Khrushchev, who had seized power in Russia in 1957, threatened to isolate Berlin and tried to impose a psychological defeat. He tried to intimidate the United States about his rocket superiority, but all this, it became known, contained a large dose of bluff.

FIDEL CASTRO

The success of Fidel Castro in Cuba was another case of communism, which the USA lost thanks to its benevolence, the righteous ideas that have been aired by men of good will, who have made up the presidents and their congresses, because they change almost every four or eight years, (they also thought that the same could happen in other countries) and in their hands Cuba was allowed to be won over by communism.

When Batista took power in 1952, Fidel Castro immediately turned against him with the help of the Communist Party. It was on July 26, 1953, when he made the disastrous attack on the army barracks in Santiago. Fidel and his brother Raúl escaped but were later captured and sentenced, Fidel to 15 years and Raúl to 13. However, Batista used a soft hand and pardoned them. In July 1955, they left Cuba and declared that they would organize another invasion and return to overthrow Batista and liberate Cuba. They took asylum near Mexico City. Many people helped them; enemies of Batista, some opportunists, and many sincere liberals.

In Mexico, they received a lot of help, even scholarships, which they achieved through the communist group.

Others, like Lumumba from Africa, a hard-core communist, moved to become Castro's guides. With the help of Dr. Ernesto Che Guevara, an Argentine communist appointed by Russia under the so-called technical assistance apparatus, he teamed up to

overthrow Batista. Raúl Castro received training in Prague, Moscow, and Red China, later becoming Commander of the Cuban army.

In desperation, Batista tried to buy 15 planes to use in ruthless clashes, paying for them in advance. Fidel Castro ordered Raúl, as a means to humiliate and intimidate the United States, to kidnap 15 sailors, 17 American civilians and 3 Canadians, as well as After threatening to kill them if the United States handed over the planes to Batista, the United States canceled the delivery; Batista asked the United States to sell him weapons, but they refused.

At the State Department, no one thought that Fidel Castro was a communist, or even a sympathizer. In other words, the same thing was happening as had happened in China. When Dean Acheson tried to explain why he had lost China, he excused himself by saying that it had been inevitable. But Wedemeyer's report revealed that China had been lost through stupidity, incompetence, or worse; when the State Department promoted an arms embargo on Nationalist China (Chian Kai Sek), which had been an ally of the United States , which had been imposed when it was fighting for its survival. The same embargo was imposed on Batista; China and Cuba were communist because the United States wanted it that way.

When China wanted to interfere in the Korean War, McArthur wanted to end it, but Harry S. Truman wouldn't let him and resigned on April 11, 1951.

Ambassador Gardner sadly remarked:

-We could have prevented it and we didn't!

Throughout the United States, there was a distaste for communism; Khrushchev incited his supporters against the United States ; in the hospital, the comments were bitter; the doctors asked Juan:

-And how is communism in Mexico?

John answered them:

-When I came to Dallas, there was already a struggle at the University between the FUA (Anti-Communist University Front) and communism.

Dr. Taylor asked him :

-And which side are you on?

-I have always been apolitical, I have never cared, I was raised with a lot of religion, I was made to depend a lot on Catholicism, then I changed because of Baptist friends, but I have never knelt before any religion, nor do I think I will ever depend on any, however I I would like to learn about more religions, discuss them, digest them, understand them, and cope with them all.

Dr. Taylor burst out laughing and said:

-You are very smart, you are very smart boy.

Juan continued talking in English.

-Here in the United States they talk a lot about communism. I've seen that the way we live here is unlike anywhere else in the world. And if I have to fight for what I have now, I don't mind voting against communism. The time has come for me to take a stand, and if this system of government called capitalism wants to be swallowed up by communism, I am convinced that I must defend it against everything.

-Would you go to the fight against communism there in Mexico?

-If I were to return, yes! But the life I lead here is very beautiful and very classy, and I've always been with the victor, so I would defend the United States anywhere.

Dr. Taylor, with his mouth full of air and his cheeks puffed out, exclaimed:

-Puff! You are more American than Americans from here.

Dr. Taylor and Juan went to the operating room to operate on a patient. Juan felt deep admiration for Dr. Taylor and recognized him as one of the best surgeons, in addition to being extremely sincere with him.

As the months went by, Dr. Taylor invited him to meet other friends from an anti-communist society, who used to meet on the last Friday of every month at eight o'clock at night, in different houses, but those who presented anti-communist talks about Russia and the Cold War always mocked Khrushchev's efforts, even though he threatened the United States with his Rockets.

In one of those talks, a professor from SMU University said:

-There has been enough talk about the reach of communism in Latin America, but they have a formidable enemy, something so powerful that it has been seen as the best ally of the United States. And that is Catholicism, and about this, it has already been discussed at very exclusive levels. Most likely, the ecclesiastical authorities, especially in Mexico, are already on alert; communism will not be able to ADVANCE there.

Indeed, in the Church, in Catholic schools in Mexico, anti-communism was spoken about very strongly, and there was an advertisement that was always written on the facades of all the cities, which had become very famous and whose writing said:

"Catholicism yes, communism no"; and there was another who said:

"Long live Christ the King."

Communism tried to advance especially in the unions and in the countryside, but the Church was impregnable, it was an indestructible barrier.

Juan, reading the Mexican newspapers, saw the struggle to destabilize the government, but he believed Catholicism was a big part of his belief; you don't play with that in Mexico. Years later, he watched with amazement as even in small towns, there was a fury against communism. It reached the point that on one occasion, in the town of San Miguel Canoa, located on the outskirts of Puebla, there was so much hatred against

communism that all it took was the priest to stir up the people for them to beat to death students and workers from the Autonomous University of Puebla who had been staying in the town and who were presumably communists. In truth, these people, like their leaders, weren't communists at all, since they were all part of what people called the "rabanitos" (little radishes), since they were said to be white on the inside and red on the outside. He reasoned that it was complex to be a leftist or a rightist, and he thought that both extremes were stored in these bodies.

They were opportunistic communists, since most of them have wanted to live leading the masses as communists, but at home they live like capitalists with all the comforts provided by the fools they lead, typical cases such as Joseph Stalin, Fidel Castro of Cuba, Ortega in Nicaragua, Mao Tse Tung of China.

Time passed and September 15th arrived, that night Juan felt nostalgic, he remembered that precisely on that day, years ago, at 7:00 p.m. He was running with the university team in relay races around the city of Puebla. They almost always won because the best athletes from the city of Puebla were running, and they were students from the UAP. He felt nostalgic and very restless, because at that time the national holiday would be celebrated. He came down from his apartment with the owner of the building, Mrs. Luna, who owned a tortilla shop, so he went in to chat with her for a while. She was quite friendly with Juan and was the one he sometimes accompanied in his latest model Cadillac to deliver tortillas. She was proud to take Juan, who was a doctor, with him to deliver them.

Mrs. Luna was a fat, dark-haired lady with rough features, ordinary people, but by dint of trying to cultivate herself, she had achieved it and she looked extremely distinguished and with that building she had and her Cadillac, she gave her the appearance of a great lady and she had truly managed to earn a very recognized position in Dallas based on hard work.

Juan arrived at the tortilla shop and said:

-Mrs . Moon, good evening! What are you doing?

-Waiting for customers!

-Today is September 15th and in Mexico they celebrate it in a big way!

-Here too, two blocks from here, there's a festival right now and the Consul is shouting!

-Really, Mrs. Moon?

-Yes, at the corner you turn left and walk about two blocks, you'll hear mariachi music, I'm going to close the store and go with my family.

-I feel a little sad, I'm going there, to forget a little about Puebla or to remember it more. I'm going there! -said Juan-

So Juan did, he went out and walked two blocks and heard the music, in that little garden there were many stalls selling snacks, the night was hot and the colors green,

white and red were showing everywhere, the mariachis played happy music from Mexico, and he walked among the people watching and trying to catch the joy and feeling the nostalgia that

He overwhelmed most of the people, started walking and stopped at a stand where they were raffling off dolls; suddenly a sweet voice said to him:

-Won't you buy me a ticket for the raffle?

Juan, surprised, turned around to see who was talking to him and saw a beautiful China Poblana, with a beautiful dress of shiny sequins, with the colors of the flag, green, white and red and a beautiful little face very well made up, with a mole in the center of the forehead and on top of this a charro hat and Juan answered admiring that beautiful face;

-Yes, of course, give me two! How much are they?

-Dollar by dollar!

"But on one condition!" said Juan, "that you stay with me until the tickets are played."

-Aren't you bringing company?

-No, I'm alone! -said Juan-

-I'm alone too! Where are you from?

-I've been here for a few months from Puebla; they invented the costume you're wearing there.

-Yes! I know you're from Puebla. What do you do for a living?

-I'm a Doctor from Medical Arts!

-Oh, you work at Medical Arts. My mom had surgery there 15 days ago! And why are you so far away from Puebla?

-I found a job here! If I told you how I found it, it would be too long. I'll tell you another day.

They were both open to dialogue and friendship, they liked each other well; after the raffle took place they went to eat snacks and fresh water, tamales, chalupas, quesadillas, molotes, there were many and varied Mexican dishes, neither of them asked about background, it seemed that they were just trying to pass the time, they had their love lives Well defined, but they liked each other, they spent about an hour at the fair, it seemed like they had known each other for a long time, until Juan said to her:

-Well, tell me what's your name?

-Gloria! And you?

-Juan! Can I see you again?

-If you want? -said Gloria-

"Where do you live?" said Juan.

-Four blocks from here, two straight, and two to the left at the house on the corner, - answered Gloria-

-When do I see you? I'll invite you for a coffee the day after tomorrow.

-Of course! What time? -said Gloria-

-At 6:00 p.m., right here! - said Juan-

-Okay, right here at 6:00 p.m. -Gloria answered-

Juan said goodbye and walked away, later he arrived home thinking about this beautiful little doll he had just met.

Juan's interesting life, which was slowly adopting the sticky American customs, developed as the most usual thing for him and he kindly accepted them, like the meals they had four times a day, taking the buses and the transfer that weren't available in Mexico, the new friendships in the operating room, the complete set of instruments, the air conditioning, so necessary in homes, the foods supplemented with vitamins, the Baptist religious services and he thought, if I wanted I could be a Baptist Minister; it was enough for me to declare it to the Church where I was quite accepted and they would send me to study the Bible, but that was another possibility to survive in the United States, he was used to managing the environment that surrounded him, not being controlled, he felt broad, powerful, full of health, used to running twice a week, in the Church he was already one of the best on the softball team, where also for that reason they admired him and thought, and I didn't They have seen me play baseball, because then they would see that skill that I have well hidden.

In the Church, he got along well with the faithful and little by little he adopted attitudes of benevolence in his dealings, he copied the tenderness with which Pastor Jonás González treated the faithful and he thought: that studied or natural attitude was how a Pastor should ideally be with his faithful and that same sociability is what I should adopt when dealing with patients; he had also observed this attitude and later learned from the doctor who had initiated him into surgery, since he was a die-hard Catholic and was the favorite of the Trinitarian and Josephite nuns. He already had some experience, but now he was reforming himself again, deducing in his mind that to succeed in life he should adopt a mystical attitude, trying to give love to everyone who approached him, making his neighbor perceive that taste of sweetness, providing support and understanding, tenderness and delicacy in his treatment.

Juan had an explosive, violent character, capable of killing mercilessly in unexpected attitudes, but he knew that he had to save all this dynamite to achieve his goals and that not even the slightest bit should be aware of how violent his psychological state was; that is to say, he should act religiously with all the hypocrisy of which the human mind is capable, he should adapt to the different social strata in which he moved, dominating

the management of those above, those in the middle, and those below; He felt that he was halfway through cultivating his mind, he understood that he could do better, get more out of it, he studied deeper Psychology, the same religious meditation, but not one specifically but all of them; more than anything he intended to have the mental strength necessary to achieve internal control, in case it was necessary; His goal in this regard was for his physical appearance to be full of kindness, equanimity, and tranquility; for his speech to be measured and full of love, even if his passions were boiling inside, overflowing, even if the channels of good behavior were writhing in pain; but for his exterior to be completely unnoticeable, for everything to be calm and tranquil; he wanted to have the physical appearance of what religions call heaven, and psychology what is normally an insatiable hell, but pouring passion into all its aspects.

Finally, it was thought: one must be able to absorb more punishment than life can give; only then is it possible to reach where one wants.

At the hospital, with every operation he participated in, he tried to do it better each time, with more care, and when it was over, he would sit in the doctors' lounge and mentally review each step of the operation. Then he would write down each technique, and so each time he tried to subdue, dominate, manipulate, seduce, and ardently love surgery with the greatest dedication.

Juan already had his apartment very well arranged, Doctor Lanius had gotten him a television where he watched events, especially sports, that were not seen in Mexico, it filled his precious apartment and he didn't have to go to a seedy little restaurant that was around the corner from McKinney 1613, a place generally frequented by very ordinary Mexican people, which Juan avoided and only went to watch sports, especially boxing at night, but now with the television in his house he thought that his life was no longer in danger by hanging around those poor places.

Juan was very skilled at getting ahead with all his problems and he knew that since he didn't have enough experience or the necessary English language to make a deal, he thought that there were many people around him who he could ask as a favor to make him the necessary deal to buy a car with a big discount, since he also had the down payment, so he went to Mr. Iron McAllister, who got him a car like Dr. Castellanos's, a used eight-cylinder Chevrolet, they took it to show it asking for \$1,800, Juan asked if there wasn't another cheaper one, so they got him a Renault Dauphine for \$1,200 which seemed an ideal price, he closed the deal by giving \$300 down payment and the rest in monthly payments, as time went by the people around him saw how Juan was progressing, he was going quite strong, he always tried to save every last cent, he didn't waste on anything that wasn't necessary; Now that he had a means of transportation, Dallas seemed small to him. In four months he knew how to function as if he were in Mexico. It was in the United States where the worker progressed to his full potential, where there was no room for the lazy and the lazy only had the right to die, that's how Juan considered it.

The day arrived when he had to meet with Gloria at 6:00 in the evening, he parked his car in the little garden, in the distance he saw her graceful silhouette walking somewhat

quickly and wearing a dress made of fabric with marked flowers of all colors, pretty pink high-heeled shoes, she looked tall and thin, but what stood out most about her was the beautiful mole in the center of her forehead that adorned her beautiful black eyes, her small and well-formed mouth, in contrast to the white of her skin, hair Very well-groomed black men, she looked beautiful, Juan got out of the car and opened the door for her at that moment, he could smell her perfume which was very pleasant, but trying to be a gentleman he closed it, at the same time Gloria said to him with a smile.

-Hey, what's your name?

-Juan Perez Saldaña!

-I like the name!

-At the clinic they call me Johnny!

-I don't like him, I like Juan better!

"Don't you like English?" said Juan.

"I don't like American stuff!" Gloria replied.

"Not even the American boys?" asked Juan.

"Don't even tell me anything, I don't want anything to do with the Americans!" Gloria said.

-And you live here in Dallas, I guess you were born here!

-Yes, but I don't like it, I like Mexico better.

-Have you been there?

"Yes, I have a house there!" Gloria replied.

"Who do you live with there? Do you have family?" asked Juan.

-No, I live with a congressman, he set me up with a house. I'll be there for a few months and then I'll go back to live here with my parents for a few more months. I really like Mexico City.

-Do your parents know?

-They know I work there, but they don't know that I live with a man!

-And does the congressman like you?

-Yeah!

The thought crossed Juan's mind that he would soon have her and that she was also hoping for that, he started the car and a few blocks ahead there was another larger garden, they got out, she took his hand and they walked they arrived at a tree where

three small squirrels were playing in a walnut tree, Juan amazed bent down to pick up the walnuts that were abundantly on the ground saying to Gloria.

-So many nuts here, and not one person comes close to taking them!

"There are more walnut trees around." Gloria pointed at them with her finger.

Juan began to crack a walnut and took out the edible part, Gloria saw that he was bringing it closer to his mouth and opened it slightly, Juan tried to give it to her but regretted it at that moment, and limited himself to giving her a soft bite on her lower lip, she closed her eyes and Juan pulled back again, he put the walnut in her mouth, she opened her eyes and drew him a malicious and flirtatious smile; Juan realized that she was not bothered, but on the contrary, she showed signs of having liked him; at that moment the thoughts crossed Juan's mind that she was used to having relations with the congressman and now she did not have him here in Dallas; so she needed him and surely she would accept having relations with a little more cunning, he thought that he should seduce her so that she would not reject him when the time came, so they both continued eating walnuts, but Juan seeing that he was totally accepted gave her a piece of walnut and then a suck on her lips and so continued; She didn't put up any resistance, they just laughed, until he kissed her passionately, he pulled away and began to kiss her neck, to suck her earlobes that almost, almost suffocated with the same earrings she was wearing; but Juan had to do something to bring her to the maximum of sexual ecstasy, Juan seeing that she was letting herself be manipulated grabbed her by the waist and pressed her tightly to him; only the panting of both of them could be heard, but seeing that she didn't put up any resistance, he said ambiguous words in her ear, so that she would have the option that if she didn't want to sleep with him, he would leave her gently and she wouldn't have the opportunity to reproach him for anything, so Juan asked:

- Are we leaving?

"Yes!" Gloria replied.

"Where to?" asked Juan.

"Wherever you want!" Gloria replied.

Juan was surprised that she had so easily told him to go wherever he wanted, a vague fear entered him, he was somewhat afraid, but the desire to obtain a woman of this caliber led him to be more intrepid, the idea crossed his mind of the possibility that if they went to a certain place and someone was waiting there to assault him or that they were being followed, but he thought that he should not show any sign of fear, since she had in mind the idea that Juan was someone with enough experience in this world, and if he ran away from her now, how would he look? Juan grabbed her hands and they went to the car, he started it, sometimes Juan felt like telling her that they would see each other later, but again he gathered his courage and stayed in the car, he remembered that towards the exit to San Antonio there were two motels that he had seen and he went to one of them, the ones that were bungalows, with large fluorescent

light tubes that adorned them and that at night they looked extraordinarily beautiful, he went to one of them and a little black boy came out to attend to them, it was the who charged for renting them and to whom Juan asked:

-How much is it?

-Seven dollars!

Juan had never entered a motel in the United States and this was the first time he did it, but he was very scared, he was expecting to be robbed at any moment, the two of them entered the room that the black boy had pointed out to them, Juan, as he closed the door, felt her hanging around his neck saying:

-I like you!

At the same time she kissed him ardently.

Juan turned off the lights, because he had windows with transparent curtains; everything became a storm of hugs, kisses and whispers in the ear, at that moment Juan scanned the windows with his eyes and surprised saw the outline of a face in one of the panes, reacting quickly, he thought that Gloria had already agreed with the black boy from the motel, but he remembered that he had chosen him, he calmed down, took a sheet and went to place it on the window, the Negrito quickly left. Juan returned with a bit of calm and saw Gloria extremely calm, which made him wonder how experienced or how much confidence she must have in me. Everything continued, and after an hour, Gloria asked Juan to take her home. Juan did so, and when he left, it seemed that the shadow of insecurity he had about Gloria was lightened, while she asked him:

-You're married, right?

-Yeah!

-What a shame, because I like you! I also have commitments in Mexico, but not like yours, because if I want to, I won't come back and you can't do it.

Juan just nodded, not assuring her with words that she was right, just with his head, which was an indirect way of accepting without offending her by giving her an opening, to give her more time.

Juan arrived at her house, got out, opened the door for her, they said goodbye and she said to him:

-I'm talking to you at Medical Arts!

-Talk to the operating room extension, I'm there all day!

Two months passed and the idyll continued. There was nothing but love, passion, and devotion. Neither of them asked for anything material. When they met, they were all devoted to each other, and the thought crossed his mind that they were both committed; they couldn't offer social standing or legitimize their affection. Juan knew that it would probably all be temporary, since his ambitions wouldn't let him rest. He still wanted to

see Massachusetts or Canada, and therefore wasn't going to stay in Dallas. He knew that suddenly everything was going to change, and one afternoon she said to him:

-Juan, I have to go. I didn't want to, but the congressman keeps talking to me. We're even getting angry now. I have no other way out! I'm leaving for Mexico the day after tomorrow. I'll look for you when I get back.

-Who knows if you'll find me, I'm planning to go to Massachusetts!

"Why?" Gloria said.

-I came to the United States to be able to educate myself, to be more than others, I want to know more about surgery, to live with other religions, to see other types of people, other types of societies, different cultures, I am still thirsty for power, here in the United States there are millions of people with immense social differences, races, cultures, and living together without colliding, the United States is a country of immigrants and where those who come learn to live together in a refined way and learn how to live orderly with urban laws that almost all countries later grotesquely copy and even so, we still see people who are the product of this abundance without ambitions, lazy people without homes, dirty in their clothing, ulcers due to lack of adequate food; Gloria remained very attentive listening to Juan at the same time that he said to her:

-Juan, there is a song that is sung in Mexico and I like it a lot. It is called Humanity and it says:

Humanity, where will it take us?

May God grant that we may see each other again tomorrow.

"I hope you and I see each other again!" Gloria said.

Gloria approached Juan and gave him a goodbye kiss on the mouth, she turned around and walked gracefully away in her beautiful slippers, Juan thought about asking her if the mole on her forehead had been natural or how she had gotten it, it was like the ones some Egyptian women have, he tried to call her but she walked away quickly and he chose to stay with the doubt and continued thinking, what a beautiful and mysterious woman, she had all the Middle Eastern looks, but she spoke perfect Spanish and above all she loved Mexico, one of her parents must be from the Middle East, suddenly he also remembered that he hadn't even asked her her last name, Juan never heard from her again.

Months went by and Juan, as he adapted to American life, felt more responsible for his daughter and wife, since their future depended on the ability and effort he put into the operating rooms. He tried to apply himself as much as possible, to have good relationships in the Church, his ambitions were much greater than what he obtained in that environment. He continued attending medical sessions at St. Paul Hospital. There was a medical congress in Dallas and the hospital paid his registration fee; in the anti-communist society to which he belonged, He belonged to the hospital and was given his membership card in the "Disaster Commission" so he could care for the sick in the

event of a communist bombing. Tensions with Russia continued to rise. During the sessions, they talked about how they were already on guard throughout Latin America, especially in the Catholic Churches, and they preached that communism wouldn't pass that barrier. In Dallas, there were programs for people in case of bombings. October 31st arrived at night, the day before All Saints' Day. Here they celebrated Halloween. How beautiful it was to see the children going door to door in costumes and the people who had previously bought candy, handing it out to everyone. There were gifts for everyone, and this was throughout the United States. Nowhere else were so many gifts given, for so many, existing in abundance for everyone, only in this country, which is the country of abundance.

The last Thursday of November was Thanksgiving Day, there was turkey in every house, it was a national holiday, one of the most moving, celebrating the arrival of the May Flowers ship near Boston with its refugees in 1620.

Another of the major holidays celebrated in the United States is Labor Day, which is celebrated on the first Monday in September and is considered a day dedicated to workers.

Another holiday is Eastern Time or Easter, which celebrates the resurrection of Christ. In other words, when there is a full moon, in Mexico it is Holy Saturday.

Another important day they celebrate is Memorial Day, which is on May 27th, the day dedicated to the soldiers who have died in wars.

During the Christmas season, all the stores are full of decorations, gifts for all tastes and prices. It is too dazzling to see the splendor of the beautiful shopping centers, its opulence that no country has and that is why no one in the world wants the United States. Everyone would like to make it disappear and they have to respect it, only because of the excessive technological and economic power it has and with this, its money is worth all over the world, it is the international currency, along with its language that has also become the international language, with which they can communicate everywhere.

Life went on and Juan had fully returned to American life, in the hospital, in the Church, in his anti-communist meetings; he thought that his time in Dallas was ending and that he should change cities, that he should go to New England and again he began to write 500 letters to the different hospitals in that region, now again he began to receive quite a few contracts but now he was free again to choose what best suited him, he thought that having his American Resident card, along with his family he could have the one that gave him the most advantage, when he began to ask for letters of recommendation, the doctors told the hospital administrator Mr. Taylor and he said to Juan:

-Dr . Perez, you can't leave us so soon. We'll help you get your visa along with your family's, and we'll increase it to five hundred dollars a month, but you'll stay with us for another year. You cost us a lot of money. The Board has pulled all the strings in Washington.

Juan knew that he had a moral obligation to them, but he also knew that now he no longer had to bow to anyone's obstacles and that in life the most capable of grabbing the opportunities came out ahead, however he thought that he should not give any strong answer against what the Administrator was asking and that for the moment he would accept what they were asking him, so that they would not put obstacles in his way at the hospital, so trying to appear that he accepted with some difficulty what they were asking him or adopting an attitude of resignation and slightly biting his lips, also trying to make the most of the increase to five hundred dollars he answered:

-Okay Mr. Taylor , okay, I'll stay with you!

Juan left the office thinking, for now I'm staying because it suits me, as soon as I have a good job in Massachusetts I'm leaving, I don't care who gets angry, if in life we have to step on others I'll have to do it, I'm not going to stop to look at anyone, because the others are not going to stop when they have the opportunity to finish me off, life has been wild and we have to continue living it that way.

Months went by and more contracts kept coming in. He sent a reply to twenty hospitals telling them he accepted the position and had committed himself especially to New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. He thought, I should always have multiple options to choose from; how much is You have to bend to be chosen, and I thought, if I had a student visa, they would have to read me the rules in the hospitals, but with a resident visa, this changes, and I can choose the hospital that offers me the greatest advantage.

Juan had seen such poor people, who had lived their whole lives on their knees before everyone and who when they died thought that they should be buried standing up because if not, they would continue to tire themselves out lying down and Juan did not want this for himself, because he was the type of man who always emerged victorious, always thinking of all the weak and strong points of life's path.

Ideally, Juan thought and wished that when he ever had a strong altercation with someone, people would not be able to get on his nerves, that is, he would not try to fight immediately as he was used to, but would react softly and speak slowly and then if possible, at that moment act trying to take advantage of all situations, subduing the adversary, but if it were not possible at that moment, it was better to act after several hours of conscientious reasoning had passed and to see what was the best way to subdue the opponent or force him to do the things that Juan proposed and better still not to confront the enemy directly but through another who had the necessary strength to subdue him.

And to make friends, there was no other option than trying to do favors for anyone who asked for them, and even more, you had to know the powerful people and try to serve them or offer them some favor. This was Juan's tactic, being in a foreign country.

Juan never said again that he was leaving the Hospital, he remained silent and only deep down knew that he would soon; he frequently thought that the trip would be cheap in his small Renault and tried to buy almost nothing more than what was strictly

necessary, what he would not leave for anything was his television, so as not to stop watching his boxing and baseball programs and the Lawrence Welk show, his frying pan where they cooked his fried eggs, his dishes, his clothes and his surgery books that he had bought, Lewis Practice of Surgery, this was what he loved most, at night when he went out to walk around his house, he only contemplated the Northwest and thought about what New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut must be like; They had already told him so much about New York that when he fell asleep he couldn't do it because of his anxiety about getting to know the hospitals in that area, and he wondered, "How will it go there?" Up until now he hadn't felt anything like the discrimination he 'd heard so much about in Mexico, he hadn't felt any distinction in that environment, on the contrary, people had given him special distinction inside and outside the hospital, also those against whom there was discrimination were the braceros, who are generally people with little or no intellectual preparation, whose personal appearance is very humble and low, more or less the type of people who in Mexico itself have always been pitiful and who are only manipulated by politicians for their own ends, the churches are full of people because it is in these places where they dispel some of their nostalgia and where they believe they are treated equally, although deep down the pastor and the priests also discriminate against them, seeing the intellectual and economic differences of each of their parishioners, although they say absolutely nothing. In all religions, in all political parties, in all societies, there are always vested interests, and politicians know this, as do religious authorities. It's impossible for everyone to be equal, as the communists have intended; ever since humankind began, there have always been, are, and will always be social differences everywhere.

The Cold War with Russia continued to rage, and they boasted about their technology with the satellites they launched into space, which they used to advertise exaggeratedly. When they launched their first satellite, Juan felt deeply saddened that another country was ahead of the USA, but he had always had too much confidence in the capitalist system.

On May 1st , 1960, Francis G. Powers piloting a U -2 reconnaissance jet plane was captured 1200 miles over Russia and the communists pompously announced that it had been shot down with wonderful rockets, in the Medical Arts they spoke sadly of the technology of Russia that had been able to shoot down that plane and were afraid of everything that Khrushchev, vociferated indignantly criticizing the morale of the United States and denounced the accident as an act of aggression, immediately canceled the visit of President Eisenhower to Russia, shortly after the United States admitted the capture of the U -2 and its sophisticated equipment, the United States had no choice but to justify these reconnaissance flights that had been made for more than 200 over Russia and China for more than four years since 1956, and because it was known that there were communist leaders who had ordered an attack on the United States as part of their strategy; It was also learned that these flights were made at an altitude of 14 miles, far above and out of range of the rockets that Russia had; and that they captured the plane because the engine had caught fire and it had to make a landing. Forced because if they had shot it down the Russians would not have been able to show off the equipment as they were doing.

Whether this was legal or illegal, the United States had an obligation to get ahead of the people who wanted to destroy it; an act that was happily justified when it became known what had really happened.

In January 1959, Fidel Castro took power in Cuba, and no one in the State Department believed Castro was a communist or a communist sympathizer. Moscow's Pravda stated that immediate aid should be given to the rebels, along with proper guidance and support for the Cuban masses.

So Castro, upon taking power, ordered the execution of 600 people. Liberal Americans, without adequate information, declared that the punishment was harsh but deserved.

All the men who have directed the policy of the United States should be praised for their admirable prudence and many people have mistaken it for it.

Castro immediately took communist measures, such as confiscating land and collectivizing the countryside, confiscating American banks, breaking up family ties by placing children with communist teachers, suspending civil rights, eliminating elections, controlling the press, radio and television, breaking relations with the United States, allied himself with Russia, recognizing communist China and engaging in trade with the communist bloc.

Weeks passed, and it was time for Juan to leave. He had 20 contracts signed with 20 hospitals as a surgical resident in the so-called New England hospital, but he knew he wouldn't really fulfill one of them; he wouldn't make it to the others, and they couldn't do anything to him. However, in the hypothetical case that the hospital he'd chosen didn't honor his offer, he'd have the option of choosing another one to work for, where he'd say he was delayed because his car had broken down. The contracts he'd sent also included contracts for his wife as a nurse and promised to find someone to care for their little girl.

When it was time to leave he just went to Medical Arts and told the Administrator.

-Mr. Taylor, I came to thank you for the care the hospital has given me. I've tried to be of help to you, but I don't like to shut myself away anywhere, and I think my time here is over. All that remains for me to say is that I'm very grateful.

Mr. Taylor, with his eyes wide open and his face red with anger, answered a little in a loud voice:

-Dr. Perez, it's not possible for you to leave us. You owe us a lot. You've only worked for us for a year and a half. We can increase your money if you want.

Juan, feeling very sorry, answered and gritted his teeth, he knew that Mr. Taylor was right in what he said, but without being able to look him in the eye, he answered:

-I came to thank you, Mr. Taylor. I just wanted to ask you a favor, to see if it's possible. I would like, if it were possible for you, to give me a letter stating that I really worked as a Resident in Surgery.

-Dr . Perez, I'm going to talk to the Board and I'll tell you tomorrow!

-Thank you, Mr. Taylor .

The next day Juan returned to see the Administrator and he said to him:

-I checked with the Board and they didn't authorize me to give you any papers!

Now Juan was the one who felt his face boil, he didn't expect them to deny him the papers that he had been a Resident in Surgery, he knew that it was a very powerful society and that he couldn't fight with them, knowing in advance that he had everything to lose, gritting his teeth with resignation he answered:

-Okay Mr. Taylor , thank you very much!

Juan left the hospital feeling depressed, thinking: "Fuck his mother!" "Fuck his mother!" Deep inside, they had taken away the building he had built, and he comforted himself by thinking, "Well, when I'm in the operating room, I'm not going to solve the problems with paperwork, but with what I've learned." This was what consoled Juan.

With his experience in the hospital, he knew he could walk into any operating room in any country to solve patients' problems, with a superiority complex. Juan, eager to learn more, left the place he had earned with so much work and so much enthusiasm. He remembered some verses that said: "You have to learn to have everything, and through life's blows, learn to lose everything, and then with a hard, brave, and strong struggle, recover it all and have more."

HOLYOKE

Juan had saved money and had enough to go further north, he tuned up his Renault and packed his things in cardboard boxes, he put his television, all his clothes in the back seat, it went almost to the roof and on top of everything was his little daughter and next to him his wife, the trunk was also full, the engine was in the back; He had to leave things with the Mena family, who was a brother of the Church, a plumber by trade and with whom he had a good friendship, he took highway 30 that went to Little Rock and was crossing the beautiful towns, he was recreating himself in each one of them, Juan every time the hours passed was ecstatic of what was the heart of the United States , when it was time for lunch he thought that if he went down to the Restaurant they would charge him a lot and he remembered Dr. Castellanos, from when he traveled with his family, who used to buy cold cuts to make sandwiches, also bought fruits and soft drinks, they went down to a store, bought their food and continued, he also remembered Dr. Castellanos who had told him when he left him in San Antonio: - Doctor, in life we are alone and alone we have to continue!; This memory gave him a special inspiration to continue.

Juan had an adventurous spirit, he liked the unknown. At that moment, he remembered one of the nurses at the Medical Arts Hospital who was from New York who had told him that when she went to visit her relative with her husband, she would drive 24 hours a day and night. Juan felt extremely tired because he had to pack and then drive. He

had gotten up early, so by 6:00 in the evening he was very tired so he asked his wife if she would be able to help him by driving, but she was quite scared and didn't dare, as he was in a hurry he just explained to her that all she had to do was hold the wheel and step on the accelerator, sticking to the white line at the edge of the road and not the one in the middle. She didn't accept but Juan, almost forcing her to do it, said:

-If you don't help me now we'll never get there and we have to do it, -he was almost shouting at her saying-, You have to help me!

Juan, dizzy with sleep, thought, it would be better to pull off the road and so he did almost immediately. He lay back on the same seat and went to sleep. Perhaps his wife felt the responsibility and reluctantly said to Juan:

-Okay, I'll take it!

She started the car and almost with strong jerks from not pressing the accelerator regularly, the car began to move, little by little she picked up the pace; since she didn't know how to change gears, Juan told her to take her foot off the accelerator, press the clutch and change gear; so little by little she gained confidence while Juan had already lost his sleep, when he saw that she was already driving more or less well and that she had the correct steering wheel, he let himself be overcome by sleep again and until after an hour when a trailer truck passed so strongly close to the car that it was shaken and that was when Juan woke up abruptly remembering that his wife was not a skilled driver, he stopped asking:

-Are you okay, are you okay?

To which his wife replied timidly.

-Yeah!

Shortly after, Juan switched to driving and continued.

In Little Rock they took Highway 40 to Nashville, Highway 65 to Lewisville, then Highway 71, and at about one in the morning they arrived at a small town near Columbus, Ohio. He felt the car getting hot, he stopped and opened the engine from which so much steam came out that he couldn't see anything. The night was black from so many trees. He raised his head to the sky and contemplated it studded with stars. In the distance he saw a light and said to his wife:

-Wait for me, there's a light over there, maybe they'll help us!

Juan fearfully left his wife and when he arrived, he saw a beautiful house with columns in front, timidly he rang the doorbell, the lights in the house came on and an American in a bathrobe appeared who kindly said to him:

-What do you want? (What do you want?)

To which Juan responded trying to inspire confidence:

-Look, I'm a doctor . I'm going to work at a hospital in Massachusetts. My wife is a nurse, and I have a little girl. They're over there in the car. I don't know what's wrong with the car, but it's really steamy.

The American replied:

-Wait a moment, I'll go get my lamp to see what's wrong, you can bring your wife and your daughter, while I help you check it out!

Juan understood that he should give the American confidence, he went back in to tell his wife what Juan had told him, and a few minutes later he returned; Juan shook hands with the American's wife to give her more confidence, later the two went out, went to see the car, Juan introduced him to his wife and he invited her to come into his house to wait; while he examined the car, he discovered that what had happened was that the tire had broken, so he said to Juan:

-Wait for me, I'm going with a friend who has a Renault, maybe I'll get the band, I'll be back in 15 minutes!

The American took out his car and left, while Juan went to his house, through the window he could see that his wife had started talking to the American and that they were preparing milk on the stove for the girl and after a while they gave it to her, he went back to the car and much later the American arrived and changed the tire on the Renault, when he finished he said to him:

-Okay Doctor , your car is ready to go.

Juan answered him in English:

-How much do I owe you?

And the American replied:

-No, no, it's nothing, I hope you get to your hospital on time!

It was hard for Juan to see so much kindness, but he remembered that this was the product of the abundance and generosity of so many Americans who are always willing to help and that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and if they look for help everywhere, they will find it. We must remember that the most ambitious people in the world are desperately seeking to immigrate to this country and that the most ambitious are the most intelligent and as the immigration authorities of the United States have stated on many occasions:

Doors should always be opened to these kinds of people so that oxygenated blood can permanently flow to this country.

It was around 3:00 in the morning when Juan resumed his journey, and in the car there were only words of appreciation for this family. How was it possible that throughout the USA, one found this type of people? Juan meditated on the fact of being a doctor, and this was probably the magic word that opened all doors. He also adopted a very studied

attitude when talking about how to gain trust, trying to speak pure truths. And he thought, if I have something good, I have to say it, something that will benefit people. If this has been my tone and I have been successful, then I have to continue doing it.

He reasoned all this with himself as he drove, his wife on one side and his little daughter in the back, sleeping soundly on top of all the luggage. Juan prayed that he wouldn't have an accident on the road, because his family depended on him, and if he had brought her all this way, he had an obligation to take care of her to the fullest.

Another time, around 5:00 in the morning, he started to feel sleepy and exhausted. He had spent almost the entire night driving. He stopped in a small town and thought: how good it's dawn. Driving like this had saved him 30 dollars on a motel, so he had to drive as far as he could, since he didn't want to run out of money. Otherwise, what would he do to feed his family in these places where no one knew them? And thinking like this, sleep overcame him. He had fallen deeply asleep when suddenly he heard as if the house next door was falling on top of him. There was a tremendous noise. He got up very quickly, terrified. At the same time, a train whistle was heard so close that he thought he had stayed in the middle of the tracks and that the train was coming toward them. But suddenly, little by little, the noise faded away, and regaining his composure, he saw that the train was passing behind the house. But even without fully recovering, he thought: what a scare, what a scare. I thought I was

The train was coming, he got out of the car to take a deep breath, calmed down, returned to the car and said to his wife:

-Let's go!

-He started the car and drove for about 5 minutes, when tiredness overcame him again, so he asked his wife:

-Hey, how are you feeling?

-Okay, do you want me to drive?

-I'm just so tired!

Juan pulled over, stopped, handed the car to his wife, she took it back to him, he fell fast asleep again, his daughter was so tiny she didn't bother him at all, she just drifted off to sleep, lulled only by the movement of the car, a little while later his wife parked next to a supermarket, got out to buy some food for breakfast in the Renault.

Then they went through highway 70, then through 76, then through 78 to get to New York, across the George Washington Bridge, they automatically fell into Manhattan, Juan contemplated the magnitude of the beauty of this bridge, he could not believe he was on it, Juan was ecstatic, he boasted of being in this place, so much history had been written about Manhattan and so much had been heard about here; that he thought it was a dream what he was living, in those moments a deep emotion overwhelmed him, a feeling of triumph, self-confidence, that little by little he was achieving what he wanted, he understood that he could not now visit Manhattan, since he had to get to Holyoke, so

he went to New Haven and then to Hartford, but as he passed through these places he could not get tired of admiring the dense vegetation, the varied colors of green, full of pine trees and the perfect roads, each little town looked like a residential neighborhood in Mexico City, they passed through Springfield and finally at midnight they arrived in Holyoke Massachusetts, they asked where the hospital was and they told them where, they headed there; He was inside a thick pine forest. They arrived and looked around. It seemed so beautiful, all the windows were lit up and so big. He entered the paved parking lot and thought, it was worth it to come so far to work in this nice place. And so it was. Almost at dawn, Juan decided that at that hour it was inappropriate for them to receive him. So he went to look for someone. A hotel in the city center, where they found it, got off, so the three of them could rest amply after all the traveling.

The next day they got up, went to a restaurant for breakfast, and then headed to the hospital. Juan dressed in a suit, and his wife and baby were all dressed up. The contract they were given stated that his wife would work as a nurse, that they would be given an apartment, food, and that Juan would be a surgical resident.

Finally he showed up with the receptionist and led them to the Director, Mr. Mende , a tall, bald, reddish man, round face, with white glasses, who would later confess to Juan that he had been a coal miner, but what he probably meant was that he was a miner and that thanks to his effort and study he had managed to become Director of that beautiful Hospital; he sent for the Director of Medical Education, a Gynecological Surgeon, of impeccable presence in a very elegant suit, with an almost white head, white skin, Aryan race, a full beard, who with a smile on his face welcomed Juan, his wife and the baby; it was Doctor Bendian who appeared as a kind man, with a great love for people and who said to Juan.

-Doctor Perez, the person in charge of this Medicine building will show you your room, and your wife and daughter will be given another one in the nursing school building.

Juan was speechless, he couldn't get his head around the fact that he was going to be separated from his wife and daughter, since the contract they sent him didn't say that, but rather that they were going to give them an apartment for their family, however he thought that for the moment he shouldn't say anything, but little by little he was getting angrier, his brain felt like it was going to explode, he couldn't accept that he was going to live separated from his family, and just as Doctor Bendian had told him , they were going to give him the place where they would stay: Juan just stared at the Doctor , he stared at his wife and shrugged his shoulders, saying to her in Spanish, in front of Doctor Bendian .

-Wait, let me think about how I'm going to solve this, but we're going to live together-

Juan changed his clothes and went immediately to the hospital to explore the environment, to try to find out the background, he went floor to floor trying to make friends, trying to please, he met a very special nurse from New Mexico named July, who Juan He liked her, because he had told her about his problem, about how they had been promised an apartment for him to live with his wife and now they were being sent to live separately, to which she replied:

-Be careful with Bendian and Mende, they are both sons of bitches.

Juan came up with this concept of the two main ones, which had to do with his very tasteless life and the nurse added:

Bendian is a surgeon who removes every woman who comes to his office, whether she's sick or not. You'll see in time, because I was told you'll be right in the operating room. I would later confirm what I had told Juan, since doctors in these places are privileged beings; their voice is sacred, what they say is law, and patients readily follow what they're told in the offices. Since most of them are insured, and the insurance companies are the ones who pay the doctors, the patient will readily agree to any operation as long as she's well.

That same afternoon, the chief resident, Dr. Cox, assigned him the position of assistant in the operating room, and he admired the beautiful rooms and the tremendous instruments. He felt wonderful in this environment; he asked nothing of the Dallas hospitals, and that was how he began his work routine.

He held out for two days, on the third day he exploded, he went to see the Director, Mr. Mende, he entered the office, he asked the Secretary to let him in, after 15 minutes of waiting, Mr. Mende finally received him saying:

-How are you, Dr. Perez? I've heard you're very good in the operating room!

-Mr. Mende, good afternoon, I'm bringing you the contract, in which you tell me that you were going to give us an apartment for my wife and my daughter, that you were going to give my wife a job as a nurse, that food for the three of us was free, and you haven't fulfilled this.

These hospital directors were already accustomed to imposing the laws that suited them; since they give out the visa and if the student does not comply with what they say, then they cancel the visa and they have to return to their countries of origin, as Juan found out, since this They had done this to other doctors who came to that hospital, to whom they surely did not deliver what they promised.

But Juan was used to thinking quickly in times of need; it had saved him from several catastrophes. He remembered that he had left other hospitals, around fifteen contracts, and that he could have gone to another one at that moment and said that on the way, "his car had broken down and that's why he was late."

He said the same thing to Mr. Mende, who turned even redder in the face and, adjusting his glasses, said to Juan:

-Doctor Perez, the hospital has its rules, we have abided by them and you must also abide by them, but if you are not willing to do so, tell us :

Juan's heart pounded, the adrenaline rushing from listening to these agonizing arguments intended to knock him out. Without saying a word, he was at the mercy of the hospital authorities, and with these words they would most likely have subdued

other foreign doctors. Breathing deeply and clenching his jaw tightly, Juan answered Mr. Mende :

-Excuse me a moment, I'll be back in 10 minutes!

Juan left and went to his room and searching among his papers he found five hospital contracts that were waiting for him for those days, he returned and abruptly entered Mr. Mende's office , saying:

-Look , here I have five other hospital contracts waiting for me right now. I preferred to come here because I thought you were correct, but if you don't comply, I'll go to the closest one, which is Valhalla Hospital in New York. I'm about three hours away from here.

Mr. Mende grabbed the contract and looked at it. Realizing that he needed Juan in the operating room, since he had an immigrant visa, not a student visa. Furthermore , he realized that there was nothing he could do, and that he had to answer to the Hospital Board. Juan seemed determined to leave, he replied:

-Well, Doctor Perez , I'm going to give the order to have your wife's and daughter's things moved to the same room where you live. We're going to give you all the Facilities and his wife will start working tomorrow as a nurse and we will find a place for them to care for their daughter.

Mr. Mende had given in and that he had to live with the hospital authorities for who knows how long, extended his hand to Mr. Mende , and the latter, seeing himself forced, had no choice but to extend his hand as well, although deep down his pride was hurt and he would later take revenge.

For the time being, Juan was close to his family again and enjoying what he had achieved. He returned to his job and eagerly began working in the operating room, where he seemed like a fish in water and where everyone admired his performance. Juan was tireless; he had to work 36 hours and had 12 hours off. Every two weeks, he had a day off from Saturday at noon to Monday at 7 a.m.

Days passed and the doctors got along well with Juan, who was frequently invited to their homes for meals, and when he had a break in the afternoons, he would go jogging in the nearby pine-covered mountains. He also met patients who played baseball and would invite him to join their team every eight days at night. Juan had once again made his mark and was well received. Occasionally, he would go buy a Mexican newspaper and receive news of the advance of communism in Central and South America. The Mexican government was leftist, and he was afraid that communism would take over Mexico. He always tried to talk with his fellow doctors about this advance, especially with Dr. Salwen , who was a urologist and always showed great affection for Juan, teaching him all the secrets of urology and always inviting him to go out with him.

A great friendship had been born between the two, the same thing happened with Dr. American , with Dr. Ferguson , unforgettable characters who gave him unlimited

knowledge and Dr. Black , Chief of the operating room, who allowed him to handle patients out of the ordinary.

ISLAMISM

In the same hospital there were colleagues from all over the world, among them stood out Doctor Khan from Pakistan, who was a magnificent person and Juan always called him brother, he lived in the same building and Khan's trust reached such an extent that he tried to get Juan to stay with him. He converted to Islam and patiently read to him from the Koran, the sacred book of this religion, which is relatively shorter than the New Testament. Khan told Juan that his religion was the true religion of the world, which now numbered more than 600 million. He commented that "There is no God except God and Muhammad, who is the messenger of God," and recited it to him five times a day. Khan commented that Abraham, Moses, and Jesus were respected by them, as some of the 25 Prophets of God. He also explained that Islam accepts Jesus' birth, but not the Virgin Mary and her miracles.

Muslims believe that the Christian faith in the divinity of Jesus is polytheism. Just as the religion of Christ is called Christianity, they call themselves Mujadanism. He explained that according to the Islamic calendar in 1961, the year was 1381, for Islam, so there was a difference of about 580 years with the Christian calendar.

He also told him that at least once in their lives they should visit "Mecca", a city in Saudi Arabia, dressed in white and walking seven times around the Kaba, which was a cubic chapel, with a black cover, embroidered with gold and on the outside on one of its walls is placed the black stone, (it is a meteorite that was worshipped since before Muhammad by the people here), the interior of the Kaba was empty for now, but for some time it kept pagan idols, which Muhammad destroyed, the same thing happened as here in Mexico when the Spanish built churches on the pyramids of the Indians, like the one in Cholula in the city of Puebla.

The pilgrims also visited the place where Hagar, the mother of the Arab nation, sought water (Abraham married Sarah and from here was born Isaac and from his descendants the Jewish people); Abraham had a son with Sarah's Egyptian servant, who was Hagar and was called Ishmael, this gave rise to the Ishmaelites, which is the Arab people, meaning that Jews and Arabs are half-brothers, hence the terrible wars they have had).

Another holy place is Mount Arafat, which is the place where the Prophet Muhammad gave his last sermon, where they hold a vigil with camel and goat sacrifices.

Juan loved it when Dr. Khan talked about his religion and even sought him out for further instruction; Dr. Khan showed him other Books, such as "The Sharia"; this book means "The Way to Follow," is a set of civil, ethical, moral, and religious laws. It sets out laws in the case of thieves, who are punished by cutting off one or two hands, and adulterers are flogged or stoned to death. However, if a woman is falsely accused of adultery, the accuser is whipped, and the same is true for those who drink alcohol. "The Quran" prohibits drinking wine, but does not specify any punishment. It also tolerates polygamy, and to obtain a divorce, it is enough for the man to say in front of witnesses

three times, "I divorce you and so does she." A divorce can be obtained if the husband is impotent or treats her badly.

As time went by, Juan became interested in reading more about Islam, getting to know it in order to understand it. He also noticed that on the 29th or 30th of each month, he didn't eat during the day while it was light, which were the hours of Ramadan. On one occasion, he asked Idris while he was in the doctors' dressing room.

-And how did it all start, Idris?

-It seems that Muhammad already knew of the existence of Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity and the Old Testament; and it seems that he was determined to dedicate himself to religion, since he had gone on a meditation retreat near Mecca, on Mount Hira, where he had been for six months in a cave. On other occasions he had gone to the desert to meditate, but this time when he was sleeping, according to a later story, the angel Gabriel of the Christian religion had awakened him, while he was in bed with a severe cry that said:

-Proclamation!

Muhammad, rubbing his eyes, replied:

-But what am I proclaiming?

Suddenly Muhammad felt his throat tighten, thinking that the angel was bothering him, and again he heard the angel's voice saying very loudly:

-Proclamation!

And again Muhammad felt the choke in his neck and listened:

-Proclamation!

The angel ordered him for the third time.

-Proclaim in the name of the Lord!, to the creator who formed man from a clot of blood, proclaim your Lord the most gracious, it is He who will teach man, what he does not know through the pen.

Every time Dr. Khan spoke about his religion, he did so with such inspiration, making John realize that his religion was the true one, the most sacred in the entire known world.

According to Islamic translations, Muhammad was an Arab, an unremarkable merchant from Mecca, who was inspired to preach the word of God in 610 AD; compared to Jesus and Buddha, the life of Muhammad, messenger of Allah (God), is very abundant; some have said that during his birth in the palace of a Persian emperor he trembled, or that a mysterious light ignited in the breast of Muhammad's mother, illuminating all the way to Syria 800 miles away, others have said that his body cast no shadow at all and that his hair fell into the fire and was not burned.

Muhammad himself disdained any miraculous claims made about him, insisting that he was a human person through whom God had revealed himself.

It is known that the prophet was born in 570 AD , a member of a respected clan from Mecca, the Hashim Clan, at the age of six he was already orphaned by both father and mother, at the age of eight his godfather Abdal-Muttalib died leaving him in the care of a poor uncle Abu Talib; he worked as a shepherd and his disciples said that: God had not sent prophets who were not shepherds and they ratified Moses who was a shepherd; Muhammad heard the discussions of faith of both Jews and Christians and this could fuel dissatisfaction, along with the traditional religious polytheism of the Arabs who believed in trivial gods headed by a deity known as Allah.

The Jews and Christians despised the Arabs, seeing them as savages, who did not even have an organized Church.

The reader should be warned that, based on what has been read and what was subsequently investigated, Muhammad was adopting the beliefs that the Arabs had before him, such as the Kaaba, the black stone, and Allah. Muslims believe that the black stone was given to Abraham by the Angel Gabriel, scientifically it is thought to be a meteorite.

At the age of 25, Muhammad married a wealthy widow from Mecca, and began his adventures in the desert to contemplate and pray as other Arab holy men had done before him.

According to legend, Muhammad had already gained a reputation as a wise, holy man before his first revelation to the angel on Mount Hira.

Looking out from the balcony of his house in Mecca, he one day saw men from four different clans arguing over which of them would transport the black stone (meteorite), which the Arabs considered sacred, to a new location, to a newly rebuilt chapel called the Kaaba.

Muhammad proposed placing the black stone in a serape, with each corner held by one of the men of the four clans, and he personally placed the meteorite on a new niche.

At age 40, Muhammad began preaching the new faith of Islam, which he said was gradually revealed to him during his travels in the desert; something religiously familiar to Arabs who were familiar with the monotheistic teachings of Jews and Christians.

It should be noted that Muhammad never considered himself a God in the way that Islamic believers now see him; he simply claimed to be human like everyone else and that he was not God. The Arabs readily accepted the claim that Allah was the Supreme God of the desert gods; it was the same God that Jews and Christians worshipped.

The merchants of Mecca became envious of Muhammad's growing strength, and Jews and Christians questioned whether what Muhammad claimed about the true word having been revealed to him was true. Thus, the Arabs accepted Jews and Christians as people of the book (Old Testament).

In 622, Muhammad was harassed by his opponents and had to escape with his followers to Medina and this is known as "Hegira".

His followers increased, Muhammad developed his new religion, revelations came to him in trances, his descriptions of these encounters were memorized, written down by his followers, and thus the Quran was structured; as his followers increased in number and strength, they attacked the caravans of Mecca, and thus there were several battles with indecisive victories.

In 628, the Meccan authorities authorized Muhammad and his followers to make the pilgrimage to the Kaaba, and with the new faith, it continued to be the Holy Chapel. Muslims believe this is the place where Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac to God.

Two years later Muhammad led an army of ten thousand soldiers to take Mecca and achieve victory.

He sometimes had strong quarrels with his wives or concubines; all his children died in childhood, and there was no man to inherit him.

In 632, he made a trip to Mecca where he declared:

"I have perfected your religion and completed my favors for you" (referring to God).

Three months later in Medina he fell ill and died, his followers spread the word of Allah not only in Arabia but far beyond.

Just as in Christianity, where there was a tireless struggle between Saint Peter and Saint Paul, in Ismailism or Islam, two groups formed: the Sunnis, who believe that the leader must be nominated by representatives of the community and confirmed by an oath of allegiance. And the Shiites, who maintain that Muhammad's spiritual activity was passed on to his cousin Ali; their direct descendants are called Imams.

Most Shiites in Iran believe that the twelfth successor of Ali, who mysteriously disappeared in 878 AD, is still alive and will return alive as the Mahdi (the appointed Divine Guide).

So many years have passed, but the memory of Dr. Khan still persists, as a loyal, sincere, tall, thin, dark man, with curly hair, a mustache and whitish spots all over his body and especially on his hands, where many people did not accept him and hardly shook his hand for fear of contracting the disease; but this was vitiligo, a disease Nervousness that is not contagious and Juan learned to understand it and shake his hand, something that Dr. Khan felt and appreciated a lot.

Juan and his wife made quite a few friends with people from here in Holyoke, there were people from Poland, France, Greece, Romania, Turkey, Germany and recently people from Puerto Rico started arriving, one could think that there was a bit of discrimination against them by the Europeans, since most of them were well dressed with ties and those from Puerto Rico walked around with their shirts unbuttoned, you saw more vulgar people, but we thought, this is the vulgarity of Puerto Rico, but like in

all places there are people with good customs with education and people without it, here we see the bad things about Puerto Rico but we have not yet known the good things about that place.

Even with these judgments, we Mexicans felt like aristocrats, since in the hospital they viewed those from Puerto Rico with disdain, and we proudly said: we are Mexicans, don't confuse us, although deep down we felt that we also had uneducated people like the braceros. In this area where Puerto Ricans abound, Mexicans were well regarded, although in the Southern United States it's the opposite. At that time, Mexicans were frowned upon, viewed with disdain, since the majority were uneducated, and here those from Puerto Rico probably would have been well regarded because there were fewer of them.

Here in Holyoke was a small town but with beautiful landscapes full of pine trees, very thick vegetation, with very well paved streets, with very well coordinated traffic lights to move quickly, with very nice restaurants, with ample parking, full of houses in the center, of European architecture, in the surrounding areas residential areas and a great Connecticut River surrounded by mountains, where there were beautiful places to ski and Juan would later see that they would be useful for going running.

This was the place where Juan ate pizzas for the first time. They said they were of Italian origin, but the French and Greeks requested them a lot. Downtown Holyoke was the place where Juan and his family went to eat pizzas whenever he had time off.

Days passed and Juan's wife had become very close friends with another nurse, Rita Jelineau and her husband Marcel, people of French origin, with considerable experience in Holyoke, along with their entire family who, through Rita, identified widely.

Across from the hospital was a baseball park, where I played with friends I knew from the hospital. The game was played very quickly, with games lasting less than two hours, and the umpires rushed them along, with players running in and out at the end of each inning.

Again, just like in Dallas, Juan had created a circle of friends and was well-liked. His little daughter was first cared for by a Mexican man who had no job or job; he cleaned the hospital. His name was Tony. His wife was a very pretty, blonde Polish woman who looked like Marilyn Monroe. Juan wondered how it was possible that such a low-class man could have such a wife as a companion, but she had already been married and divorced. It so happened that she thought this Mexican man belonged to a good social class, so she joined him when Juan went to pick up his little girl at five in the afternoon from work. She realized that the food she brought for her little girl was eaten by the Polish woman's children and that Juan's little girl wasn't given any. He kept her dirty, didn't bathe her, and they had agreed that she had to be cleaned daily. This Tony was a guy who got himself fired from his jobs and later went to collect his unemployment benefits from the government. So the best thing was to find another family located 15 kilometers from the hospital; when they saw the care in person, Juan and his wife were absolutely delighted.

Time was passing at his job, when one of those afternoons, the Emergency Department called him throughout the hospital, telling him over the radio:

-Dr . Perez, call the emergency room, Dr. Perez , call the emergency room!

Juan, who was near the emergency room, quickly headed there, and upon arriving he met the nurse Mrs. Moyninham, who was a beautiful blonde doll about 28 years old and who said to Juan:

-Doctor Checa , tell the patient in the room, he just arrived, he's unconscious!

Juan approached the patient who was lying on the examination table, he was about 35 years old, robust build and he was heard having labored breathing, at first very light and little by little increasing in depth and speed, then it stopped, Juan recognized the so-called Cheyne Stokes breathing, which occurs in brain injuries, the limbs were extended, unconscious, he examined his pupils and they were dilated, blood pressure was 80/60, pulse 140, he examined his nose, Mouth, ears and was normal, he raised his upper limbs and he let them fall heavily so that they hit the table, so John said to Mrs. Moyninham:

-What's wrong with him?

And Miss Moyninham answered him:

-There's a person outside with him, it looks like he was beaten!

Juan left the emergency room and went to the man who asked him anxiously.

-How is the patient?

And John answered him:

-He looks really bad, it seems like he's leaving us! What happened to him?

-He exchanged blows with another person, who punched him in the face and he fell down, I was watching so I called a car and brought him!

-Wait a bit, I'm going to call the Neurologist!

Juan went to the phone and called the switchboard asking for the doctor to be brought in immediately. He went back into the emergency room and Mrs. Moyninham asked him:

-How do you see it?

-Very bad, very bad, he's dying!

Twenty minutes later the neurologist came in, questioned Juan and went to examine the patient, he abruptly stopped the examination and said to the nurse:

-Please notify the operating room that I'm going to perform an emergency craniotomy, let them notify the anesthesiologist!

And turning to John he said:

-Johnny, you help me!

To which he quickly replied:

-Yeah!

Juan and the Neurologist hurriedly went to the dressing room and changed clothes, the anesthesiologist arrived a few minutes later, the patient accompanied by the nurse and the orderly entered the operating room; the Anesthesiologist was preparing his equipment, when he stopped hearing the patient's breathing, went to him and put the stethoscope on his chest, he did not hear it anymore, the operating room nurse took the patient's blood pressure and did not find it so she said to the Anesthesiologist:

-You can't hear the pressure!

The anesthesiologist, very anxious and almost shouting, said to the nurse:

-Tell the doctor that he's already in cardiac arrest!

The nurse came out and told the doctor and he came running in asking for a scalpel saying to the Anesthesiologist:

-Tube it!

The anesthesiologist intubated him and gave him artificial respiration by inflating his lungs. The neurosurgeon cut all the chest muscles in a single incision and entered directly into the heart. Juan, meanwhile, placed a Finochietto separator, separating the ribs. The neurosurgeon put his hands in and after five minutes of massaging the heart, he became exhausted and said to Juan:

-Keep massaging him!

Juan continued massaging him and the Neurologist commented after ten minutes:

-The problem is in the brain, not the heart, the case is lost!

The heart did not respond to the massage, so the Neurologist told Juan.

-Leave him alone, Johnny, he's deader than the dead!

The entire team left the operating room with monotony and resignation, while Juan closed the chest with stitches.

The next day, the sensational news appeared in the newspaper in bold print, because in this place it was difficult to see a homicide. They arrested the person with whom they had fought and was accused of murder. But he said they had both beaten each other up and that he had also received punches to the face like the ones he had inflicted and had to defend himself. The case was discussed at the hospital and they reported that they could sentence him to life in prison or the electric chair. The authorities approved his burial, and so it was. The prisoner's lawyers went to question the nurse, Juan, and the

neurosurgeon, commenting to them that they didn't see the possibility that a punch would be enough to kill a person, unless it had been struck in the larynx and ruptured, or there was another problem. At the hospital, he had already been seen by the pathologist, and the latter had signed the death certificate, stating that he had suffered cardiac arrest from the blows. The lawyers continued to rely on other doctors. A few days later, Juan had the afternoon off and went to take a shower. He intended to go out very well dressed to a shopping center called the Globe, which was the largest in Holyoke. He was warming up his car in the hospital parking lot when a nurse called him and told him that he was needed in the autopsy room. He hurriedly went to that place. He was very well perfumed as always and when he arrived, he smelled like rotting flesh. It appeared as far as the door and the hallway. Juan opened it and a world of people were inside.

The neurologist explained to Juan that he had exhumed the patient, since the authorities wanted him to explain the condition in which he had arrived and what symptoms they had found him with, while they questioned and testified to the details of the matter; Juan detected the presence of an anatomical pathologist who they later told him had been brought from Boston by the defendant's lawyers; and that she opened each of the body parts, when doing so, a world of clots came out in the skull, they lifted the brain, underneath they found an artery like a ruptured tumor, about five centimeters long, and right there the medical examiner declared that the cause of death had been the rupture of that aneurysm, which he had already had before the fight, and that the rupture had been caused by the effort and not by the blow, Outside the relatives of the assailant when they received the news hugged each other with joy, the dead man's relatives received the news with resignation.

Later, Juan and his wife went to the mall to do their shopping.

In the following days the accused was released and only lightly fined.

Juan remembered that that Monday, he had to get up at five in the morning to shower and drop off his daughter, then return for breakfast and go to work at 8:00 in the morning. He worked all day, but at night there was also work in the operating room. The next day he continued with his routine work. In the afternoon he left and went to pick up his daughter. When he returned, he tried to rest a while in his room. When they called him to contact the emergency room, they had a lot of work to do because a bus had crashed into a car, and there were already 14 injured, and the doctors there were overwhelmed. Juan knew he could refuse because he was very tired, but reluctantly he went and stitched up wounds. Then he went to the operating room because there were injured people who needed surgery. He spent the whole night like that. In the morning, he looked like a dead person walking. At around 7:30, he headed to his room; he couldn't walk.

He had previously asked his wife to leave their daughter in the care of her as she also had to go to work. He went to his room, feeling dizzy, sat down on the bed and fell deeply asleep. About 30 minutes had passed when he heard the phone ring. He clumsily picked it up and answered the secretary at the switchboard who said to him:

- Doctor Perez, Doctor Bendian is looking for you, he is very angry, we have been calling you for half an hour at the hospital, he is in room C, he is waiting for you there, he says that you should be here, not in your room!

-I'm very tired, I was resting, but here I go!

Juan hung up but the secretary probably told Dr. Bendian the same thing so with heavy steps he headed to room C, he had arrived and at the back Dr. Bendian saw him, Juan looking at him tried to walk a little faster, Dr. Bendian elegantly dressed, with his white head, which was what stood out the most about him, with his hands on his waist as if waiting for Juan; at that moment he remembered that his father also waited for him, when he misbehaved, and he also hit him; Seeing him Juan felt a little scared, because he remembered his father, but regaining his serenity and remembering that he was none other than the Director of Residents,

Regardless of the fact that he was exercising a lot and that if he tried to attack him, Juan could do it too, he stared at Doctor A in the eyes, almost challenging him; Doctor Bendian did not take his eyes off him either and with great anger he said to Juan:

-What are you doing in your room? The hospital pays you to work, not to be lazy!

-I'm so tired, I was sleeping!

-Go to sleep in Mexico! If you want your sarape, we'll get it for you!

When he heard this, Juan felt his whole body electrify and he remembered a calendar he had in one of the hospital rooms, where there was a drawing of a little Indian next to a maguey wrapped in a sarape of many colors and sleeping. Probably Bendian had already seen it and that's why he told him.

Juan bit his lips filled with anger and with blood pounding in his head he answered:

-Doctor Bendian , don't you know that I've been working for 48 hours straight? Yesterday I was supposed to rest and there was the bus accident, so I spent the whole night in the operating room!

Doctor Bendian with an energetic attitude and a strong voice said to Juan:

-I'm telling you again, the hospital pays you to work. We don't want lazy Mexicans here. Go to the operating room!

Without giving him any time to give another explanation, Dr. Bendian turned around and left Juan standing there, who muttered through gritted teeth;

-Fuck your mother!, Fuck your mother!

Finally knowing that Dr. Bendian did not understand Spanish, Dr. Bendian suddenly stopped and asked Juan in English:

-What do you say?

-Nothing, nothing!

Juan went to the operating room, but his pride was hurt, he couldn't let another doctor stress to him about what was believed of Mexicans, he waited all day and with the sword stuck deep in his pride and like a lion, in his free time he searched the entire hospital for Dr. Bendian, now the tiredness that he kept in his entire body had turned into malaise and anxiety to clarify that the Mexican was not lazy. Around five in the afternoon in the nurses' station on one of the floors, he found him giving orders to a patient, next to him a nurse who listened very attentively, because they already knew how demanding he was; when he spoke all the staff should be very attentive, because sometimes when he finished giving some orders he spoke mainly to the nurses.

-Repeat what I told you!

-All?

-All!

And if the nurse didn't repeat it, he would abuse them, call them mentally retarded and, since he had authority, he would dismiss the stupidest ones. Juan had heard all these concepts.

At that moment, he only remembered that Bendian had stared into his eyes that morning, clearly intending to instill fear in him. Juan approached and, almost interrupting Bendian's conversation with the nurse, looked him straight in the eyes and said:

-Dr. Bendian, I want to tell you that Mexicans are not lazy like you told me this morning!

Doctor Bendian, surprised, reacted immediately and with an ironic smile answered Juan:

-Haven't you seen the Mexican's drawings with paintings?

-That's part of Mexican Folklore, not your personality, and it was painted by someone who loves Mexico! And could you tell me if you really know Mexico?

Dr. Bendian felt his culture was being disrespected and he answered seriously, no longer with irony.

-No!

Juan took advantage of this moment of weakness and expressed himself with dignity.

-Then we can't keep talking about my country!

Juan gallantly turned around and walked away from the nursing station with a victorious attitude, feeling like he had landed a punch in the liver and left him on the floor, wallowing where it hurt the most: in his culture.

Juan went to get his wife and daughter, and shortly after, he returned to the hospital restaurant at six in the evening. By then, the rumor had spread throughout the hospital, and when he sat down, two nurses approached and sat at his desk, saying:

-Dr . Pérez, we congratulate you! Until someone stopped Bendian in his tracks, it has given all of us nurses great pleasure; all of us who know about it are happy, but you've got a scorpion on you. Watch out, he's vengeful!

Later he met Dr. Khan and he recommended the same thing:

-Johnny take care, I already know what you did to him, remember he's our Boss!

Juan knew Bendian couldn't do anything to him head-on, since he'd already seen him running in the woods and knew he went to play baseball in the park across from the hospital. Days later, when he learned what time Bendian usually left the hospital in the afternoon, Juan tried to go running so he could see him, but he also knew he was his boss and could easily catch him out for any mistake. Juan felt that his very nature didn't allow him to be a coward, much less apologize for something that wasn't his fault, since he had offended him, and only being so far away did he feel what it was like to love Mexico.

He thought; all over the world there are positive and negative people, people who love Mexico and people who hate Mexicans, it's all part of life. He remembered that when he was in high school in the city of Puebla, there were some classmates who cursed the United States, and the English teacher, who was American, was also disliked and was almost kicked out of his class by the students, simply for being American.

A library had been founded at the UAP, the Benjamin Franklin Library, named after an American hero, and the students did everything they could to close it until they succeeded, in complicity with the rector.

Neither the educational capacity nor the economic potential available to the University was taken into account, and according to the updated information, it was higher than that of the Autonomous University of Puebla, which was much larger but had many old books.

The American Consulate in Mexico founded these information centers to counter the influence of Communism in Mexican cities. This was around the years 1951 and 1952. They were located next to the large "Lafragua" Library, next to the University.

By September 1960, when Ike Eisenhower, a World War II hero, was President of the United States , and Richard Nixon of the Republican Party was Vice President, the latter's presidential campaign was against another World War II hero who was very popular. At the hospital, we ardently hoped he would win because he was from Massachusetts, and we all rooted for Senator John F. Kennedy of the Democratic Party. We wore badges with his portrait on our chests. These were days we lived ardently, during which a patriotism developed in us, a love for the United States so profound that we often came to think we loved the United States more than many Americans.

Nikita S. Khrushchev

By then, Nikita S. Khrushchev from the Soviet Union had also arrived in New York, and he had already plotted so many times in Russia to get to his post that he thought there might be one here to kill him, too. Naturally, there were many demonstrations against him; the demonstrators included Hungarians, Poles, and others from Eastern Europe, representatives of the so-called group of captive countries, all anti-communist. The demonstrations were mainly in the United Nations Plaza, on 47th Street, between 1st and 2nd Avenues.

Fidel Castro, who had also arrived, hugged Khrushchev effusively; all of this was on television; this type of tyrant stank for all of us, because we knew that they maintained themselves by Strength and terror in their countries, one morning, while operating with Dr. Salwen Juan asked him:

-Dr. What do you think of Fidel Castro?

And with the worst of resentment he answered:

-Is a Pig son of a bitch!

(He's a pig, he's a son of a bitch!).

Juan never forgot these words, which came from an intellectual who loved his country and his career and who was a standard-bearer as a Urologist and whom Juan would remember with veneration for everything he taught him, not only as a Doctor, but best of all, he left him with a rank to fight for in life, that of a Mason.

One morning at the "El Prado" restaurant near 51st Street in Manhattan, Castro supporters and his enemies got into a savage fight, throwing bottles and gunshots. Nine-year-old Magdalena Urdaneto of Caracas, Venezuela, was wounded in the right lung.

We felt that Castro and Khrushchev should be kicked out, but we saw with despair the great tolerance that the United States had with its enemies and to top it all off, CIA and FBI agents were protecting them. We couldn't believe it, but we saw it clearly.

Nixon declared in his presidential campaign that Khrushchev and Mao Tse Tung respected nothing but force, and they were quite right. These uncultured, self-important people only respected the atomic bombs that the United States jealously guarded and that should have ended Communism when the United States didn't have such weapons. When McCarthur, after finishing off Japan, wanted to continue with Russia, not against the people, but against its leaders, they wouldn't let him. The United States, due to the very democracy in which its government operated, has been too tolerant of its enemies; its technology, its universities, its organization; are capable of ending the tyrants that are emerging in the world, and a war at that time was convenient for Russia to subjugate the world, but it was riddled with bluffs, so it didn't risk going against the United States because it knew it would lose; since the people it subjugated by force could turn against itself.

The United States was better off with peace, since through its trade, over time it would be able to economically squeeze all of them, its industry was the most developed and was constantly presenting new inventions, Russia had no choice but to steal technology and the difference and the advancement of the evolution of the United States was increasing, Khrushchev obviously in a well planned and calculated attack, during the XV General Assembly of the United Nations, presented President Eisenhower as the man who put the world at risk with the Third World War, he handled the assembly with the purpose of shock and speaking of the Russian Revolution of 1917, he said that the world should be counted from the Russian Revolution and not from the birth of Jesus Christ.

There was an atmosphere of crisis throughout the United States, we were all on tenterhooks and one of the things that Khrushchev proposed was to eliminate the Secretary General of the United Nations, Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, whom he called a servant of the imperialist forces. He proposed that in his place there should be three people, one representing communism, one representing capitalism and another chosen from among the neutralists.

He also proposed that the United Nations headquarters no longer be located in New York and be moved to another country. But if the Russian army and its citizens were starving, how could they subsidize the United Nations in Russia, at the cost of more hunger and more sacrifice for the Russian people?

It had been like a blow to the brain when the Russians announced they had put a satellite into space, but the United States had only been itching to put their plan for the fight for space into action and had only needed a short time to get ahead, way ahead!

On September 25, 1960, the United States failed in its attempt to place a satellite around the moon and Pioneer VI burned up in the Earth's atmosphere after climbing a few miles; if this satellite had been successful, it would have been a crushing blow for the self-conscious Khrushchev, however, without any bases and as a sign that everything had been planned very well, he threw another of his bluffs and declared from Glen Cove LI that Russia was ready to send a man into space.

In the United States it was written that Khrushchev had an inferiority complex, derived from the low standard of living with which he had grown up in Russia and as he was a guy dedicated to the triumph of communism, he wore masks.

For peace, masks for war, for joy, for intimidation, for anger, etc.

Nearly all the leaders of the world's major countries had arrived in New York, including Tito of Yugoslavia, Nasser of the United Arab Republic, Nehru of India, Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, Gomulka of Poland, McMillan of England, John Diefenbaker of Canada, and others; meetings that made us reflect on the seriousness of the situation; anxiety and fear of a global atomic disaster permeated the United States.

We met the great Ted Williams in a Boston hospital, where he had done us the favor of giving us baseball passes to Fenway Park. Watching him bat so naturally also reminded

us of another Mexican great, Ángel Castro, who played at Parque Puebla, located in the city of the same name. On September 25, 1960, he announced his retirement and wore the number nine on his uniform. It was painful news, because one of baseball's immortals was leaving, and we couldn't see his beautiful swing to hit the ball. It seemed as if we in the Northeast of the United States, in what is known as New England (New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, Rhode Island), were living through the most remarkable period of this era.

On September 26, 1960, the New York Yankees won the American League championship by hitting home runs and with the famous Casey Stengel as manager, with players like the great left-hander Luis Arroyo who was a chubby relief pitcher, who put the ball where he wanted and almost always won games, he also had players like Tony Kubek, Hector Lopez, Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris, Elston Howard, who was already frequently replacing the great Yogi Berra and we sadly saw how the greats were ending.

In the hospital's staterooms, which had televisions, we watched the 1960 World Series; as soon as we finished surgery, we went to meet with the patients and all the doctors.

Dramatically at the start of the last game, on Thursday, October 13, 1960, in the ninth inning the score was 9 to 7 in favor of the Pirates. Playing with the famous Roberto Clemente, the Yankees tied the game and at the end of the ninth inning, Mazeroski sent the ball over the left fielder's fence, to dramatically give the Pirates the victory; how much emotion this game left us, the series, what a taste of well-being, knowing that this The series was seen almost all over the world and was played here in the United States and we were very fortunate to be here.

At that political moment, we were witnesses to the Kennedy and Nixon campaigns, something we had never seen before in Mexico, which made world history with the presidential candidates' debate in front of television cameras, conveying to all the people of the United States their ability to solve the world's problems.

Listening to Kennedy, we probably felt a special liking for him and felt he was beating Mr. Nixon when we heard their debate; however, in Las Vegas, they made Nixon the favorite, and President Eisenhower was making statements in his favor; shortly after, Las Vegas changed, making Kennedy the favorite.

In Mexico, the communists continued with stoppages, strikes, and pressure. They wanted to take power by force, as they had done in Moscow. They had this school, not only here but throughout Central and South America, and there was pressure everywhere. On September 27, 1960, the Mexican government, pressured by these leftist concepts, expropriated the Light and Power Commission and nationalized it. Mr. Antonio Ortiz Mena, Secretary of the Treasury and CP, gave a speech boasting that it was a movement of utmost importance to the Mexican revolution and its progress. They gave it as much importance as the Oil Expropriation in 1938. In the streets, there were parades proclaiming the triumph of the ideals of the Mexican Revolution, and all the buildings of the Light Company were adorned with Mexican flags.

The Mexican government did not want to realize that the best way to develop a healthy economy was to align itself with capitalist concepts because the Mexican people who ran the government had never lived in the United States and by keeping them together they had become enemies of the Americans instead of living with their way of life. As the saying goes, "If you can't beat your enemy, ally yourself with him." Here the opposite was true. They were partly right because we had lost Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and California to them, but we had to be practical and face reality. The United States would never return these lands to us, and even more so, we would not have exploited and developed them as they did. Here, the concept applies that the land belongs to those who work it.

Some Mexican immigrants in Texas, when they went to Mexico on vacation, came back saying:

-We are against Santana because he is an idiot, he sold part of Mexico, but he was very stupid! He should have sold everything, (establishing the difference between Mexico and the United States).

The State was constantly forced to subsidize state-owned companies because the directors appointed by the government, besides some of them being incompetent, did not all care whether the companies were progressing or not. Every six years, they were handed over to the next director and they did not care whether they were making a profit or not. And if they were bankrupt, which happened frequently, the government would provide more money and the directors were almost always very dear relatives of politicians. The famous nepotism has always been rife.

We read in the news that the government had bought this or that company and had practically taken over the most important businesses in Mexico. Workers were becoming lazy, and another kind of king emerged: union leaders, rude men with no training, no schooling, merely servile, who lived by pandering to their colleagues, supposedly defending them so they could hold on to their representative positions, absorbing all their dues, because if the leader doesn't consent to the worker, he or she isn't elected as such, and the one who is sacrificed is the owner of the private companies. Now the opposite was happening to how communism had begun, when the one who was sacrificed was the worker. Now the industrialist was the one who was sacrificed, and often a group of inept workers took over the companies, and we thought, if industries don't progress with capable people, with this type of management they will go to ruin.

It took many years of government ineptitude, but the ship had to be righted, and for now it's being done. The reprivatization of industry is gaining momentum. No one cares more about property than its owners.

Walking shoulder to shoulder with the United States, not becoming its enemies, since it is the most powerful nation on earth and the most tolerant, allowing us to understand each other. We may one day become a single economy and come to see each other as friends, not enemies.

What the Mexican government should be concerned about are the taxes on each of its industries. Hopefully, everyone will progress, but it's impossible because in a free market economy, there will always be winners and losers.

On September 24, 1960, the United States press announced that President Adolfo López Mateos would meet with the President of the United States in Ciudad Acuña on October 24, 1960.

In the midst of this communist storm at the United Nations, this news was calming given the anxiety with which we watched the events unfolding at the time. It made us think, hopefully, that Mexico and the United States would unite. There were statements about, "What would the United States do if Mexico or Canada fell into the hands of communism?" and they said there was no other option but to invade those countries.

In another of his speeches to Khrushchev some journalists took him as an angry child, but we did not discard the idea that he could have something malevolent and an order from him was enough to start an atomic war, however we thought that if an atomic attack were to be started, it would be done with Khrushchev out of New York and not while he was there, this comforted us and he said that Colonialism should disappear from the traditionally strong countries, with this in another speech Mr. Hammarskjöld refuted him saying that then what was Khrushchev doing by having Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Ukraine, Armenia and more recently the unfortunate Baltic States of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, absorbed after the Second World War and in addition the Eastern European States; Of course, the United States did not have colonies, and if they were referring to Puerto Rico, it would have been enough for a resolution to be passed by the legislature of this country, with the majority of votes asking for its independence, for it to be granted, but woe to Puerto Rico, woe to its people, if they had asked for this, because they were not living in misery, they lived well and did not want their independence, only a small separatist group that wanted to govern Puerto Rico did so; but not the majority and they wanted to continue living well as until now, with the protectorate of the United States.

Khrushchev had become so desperate that he banged his clenched fist on his table at the United Nations and even took off his shoe and banged it on the table as well. We were all shocked because in the history of the United States no one had ever done such a stupid thing. With this we imagined that at any moment a war could break out and we were terrified that we would never see Mexico again, since that area of Boston and New York were among those that were likely to be bombed.

Khrushchev also said that a race to produce arms would bring war, and that in a war the United States would lose.

Still with ideological disagreement between Communist China and Russia, Albania's Red Premier, Mehmet Shehu, emphasizing the UN's support for China, disdainfully declared that Communist Russia was losing its ideological militancy because it feared a nuclear war; so at a party given by the Romanian Communists to Khrushchev and his followers, Khrushchev took them to a room to talk. Shehu followed them, and Khrushchev closed the doors in his face, not allowing him to enter.

As for China, which did not have normal relations with Russia, this Shehu chose it as a friend because of the saying "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." Tito's Yugoslavia had broken with Moscow in 1948, which led to Albania becoming less dependent on Russia.

We were all walking around in the hospital, scared, when Air Force General Nathan F. Twining declared:

-If we were attacked by China or Russia, we could destroy them at the same time and their leaders know it, he added:

A nuclear world is not comfortable, but it is preferable to living in a communist world. The Cold War will continue until there is a clear winner and a clear loser.

Thirty years passed, witnessing the collapse of Russia and its satellites, but in those years, Juan, seeing the United States' weapons and the research teams from private companies and universities, never doubted that the United States would win.

Listening to General Twining's words would jolt us out of the stupor we'd been in, and listening to Khrushchev would fill us with a joyful pessimism. We felt a special kind of patriotism, ready to say, "If one American soldier is finished, here's another with more strength and determination. Give me a gun and train me to be more capable." Many times over the years, Juan felt this with rage, and he had only been on the lookout to comply.

I also reasoned about how painful it would be if a son or grandson were to die in the war, defending what is wonderful about the United States. I hope that never, ever happens, and that the superiority of this country persists indefinitely, because then there will be peace in the world.

Most leaders in communist countries are people who have been forced into power, so they only obey if there is force.

Finally, Khrushchev demanded that Hammarskjold have enough courage to resign, but Hammarskjold, with his careful English, replied:

-It's not the Soviet Union or any other great power that the United Nations needs for its protection; it needs all of them. I will remain in this position for the duration of my term as a servant of this organization, in the interest of all those nations that wish this to be so.

In front of the large semicircle of delegates, white, black, brown, everyone stood up, giving a great ovation and Nikita Khrushchev angrily banged his thick fist on the table.

Around October 13, 1960, Khrushchev left New York still declaring to reporters, "If you want war, keep provoking it and you'll get war. We have no other alternative."

The years have passed, but we still recall with great emotion this Fifteenth General Assembly of the United Nations, to which Mr. Khrushchev headed the Russian

delegation; it was almost four weeks of anguish, during which he was convinced that his vast power freed him to show decent respect for the opinions of the nobility of man.

Over time, the power he displayed in trying to impose communism was swallowed up by that same power; after his departure from New York, a protection craze erupted for American families; American businesses offered to excavate rooms under houses, containing food, so these families, at great sacrifice, acquired them in order to defend themselves against an atomic attack.

In those days of October 1960, one afternoon it began to snow. That night it was Juan's day off and he happily watched the snowflakes fall through the window from his room. He went to bed and during the night he woke up and looked out the window to see that it was still snowing. At 6:00 in the morning the alarm clock rang. He took a shower, then looked out the window and saw that it was completely white outside; the snow was piled up about two meters high. He went downstairs and opened the door. He couldn't see anything, just snow. So he thought with great happiness that he wouldn't be working that day. He went back to work. He went to bed believing that all activities were paralyzed. It was around 9:00 a.m. when the phone rang asking Juan why he hadn't come to the hospital. They explained that he had operations, but Juan, believing he could justify himself with words of certainty, said to the operating room supervisor:

-Haven't you seen outside that you can't get through, the door is covered in snow!

To which he replied:

-Why didn't you tell them? They'll make way for you in a moment, but come quickly to the operating room!

Juan didn't believe what they were telling him. He thought, "What a crazy operating room supervisor." Five minutes later, he heard the loud hum of a machine working. He looked out and saw that in five minutes they were clearing the snow from the door of his apartment that led to the hospital entrance. This seemed incredible to him. How could they have swept the snow away in such a short time? He couldn't believe it, but he accepted that he was living in the United States. They did the same thing on the main highways, where activity didn't stop due to inclement weather. This taught him once again: rain, cold, heat, snow, or wind are not sufficient reasons to stop working. That in all adversities, man must always prevail, with intelligence and machines. He might be paralyzed for a bit, but once he recovered, he would continue the fight.

At the hospital, Juan was respected as a doctor and was now freely allowed to operate on various cases. Doctor Black was the head of the operating room. Around Christmas, she would invite him to dinner with his daughter and wife at her beautiful home, located in a forest full of pine trees and snow. By this time, Juan and his family had already bought special coats and boots to wear over their snowshoes. It was freezing outside, but how lovely it was to enter this house, where it felt warm. The lit fireplace gave a feeling of tranquility and a desire to live forever in that place. After enjoying the exquisite meal, Juan said goodbye, telling Doctor Black ,

-Doctor , I am very grateful that you invited me, my wife, and my daughter on this very special date, during the Christmas season!

To which she replied.

-These are things you deserve, you have earned my admiration for everything!

-No, Doctor , don't say that!

-I've seen him work and I've seen how he moves his hands!

When Dr. expressed this, she took his right hand and continued saying:

-These hands are going to give you a lot of satisfaction and money!

These words spoken by the Doctor were never forgotten by Juan or his wife, who felt very flattered that this authority would say this to a Mexican who was so far away and outside his homeland.

But not everything was sweet, Dr. Suzat , was a surgeon who together with Juan had amputated a lower right limb up to the thigh, that is, above the knee, of a patient of about 72 years of age who was diabetic, she had gangrene and her entire foot had turned black, since the same diabetes obstructed her circulation.

Doctor Suzat went on a trip, he left Juan with a recommendation that he treat her daily, and that after nine days he should remove the stitches; Juan followed the instructions, the wound was already healed on the ninth day, just as Doctor Suzat had said , he removed the stitches in the company of the nurse from that ward; everything was normal, but the next day when Juan came to treat her again he found that the wound had completely opened, Juan was not impressed because he had seen other wounds that did not heal and had to be resutured, but the nurse, very scared, reported it to the management and from there the report went to Doctor Bendian , who received the news with great joy, and summoned him in front of the patient and her family, who were also very upset.

When he had him in front of him he asked him angrily:

-Dr . Perez, would you like to tell me who ordered you to remove those stitches?

To which John replied:

-Before leaving on vacation, Doctor Suzat asked me to treat the patient and remove the stitches after nine days!

-The nurse says that Doctor Suzat didn't tell her anything!

-But it does to me!

-Dr . Perez, you can be sued and punished for malpractice and you can be taken to jail!

Hearing this, Juan felt distressed, because he knew that Bendian did not accept him and would try to take revenge. For now, he was no longer going on the offensive

because he felt cornered. He was only trying to defend himself and with some fear, he answered:

-Well, find Dr. Suzat and you'll see that all I did was follow his orders!

-I heard that Doctor Suzat is arriving tomorrow. I already contacted his house!

-Tomorrow everything will be clear, Doctor Bendian ! -answered Juan-

When one of the sick woman's relatives said:

-We want this Doctor to never cure my mom again!

Doctor Bendian , looking aggressively at Juan, commented:

"Don't worry, these kinds of doctors shouldn't touch patients! And this will be cleared up tomorrow."

Juan, feeling like the roof was falling on him, saw Doctor Bendian say goodbye to his family, assuring them that everything was going to be all right, despite Juan, and that as soon as Doctor Suzat arrived everything would be fine. He gave immediate orders for the nurse to treat and bandage that thigh; while Juan, slipping away, feeling that as he left the room he was in the air, sweating profusely, reasoned:

That this son of a bitch Bendian had most likely already had patients in whom, not one, but several wounds opened, since these wounds are common, especially due to age and diabetes, which cause lack of circulation; these cases are not difficult to find; they happen frequently, but what could he say if Bendian was seen as God and had enough authority within the Hospital, although many expressed that he was a son of a bitch.

Juan went to find Dr. Ferguson , who was another novice surgeon. He told him everything and he told him that he was going to find Bendian to talk to him, since it was not Juan's fault that the circulation in this type of patient was poor, and that it was not difficult for this to happen in this patient.

Juan couldn't sleep that night. He kept waking up, thinking about Dr. Suzat's explanation . Dr. Bendian would have to swallow the accusation he'd made in front of the family. He'd built up a lot of hatred against Bendian. In the morning, they told him they wanted to see him in the sickroom at two in the afternoon. So he showed up at that time. Bendian and Suzat were already inside with the family. Juan calmed down when he saw Dr. Suzat and thought, "Everything will be cleared up here, and Bendian is going to hell."

While Suzat was treating the sick woman in her white coat, she looked up and saw Juan over her white glasses, at that very moment with the tweezers in her hands she said to him:

-Dr . Perez, it's good that you're here. Dr. Bendian tells me that he told you, that I had told you, that after nine days you should remove the stitches from the patient and I told

you in front of Dr. Bendian and the patient's family, who are sacred to me, that I didn't tell you to remove the stitches from the patient because it's a risk.

Juan was stunned, stunned, speechless, at what he was hearing and answered anxiously.

-Dr . Suzat, I wouldn't have dared to remove your stitches if you hadn't told me!

When Juan spoke, he sought mercy and compassion because he knew what a lawsuit was, he had already read and had doctor friends who had had that type of problem.

-I've already spoken to my relatives. I've told them it's not dangerous, that I'm going to sew her back up and that she'll be back to normal.

Dr. Bendian added :

-Dr . Pérez, Dr. Suzat and I have already spoken with the relatives and as you can see the wound is very ugly.

Juan looked at her and she did indeed look catastrophic, with the bone in the middle and all the muscles around it; Dr. Bendian continued:

-But he'll rebuild it. I'm sure he'll leave it in good condition. He's a renowned doctor here. That's earned through years of work, and Dr. Suzat has that, so she'll be healthy. I hope it serves as a warning to you, so you never again see a patient who isn't yours. Your mistake is forgiven by the family, by Dr. Suzat , and by the hospital, which I represent. You may retire.

Juan tried to defend himself and speak, but Dr. Bendian said to him again in a soft but forcing voice:

-Dr . Perez, you may leave!

Juan left the room sweating with shame and feeling a great hatred, cursing the moment he had decided to go to the hospital in Holyoke, What a formidable lesson life was teaching him, what a lesson! And who was going to extend a hand to defend him from these pair of sons of bitches? Who? He left the hospital, almost without greeting anyone, he tried to greet a nurse he met in the hallway with whom he got along very well, but a groan came out, at that moment he felt a huge lump in his throat, he went to the front of the hospital, where there was a small wall and below a small pine forest, he got out and sat down to cry in a tree, his head was like a volcano; he felt like it was going to explode and he thought that if in Puebla someone had done this same thing to him, he would beat them up, but Holyoke was different.

What a lie they had told him, what a lie these people had sustained him. Doctor Suzat was from Romania, people who had lived through World War II, where they had suffered hunger and death, but as long as they survived, they didn't mind betraying anyone they faced. What was happening to Juan was a remnant that had remained in this Doctor's mind.

This time Juan remembered Dr. Castellanos , the words he had said to him when he left him in San Antonio.

"Here I leave it, Doctor , just remember that in life we are alone and we have to defend ourselves alone."

He continued to think bitterly that from now on he should be able to see problems before they happened and protect himself from them, because here he had no one to defend him.

It was almost dark when he remembered he had to go get his little girl where she was being cared for. He stopped by the hospital to get his wife and then his little girl, who upon seeing him greeted him with an innocent smile and kissed him many times on the cheek. Juan held her tightly to his chest and thought to himself, the only innocent and pure thing in my life is this little girl and I have to defend her. This blow I received will be very useful to me, I have to absorb it because it is another blow from life, but it will be very useful. For now I have to sleep and tomorrow I have to exercise, these people are not going to do anything to me, I must maintain my equanimity in the hospital as if nothing had happened; While here everyone had found out what had happened, according to the version of Doctor Bendian and Suzat, but Juan thought that people should know the truth and the first one he told what had happened was Doctor American , who appreciated him as a son and who was always taking him everywhere, another one he also told was Doctor Salwen who answered:

-Be careful, Bendian is a son of a bitch, I had never seen anything like him from Suzat, but from now on we must take him into account, because we already know his quality, don't worry, I'll see how I can protect you.

Juan felt relieved to hear Doctor Salwen , but he also felt that he had lost everyone's trust. He also told the nurses how it happened and that with exercise and work everything would be left behind, although they had given him another life lesson forever.

The anxiety of a possible atomic war continued, all over the United States war drills were organized, where people were told where they should evacuate the cities, which roads they should take, what the doctors should do, disaster commissions existed, they established companies that made shelters with food, we all recognized the danger that existed in communism but we had faith that the last country that could fall was the United States and from this an atomic conflagration would first break out, before the United States fell.

Christmas was spent with the Gelineau family, who treated Juan and his family as if they belonged to them. A friendship developed that would last for many years.

Kennedy and Nixon continued their open fight for the Presidency of the United States , all of Massachusetts was with Kennedy, his family helped him in everything and we felt that he would probably win and so he did, on January 20, 1961, Kennedy was sworn in as the thirty-fifth President of the United States, inside Juan it was one of the times in

which without being an American citizen, he felt great pleasure that Mr. Kennedy was elected as president and in his speech he said:

-In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been allowed the consent to defend freedom in its hours of greatest danger!

He said this while exhaling steam from the intense cold of the harsh winter, continuing:

I'm not daunted by these responsibilities; I welcome them. I don't think any of us would want to change places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion we bring to this endeavor will illuminate our country we serve, and the glow of the fire will truly light up the world.

The United States was a prosperous and peaceful nation, envied by Russia, which it viewed as the sole standard-bearer in its quest to take over the world.

Mr. Kennedy was the leader of the country, who had developed the most technology in the history of the world, he had been a hero of the Second World War, he had saved lives when his PT boat had sunk, he was the prototype that Juan had formed in his brain, Mr. Kennedy was naturally aggressive, with a competitive spirit like that of his family's brand, he had lived and followed Khrushchev's stay in New York.

On one occasion he was asked if his work was interesting and he added:

-The work is interesting, but the chances of failure are limitless!

They also asked him if he would like to be president for more than two terms and he answered:

-It's against the law, but I don't want a job for more than eight years!

CUBA

It was January 1, 1959, when Castro's Cuban Revolution began its campaign against the United States. It grew worse by the day, becoming increasingly strident as the months passed. Castro became a mortal enemy and abuser of all things American. He reached his limit when he tried to overthrow the free governments of Latin America, trying to replace them with tyrannical regimes modeled on him. Castro ordered the execution of around 600 people, and liberals in the United States described this as harsh but deserved punishment. Castro confiscated the lands of Cuban workers, Russian-style.

In Cuba there was a party called MRP (Popular Revolutionary Movement), founded by a 36-year-old engineer named Manuel Ray, against Batista.

Ray became Minister of Labor when Castro triumphed, and seeing that communism was infiltrating, he became very angry, resigned, and returned to teach at the University of Havana. When the communists took over the University as well, in July 1960, he resigned again, and dedicated himself to organizing his movement, this time against Castro.

There was another Huber Matus, Castro's companion in the Sierra Maestra, who when the revolution triumphed, opposed communist infiltration and was also imprisoned.

The people, Cuba's upper class, especially merchants and intellectuals, powerless to change Cuba's course, desperately fled to Central America, Mexico, and those who could, to the United States.

The CIA looked for the man who led the forces against Castro in this group, and one of them was José Miro Cardona, who was a law graduate from the University of Havana and had become famous for a case he defended against Batista and won. He was known as the best criminologist lawyer. Miro Cardona was also the son of a major general who fought in the Third Cuban War of Independence from 1895 to 1898. He fell out with Batista because he suspended civil laws with Castro's rebellion. A group of Cardona's friends accused Batista of being in power by force, and Batista arrested Miro, who escaped to Cuba. Argentina as a priest, shortly after he went to Miami and eight months before Batista fell, he came to Cuba and joined Castro in his July 26th movement, after Castro triumphed, Miro was named Premier of Cuba and Castro remained as Chief of the Army shortly after Miro realized that he was only a puppet of Castro and after 39 days, he resigned telling a friend:

-I can't work in my office when someone else is trying to work behind the microphone!

Given the aggressiveness with which Castro acted against the United States, its citizens had every right to act against the man who tried to enslave them, regardless of the fact that he tried to be God forever, of Cuba.

The CIA, seeing this backlash against Castro's communism taking shape, put its machinery to work alongside the Pentagon and did everything to ensure success, establishing training centers run by military experts.

The CIA men went to Guatemala and made deals with a businessman and rancher named Roberto Alejos to use three properties: coffee plantations called Helvetia and La Suiza near the city of Retalhuleu, and some cotton fields called San José Buenavista, 35 miles from the Pacific port of San José.

When Roberto Alejos was asked if he would not be paid anything, he replied:

-Just remember me in Havana!

Through Alejo, they delivered a million dollars to restore the Retalhuleu airstrip. This began in September 1960, when recruits from Florida began arriving at the Guatemalan camps. Alejo also helped establish more camps, one in San Juan Acul, near the Mexican border, and another in two lagoons in the northeastern Guatemalan jungle. A CIA agent named Charlie was in charge of this operation, supported in Miami by "Jimmy Clarence."

There were other training camps such as the one in Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua, as well as Swan Island off the coast of Honduras.

Some of Castro's spies penetrated these camps and even attempted to film the training; there were also planes carrying bombs, ammunition, weapons, medicine, and food, including U5, C548, C465, and C475, carried by Adams and Roderick.

The United States in Bogotá, Colombia, in 1948, firmly promised not to aid or intervene to overthrow or topple any regime in the hemisphere, and President Kennedy sought to ensure that there were no traces of the United States in order to overthrow Castro, when he declared that under no circumstances would there be any intervention by the United States in Cuba; he believed that only well-armed Cubans would be sufficient; and Manolo Ray, the head of the underground force and in charge of sabotage in Cuba, expressed:

-It's a fight between Cubans and Cubans!

Communism in Latin America was so strong that if the United States had intervened directly against Castro, the democratic governments of President Adolfo López Mateos and Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela would surely have been forced to adopt an extreme position to avoid a communist revolution in their countries. This was the conclusion reached by Hispanic American Report editor Raymond D. Higgins and Associate Professor Martin Travis of Stanford University. They later declared that if Fidel Castro had been killed, he would have been a martyr like Allende in history, and our actions would be compared to those of Russia in Hungary.

Kennedy still pointed out that the government would do anything to ensure that Americans would not be involved in any action against Cuba.

There were training camps in the Louisiana jungle, just as there was a sabotage school near Houston.

On the so-called Invasion of Cuba Day, April 17, 1961, at 6:00 a.m., two B-26 bombers targeted Castro's air force base, San Antonio de los Baños, 20 miles southwest of Havana; the other also attacked Havana's Libertad field, where Castro's command center was located; radio also reported a bombing raid on Santiago military airport, 460 miles east, at the end of the island.

The terrorist force in Havana destroyed "El Encanto," which was the largest store, where it suffered losses of \$8 million.

After midnight, the people disembarked at the Bay of Pigs, 90 miles southeast of Havana, where they could not be attacked from the flanks, but could also be easily stopped from the front.

The ambassador to the United Nations, Stevenson, declared that Castro was a danger to the peace of the hemisphere and that the Cuban exiles had been encouraged to defeat him.

President Kennedy knew and had approved the "D" that the pilots of the planes that bombed Cuba were people who had belonged to Fidel Castro.

In the first skirmishes at the Bay of Pigs, it had been a surprise to Castro; there had even been talk that Raúl Castro had been captured in Oriente province.

The Cuban invaders' ships, carrying all their equipment, were sunk. They were attacked by MiGs piloted by Czechs, and 5 of the 12 B26 bombers were also shot down. Soviet T-34 tanks were launched by Castro. Desperate exiles radioed for reinforcements, saying they were being attacked from sea, land, and air in the Bay of Pigs. They claimed they didn't see the air cover they'd been promised, and they said, "We need friendly jets in the air." The support never came; foot by foot, the anti-Castro forces were pushed back toward the Bay of Pigs, and the anti-Castro radio continued to call for help, heard as far away as New Jersey.

All of Castro's forces had gone to fight; the streets of Havana were patrolled by youths as young as 14, they had been told, and that they could act freely if they saw anything suspicious.

In the hospital, and not only here but throughout the United States, the news of Castro's fall was only awaited, the opposite was never thought of, although the United States army was on alert in case Khrushchev launched an attack, we all knew what this could cause and we thought that we should be united, we were attentive to the television, with the latest news, in all the cities there were drills of how to evacuate in case of attack, everywhere there were signs indicating what to do in case of attack.

Castro, having recovered from the initial shock and usually talkative, acted coldly, and was probably directed by communist experts.

The peasants were loyal to Castro and their forces joined his army, who fought well enough to defeat the anti-Castroists, later it was learned that the biggest failure of all had been in the intelligence center, the advisors of the invasion believed that the peasants and the militia were fed up with Castro's communism and that there was mass desertion; the Bay of Pigs area was the area where Castro spent his weekends fishing, resting and talking with the peasants and the saddest thing is that there was no coordination between the anti-Castro invaders and the thousands of people from the underground forces that existed in Cuba.

Before the disaster became known, some 15,000 people, including wives, mothers, and friends of members of the invading forces, gathered in Miami's Bay Front Park, scheduled to thank Kennedy; but under the impact of the tragedy, the women's faces were wet with tears, crying out for Kennedy's help.

The Cuban exiles blamed the United States, and everyone suffered a heavy price for this tragedy. Miro's son was taken prisoner, as was Barona's son, two brothers, a nephew, and Antonio Maceo's son.

In Washington, Secretary of State Dean Rusk tried to put a white face on the tragedy, calling it a minor operation carried out by a group of courageous Cubans who returned to help people establish freedom on that island.

Castro's government and himself executed 29 people, including former Agriculture Minister Humberto Sori Marín and three Americans, for plotting to kill Castro.

What a disappointment for those of us who hate communism, we received the news with great sadness, weighing the strength of communism and capitalism, we thought that if it really could be so powerful, that one hundred and ten miles from the United States the hated communism existed, how was it possible? But we should accept it, little by little it came to light, because Kennedy, with his good feelings, had been weighed down quite a bit by morals, to act against Castro's communism, Kennedy must have thought of not Accept communism in Cuba, since surveys had been conducted about how the United States would act if communism invaded Canada or Mexico and popular patriotism had responded that the United States should invade Canada or Mexico, so why had it not invaded Cuba, which was also very close? He must have thought that for the powerful there is no morality, since it is for the weak and Kennedy had no more obligation than to the United States.

Juan felt everything that was happening here with great fervor, he thought, to love the ideals of the United States you have to live here, coexist with its people, savor the atmosphere of this great country and then you will have the true taste of victory.

Dr. Bendian was going to operate on one more of the wombs he was used to removing, even if they were healthy. Already dressed with all his equipment around the patient, as he was about to begin, he raised his hands and said:

-Oh God bless these hands have them in your mercy!

The entire team that was helping, turned to look at each other exchanging glances of disbelief about what they were hearing, they were seeing one of the most formidable circus performers in the operating rooms, any people who were not used to living daily in such rooms, these words would have taken them as something so sacred, but for them who were already accustomed to being in these places, they took this as if they were in a big circus and Bendian as the biggest hypocrite they had ever met in operating rooms.

Juan smiled and with his elbow he moved the elbow of the other doctor who was standing next to him. Bendian didn't notice the smile because he was wearing a mask, but Bendian did notice the movement of his elbow towards the other doctor, which is why he said:

-Dr. Perez isn't used to respecting operating rooms; it's God's house!

And John answered:

-No! Yes!

-It seems as if you are making fun of me!

Juan noticed that Bendian was still very angry, because she was angrily asking for the instruments and the scrub nurse was scolding her for every little thing during the whole

operation. He was very upset and Juan thought, I hope he forgets this, if not he'll take me in charge, I hope he's not resentful either.

Juan's life continued and as time passed, he had greater, more enjoyable experiences.

On one occasion he passed by one of the corridors of the pavilion of distinction and saw a nursing student from Puerto Rico, Rosita, who was standing and leaning against the wall, almost pressed against Doctor American . He was speaking in her ear while she remained with her eyes closed. Juan saw them and walked past trying not to interrupt, but the thought crossed his mind that it was very strange, that maybe the Doctor was falling in love with her, since she seemed extremely attentive to the Doctor . Besides, it was very strange to see a couple like that and he thought, Doctor American really has a real crush on her.

In the afternoon at the Restaurant, Juan met Rosita and her tray of food, he went to where she was sitting, he got along very well with her, since they were the only two who spoke Spanish in the hospital so he said to her:

-I saw you this morning, you were glued to Doctor American !

Juan laughed maliciously and meanwhile, she answered:

-Johnny, don't get the wrong idea, I had a terrible toothache and he hypnotized me!

Juan opened his eyes wide and asked:

And it went away?

And she answered with confidence.

-Yeah!

-Really?

-Yeah!

Juan asked him:

-So it's true that hypnotism exists?

-Yeah!

Juan was very impressed, finished eating and quickly went to look for Doctor American , to whom he said:

-Dr. American, is it true that you know how to hypnotize?

-Yes! Johnny, do you want to learn?

-Yes! Is it recognized by the American Medical Association?

-Of course! It is correct to treat patients with this method.

-Would you teach me?

-Of course! There's going to be a course at Springfield Hospital in 20 days. I'll pay for it and you go.

Juan anxiously awaited the date and went to the course, which lasted a month. Upon completion, Juan felt complete, mentally satisfied, because this was what he had hoped for. He wanted to have control over himself, and with this, he achieved one of the things he most desired, and he also managed to understand religions better, which was another of Juan's passions.

JUDAISM

Mr. Brisquina was admitted to the hospital emergency room with an asthma attack. When Juan saw him, he was almost purple and could not even speak. They quickly gave him oxygen, 100 milligrams of hydrocortisone intravenously, and half a centimeter of adrenaline subcutaneously. After 20 minutes, he was breathing normally. Juan had gained his trust. From the emergency room, he went to a room where Juan personally accompanied him. Once he was better, he began to ask very gently, and Juan felt the kindness in his words, where he was from. Juan only replied that he was from Mexico, because he thought it was too much to explain that he was from Puebla and give him more details.

"And where are you from?" said Juan.

-I'm from Poland. During World War II, we fled to Russia. Along the way, I lost my wife and a son. We've walked a long way. I contracted the asthma I have in Russia. I fled to Latvia, and from here to Sweden, Norway, England, and Massachusetts. I don't know how I survived. I remember everything I've been through, and it seems incredible to me that I'm still here.

When Juan told him he had been to Russia, he found it very interesting.

Mr. Brisquina resumed the conversation and said:

-I crossed all of Russia, we had the Germans as enemies on one side and Stalin's communism on the other, only my faith in God, which has been very strong, has kept me fighting.

-And why did you come to America?

-I'm a Rabbi!

"What's that?" asked Juan.

-I'm Jewish!

"Of the Jewish religion?" asked Juan.

-Yeah!

-Damn!

Juan was amazed to meet this kind of people and opening his eyes wider, paying more attention, he asked them:

-And what is Rabbi?

-Pretend I'm a priest of Christianity!

Mr. Brisquina asked him:

-And what religion do you have?

I was born into Catholicism and I have been a Baptist.

-Oh, are you a Christian?

-Yeah!

-You are a son of Judaism!

Juan, somewhat confused, did not know what to answer, the Rabbi continued.

-The first and true religion of the world is the Jewish religion, from which Christianity was born, then Islam, these two took everything from Judaism to forge themselves.

Juan was listening very attentively, when through a speaker that was outside the room he heard:

-Dr . Perez, Dr. Perez, report to the operating room!

Juan said to Mr. Brisquina:

. Patsubay will be here in a few moments . I already told the nurse to contact him. His crisis has subsided. I don't know if he'll be released today, but I'd like to keep seeing him. I'm very interested in your conversation.

-If I'm discharged today, I'll leave my phone number with the nurse, and if not, I'll wait for you tomorrow morning. Do you want to?

-Of course!

Juan went to the operating room, deeply impressed, meditating. In Mexico, he had only heard about this from the newspaper or from movies, but here in America, he had the freedom to meet him personally.

Around eleven at night, Juan got free, went to the room where Mr. Brisquina was , and found him fast asleep.

The next day after showing up at the operating room, she escaped and went to see him. She found him sitting in an armchair. He was wearing white glasses with a long, semi-white or semi-black beard, and a beret covering the top of his head. She found him reading.

John said to him:

-Mr. Brisquina , good morning. How did you spend your night?

-Very well, son, yesterday I felt like I was dying, but thanks to you, it passed quickly.

-You know, I was thinking all night about your religion, I would very much like to know it, tell me about it?

When John said this, he was almost begging him to teach him what Judaism was.

Mr. Brisquina, grabbing his beard with his right hand and twisting it between his fingers, looking down at the ground, said:

-The word Judaism is a word that derives from a Hebrew root, which means "to give thanks to God" and is used to designate a people, that of Judea and its inhabitants, descendants of Judah. This religion is distinguished by its union with a God, that of Sinai, with a people, that of Israel.

Abraham is dated around 2000 BC and was the initiator of the belief in one God, according to the Biblical calendar; according to this, Adam also existed 4000 BC; Moses is dated 1400 BC; Methuselah is said to have been contemporary with Adam; the lands of Canaan, promised by God, were around Jerusalem.

All history is defined by time, whether taken from a biblical perspective or from the time of Egypt.

The Bible places the Flood around 2400 BC, the Egyptians place it at 3000 BC.

In the days of Abraham, who was born in the city of Ur, on the banks of the Euphrates River, which belongs to present-day Iraq, in this place also existed Babylon and Nineveh, here they had many gods and goddesses, they worshipped fire, the sun, the moon, the stars and different forces of nature. The Mother goddess was Nina from which the city of Nineveh took its name and in Babylon the most common name was Istar, her cult required debauchery and prostitution, in the temples there were priestesses who gave themselves to male worshipers, every young wife or widow should officiate these rites at least once in her life.

Such was the society where Abraham and his family lived, who were idolaters, and probably at first, he was one too. At that time God called the prophets in the desert, mountains, forests, or other solitary places. This is due to psychological reasons, as the feeling of God is often the beginning of a religion. The Hebrews initially had a religion mixed with animism; they worshipped the wind, storms, rain, and natural phenomena; they worshipped fetishism, amulets, crosses, paws, animals, and so on.

Certain places and objects were worshipped as saints and the natural feeling of God "AWE" that nomads had when they saw a majestic mountain or tree or the starry sky made them believe in superstitions and recognition of divine forces. residents here and this was evident on these sides of the force, which is very humane.

These forces or gods were called Elohim and among these we have: El Elyon the Most High God; El Shaddi the Mighty God; El Sabaoth the God of the Guests of Heaven and probably others.

In one of the passages in Genesis 14: 17-24, the record remains that Abraham worshipped Elyon with the help of Melchizedek, who was an ancient King of Salem and later Jerusalem, he in turn became a priest of Elyon and in Genesis it says:

1.1. In the beginning, God created heaven and earth; the translation of the word God is actually the plural Elohim (the Gods).

As time went by, as Moses' monotheism was successful, all these Elohim were absorbed into Yahweh. Shortly after, Moses lived zealously with his religious convictions and obeyed the command of his only God who ordered him: You shall have no other gods except me.

The great Elohim of the ancient Hebrews was not of much help in the daily things of life, of the land and the field.

So the Teraphim came out, a kind of fetish that was carried in the bag, like good luck coins, among them, rabbit feet, teeth, swastikas (Hitler) and other crosses, which were a Primitive form of religion which still persists among Christians.

Moses' conception of a personal God who would care for his people, unlike Teraphim, indicates a major advance in the religious sphere.

The origin of the word Yahweh, properly after and with time was changed to Jehovah which means "The Creator, the God of Passionate Love" and that Moses managed to leave this name as, God of the Hebrews and it seems that he was the local God of the Kenites, which was a tribe of the region of Midianites, which is on the coast of the Gulf of Akaba, of which Jethro was the great black priest of skin, (of the black race), who four or five thousand years before Ramses, had reigned this race in Egypt.

Jethro's daughter, Sephora, who was black-skinned, had married Moses. Moses had fled Egypt because he had killed a guard while beating a defenseless Hebrew. The priestly college of Osiris was very strict with priests who committed murder, so Moses preferred to exile himself, to impose himself, and to cleanse himself of guilt.

Moses buried himself with potions and after several days they took him out, then he felt that he had been forgiven by God, Moses was called Hosarsiph in Egypt, but after the burial he took the name of Moses, which means "The Saved One."

Hosarsiph was the son of the royal princess, sister of Ramses II, adopted or natural son, it has never been known, but Manetho who had written about the Egyptian dynasty, placed Hosarsiph as an Egyptian priest and that later the Bible placed him as Hebrew, that he had been collected by the Egyptian princess, Moses went into exile and went to take refuge with the high priest of Median, Jethro, in his house was where he found two books of Cosmogony cited in Genesis: The Wars of Jehovah and The Generations of Adam.

For the work that Moses was meditating on, that is, religion, it was necessary to be well prepared; before Moses, Rama, Krishna, Hermes, Zoroaster, Fo Hi, had created religions for the peoples; Moses wanted to create a people for the eternal religion, for this reason he wrote his Sepher Bereshit, his Book of the Beginnings , (Concentrated synthesis of past and future belief, key to the mysteries, torch of the initiated, point of assembly of the whole nation).

In this century it has become fashionable that Genesis is not the work of Moses and perhaps this prophet did not even exist and this legend was only fabricated by the Jewish priesthood, to attribute a divine origin to themselves, since Genesis is composed of diverse fragments (Elohists and Jehovists), spread whose current writing is no less than 400 years later than the time when Israel left Egypt.

But a religion cannot be established without an initiator; Jesus himself cannot be conceived without it.

It is beyond doubt, given the education that Moses received, that it was he who wrote Genesis in three-way Egyptian hieroglyphics, entrusting his successors with the key and oral explanation.

The symbol of Adam and Eve, man and woman, does not in any way represent, as the Churches teach, the first human couple on our earth, but rather God personified in the Universe and the human race tripled. This divine couple is the universal Word through which Yahweh manifests his own nature through the worlds.

The sphere in which they originally dwell is not the Garden of Eden, the legendary earthly paradise, but the limitless temporal sphere of Zoroaster, the upper earth of Plato, the universal celestial kingdom.

The Hindu religion is the oldest and Krishna, we are told, was the son of a virgin, from here it was taken by Christianity, saying that Jesus was the son of a virgin.

The legend of Krishna in the Hindu religion takes us to the very source of the idea of the virgin mother, the god-man, and the Trinity.

In India, this idea of the Virgin Mother appeared from the origins of the Hindu religion and was transmitted to other religions, most recently to Christianity, the idea of the Virgin Mary, Mother of Jesus Christ, who was a virgin and queen; but the more ancient idea of the Virgin Mother already existed in India.

The Brahmins or Hindus identified Krishna's mother with the universal substance and the feminine principle of nature. From this they made the second person of the Divine Trinity, the initial and unmanifested triad: the father Nard (eternal masculine), the mother Nadi (eternal feminine), and the son Viradi (creative word). Together, the three constituted the Naturans Brahma; the spirit corresponds to the divine spirit; Bishnu, the soul, responds to the human world; and Shiva, the body, refers to the natural world. Brahma, Bishnu, and Shiva are the supreme gods of the Hindu religion, and from the one who existed on earth, Krishna was born. (The Trinity of Christianity was also borrowed from the Hindu religion.)

Isis is triple, Cybele too, this is the Trinity of Christianity, this mother idea came from India, all the ancient temples, all the great religions and several celebrated philosophies have adopted it; since the time of the apostles and in the early days of Christianity, Christian initiates revered the feminine principle of nature, visible and invisible, under the name of the "Holy Spirit", represented by a dove, a sign of feminine power in all the temples of Asia and Europe, in Brahmanic or Hindu doctrine it says, he who ceaselessly creates the world is triple, he is Brahma the father, she is Maya the mother, he is Visnu the son, essence, substance and life; each contains the other two and the three are one in the ineffable. (The trinity of Christianity: God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit (feminine)).

The soul that has found God is freed from rebirth, death, old age, and pain; it drinks the water of immortality. (Principle of Hindu Karma).

Religions have relied heavily, very heavily on human psychology, and from this on the soul and on God. Do these exist? I wish! Because, what a disgrace without this companionship for both sexes, including the authorities of the various religions; it is their collapse.

Sephora or Sipporah who was the daughter of Jethro and the wife of Moses, was a black woman, who was never deceived by her husband Moses and appears in the writings of the Bible and outside of it, as a woman of ideas and initiative, quick to act and not afraid of the gods of man, since He knew the secrets of his father's religion and knew how Moses had been formed.

King Amenhotep IV of Egypt, who ruled a century before Moses and who changed his name to Akhenaten, was almost the first to consider one-God religions and establish one (the Sun God, Aten). Official monotheism lasted only a brief period in Egypt; he undoubtedly influenced Moses, who pondered: If Aten had been the true God, he would not have disappeared. He wondered if there was another greater than Aten. Perhaps this unknown God was the one who created everything, including the Sun, and it was he who cared for the sufferings of human life, and he should hand it over to the Hebrews so that, with their kindness and help, it might escape to better lands.

Sephora in Zefra was the one who invented circumcision.

Exodus 4:24-26 says: When the LORD met Moses and tried to kill him, Sephora took a sharp stone (flint) and cut off a piece of skin from her son's forehead, and the bleeding came and touched Moses her husband. Then the LORD said, 'Surely you are a bridegroom by blood to me.' And the LORD left him.

By substitution, Sephora made Moses a husband of blood, away from the wrath of Yahweh, probably in our times it forms part of the marriage ritual, consisting of what the bride must say to the recently circumcised groom.

Moses did not practice circumcision with his people, he tried to abolish it and did not do it with himself.

Magic was an essential element in the religion of Egypt and Moses was one of those who knew many tricks; at that time, the recognized divine credentials of the religion were miracles.

Years later, Jesus protested mildly against the practice of these miracles, saying, "But the belief that miracles are proofs of divinity is still prevalent among the ignorant."

Moses and Aaron, although it was said that Yahweh had endowed them with special powers to perform their miracles, at first they did not succeed.

There were also magicians at the court of Egypt, not mentioned by name in the Old Testament, but mentioned in the Second Book of Timothy 3:8, and also in the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, chapter 5.

Also in: Origen, Pliny and Apuleius these magicians were Jannes and Jambres.

These magicians contended with Moses and Aaron trick for trick, legend has it that the Pharaoh brought his wife and sons and they duplicated the tricks of Moses and Aaron; that when they made the waters of the Nile River turn red (blood) and brought thousands of toads to be placed inside the houses of the Egyptians, these magicians doubled the luck of Moses and Aaron, which is why the King refused to let the Hebrews leave Egypt free.

Afterwards they left, because the Egyptians were at war with other countries and could not stop them, the miracle of the Red Sea could have been a natural phenomenon due to the abundance of rhodophytic algae existing in that place.

Polygamy in those days was neither a novelty nor a sin and it was quite natural for Moses to have more than two wives as Judges 4:14 tells us:

One of the greatest things Moses did was the Ten Commandments; he was also credited with having written the first five books of the Old Testament; having written the Ten Commandments was enough to make him the greatest benefactor to man's savage behavior.

It should be noted that the Ten Commandments as they are known are not in the numbering that they were originally held.

For example, Roman Catholics and Lutherans combine the first with the second and call both the first. No Christian appealed to Jesus or Paul to decide the proper name of the commandments, and it was not considered eminently important.

What Moses really did with patience, perseverance and ingenuity is that, on the path of religious evolution, he brought in a very short time from the shadows of polytheistic animism to an ethical monotheism and with a cunning mastery he transformed the existing superstitions into the rite of Yahweh, (rite of the red heifer) (Numbers 19), the elevation of the healing serpent (Numbers 21: 4-9).

Something that played a prominent role among the Hebrews was the Ark of the Covenant, not to be confused with Noah's Ark; it was a wooden box adorned with gold,

which Moses carried as something sacred to Yahweh and which served to protect the Hebrews.

Moses on the edge of the Promised Land, having completed his victorious work, and his trained and ready successor, Moses died. There are beautiful legends about his death.

They say his last words were: When the time comes, the eternal will send you a prophet, like me among our brothers and will put his word in his mouth and that prophet will tell you everything that the eternal has commanded him.

Since then, many Jews have proclaimed themselves to be the promised Messiah, but the rabbis who have governed the Jewish Church have not accepted them as such, including Jesus Christ.

The Christian Church inherited everything from Moses and the Jews for its birth, as they were: the Old Testament, the patriarchs, the covenants, the law, the cult, the prophets, the Virgin of Christ, the apostles, primitive Christianity.

The origins of the hated communism are found here among the Jews, who organized themselves in the countryside in caves, mixed cooperatives, communes, (Kibhutsin).

Mr. Brisquina 's conversation continued almost two or three times a week, Juan would go to his house or accompany him to the Synagogue and soon after Juan would start studying Judaism on his own in the city library, he tried to read books not written by Jews but by people who had had something to do with the discovery of the tombs, especially the Egyptians and who had made their translations.

Juan had become friends with the librarian, who lent him books to take home.

Mr. Brisquina spoke to him about his religion and Juan tried to delve into this fascinating literature, trying to stick to the totally liberal concepts, which he thought could have been the most natural evolution of religion; and that if he had been told that the Christian religion and the The Muslim woman was the daughter of a Jewish woman; she must also be the daughter of an older woman, and it was for this reason that she began to read the life of Zoroaster.

ZOROASTER

This was the prophet of the law of God, it is likely that Zoroaster lived 2500 years before Christ, it is almost impossible to set exact dates, some say it was 4,000, others 6000, others place it from 660 to 580 BC

Zoroaster made the book of Send Abesta, which is the Bible of Zoroastrianism.

He was born in western Iran to the purest white family. His original name was Zarathustra, which translated into Greek as Zoroaster. He had four other brothers. It is extremely interesting to know that just as the Virgin Mary is credited with having been a virgin and the child Jesus being born to her, the original legend of Zoroaster is that he was the son of a fifteen-year-old virgin, impregnated by a ray of light. He was adopted at the age of seven by a great teacher, a wise man.

From the ages of fifteen to thirty, very little was heard about him, similar to the life of Jesus, who remained silent for eighteen years, appearing in the Temple; at twelve he began his ministry, and at thirteen he disappeared again. It is almost certain that both spent their time studying.

Zoroaster appears as an amateur scientist, learning and conducting experiments with fire and light, Greek writers expressed that in his cave he had a representation of the solar system.

They tell that in the sacred river Dahiti the Archangel Vahu Manah appeared to him, nine times larger than a man and at his side Zoroaster in ecstasy, followed him to the room of the great Ahusamanda and his sacred angels and in the presence of these and of God, Zoroaster saw that his body did not produce a shadow and there he was taught the cardinal principles of the true religion; where light and fire played an important role in the life of Zoroaster, it was said that one very great and special day the lord of truth and light would triumph over the Lord of evil and darkness.

The failure of his mission in his city in Western Iran caused him to change his policy and territory by undertaking a long journey to India, Within the land of Seistan between Afghanistan and Beluschistan and together with his mission he added the power of healing, bringing water from the Sacred River Dahiti, from that place so that the king could profess his faith, he rejuvenated a prematurely senile four-year-old bull.

The Zoroastrian Bible is the book Zend Abesta, which means Word of Life; he was the original reciter of the prayer that became the Zoroastrian Lord's Prayer, called the Honover, and also the Christian Lord's Prayer.

Unlike Jesus, who had his apostles as companions, Zoroaster preached alone.

When Zoroaster was born, nomadic tribes of the purest white race populated ancient Iran. Few knew how to plow or till, but all worshipped the sun and offered sacrifice to the fire, using grass as their altar.

The whole history of the primitive Aryans is reduced to the struggle with the Turanians (Tribe of this place).

They worshipped the solar verb, and when they worshipped the sun, they did not worship it, but rather they claimed that behind it, there was the animating spirit of the king star, and this can only approach man in successive stages, before being able to withstand the blinding light.

Zoroaster is the first to speak of Ahriman, who is the prince of the dark powers, frantically attached to the earth, denies heaven and is dedicated to nothing but destruction.

He has profaned the altars of fire and raised the cult of the serpent, propagator of envy, hatred, oppression, vice, bloodthirsty fury, he reigns over the Turanian people and it is necessary to fight him, to overthrow him to save the race of the pure and the strong,

Vahumano was the prophet who initiated Zoroaster, just as Melchizedek initiated Abraham.

The great Iranian Prophet, author of the Zend Abesta, supposedly wrote it around the year 2,500 BC, this book is nothing more than a long conversation between Hormuz (God) and Zoroaster.

Judaism owed Zoroaster debts, they had them and it is evident that the Jews borrowed the devil from Zoroaster and before the Jews were enslaved by Babylon in 586 BC, three years before the death of Zoroaster, the Jews had no devil in their Theology, 50 years later Cyrus the Zoroastrian conquered Babylon, restored the Jews to their land and for 200 years they were ruled by Zoroastrian kings, until the coming of Alexander the Great; from then on the existence of the devil began in Jewish Theology, whom they called Satan, which means "The Adversary."

Christianity, too, owes a debt to Zoroastrianism. When we open the first book of the New Testament, called Matthew, we find the story that the three kings who visited Jesus were not kings, but rather were announced as wise men and identified as Zoroastrian priests. They brought frankincense, myrrh, and gold, hoping that this child would be the long-awaited savior of Zoroastrianism.

When Jesus was dying on the Cross, one of his last prayers revealed that he was expecting to go immediately to Paradise and this word was coined by Zoroastrians, to locate the abode of the blessed after death, Adam and Eve did not live in Paradise, but in the garden and the Jews had not used the word paradise, until they took this idea from Zoroastrianism.

Many other ideas of the Christian religion came from the Zoroastrians through the Jews, for example, the resurrection of the dead, the final triumph over the devil and the coming of a Messiah, the Son of Man, the final judgment and the separation of good and evil, the belief in the spirit of evil, and the belief in guardian angels. None of these ideas are found in Judaism before the days of the Exile, only after they were adopted by Christianity.

If a Christian were to be asked, what great religious leader was he according to scripture, who was born of a virgin, was saved in his infancy from a powerful and jealous enemy, a shrewd and wise man for his youth, who began preaching at the age of 30, who was tempted by the devil on the mountain, cast out the demon, healed the blind, performed many other miracles and always He thought there should be a supreme God of true light and goodness.

This Christian would immediately answer Jesus Christ, which is what the Bible teaches.

If a Persian were asked the same question, he would immediately answer, Zoroaster, which is what the Send Abesta teaches.

Like all true initiates, Zoroaster was not ignorant of the law of Reincarnation, but he never spoke of it and taught his adepts the principle of Karma which in its elemental form manifests: that future life is a consequence of present behavior; the impure go to

the kingdom of Ahriman (hell). The pure ascend along a luminous line constructed by Ormuz (God), Shining like a diamond, narrow as the edge of a sword. At the end awaits them a winged angel, beautiful as a fifteen-year-old virgin who tells them: I am your work, your true self, your own soul sculpted by yourself.

And a beautiful story is described of Zoroaster's death in a cave.

HINDUISM

(The oldest religion in the world and from which all religions were born), Rama and Vedeism, Brahma, Krishna, Buddha.

BRANCH

Zoroaster spoke in his sacred book Send Abesta of an ancient legislator called Yima and in the sacred book of India the Ramayana he appears with the name of Rama and Zoroaster says that he was the first man who spoke with Ormuz (God).

This Rama at the dawn of the race, that is to say when the white race began to emerge from the forests of Europe, that is to say four or five thousand years BC, when women reigned where each tribe had its prophetess like the Voluspa of the Scandinavians, with its college of Druidesses; at first these women were noble, then they became cruel and ambitious; from good prophetesses, they became bad magicians and instituted the Human sacrifices. Among these priests was a young man of the age of the flower named Ram, whose wise spirit rebelled against this bloodthirsty cult.

This priest mastered many sciences, such as biology, especially botany, and intensified his studies of medicinal plants. He was a clairvoyant, enjoying the art of divination, and had a great ability to glimpse distant objects.

The Druids or priests around him called him "The Knower"; his people called him "The Inspirer of Peace."

Ram had traveled throughout Scythia (Iran) and the southern countries, seduced by his personal wisdom, his knowledge, and his modesty,

The black priests had shared their secret knowledge with him.

Returning to the northern country, Rama was terrified to see the human sacrifices propagated by the Druidesses or Priestesses.

While meditating, he saw a man of majestic stature, dressed like himself, in white like all the Druids (the same dress as Jesus Christ and the same dress as the Pope), giving him the medicine that would cure an illness that had attacked his people, and so he became a person who performed miraculous cures. His disciples were divine messengers and also healed. This gave rise to a new cult. Ram instituted the festival of Christmas (this is also how the Christian Christmas is celebrated), or the festival of the new salvation, and placed it at the beginning of the year. He called it "The Mother Night, or the New Sun, or also the Great Renewal." Shortly after, he was elected chief priest of his people and gave the order to put an end to human sacrifice.

According to tradition he had a dream, God appeared to him in a forest in which his body shone (in all religions God, Saint, virgin or angel, has appeared in the midst of much light), Ram saw that he was standing before an open temple with a wide column, in that place, a Druidess was preparing to sacrifice a warrior, the sky flashed and the Druidess fell dead, then Ram told her:

- "Wonderful Spirit", Who are you?

And the genie replied:

- They call me Deva Nahousha, the Divine Intelligence, you will spread my radiation over the earth and I will come whenever you call me, now follow your path, Go!; and with his hand the genie showed the East.

Instead of settling among the tribes of Europe, he emigrated to the heart of Asia and announced that he would institute the cult of fire, and the emblem he adopted was the ram.

Along the way, he captured several strongholds from the Blacks, who at that time ruled over the others, and with his people, he conquered Iran, where he founded the city of Ver. He established four festivals: Spring, dedicated to the love of husband and wife; Summer, dedicated to the harvest; Autumn, dedicated to children; and Winter, dedicated to fathers and mothers.

The most holy and mysterious was Christmas, which was dedicated to newborn children, to the fruits of love conceived in Spring (thus the birth of Jesus was foretold).

After Iran, he went to India, which was the great capital center of the ancient blacks, victors of the red and yellow races, and he performed miracles along the way, such as making water gush forth from the desert and eradicating an epidemic with a plant called Hom.

The blacks worshipped enormous serpents and winged animals, to whom they gave the flesh of defeated warriors. Rama arrived and burned these temples and took over India. Priests, kings, and people bowed before him as a celestial benefactor; he instituted the cult of ancestors and the sacred fire, a symbol of the nameless God.

He grew old and retired to Mount Albori, and there, in a place where only those who were initiated knew him, he taught the great secrets of the earth and of the great being, and these initiates brought to Egypt and the West the sacred fire, symbol of divine unity, and the ram's horns, emblem of the Aryan religion and of priestly power.

The signs of the Zodiac are also due to him, he ordered his followers to conceal his death and they continued to perpetuate their brotherhood.

For centuries they believed that Rama, carrying the earth of ram horns with him, always lived in the mountains.

Thus, the Vedic religion, brought by the Aryans from the forests of Europe, was established in central Asia; in Iran, the Aryans spread throughout Europe and Asia. It is

noted that at the beginning of human history, there was presumably a red race, which ruled at that time. Later, another stage came in which the black race established itself and reigned, and then the white race came, with the Aryans to rule and institute their laws.

The sacred books of Hinduism, or the Vedas, are four, were written between 1500 and 800 years BC. They tell us that at first the tribes settled on the banks of the Hindi River, which is the Iranian form of Sindhu, which we call Indus, the religious ideas of these communities spread throughout the North and then throughout the peninsula, so little by little a series of castes and beliefs were formed that were much more complex than what is written.

Thus, the Vedic religion was first established and later transformed into Hinduism.

BRAHAMA

The Veda religion was transformed into Hinduism and the Brahmins who are Hindus, consider "The Vedas" as their sacred book, everything that is known is from these, also very important are "The Ramayana and the Mahabharata" which are also considered sacred books of India.

In the beginning, worship was held in these areas and at dawn a man, the head of the family, would stand before an earth altar, where a fire was burning, lit with two pieces of wood and as for his functions he is father, priest and king of the sacrifice, the chief pronounces a prayer invoking Ousha (The Dawn) and Savitri (The Sun), the Azuras (The spirits of life). The mother and children pour fermented liquor and the flame that rises from it carries to the invisible gods, the purified prayer that comes from the lips of the patriarch and the heart of the family.

This was originally Vedeism, when the gods were worshipped above all, the luminous ones, and at first they were polytheistic (many gods) and in the last Vedic hymns the tendency towards Monotheism (one God) is already noticeable.

In the forests Brahma was worshipped, becoming more and more prominent in the high priestly circles, until they formed a conception of a New divinity, a new God, this one was the creator of all, lord of creatures, omnipotent and personal lord, his name Prajapati and later "BRAHAMA". All the other gods were regarded as manifestations of Brahma and to this supreme God they assigned a God Shiva (destroyer) and another God Vishnu (Preserver) and thus the Brahmanic triad or Trimuri resulted. Shiva and Vishnu are nothing more than manifestations of Brahma, the idea of the three divine powers presupposes that of incarnations and predates Buddhism.

The people who settled in India before the Aryan invasion, on the other hand, acquired an importance that the Vedas had ignored; Rama, who had arrived with the Aryans, was represented as a demigod and was later considered a manifestation of Vishnu.

Vishnu is Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva are Hindu gods who were not born of a woman here on earth; Rama and Krishna were born of a woman.

The local gods of a particular place, depending on their characteristics, are assimilated either to Vishnu or to Shiva.

Hinduism, which is the predominant religion of India, historically replaced Vedeism, of which nothing is actually known except what Hinduism has transmitted.

The Avatars of Vishnu, or the gods who descended from heaven to earth and who enjoyed the greatest fame, are Rama and Krishna, who are worshipped as descendants of Vishnu, because they existed.

The Vedic revelation has left as a legacy the faith in reincarnation and the possibility of liberation.

The soul is the beginning of life, it is indestructible and in the changes it experiences it does nothing more than vary from external conditions and this change is the result of previous moral conduct.

Reincarnation consists of the soul living in a body and if it behaved well it can improve physically, but if it behaved badly the soul can exist again in the body of an animal (Karma).

Brahmanism also professes the existence of Naraca, or hell, where the wicked will be tormented for 500 Brahma years; one Brahma day is 86,400,000 centuries.

In Brahmanism, four castes had already been established since Vedic times.

The first one corresponded to the warriors.

The second caste was assigned to the priests, who called themselves representatives of God.

In third place were the workers.

And finally, fourth place was occupied by slaves, who were the object of general contempt.

Deceased relatives were worshipped, for whom banquets were held and food was offered in exchange for obtaining goods for the living (as is done on All Saints' Day at the beginning of November in Mexico).

Cows, snakes, and trees were also worshipped; the rites were complicated, with up to 16 priests sometimes participating in the sacred service and offerings; human sacrifices were rare.

There was instruction for initiates, whose basic age began at eight years and they continued in this activity for up to nine years, under the supervision of a Brahmin master, during which time they were to learn the Vedas by heart.

Today, Brahmanism contains many sects that worship many male and female gods; up to 33 million gods have been found in the pantheons.

The village priest has fallen into the miserable condition of a fortune teller.

Some sects, such as the Saetas, indulge in all kinds of excesses and others mortified themselves by punishing themselves greatly (Christians punish themselves in processions).

There have been reformers of the complex religion of Hinduism, and some have introduced Christian ideas into Brahmanism in order to avoid polytheism, or the worship of many gods.

Hinduism has many sects and this made the religion more complex.

Later, Buddha appeared as the reformer of Hinduism, just as Protestantism is the reformer of Catholicism, so was Buddha for Hinduism.

Yoga was developed considerably in Hinduism, and theoretically, a man of a higher caste must leave this world before his death to lead a life of renunciation and thus seek the fourth and supreme goal of man, that is, liberation through meditation.

The Brahmins say that:

- 1.- The first objective of man is amorous pleasure.
- 2.- The second objective is material interest.
- 3.- The third objective is the Dharman of man, that is, religious obligations.
- 4.- The fourth objective is liberation.

KRISHNA

Within Brahmanism it is worth mentioning another of the initiates who was Krishna, he is considered to have been the true creator of the religion of India, who was the one who launched into the world a new idea of immense scope: that of the divine verb or of the divinity incarnated and manifested in man, he existed more or less 3,000 years BC and his legend takes us to the very source of the idea of the Virgin Mother of the Man God and of the Trinity, that is to say, the same idea that the mother of Jesus was a virgin, thousands of years before the idea had also appeared that the mother of Krishna was also a virgin.

It is fair to recognize that this idea of the virgin mother is of Indian origin, all temples and religions have adopted it and all Christian apostles have revered the feminine principle of nature, under the name of the holy spirit represented by a dove (God). Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit -feminine principle- Divine Trinity).

It is also said that the ceaseless creation of the worlds is threefold, being:

Brahma was the father, Maya was the mother; and Vishnu was the son, each containing the other two and the three being one (Divine Trinity of Christianity).

BUDDHA

Another of the great initiates was Buddha, who existed from 563 to 483 BC and who was for Brahmanism what Protestantism was for Christianity, that is, a reformer in the face of so much idolatry, which he saw with profound pain.

India is par excellence the land of mysteries and occult traditions, having the oldest and most dense history in the world. Nowhere has humanity lived so much in the midst of nature. There, enormous mountains have risen behind mountains, species have mingled with other species. This is where the primitive black race, the one that ruled over the other races, was most strongly rooted; the yellow, the red, and the white, with which it combined and, thanks to its abundance, gave rise to the Negroid color seen in most Indians today.

India has seen the whole range of human types, from the descendants of primitive semi-animal races to the solitary sages of the Himalayas and the perfect Buddha, Shakyamuni.

From antediluvian times, she preserves for us the majestic and wise elephant, the voracious boa and the armies of playful monkeys.

From the Vedic Period, the cult of the elements (lightning, wind, rain) and of the ancestors survives.

Travelers who have attended the Spring festival of Siva at Benares see with amazement a whole people composed of Brahmins and Maharajas, princes and beggars, sages and fakirs, half-naked youths and women of marvelous beauty, staggering old men, coming out of the palaces and temples that line the left bank of the Ganges, people dressed in ostentatious silks and others in dull rags, together they descend the gigantic steps to wash their sins in the putrid waters of the Holy River and salute With enthusiastic exclamations and flowers to the dawn that precedes the dazzling sun.

For many thousands of years, Brahmanic civilization displayed its splendor, maintaining its equilibrium, even in the face of internal wars, dynastic rivalries, and innovations in popular cults. However, this equilibrium declined 600 years before Christ. India, divided into a multitude of kingdoms and predisposed to foreign invasions, harem intrigues, and effeminate by the polygamy of its kings, slid their lives between luxury and laziness. Before the temples of Shiva, fanatical fakirs, caricatures of true ascetics, indulged in odious mortifications under the pretext of achieving sanctity. The sacred virgins of the temples of Brahma and Vishnu were now opposed by the priestesses of Kali, who, filled with voluptuousness and death, attracted the fascinated faithful to their gloomy temples. The Outcasts gave themselves over to more vile pleasures to forget their pain and the yoke of slavery.

By dint of seeking union with the pure spirit, the Brahmins forgot the world and men in their selfish contemplation, and in the midst of torrent of perversion and idolatry, a new initiate had to emerge or be prepared to build the religion, give it greater unity and strength, and thus Buddha appeared, between 562 and 483 BC. And he was for Brahmanism what Protestantism was for Christianity, that is, a transformer.

He was born near Benares of noble birth, a prince, married a princess named Yasodhara at 19, and lived in three palaces for 10 years before his son Rahula was born. He began his ministry around the age of 30, the same age as Jesus Christ and Zoroaster.

Buddha professed the idea that salvation was obtained through psychology; that is, he was a practical psychologist. It should be noted that he did not emphasize prayer or any ceremony to God or the devil or any of the supernatural lives; he was the first man on the planet to accept and assert that human well-being and peace did not come from outside gods, but only through the control of one's own mind. Paradoxically, Buddha the atheist became God for his worshippers.

Buddha attacked the falseness of the religion of his day, which was ritualistic, animistic, and spirit-worshipping.

His religion was called Asceticism (fighting instincts or evils for the love of God), Atheism (without God), and his followers now pray for him and worship him. Buddhism

Where it settles en masse, it breeds passivity, indifference, and discouragement. Buddhist peoples have remained in a state of stagnation; those who have developed surprising activity, as in Japan, have been at the mercy of instincts and principles contrary to Buddhism, and have had great merit in spreading the doctrine of reincarnation, which was previously the exclusive domain of the Brahmins.

Ancient Buddhism and contemporary pessimism assert that all desire, all form, all life, all consciousness are evil, and that the only refuge is total unconsciousness. Their happiness is entirely negative.

But one should not be so cruel to Buddhism, but rather one should pay homage to it because it has subdued many people by bringing them peace with its meditation.

CONFUCIANISM AND TAOISM

Mr. Briskina continued to instruct John and give him books about the main founders of religions; what a great culture he had, what a vast library in his house!

Referring to Confucianism, he said, it was not a religion but merely a moral or ethical system, and is now considered a religion; Buddhism and Confucianism are old, as religions without God.

Confucius was born and lived between the years 551 and 478 BC. Tradition says that he was born in a cave like Jesus Christ, although others say that Jesus Christ was born in a stable.

And instead of the Ten Commandments of Moses, 700 years later, Confucius adopted: "Do not do to others what you would not want done to you."

And almost 600 years later, Jesus said the same thing.

Confucius, when he was 34 years old, visited another moralist who founded Taoism, Lao Tzu, who was then 84 years old.

Lao Tzu was a contemporary of Zoroaster, Buddha, Mahavira, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the unknown prophets of the exile.

Juan, with everything Mr. Brisquina had taught him, lived life to the fullest and was grateful to have come to Holyoke, Mass.; sometimes he regretted leaving Dallas with all the good people who had surrounded him, but what he had learned here about surgery, religion, hypnosis, and meeting the right people was hard to find anywhere else.

BARBARA

One morning, it would be around 11:00 AM when Juan got a call from the telephone exchange on the horn and since he was close to the place he went to the switchboard, which was next to the lobby with two sets of seats, which when you occupied them you sank into them, he arrived and asked what was available, they informed him that in the emergency room the ambulance was going to arrive with a patient in 30 minutes; he began to joke with the switchboard operator and was laughing when he felt someone looking at him from the lobby; he turned around and met the sweet and attentive gaze of beautiful blue eyes, who along with a smile greeted Juan with a small and discreet nod, the latter a little embarrassed answered also with a slight nod; He tried to continue talking to the operator, but she was no longer paying attention to him. He turned again to see the beautiful blonde with platinum hair and she kept smiling, the skin on her face was almost red, she was about 30 years old and without saying goodbye to the operator he approached her and said softly asking:

-What are you doing, miss? Are you waiting for a friend or do you have a patient?

"No, no, I work for the hospital as a volunteer!" she said.

-Do you get paid? -Juan.

"No, just for the sake of helping," she said.

-Where do you live? -he.

-About five blocks from here! -she.

-Married? -he.

-Yes! -she.

-What's your name? -he.

-Barbara! -she.

-Are you the wife of a doctor? -he said.

-No, my husband owns the newspaper, -she said.

-Do you have children? -she.

-Three, two boys and a girl! -she said.

-You know what? - he said.

-What? -she.

-You are very beautiful! -he said.

-Where are you from? -she.

-From Mexico! -he.

-From New Mexico or Mexico? -she.

-From Mexico! -he-.

-Have you been there?-he asked.

-No, never! -she.

-Would you like to meet him? -him.

-Yes! -she.

-I have to go to the emergency room, a patient is coming! Can I see you again?

-I'll come back tomorrow! -she said.

-What time? -he.

-At 11:00 in the morning! -she.

-Can I buy you a coffee? -he said.

-See you tomorrow!-she.

Barbara stood up as she said goodbye to Juan, he could admire the elegance of her clothing, her slippers, she was almost the same height as Juan; she looked extremely beautiful, with refined manners, very classy, she shook Juan's hand, and he walked away, he was remembering her fresh perfume, arriving at the emergency room and he could still perceive the aroma, he remembered that he had shaken her hand and he brought it up to his nose, her perfume was still impregnated with it, how pleasant; the patient arrived at the emergency room and for the moment he forgot about Barbara, she began to examine the patient and in the middle of the examination when he approached her hand, the aroma reached him again, her image reappeared, she finished examining the patient, she gave orders to the nurse to admit him and speak to his doctor; Juan discreetly washed his left hand but he wouldn't wash his right hand and with the towel he dried it, but he didn't want to touch his right hand, he was afraid that the scent would disappear, he walked down one of the hallways and went to eat at the hospital restaurant, throughout the afternoon from time to time he discreetly brought his hand up to his nose and with great excitement for Barbara and with great joy when he felt he would see her the next day. At night there was work and at times he forgot about her,

but from time to time he remained thoughtful about her image and reasoned that he only saw this type of woman from afar or in the movies, on television or in the newspaper and now he had the opportunity to have her close, it seemed that she had liked him and he also thought that a woman like that only magnates could have one, in Mexico it would have been work, a lot of work to meet a woman like that.

The next day at 10:00 in the morning, he went to ask Dr. Bendian for permission to go out and he gave it to him reluctantly, because he didn't like Juan, he went to take a shower and put on his best suit, he had greased his shoes, he put on a white shirt with an extremely starched collar, a jacket handkerchief the same color as his tie and at about 11:00 in the morning he arrived at the hospital lobby and the telephone operator said to him:

-Where are you going, how handsome you look?

Juan just laughed and from the parking lot in front of the lobby, Barbara could be seen getting out of a blue Cadillac. Juan was extremely impressed; she walked like a model, giving a slight jump. With each step, her platinum hair reached her shoulders, a beautiful black dress adorned with sequined flowers, and a beautiful face that any movie star would envy; Juan, seeing her, left the telephone operator behind again and went to meet her. He opened the hospital door for her and shook her hand. He inhaled the same perfume again, and he spoke, trying to please Barbara.

-Good morning Barbara!

-Good morning, Doctor!

"I thought you weren't coming!" said Juan.

Barbara looked him over from head to toe and answered:

-Where are you going, handsome? Your clothes look good on you!

This left Juan a little confused, and he didn't know what to answer, between telling her that he had changed to come and wait for her, or telling her that he was going somewhere else and downplaying her importance, and he quickly decided on the latter, because he had felt ashamed to tell her that he had only changed for her, since in the hospital he always wore a white uniform and white shoes, which was why Barbara had seen him the day before.

-I'm going to Providence Hospital, but I wanted to come and say hello first, because I'm so impressed by your beauty!

Juan, at the same time as he expressed this, stared into her eyes, which she did not shy away from, because she knew she was beautiful and had heard it many times since she was little, these same ideas crossed Juan's mind and he added.

-Well, I think that many men have already told you many times that you are very pretty, and now this poor Doctor tells you the same thing trying to impress you, which I think is of no importance to him telling you.

Barbara replied:

-Yes! I've heard that many times, but I like your English accent, I like the way you say it to me.

Juan felt good, since it seemed that Barbara had liked him, and he told her, asking her a question that had a double answer, so that in case she rejected him, it wouldn't be directly and he would have a decent way out and wouldn't feel bad.

"I'm going to Providence Hospital for a conference, and then in about an hour I'm inviting you to have a milkshake on the banks of the Connecticut River. What are you going to do?" Juan asked.

"Shall I sign some papers in there? Can I give you a ride later if you want?" Barbara asked. "What are you doing?"

-I was thinking of going in my car. It's small, a Renault, not as luxurious as yours, so I'm not inviting you to go in it.

Barbara replied:

-That's not important, what's important is the people!

"I'll wait for you if you give me a ride," replied Juan.

So Juan waited for Barbara to return, while the thought crossed his mind of how much personality she had and how simple she was in her dealings, he went to sit in the lobby armchairs, where he rested fully, he looked at the telephone operator who had witnessed everything since the day before, to whom Juan gave his little kisses when he saw her in the elevator, she only looked at him laughing maliciously, making movements of her head up and down, Juan seeing her like that, only put his index finger on his mouth, signaling her to be quiet.

Ten minutes later he came back and said to Juan.

- Are we leaving?

They left the hospital and he got into the Cadillac, Juan thought about how different it was from my car, even the seats, mine are so hard, he must have a lot of money, Barbara asked him what the place where he lived was like, and he told her about Popocatepetl and its legend with Iztacíhuatl, he told her about the surrounding towns where there was a lot of fruit from May onwards, fruit that was not known in these places, he told her about apricots, capulines, plums, bananas, papaya, pineapple, watermelons, mangoes, melons, Avocados, upon hearing this, seemed to be impressed and simply replied:

-I thought we had everything here in Holyoke!

-And you haven't tried the food there, the most special dish we have is the chiles en nogada.

He began to explain to her what that was and also told her about barbacoa en mixiote, mole poblano, chalupas, maguey worms and she suggested:

-You're impressing me with Mexico!

And John answered him:

-I wish you could go someday, especially during the Christmas season, because you would see what the posadas are, where from December 16th to the 23rd, there is dancing every night, and the litany is sung, a hymn to the baby Jesus.

-Jesus Christ? -she.

-Yes! -he.

-Did you know why Christ was added to Jesus? -she.

-No! -he.

-It seems that Saint Paul was the inventor of Christ, which in Greek means the Messiah, that is, Jesus the Messiah, the promised man, -she.

And John answered him:

-Well, where did you study?

-At Mount Holyoke, I studied Political Science.

-Oh, is that where you met your husband? -he.

-No! Not there, I went to visit your newspaper.

-Mount Holyoke? I think it's the most expensive and famous school around here, -he said.

-Yes! Barbara answered.

They had arrived at the hospital and stopped right at the door, and Juan got out, saying to him:

-Shall we have the malted milk later?

"When will you be free?" Barbara asked.

"In an hour!" Juan replied.

-I'll come back for you right here! -Barbara.

-Okay, I'll wait for you! -replied Juan.

The car started, and Juan thought to himself: well, what am I doing here for an hour now, for being a liar? But he had no other choice.

Juan set out to explore the hospital. Here he met a resident in the hallway who was a friend of his from Nicaragua and accompanied him to visit the patients. The hour passed quickly and he returned to the entrance. Juan waited a few minutes and she didn't return. He thought maybe she's not coming back yet, but she started chatting so well, with such familiarity, she behaved so simply, that if she doesn't come, so be it, but how beautiful she is. Juan remained thoughtful for a moment, looking at the highway in the distance, hoping to see the Cadillac, but Barbara didn't appear. When he was already thinking about taking the bus back to Holyoke, he looked into the distance and saw the Cadillac speeding towards the brakes. He asked Juan through the window:

"Was I late? Excuse me! My son took a while to get home from school, and I still had to take him home. My husband was there, so I waited for him to leave so I could leave."

-And who did you leave your children with?

-With the maid!

Juan thought, as I imagined, these people must have a lot of money because it's difficult for people here to have servants, he got into the Cadillac, and Barbara started it at the same time as she said to him:

-Now, buy me a milkshake!

-You're the one who's going to take me, I'll tell you where!

Juan told her where to go and they arrived at a place by the river. There was a white booth with little tables around it, some speakers playing "Through the Years" and then "Never on Sunday." It was cloudy, the river was running strong, green in color. Juan got out of the car and while she got ready, he gently opened the door for her, took her hand and helped her out. When she was almost letting go of Juan's hand, he caressed hers and kissed her gently as he said:

-Hmm, your perfume smells so nice!

She didn't say anything and let him kiss her hand, they went to sit down and he said to her.

-What do you want to drink?

-Let it be a milkshake!

-What flavor do you want?

-Vanilla!

Juan went to the window and ordered two vanilla milkshakes and sat back down. A few minutes later, the milkshakes were brought to them. Juan leaned back with his elbows on the table and his hands in fists under his chin. He stared passionately into Barbara's face, which seemed like a beautiful dream like no other. She stared at him and said:

-But tell me, what is your name?

-Juan Perez Saldaña!

-Is Juan your first name?

-Yes, in English it's Johnny!

Barbara pronounced Juan with difficulty, but Juan liked it and he told her:

-Barbara, just as you say you liked my accent, I also liked how you pronounced Juan!

Barbara continued:

-Juan, talk to me, tell me about your country, your city, where you were born, talk to me, I love the way you pronounce English.

Fascinated, Juan began to tell her he was born in the Santiago neighborhood. He explained where the word barrio came from, that it was of indigenous origin and meant neighborhood. He described part of his childhood and said:

-I talk and talk and you don't say anything about yourself; tell me about your life and she answered:

-I was born in South Hadley, near Holyoke, my parents are Irish, very good friends of President Kennedy's parents, I studied Political Science, I met my husband at work, I've been married for seven years, but I'm very discouraged, I feel alone, my husband didn't drink, but lately for about two years he's been drinking a lot, at first I used to fight with him, but this has made us resent each other a lot, I've thought about getting a divorce but my children hold me back a lot, I let off steam by helping out at the hospital, I try to do good.

-Are you a Christian?

"Catholic!" Barbara replied.

"The United States is famous for its Protestantism, but in this area I've met many Catholics," Juan said.

"I'm inviting you to Mass in Springfield next Saturday," Barbara said.

-Of course, let's go!

-You know, Juan?

-That!

-I feel very comfortable in your company, what will your girlfriend say if she sees us together?

When Barbara finished saying this, Juan felt his soul burn, it seemed as if someone was touching him with a hot iron and she was staring at his face, waiting for an answer, he hesitated but he had always learned that in some cases in life he had to be sincere and that it was a double-edged sword to say that he didn't have a girlfriend, because he

could be rejected or he could be more accepted, or he could also choose to say that he was married and this made him more attractive to a woman, so he answered: somewhat sorry thinking that perhaps it would be the latter.

-I'm married Barbara, I have a little girl!

-Where do you live?

-The hospital gives me an apartment, my wife is a nurse and works in the same hospital.-

-Mexican or American?

-Mexican, descendant of Germans.

-It's good that you're sincere, I like you!

She seemed upset and very politely, in a soft tone, she told him.

- Are we leaving?

They got into the car and she was very quiet the whole way and when they arrived at the hospital Juan said to her:

"Barbara, forgive me, forgive me if I offended you. But the first time I saw you, I was so struck by how beautiful you are. I forgot that I have no right to approach you, much less court you. I think now that you don't even like my accent."

Barbara, hearing this, smiled slightly, and Juan offered her his hand to say goodbye. She extended it to him, and he leaned down to kiss her, saying:

-Yesterday when I saw you, you gave me your hand and left it covered in your perfume, and all afternoon I didn't even want to wash it. I kept smelling it. I'm going to do the same thing now. I'm going to wash it until it doesn't have any of your perfume left.

And she answered him:

-Bye bye!

She started her car and drove away slowly.

Days passed, and Juan went to the lobby every day at eleven in the morning hoping to see Barbara, but he returned sad because he couldn't find her. After ten days, Juan had lunch at 12:00 in the hospital restaurant with other doctors, when his friend Angelopolus (Doctor Griego) exclaimed:

-Wow, what a woman!

Juan turned around and saw the beautiful Barbara paying for their food, who took her tray and went to sit in a place from where she could see all the tables, Juan's heart pounded and he thought that he had never seen Barbara in the restaurant; he still couldn't understand if she would go for him or if it was pure coincidence, Juan felt a little

confused and thought; if I'm going to sit next to her and if she refuses me, what embarrassment with the entire hospital and the medical staff that was there, or if maybe his wife would arrive, what a mess she could get into, so sweating he stayed still and ate his food without even tasting it, because it seemed like he was eating rags and he tried not to look towards where Barbara was eating.

The other doctors were joking, but Juan didn't pay attention to them, it seemed like he was living in another world, he didn't dare say anything, he tried to finish his food quickly, he collected his plates on the tray and went to leave them at the window where they were delivered, he passed close to Barbara, but pretended not to see her, then he left stealthily when precisely at that moment he heard her say to him in front of the other doctors and nurses:

-Doctor Juan, could you check my blood pressure, because I think it's gone down and I'm a little dizzy!

Upon hearing this, Juan said to himself, "Swallow me up, earth!" He turned around and said to her:

-Of course, with pleasure!

She stood up, handed over her tray and left accompanied by Juan who, as she passed by other doctors, smiled at her maliciously. Juan felt like the exit was 100 kilometers away. It seemed like an eternity to leave the restaurant and once outside, Barbara said to him:

-Juan, why didn't you say hello to me? I left you with such a bad memory!

-Barbara, you look so pretty. When a colleague told me to turn around and see what a beautiful woman had arrived, I didn't think it was you, and when I saw you, I thought it was just a coincidence that you had arrived. I went from the newspaper to look for you in the lobby at eleven in the morning, and I never found you. I thought I would never see you again.

-It's been very difficult for me to come. Some of the doctors are friends of my husband, they know me at the hospital, a lot of people know us in Holyoke, my children are more than anything, and you see, I'm here. All these days I've remembered how you speak with your accent.

"Do you really want me to take your blood pressure?" Juan said.

-It was just an excuse! Can't you go out? Can't you buy me a milkshake?

"I have an operation at three in the afternoon, everything's already scheduled! I can't leave, but if you want, I'm free tomorrow at 5:00 in the afternoon."

"Come with me to the car!" Barbara said.

-Of course! - Juan replied.

"Mrs. Garby, the floor manager, has already told me a lot about you. She told me you operate very well. She told me your wife is a nurse. She says she's blonde with blue eyes, and that you have a little daughter who has dark hair and is very intelligent," Barbara commented.

"Oh, tell me what else you know!" added Juan.

-I want to know more about you, but you're going to tell me that.

The two had arrived at the car and Juan shook her hand goodbye, while looking at her hand he said, what red skin you have, how different from mine.

And she added:

-It's so different from the skins I've treated, they've all been white, yours is dark, I'm very attracted to you!

At the same time she squeezed her hand with Juan's and comparing the two colors said:

-Do you want me to pick you up here tomorrow at 6:00 p.m.?

"Okay!" he said.

Barbara got into her Cadillac and drove away very slowly, Juan turned around, walked a little and found himself at the entrance of the hospital with Dr. Meshellán with whom he had a very good relationship, so Juan shouted to him:

-Woof! Woof!

And the doctor answered him:

-You're crazy, crazy!

Juan couldn't get his head around the joy he felt when Barbara told him she would pick him up the next day; hours passed and during the few hours he slept that night, he remembered Barbara's beautiful image, finally the time arrived, well bathed, shaved, with his gray suit, black tie, black handkerchief, black shoes and white shirt, he went to the parking lot to wait for Barbara who arrived punctually, Juan got in and they drove away, Barbara commented:

-Now I'll invite you to a place I know!

-Where?

-In Springfield!

Barbara took him to one of the largest buildings in the city center, they went up the elevator and arrived at a restaurant that seemed to Juan Magnificent in the dim light, each table had a very discreet lamp, waiters in bow ties, and a band playing "St. Louis Blues." And because of its luxury, Juan worried that they would probably charge him more than the \$50 he had brought, so he said with great regret:

-Barbara, I don't know how much it's going to be, but I only have 50 dollars, do you think it'll be enough?

-Don't worry Juan, the bill won't be a problem, I told you I was treating you!

-Barbara, I'm not used to a woman paying for what I consume!

The captain approached with the menu, Barbara ordered and then Juan, upon reviewing the menu, commented:

-Barbara, I think you know more about the food here. I see you ordered a lobster. I don't know how much it costs!

-Bring a lobster for you too, Juan. I already told you not to worry about the bill!

In a fish tank they brought them the lobsters, Barbara and Juan chose which one each of them liked, and after a while they brought them the cooked ones and they began to eat.

The music was so romantic and delicate it continued to be heard Juan invited her to dance and they went out to the small dance floor that seemed to be waxed, on it they slid smoothly; Barbara with both arms, surrounded his neck and Juan took her by the waist; It seemed like a dream to Juan to be in that luxury restaurant, seeing the whole city from the windows, that music and above all that kind of woman, Juan spoke in her ear a whole series of words that occurred to him, sometimes he bit her earlobe, her cheeks, her burning lips, she did not resist at all, so they danced and danced, until they felt that the anxiety they were with no longer fit in the restaurant, it was then that Juan said to her:

- Are we leaving?

And she very sweetly answered him:

Wherever you want!

They asked for the check, and before he could even take out his wallet, she grabbed the receipt, saw how much it was, and with it in her hand signed a check and handed it to the waiter. She grabbed Juan's hand and, as they left, leaned on his shoulder until they reached the car. She handed him the keys and said:

-Do you drive?

After the agreement they got into the car.

Juan took them and began to recognize where the key switch was, where the high and low beams were, he released the handbrake and saw that it was automatic, after these observations he commented:

-This car is easier to drive than mine!

Juan started it and drove very slowly, very slowly, he felt the car like a feather and thought about the big difference with his car.

Juan placed his hand on her thigh, and she pulled it up and placed it on her pubis. They passed a neon sign that said "Motel," and Juan tenderly asked her.

-Shall we go in?

-Yeah!

They headed towards the room, when the motel manager informed Juan that it was 20 dollars, he paid and they entered the room, it was very well decorated, she hung on to his neck and kissed him passionately, a whole world of wonderful sensations overwhelmed them, he thought what a woman, what a woman!

And she, in the semi-darkness of the room, asked him with a tone of ecstatic pleasure!

-Where were you, Juan? Where were you that I couldn't find you?

A little while later, they both lay exhausted and sweating profusely, they fell asleep for about 20 minutes, Barbara looked at her watch and it was 11:30 That night, she got up quickly and went to the bathroom, then Juan followed her, they showered quickly and left the motel, Barbara went to drop Juan off at the hospital and she said goodbye by kissing him passionately at the same time as he said:

-I'll look for you at the hospital tomorrow!

Juan went to his apartment and in his mind everything was joy and sorrow, because he thought that he could not have Barbara permanently, since he was married, with a little daughter who gave him very happy moments and what a disgrace it would be if he separated from his wife who had brought her from so far away.

Barbara would see him more and more frequently, when the doctors saw her come in they imagined she was going for Juan, every day she took refuge in him more, the relationship became stronger, Juan prayed that it would not reach his wife's ears, every time the doctors asked him about her, he denied everything telling them that she was a friend like the nurses, he tried to make a joke out of each one who insinuated to him about Barbara, sometimes it crossed his mind to marry Barbara, but how pitiful that would be.

At the hospital, the Director, Mr. Mende , continued to pressure him at work and with the help of another enemy, Dr. Bendian , continued to harass him, sometimes with overwork and other times they scolded him in front of the patients. Juan, to avoid problems, endured it and did not complain to anyone, but inside he felt tired of so much pressure; sometimes he was about to explode, but he found it difficult to go to another hospital and the environment that surrounded him pulled him too much.

He remembered that this was like another Dallas. In his spare time, he also nostalgically reminisced about Dallas and thought that perhaps later he would remember Holyoke in the same way and that he should live life to the fullest here. Twice a week, he went

running in the mountains, sometimes covered in snow; how beautiful the forests were in this winter season.

This was New England, stretching from New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island; some said it was the best part of the United States. Probably?

The Great Baseball, America 's Favorite Sport Just as Juan, who had it in his soul, watched with ecstasy the coronation of another great favorite team, the New York Yankees, on October 16, 1962, he was grateful to be able to watch it on American television, in a recreation room on the hospital floors along with patients, doctors, and nurses. What a great atmosphere existed and continues to exist at these fall games that culminate in these series.

In this series the Yankees played against San Francisco and on October 16, 1962, the final game was played; for New York Kubek played at SS Richardson Second base; Tresh Left fielder; Mantle Center fielder; Maris Right fielder; Howard Catcher; Skowron First baseman; Boyer Third baseman; Terry Pitcher.

For San Francisco; F. Alou Right fielder; E. Hiller Second base; Mays Center fielder; Mac. Covey Left fielder; Cepeda First base; Haller Catcher; Devenport Third base; They play Short stop; Sanford Pitcher.

Yankee pitcher Terry who won this game 1-0 two years earlier in 1960, lost another great game in the last game of the World Series when Bill Mazeroski hit a home run in the ninth inning and dramatically gave the Pittsburgh Pirates the win, and now the Yankees were winning the World Series, and the opposite happened, this same pitcher Terry beat San Francisco 1-0 in the seventh game; this was a great winner after having been a great loser and won in the following way:

In the fifth inning, Skowron opened with a single to left fielder, Boyer also got another hit in left center, Terry walked and the bases loaded, Tony Kubek hit a grounder to Pagan to make a double play, while Skowron scored the only run with which they won the last game of the 1962 World Series.

In the hospital, work almost came to a standstill. Nurses, doctors, and patients all watched the game, except for the dead, who were in the morgue. Even though they had wanted to enjoy these games, they couldn't. At that moment, two people missed the end of that exciting series.

BLOCKADE AGAINST CUBA

Shortly after, around October 22, 1962, many rumors were heard about the concentration of American troops and very large maneuvers on a small island south of Puerto Rico; more concrete news began to emerge about the installation of Russian missiles in Cuba, capable of going Fifteen hundred miles away, with a range that could reach New York, Florida, Mexico, the Panama Canal, Colombia, and Venezuela. All these places were threatened by Russian missiles, which Castro, with Khrushchev's help, was trying to install. The United States had already photographed the sites, and

once again there was terror throughout the country. The construction of subways under homes accelerated, people began buying their groceries, and disaster commissions were once again in place in the cities, and attack drills were held.

In Puerto Rico, 40 ships were stationed, including the aircraft carrier Independence and three smaller ones, 20 destroyers, 25 troop transports, 2,500 sailors were taken from Camp Pendleton, California to augment the fourth Marine Brigade Expedition, at Camp Le Jenne, North Carolina, and again the fear of an atomic war spread through Juan's mind, the fear of never being in Puebla again, and wondering whether or not it was worth it to have come so far; with his eyes fixed on the apartment where he lived, his wife and his daughter, feeling guilty that if some disaster were to occur and he, with the desire to learn, to succeed, to open wide doors in science, had wanted to come here and reasoned that it's not just us, it's all of the United States, the surrounding countries, we're all going to be disasters, panic was everywhere, a feeling of sadness for the entire hospital staff, every time there was an opportunity to make a comment, the doctors spoke ill of Khrushchev and Fidel Castro, they were in the balance and the Cold War continued; in this regard, Juan thought that a miscalculated error on the part of either side was capable of extinguishing humanity; on Monday, October 22, 1962, President Kennedy ordered a blockade of Cuba, declaring that the Soviets were sending nuclear weapons there and were capable of causing destruction throughout the Americas. He sent a letter to Khrushchev demanding that he stop this, at the same time the Department of Defense warned that it was ready to sink any communist ship that refused inspection to check whether it was carrying nuclear weapons, said that airplanes should also be inspected and that it would only allow food and medicine through.

The forty ships and twenty thousand men that were in Puerto Rico were now the ones maintaining the blockade of Cuba.

The Organization of American States called an emergency session before 9:00 a.m. on October 23, 1962, to consider President Kennedy's proposal.

The United Nations also requested an urgent session to identify the danger and remove the Soviet missiles from Cuba. American Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson, on Kennedy's orders, also requested this from Valerian A. Zorin.

Meanwhile, Fidel Castro in Cuba mobilized his entire military force, declaring the blockade an act of war.

At the hospital, we thought war could break out at any moment, and the entire staff thought the same thing. We all expected a violent reaction from Russia with ships carrying weapons to Cuba.

Any ship traveling toward Cuba was monitored by air and sea; American warships were ordered to intercept them at any cost and sink them if necessary.

Khrushchev was in serious trouble, being put on the defensive, and this could have grave repercussions. Kennedy warned in a speech that any atomic attack against any

Western country would lead to a direct US attack on Russia and invited Khrushchev to hold talks to find permanent solutions. He also called for the immediate dismantling of the missiles and the removal of all missiles from Cuba. He also added that the greatest danger facing the United States was in doing nothing, and that he would never accept a path of submission and surrender.

Russia, on October 23, 1962, gave orders to its troops to be ready with the help of the Warsaw Pact nations, on the other hand the United States was also ready with the organization of the North Atlantic nations in its favor.

Shortly after, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara announced that 25 Russian ships were headed directly to Cuba and had not changed course in the last 24 hours, and that American ships were prepared to intercept them.

Fidel Castro bragged that any ship that wanted to inspect them had better be combat-ready and called President Kennedy a pirate.

There was a worldwide reaction for and against the United States. Cuban refugees in the United States said that the construction of the missile bases had begun a year earlier.

Curiously, how the United States is even in this chaos, on October 23, 1962, in San Francisco, Nigerian boxer Dick Tiger took the WBA middleweight championship by unanimous decision from Gene Fullmer.

Many people rushed to build more underground shelters, volunteers were asked to help guard the power plants and communications in the likely emergency. Khrushchev strained relations and let it be known that at any moment he could launch atomic bombs at the United States. He wanted to intimidate them. Perhaps it wasn't his game but with the help of his collaborators, but behind President Kennedy there was also a strong group. On television we saw the Russian convoy heading to Cuba. We also watched with amazement as moments arrived when they would have to confront each other; tensions were at their highest; World War III began there amid cannon fire from ships. Then we in Massachusetts awaited the atomic bombing, but Russia was also warned that the atomic bombing would hit them directly and the probable extinction of life on the planet.

When we thought there was no other way out, we watched with great amazement on the live television as the Russian ships changed direction and the broadcaster celebrated with joy. This happened on October 24, 1962. All of us in the hospital also shouted with joy and heard Dr. Salwen say:

-Khrushchev son of a bitch you bend it (Khrushchev son of a bitch you bend it), while raising his right hand.

Khrushchev thought he was going to bring the United States to its knees and that he had all its citizens terrified, and in part he was right. We were terrified but not subdued, because they would be the ones to immediately receive the revenge of the atomic power of the United States. We all knew, from what we had read, that all of Russia was

starving, that its citizens would not survive a war, and those in the Communist Party knew it; they were heavily armed, but the Russian people since Lenin came to power have always suffered from poverty and hunger, and those who have lived well are their leaders. But their people, when were they going to live like the Americans do? Never, never!

As if to give a slap in the face that would serve to wake up Khrushchev and his people, on October 24, 1962, it was announced that at the Sill fort in Oklahoma launched a new missile called the "Sergeant" that demonstrated the technological superiority of the United States.

Cuba was fully mobilized, and they believed a U.S. invasion was imminent. The majority of the Russian fleet turned back; only the tanker, the Bucharest, was checked without boarding and allowed to pass because it was carrying only oil.

When the Russian ships returned, Castro most likely felt almost dead and disheartened at being abandoned in exchange for not invading the United States and Cuba. However, he did not have the power to decide, since the decisions were made for him. There were so many talks and exchanges at the highest levels, both in the White House and in Moscow, to decide what the next step would be for both parties. The Russians were putting maximum pressure on the United States, which was the strongest bulwark against Communism. Khrushchev intended to appear at the United Nations.

In the following weeks, after establishing his missiles in Cuba as the victor and setting the rules of the game in Berlin, Kennedy's advisors felt that the speed with which he had moved would undermine Khrushchev's master plan.

The Norwegian tanker Mylla, like the Lebanese ship Marucia, also carrying Russian cargo, were boarded and inspected, but since they had no military cargo, they were allowed to pass.

Juan felt that this blockade and revision was a humiliation for the Russians and for Castro, and he was grateful to be with the most powerful. He thought and felt proud that he had not made a mistake in choosing the kind of life he was enjoying, having this country as his host.

Civil defense forces stockpiled weapons across the nation.

The United States was still negotiating with Castro for the release of 1,113 Bay of Pigs captives.

Khrushchev, under so much world pressure, and mainly from the United States, on October 28, 1962, ordered that the Russians working in Cuba to build the missile bases, stop doing so and that all the material should be returned to Russia, this could be read from a letter he had sent. To Kennedy and another to UN Secretary Uthant; Khrushchev also demanded in exchange that the US missiles in Turkey be dismantled, which Kennedy refused, and only the bases in Cuba were dismantled; this was seen as a triumph for Kennedy.

There were worldwide reactions against the United States , such as in Venezuela, where oil stations on Lake Maracaibo were blown up and two suspected communists were arrested, who immediately blamed Castro. The Rockets were sent back to Russia, and Kennedy lifted the blockade on Monday, October 29, 1962.

There was no exchange of Rocket mobilization, only the strongest ones prevailed, and those were the United States.

Kennedy brought Khrushchev to his knees. Khrushchev tried to leave through the main door, but he came out like a dog, barking and running with his tail between his legs. The one with the greatest technology, the one with the money, the one with the highest and best standard of living for his citizens prevailed.

How much regret Khrushchev must have felt later, how distressed he was by his own system when he was overthrown in October 1964; how melancholy he secretly wrote his memoirs, which were smuggled out of Russia; his former friends later refused to see him again; and after discussing his memoirs, he died of a heart attack.

Barbara stood up as she said goodbye to Juan, he could admire the elegance of her clothing, her slippers, she was almost the same height as Juan; she looked extremely beautiful, with refined manners, very classy, she shook Juan's hand, and he walked away, he was remembering her fresh perfume, arriving at the emergency room and he could still perceive the aroma, he remembered that he had shaken her hand and he brought it up to his nose, her perfume was still impregnated with it, how pleasant; the patient arrived at the emergency room and for the moment he forgot about Barbara, she began to examine the patient and in the middle of the examination when he approached her hand, the aroma reached him again, her image reappeared, she finished examining the patient, she gave orders to the nurse to admit him and speak to his doctor; Juan discreetly washed his left hand but he wouldn't wash his right hand and with the towel he dried it, but he didn't want to touch his right hand, he was afraid that the scent would disappear, he walked down one of the hallways and went to eat at the hospital restaurant, throughout the afternoon from time to time he discreetly brought his hand up to his nose and with great excitement for Barbara and with great joy when he felt he would see her the next day. At night there was work and at times he forgot about her, but from time to time he remained thoughtful about her image and reasoned that he only saw this type of woman from afar or in the movies, on television or in the newspaper and now he had the opportunity to have her close, it seemed that she had liked him and he also thought that a woman like that only magnates could have one, in Mexico it would have been work, a lot of work to meet a woman like that.

The next day at 10:00 in the morning, he went to ask Dr. Bendian for permission to go out and he gave it to him reluctantly, because he didn't like Juan, he went to take a shower and put on his best suit, he had greased his shoes, he put on a white shirt with an extremely starched collar, a jacket handkerchief the same color as his tie and at about 11:00 in the morning he arrived at the hospital lobby and the telephone operator said to him:

-Where are you going, how handsome you look?

Juan just laughed and from the parking lot in front of the lobby, Barbara could be seen getting out of a blue Cadillac. Juan was extremely impressed; she walked like a model, giving a slight jump. With each step, her platinum hair reached her shoulders, a beautiful black dress adorned with sequined flowers, and a beautiful face that any movie star would envy; Juan, seeing her, left the telephone operator behind again and went to meet her. He opened the hospital door for her and shook her hand. He inhaled the same perfume again, and he spoke, trying to please Barbara.

-Good morning Barbara!

-Good morning, Doctor!

"I thought you weren't coming!" said Juan.

Barbara looked him over from head to toe and answered:

-Where are you going, handsome? Your clothes look good on you!

This left Juan a little confused, and he didn't know what to answer, between telling her that he had changed to come and wait for her, or telling her that he was going somewhere else and downplaying her importance, and he quickly decided on the latter, because he had felt ashamed to tell her that he had only changed for her, since in the hospital he always wore a white uniform and white shoes, which was why Barbara had seen him the day before.

-I'm going to Providence Hospital, but I wanted to come and say hello first, because I'm so impressed by your beauty!

Juan, at the same time as he expressed this, stared into her eyes, which she did not shy away from, because she knew she was beautiful and had heard it many times since she was little, these same ideas crossed Juan's mind and he added.

-Well, I think that many men have already told you many times that you are very pretty, and now this poor Doctor tells you the same thing trying to impress you, which I think is of no importance to him telling you.

Barbara replied:

-Yes! I've heard that many times, but I like your English accent, I like the way you say it to me.

Juan felt good, since it seemed that Barbara had liked him, and he told her, asking her a question that had a double answer, so that in case she rejected him, it wouldn't be directly and he would have a decent way out and wouldn't feel bad.

"I'm going to Providence Hospital for a conference, and then in about an hour I'm inviting you to have a milkshake on the banks of the Connecticut River. What are you going to do?" Juan asked.

"Shall I sign some papers in there? Can I give you a ride later if you want?" Barbara asked. "What are you doing?"

-I was thinking of going in my car. It's small, a Renault, not as luxurious as yours, so I'm not inviting you to go in it.

Barbara replied:

-That's not important, what's important is the people!

"I'll wait for you if you give me a ride," replied Juan.

So Juan waited for Barbara to return, while the thought crossed his mind of how much personality she had and how simple she was in her dealings, he went to sit in the lobby armchairs, where he rested fully, he looked at the telephone operator who had witnessed everything since the day before, to whom Juan gave his little kisses when he saw her in the elevator, she only looked at him laughing maliciously, making movements of her head up and down, Juan seeing her like that, only put his index finger on his mouth, signaling her to be quiet.

Ten minutes later he came back and said to Juan.

- Are we leaving?

They left the hospital and he got into the Cadillac, Juan thought about how different it was from my car, even the seats, mine are so hard, he must have a lot of money, Barbara asked him what the place where he lived was like, and he told her about Popocatépetl and its legend with Iztacíhuatl, he told her about the surrounding towns where there was a lot of fruit from May onwards, fruit that was not known in these places, he told her about apricots, capulines, plums, bananas, papaya, pineapple, watermelons, mangoes, melons, Avocados, upon hearing this, seemed to be impressed and simply replied:

-I thought we had everything here in Holyoke!

-And you haven't tried the food there, the most special dish we have is the chiles en nogada.

He began to explain to her what that was and also told her about barbacoa en mixiote, mole poblano, chalupas, maguey worms and she suggested:

-You're impressing me with Mexico!

And John answered him:

-I wish you could go someday, especially during the Christmas season, because you would see what the posadas are, where from December 16th to the 23rd, there is dancing every night, and the litany is sung, a hymn to the baby Jesus.

-Jesus Christ? -she.

-Yes! -he.

-Did you know why Christ was added to Jesus? -she.

-No! -he.

-It seems that Saint Paul was the inventor of Christ, which in Greek means the Messiah, that is, Jesus the Messiah, the promised man, -she.

And John answered him:

-Well, where did you study?

-At Mount Holyoke, I studied Political Science.

-Oh, is that where you met your husband? -he.

-No! Not there, I went to visit your newspaper.

-Mount Holyoke? I think it's the most expensive and famous school around here, -he said.

-Yes! Barbara answered.

They had arrived at the hospital and stopped right at the door, and Juan got out, saying to him:

-Shall we have the malted milk later?

"When will you be free?" Barbara asked.

"In an hour!" Juan replied.

-I'll come back for you right here! -Barbara.

-Okay, I'll wait for you! -replied Juan.

The car started, and Juan thought to himself: well, what am I doing here for an hour now, for being a liar? But he had no other choice.

Juan set out to explore the hospital. Here he met a resident in the hallway who was a friend of his from Nicaragua and accompanied him to visit the patients. The hour passed quickly and he returned to the entrance. Juan waited a few minutes and she didn't return. He thought maybe she's not coming back yet, but she started chatting so well, with such familiarity, she behaved so simply, that if she doesn't come, so be it, but how beautiful she is. Juan remained thoughtful for a moment, looking at the highway in the distance, hoping to see the Cadillac, but Barbara didn't appear. When he was already thinking about taking the bus back to Holyoke, he looked into the distance and saw the Cadillac speeding towards the brakes. He asked Juan through the window:

"Was I late? Excuse me! My son took a while to get home from school, and I still had to take him home. My husband was there, so I waited for him to leave so I could leave."

-And who did you leave your children with?

-With the maid!

Juan thought, as I imagined, these people must have a lot of money because it's difficult for people here to have servants, he got into the Cadillac, and Barbara started it at the same time as she said to him:

-Now, buy me a milkshake!

-You're the one who's going to take me, I'll tell you where!

Juan told her where to go and they arrived at a place by the river. There was a white booth with little tables around it, some speakers playing "Through the Years" and then "Never on Sunday." It was cloudy, the river was running strong, green in color. Juan got out of the car and while she got ready, he gently opened the door for her, took her hand and helped her out. When she was almost letting go of Juan's hand, he caressed hers and kissed her gently as he said:

-Hmm, your perfume smells so nice!

She didn't say anything and let him kiss her hand, they went to sit down and he said to her.

-What do you want to drink?

-Let it be a milkshake!

-What flavor do you want?

-Vanilla!

Juan went to the window and ordered two vanilla milkshakes and sat back down. A few minutes later, the milkshakes were brought to them. Juan leaned back with his elbows on the table and his hands in fists under his chin. He stared passionately into Barbara's face, which seemed like a beautiful dream like no other. She stared at him and said:

-But tell me, what is your name?

-Juan Perez Saldaña!

-Is Juan your first name?

-Yes, in English it's Johnny!

Barbara pronounced Juan with difficulty, but Juan liked it and he told her:

-Barbara, just as you say you liked my accent, I also liked how you pronounced Juan!

Barbara continued:

-Juan, talk to me, tell me about your country, your city, where you were born, talk to me, I love the way you pronounce English.

Fascinated, Juan began to tell her he was born in the Santiago neighborhood. He explained where the word barrio came from, that it was of indigenous origin and meant neighborhood. He described part of his childhood and said:

-I talk and talk and you don't say anything about yourself; tell me about your life and she answered:

-I was born in South Hadley, near Holyoke, my parents are Irish, very good friends of President Kennedy's parents, I studied Political Science, I met my husband at work, I've been married for seven years, but I'm very discouraged, I feel alone, my husband didn't drink, but lately for about two years he's been drinking a lot, at first I used to fight with him, but this has made us resent each other a lot, I've thought about getting a divorce but my children hold me back a lot, I let off steam by helping out at the hospital, I try to do good.

-Are you a Christian?

"Catholic!" Barbara replied.

"The United States is famous for its Protestantism, but in this area I've met many Catholics," Juan said.

"I'm inviting you to Mass in Springfield next Saturday," Barbara said.

-Of course, let's go!

-You know, Juan?

-That!

-I feel very comfortable in your company, what will your girlfriend say if she sees us together?

When Barbara finished saying this, Juan felt his soul burn, it seemed as if someone was touching him with a hot iron and she was staring at his face, waiting for an answer, he hesitated but he had always learned that in some cases in life he had to be sincere and that it was a double-edged sword to say that he didn't have a girlfriend, because he could be rejected or he could be more accepted, or he could also choose to say that he was married and this made him more attractive to a woman, so he answered: somewhat sorry thinking that perhaps it would be the latter.

-I'm married Barbara, I have a little girl!

-Where do you live?

-The hospital gives me an apartment, my wife is a nurse and works in the same hospital.-

-Mexican or American?

-Mexican, descendant of Germans.

-It's good that you're sincere, I like you!

She seemed upset and very politely, in a soft tone, she told him.

- Are we leaving?

They got into the car and she was very quiet the whole way and when they arrived at the hospital Juan said to her:

"Barbara, forgive me, forgive me if I offended you. But the first time I saw you, I was so struck by how beautiful you are. I forgot that I have no right to approach you, much less court you. I think now that you don't even like my accent."

Barbara, hearing this, smiled slightly, and Juan offered her his hand to say goodbye. She extended it to him, and he leaned down to kiss her, saying:

-Yesterday when I saw you, you gave me your hand and left it covered in your perfume, and all afternoon I didn't even want to wash it. I kept smelling it. I'm going to do the same thing now. I'm going to wash it until it doesn't have any of your perfume left.

And she answered him:

-Bye bye!

She started her car and drove away slowly.

Days passed, and Juan went to the lobby every day at eleven in the morning hoping to see Barbara, but he returned sad because he couldn't find her. After ten days, Juan had lunch at 12:00 in the hospital restaurant with other doctors, when his friend Angelopolus (Doctor Griego) exclaimed:

-Wow, what a woman!

Juan turned around and saw the beautiful Barbara paying for their food, who took her tray and went to sit in a place from where she could see all the tables, Juan's heart pounded and he thought that he had never seen Barbara in the restaurant; he still couldn't understand if she would go for him or if it was pure coincidence, Juan felt a little confused and thought; if I'm going to sit next to her and if she refuses me, what embarrassment with the entire hospital and the medical staff that was there, or if maybe his wife would arrive, what a mess she could get into, so sweating he stayed still and ate his food without even tasting it, because it seemed like he was eating rags and he tried not to look towards where Barbara was eating.

The other doctors were joking, but Juan didn't pay attention to them, it seemed like he was living in another world, he didn't dare say anything, he tried to finish his food quickly, he collected his plates on the tray and went to leave them at the window where they were delivered, he passed close to Barbara, but pretended not to see her, then he left stealthily when precisely at that moment he heard her say to him in front of the other doctors and nurses:

-Doctor Juan, could you check my blood pressure, because I think it's gone down and I'm a little dizzy!

Upon hearing this, Juan said to himself, "Swallow me up, earth!" He turned around and said to her:

-Of course, with pleasure!

She stood up, handed over her tray and left accompanied by Juan who, as she passed by other doctors, smiled at her maliciously. Juan felt like the exit was 100 kilometers away. It seemed like an eternity to leave the restaurant and once outside, Barbara said to him:

-Juan, why didn't you say hello to me? I left you with such a bad memory!

-Barbara, you look so pretty. When a colleague told me to turn around and see what a beautiful woman had arrived, I didn't think it was you, and when I saw you, I thought it was just a coincidence that you had arrived. I went from the newspaper to look for you in the lobby at eleven in the morning, and I never found you. I thought I would never see you again.

-It's been very difficult for me to come. Some of the doctors are friends of my husband, they know me at the hospital, a lot of people know us in Holyoke, my children are more than anything, and you see, I'm here. All these days I've remembered how you speak with your accent.

"Do you really want me to take your blood pressure?" Juan said.

-It was just an excuse! Can't you go out? Can't you buy me a milkshake?

"I have an operation at three in the afternoon, everything's already scheduled! I can't leave, but if you want, I'm free tomorrow at 5:00 in the afternoon."

"Come with me to the car!" Barbara said.

-Of course! - Juan replied.

"Mrs. Garby, the floor manager, has already told me a lot about you. She told me you operate very well. She told me your wife is a nurse. She says she's blonde with blue eyes, and that you have a little daughter who has dark hair and is very intelligent," Barbara commented.

"Oh, tell me what else you know!" added Juan.

-I want to know more about you, but you're going to tell me that.

The two had arrived at the car and Juan shook her hand goodbye, while looking at her hand he said, what red skin you have, how different from mine.

And she added:

-It's so different from the skins I've treated, they've all been white, yours is dark, I'm very attracted to you!

At the same time she squeezed her hand with Juan's and comparing the two colors said:

-Do you want me to pick you up here tomorrow at 6:00 p.m.?

"Okay!" he said.

Barbara got into her Cadillac and drove away very slowly, Juan turned around, walked a little and found himself at the entrance of the hospital with Dr. Meshellán with whom he had a very good relationship, so Juan shouted to him:

-Woof! Woof!

And the doctor answered him:

-You're crazy, crazy!

Juan couldn't get his head around the joy he felt when Barbara told him she would pick him up the next day; hours passed and during the few hours he slept that night, he remembered Barbara's beautiful image, finally the time arrived, well bathed, shaved, with his gray suit, black tie, black handkerchief, black shoes and white shirt, he went to the parking lot to wait for Barbara who arrived punctually, Juan got in and they drove away, Barbara commented:

-Now I'll invite you to a place I know!

-Where?

-In Springfield!

Barbara took him to one of the largest buildings in the city center, they went up the elevator and arrived at a restaurant that seemed to Juan Magnificent in the dim light, each table had a very discreet lamp, waiters in bow ties, and a band playing "St. Louis Blues." And because of its luxury, Juan worried that they would probably charge him more than the \$50 he had brought, so he said with great regret:

-Barbara, I don't know how much it's going to be, but I only have 50 dollars, do you think it'll be enough?

-Don't worry Juan, the bill won't be a problem, I told you I was treating you!

-Barbara, I'm not used to a woman paying for what I consume!

The captain approached with the menu, Barbara ordered and then Juan, upon reviewing the menu, commented:

-Barbara, I think you know more about the food here. I see you ordered a lobster. I don't know how much it costs!

-Bring a lobster for you too, Juan. I already told you not to worry about the bill!

In a fish tank they brought them the lobsters, Barbara and Juan chose which one each of them liked, and after a while they brought them the cooked ones and they began to eat.

The music was so romantic and delicate it continued to be heard Juan invited her to dance and they went out to the small dance floor that seemed to be waxed, on it they slid smoothly; Barbara with both arms, surrounded his neck and Juan took her by the waist; It seemed like a dream to Juan to be in that luxury restaurant, seeing the whole city from the windows, that music and above all that kind of woman, Juan spoke in her ear a whole series of words that occurred to him, sometimes he bit her earlobe, her cheeks, her burning lips, she did not resist at all, so they danced and danced, until they felt that the anxiety they were with no longer fit in the restaurant, it was then that Juan said to her:

- Are we leaving?

And she very sweetly answered him:

Wherever you want!

They asked for the check, and before he could even take out his wallet, she grabbed the receipt, saw how much it was, and with it in her hand signed a check and handed it to the waiter. She grabbed Juan's hand and, as they left, leaned on his shoulder until they reached the car. She handed him the keys and said:

-Do you drive?

After the agreement they got into the car.

Juan took them and began to recognize where the key switch was, where the high and low beams were, he released the handbrake and saw that it was automatic, after these observations he commented:

-This car is easier to drive than mine!

Juan started it and drove very slowly, very slowly, he felt the car like a feather and thought about the big difference with his car.

Juan placed his hand on her thigh, and she pulled it up and placed it on her pubis. They passed a neon sign that said "Motel," and Juan tenderly asked her.

-Shall we go in?

-Yeah!

They headed towards the room, when the motel manager informed Juan that it was 20 dollars, he paid and they entered the room, it was very well decorated, she hung on to his neck and kissed him passionately, a whole world of wonderful sensations overwhelmed them, he thought what a woman, what a woman!

And she, in the semi-darkness of the room, asked him with a tone of ecstatic pleasure!

-Where were you, Juan? Where were you that I couldn't find you?

A little while later, they both lay exhausted and sweating profusely, they fell asleep for about 20 minutes, Barbara looked at her watch and it was 11:30 That night, she got up quickly and went to the bathroom, then Juan followed her, they showered quickly and left the motel, Barbara went to drop Juan off at the hospital and she said goodbye by kissing him passionately at the same time as he said:

-I'll look for you at the hospital tomorrow!

Juan went to his apartment and in his mind everything was joy and sorrow, because he thought that he could not have Barbara permanently, since he was married, with a little daughter who gave him very happy moments and what a disgrace it would be if he separated from his wife who had brought her from so far away.

Barbara would see him more and more frequently, when the doctors saw her come in they imagined she was going for Juan, every day she took refuge in him more, the relationship became stronger, Juan prayed that it would not reach his wife's ears, every time the doctors asked him about her, he denied everything telling them that she was a friend like the nurses, he tried to make a joke out of each one who insinuated to him about Barbara, sometimes it crossed his mind to marry Barbara, but how pitiful that would be.

At the hospital, the Director, Mr. Mende , continued to pressure him at work and with the help of another enemy, Dr. Bendian , continued to harass him, sometimes with overwork and other times they scolded him in front of the patients. Juan, to avoid problems, endured it and did not complain to anyone, but inside he felt tired of so much pressure; sometimes he was about to explode, but he found it difficult to go to another hospital and the environment that surrounded him pulled him too much.

He remembered that this was like another Dallas. In his spare time, he also nostalgically reminisced about Dallas and thought that perhaps later he would remember Holyoke in the same way and that he should live life to the fullest here. Twice a week, he went running in the mountains, sometimes covered in snow; how beautiful the forests were in this winter season.

This was New England, stretching from New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island; some said it was the best part of the United States. Probably?

The Great Baseball, America 's Favorite Sport Just as Juan, who had it in his soul, watched with ecstasy the coronation of another great favorite team, the New York Yankees, on October 16, 1962, he was grateful to be able to watch it on American television, in a recreation room on the hospital floors along with patients, doctors, and nurses. What a great atmosphere existed and continues to exist at these fall games that culminate in these series.

In this series the Yankees played against San Francisco and on October 16, 1962, the final game was played; for New York Kubek played at SS Richardson Second base;

Tresh Left fielder; Mantle Center fielder; Maris Right fielder; Howard Catcher; Skowron First baseman; Boyer Third baseman; Terry Pitcher.

For San Francisco; F. Alou Right fielder; E. Hiller Second base; Mays Center fielder; Mac. Covey Left fielder; Cepeda First base; Haller Catcher; Devenport Third base; They pay Short stop; Sanford Pitcher.

Yankee pitcher Terry who won this game 1-0 two years earlier in 1960, lost another great game in the last game of the World Series when Bill Mazeroski hit a home run in the ninth inning and dramatically gave the Pittsburgh Pirates the win, and now the Yankees were winning the World Series, and the opposite happened, this same pitcher Terry beat San Francisco 1-0 in the seventh game; this was a great winner after having been a great loser and won in the following way:

In the fifth inning, Skowron opened with a single to left fielder, Boyer also got another hit in left center, Terry walked and the bases loaded, Tony Kubek hit a grounder to Pagan to make a double play, while Skowron scored the only run with which they won the last game of the 1962 World Series.

In the hospital, work almost came to a standstill. Nurses, doctors, and patients all watched the game, except for the dead, who were in the morgue. Even though they had wanted to enjoy these games, they couldn't. At that moment, two people missed the end of that exciting series.

BLOCKADE AGAINST CUBA

Shortly after, around October 22, 1962, many rumors were heard about the concentration of American troops and very large maneuvers on a small island south of Puerto Rico; more concrete news began to emerge about the installation of Russian missiles in Cuba, capable of going Fifteen hundred miles away, with a range that could reach New York, Florida, Mexico, the Panama Canal, Colombia, and Venezuela. All these places were threatened by Russian missiles, which Castro, with Khrushchev's help, was trying to install. The United States had already photographed the sites, and once again there was terror throughout the country. The construction of subways under homes accelerated, people began buying their groceries, and disaster commissions were once again in place in the cities, and attack drills were held.

In Puerto Rico, 40 ships were stationed, including the aircraft carrier Independence and three smaller ones, 20 destroyers, 25 troop transports, 2,500 sailors were taken from Camp Pendleton, California to augment the fourth Marine Brigade Expedition, at Camp Le Jenne, North Carolina, and again the fear of an atomic war spread through Juan's mind, the fear of never being in Puebla again, and wondering whether or not it was worth it to have come so far; with his eyes fixed on the apartment where he lived, his wife and his daughter, feeling guilty that if some disaster were to occur and he, with the desire to learn, to succeed, to open wide doors in science, had wanted to come here and reasoned that it's not just us, it's all of the United States, the surrounding countries, we're all going to be disasters, panic was everywhere, a feeling of sadness for the entire hospital staff, every time there was an opportunity to make a comment, the doctors

spoke ill of Khrushchev and Fidel Castro, they were in the balance and the Cold War continued; in this regard, Juan thought that a miscalculated error on the part of either side was capable of extinguishing humanity; on Monday, October 22, 1962, President Kennedy ordered a blockade of Cuba, declaring that the Soviets were sending nuclear weapons there and were capable of causing destruction throughout the Americas. He sent a letter to Khrushchev demanding that he stop this, at the same time the Department of Defense warned that it was ready to sink any communist ship that refused inspection to check whether it was carrying nuclear weapons, said that airplanes should also be inspected and that it would only allow food and medicine through.

The forty ships and twenty thousand men that were in Puerto Rico were now the ones maintaining the blockade of Cuba.

The Organization of American States called an emergency session before 9:00 a.m. on October 23, 1962, to consider President Kennedy's proposal.

The United Nations also requested an urgent session to identify the danger and remove the Soviet missiles from Cuba. American Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson, on Kennedy's orders, also requested this from Valerian A. Zorin.

Meanwhile, Fidel Castro in Cuba mobilized his entire military force, declaring the blockade an act of war.

At the hospital, we thought war could break out at any moment, and the entire staff thought the same thing. We all expected a violent reaction from Russia with ships carrying weapons to Cuba.

Any ship traveling toward Cuba was monitored by air and sea; American warships were ordered to intercept them at any cost and sink them if necessary.

Khrushchev was in serious trouble, being put on the defensive, and this could have grave repercussions. Kennedy warned in a speech that any atomic attack against any Western country would lead to a direct US attack on Russia and invited Khrushchev to hold talks to find permanent solutions. He also called for the immediate dismantling of the missiles and the removal of all missiles from Cuba. He also added that the greatest danger facing the United States was in doing nothing, and that he would never accept a path of submission and surrender.

Russia, on October 23, 1962, gave orders to its troops to be ready with the help of the Warsaw Pact nations, on the other hand the United States was also ready with the organization of the North Atlantic nations in its favor.

Shortly after, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara announced that 25 Russian ships were headed directly to Cuba and had not changed course in the last 24 hours, and that American ships were prepared to intercept them.

Fidel Castro bragged that any ship that wanted to inspect them had better be combat-ready and called President Kennedy a pirate.

There was a worldwide reaction for and against the United States. Cuban refugees in the United States said that the construction of the missile bases had begun a year earlier.

Curiously, how the United States is even in this chaos, on October 23, 1962, in San Francisco, Nigerian boxer Dick Tiger took the WBA middleweight championship by unanimous decision from Gene Fullmer.

Many people rushed to build more underground shelters, volunteers were asked to help guard the power plants and communications in the likely emergency. Khrushchev strained relations and let it be known that at any moment he could launch atomic bombs at the United States. He wanted to intimidate them. Perhaps it wasn't his game but with the help of his collaborators, but behind President Kennedy there was also a strong group. On television we saw the Russian convoy heading to Cuba. We also watched with amazement as moments arrived when they would have to confront each other; tensions were at their highest; World War III began there amid cannon fire from ships. Then we in Massachusetts awaited the atomic bombing, but Russia was also warned that the atomic bombing would hit them directly and the probable extinction of life on the planet.

When we thought there was no other way out, we watched with great amazement on the live television as the Russian ships changed direction and the broadcaster celebrated with joy. This happened on October 24, 1962. All of us in the hospital also shouted with joy and heard Dr. Salwen say:

-Khrushchev son of a bitch you bend it (Khrushchev son of a bitch you bend it), while raising his right hand.

Khrushchev thought he was going to bring the United States to its knees and that he had all its citizens terrified, and in part he was right. We were terrified but not subdued, because they would be the ones to immediately receive the revenge of the atomic power of the United States. We all knew, from what we had read, that all of Russia was starving, that its citizens would not survive a war, and those in the Communist Party knew it; they were heavily armed, but the Russian people since Lenin came to power have always suffered from poverty and hunger, and those who have lived well are their leaders. But their people, when were they going to live like the Americans do? Never, never!

As if to give a slap in the face that would serve to wake up Khrushchev and his people, on October 24, 1962, it was announced that at the Sill fort in Oklahoma launched a new missile called the "Sergeant" that demonstrated the technological superiority of the United States.

Cuba was fully mobilized, and they believed a U.S. invasion was imminent. The majority of the Russian fleet turned back; only the tanker, the Bucharest, was checked without boarding and allowed to pass because it was carrying only oil.

When the Russian ships returned, Castro most likely felt almost dead and disheartened at being abandoned in exchange for not invading the United States and Cuba. However, he did not have the power to decide, since the decisions were made for him. There were so many talks and exchanges at the highest levels, both in the White House and in Moscow, to decide what the next step would be for both parties. The Russians were putting maximum pressure on the United States, which was the strongest bulwark against Communism. Khrushchev intended to appear at the United Nations.

In the following weeks, after establishing his missiles in Cuba as the victor and setting the rules of the game in Berlin, Kennedy's advisors felt that the speed with which he had moved would undermine Khrushchev's master plan.

The Norwegian tanker Mylla, like the Lebanese ship Marucia, also carrying Russian cargo, were boarded and inspected, but since they had no military cargo, they were allowed to pass.

Juan felt that this blockade and revision was a humiliation for the Russians and for Castro, and he was grateful to be with the most powerful. He thought and felt proud that he had not made a mistake in choosing the kind of life he was enjoying, having this country as his host.

Civil defense forces stockpiled weapons across the nation.

The United States was still negotiating with Castro for the release of 1,113 Bay of Pigs captives.

Khrushchev, under so much world pressure, and mainly from the United States, on October 28, 1962, ordered that the Russians working in Cuba to build the missile bases, stop doing so and that all the material should be returned to Russia, this could be read from a letter he had sent. To Kennedy and another to UN Secretary Uthant; Khrushchev also demanded in exchange that the US missiles in Turkey be dismantled, which Kennedy refused, and only the bases in Cuba were dismantled; this was seen as a triumph for Kennedy.

There were worldwide reactions against the United States, such as in Venezuela, where oil stations on Lake Maracaibo were blown up and two suspected communists were arrested, who immediately blamed Castro. The Rockets were sent back to Russia, and Kennedy lifted the blockade on Monday, October 29, 1962.

There was no exchange of Rocket mobilization, only the strongest ones prevailed, and those were the United States.

Kennedy brought Khrushchev to his knees. Khrushchev tried to leave through the main door, but he came out like a dog, barking and running with his tail between his legs. The one with the greatest technology, the one with the money, the one with the highest and best standard of living for his citizens prevailed.

How much regret Khrushchev must have felt later, how distressed he was by his own system when he was overthrown in October 1964; how melancholy he secretly wrote

his memoirs, which were smuggled out of Russia; his former friends later refused to see him again; and after discussing his memoirs, he died of a heart attack.

Juan breathed easier about the future of the United States, but not about his own.

One night while he was working, it was around 7:00 PM, when the girl who was delivering the newspaper inside the hospital said to Juan, Doctor , someone needs you in the tunnel.

The tunnel was the connection between the hospital and Juan's apartment and was almost always empty, especially at night. It was about 50 meters long.

Juan calmly thought that most likely they had gone to look for him at his apartment and since they didn't find him, that person upon arriving at the tunnel met the girl who was carrying the newspaper and told her that if she saw Doctor Juan she should let him know that they needed him and with no malice in his mind, Juan went over, arrived, looked out and saw no one, he began to cross it in a semi-dark state and when he reached the middle, suddenly a well-dressed, blond individual came out to meet him and with a dagger in his hand he said:

-Are you Juan Pérez?

Seeing this, Juan hesitated and, looking only at the knife, with his hands separated from his body in a defensive attitude, he answered with a moan.

-Yeah!

-You're the son of a bitch who's hanging around with Barbara!

At that moment, the smell of alcohol on this man's breath reached Juan, who immediately understood that it was Barbara's husband. He reasoned that he had to act quickly and that he shouldn't accept anything he said, and he should act vigorously, because if he showed fear, he would never see the Barrio de Santiago again. He understood that he shouldn't let him think, and he shouted loudly:

-I'm not dating that lady, she's my acquaintance, just like all the nurses who work here!

"You are her lover!" said the probable husband.

-I am not anyone's lover! I am married and I have a daughter whom I love very much!

Upon hearing this, the man lost his temper and just stared at Juan's face.

One of the men cleaning the hospital, hearing the screams, came out of one of the rooms next to the autopsy room and, with a broom in his hand, hit the man on the back with a stick, while asking Juan:

-What's wrong, Doctor Perez?

Juan, without losing the serenity he was accustomed to in his moments of need, answered:

-This man says I'm with his wife Barbara, but she's just an acquaintance!

At the same time, he quickly took off his jacket and, wrapping it around his left fist, pressed himself against the wall and left where he was cornered, closely watching the man for every move he made. The broom man kept putting the stick on his back, and when he saw that Juan was free, he said:

-Go away Doctor Perez, I'll deal with this one!

Juan almost ran out of the tunnel, went outside to his apartment, locked the door that led to the street, his wife was already sleeping, sat down on the bed when he heard the phone ring and the operator answered and said:

-Dr . Perez, this is your call! Should I put you through?

And he heard Barbara say to him:

-Are you okay, Juan?

Juan could not speak and only answered:

-I'm going to the emergency room right now and I'll get back to you!

He hung up and went to the emergency room, but not through the tunnel anymore, he turned around and entered through the main door, still looking everywhere, he didn't find the man anymore, when he got to the emergency room he contacted Barbara, who told him:

-Who knows who from the hospital called my husband and told him you were my lover. He came home drunk and hit me and said he was going to kill you. I've been looking for you to let you know, but I haven't been able to find you. Please take care of yourself!

John answered:

-Well, I found him. He grabbed me in the tunnel with a knife. Fortunately, the cleaner was around and helped me get it off!

-What are we going to do, Juan, what are we going to do!

-Rest, problems become very serious at night, tomorrow we will think more calmly, please Barbara deny everything, don't accept anything, say it's not true, that they are just lies!

-Take care, Juan!

Juan hung up and sat down at the consultation desk when he saw the cleaner arrive at the emergency room still holding the broom, saying to Juan.

-Dr. I've been looking for you all over the hospital. I already went to your department to ask for you, and they told me you came to the emergency room!

-Did you say anything to my wife?

-No, nothing! What happened?

-This son of a bitch says I'm with his wife, someone from the hospital called him and told him this!

Juan was pale, his heart was beating fast, he was sweating cold, he was scared, the emergency room nurse Mrs. Moyninham, a very pretty nurse with green eyes and short stature, only listened and shook her head in disapproval, she told the street sweeper.

-And where is that man?

-I told him that if he didn't leave I would call the police and I went out with him to take his car, but I'll tell the Director tomorrow.

Juan, alarmed, replied:

-No! No, please don't tell him anything.

Juan thought that if they said anything to the Director while conducting an investigation, everything would be discovered.

-The street sweeper said:

-But the police must be notified so that they can arrest him so that he doesn't try anything again!

-No! No! I'm sure it was a mistake, maybe he'll even come to apologize to me, please don't say anything.

The street sweeper just shrugged, turned around and walked away, but Juan was still shouting at him:

-Thank you, thank you very much!

The nurse commented:

-Hey Juan, you've made this mess, I know Barbara's husband, she might even send someone to beat you or kill you, leave her alone now!

Juan couldn't even speak, he was pale, he didn't say anything but inside he only thought about running away, at that moment he wanted to go for his wife and daughter, throw his few things in the Renault, and leave Holyoke, however he remembered what he had said, that at night things get worse and he stayed there for about 20 minutes thinking, the nurse just looked at him and said:

-You must be very scared!

Juan just nodded his head in the affirmative, so she added:

-Come on, I'll walk you to your apartment!

They both left the hospital and she went to drop him off at the door of his apartment. When she arrived, he commented:

-Thank you Mrs. Moyninham, you don't know how much I appreciate this!

They said goodbye and Juan went to bed, his wife was sleeping soundly, he couldn't sleep, he only thought that he was alone and he just had to get out of this problem and with skill he should show strength to this man who also had power, but how? If he didn't have any strength, he was alone, at the mercy of the hospital authorities and with some strong enemies in this environment, he also remembered that some seemed to appreciate him, he thought that probably the one who could help him would be Doctor Salwen and mentally he held on to him, he breathed deeply every now and then because he felt like he was short of breath, he felt like he was drowning, he had become anxious and he turned from one side and then the other and reasoned to himself, I have to control myself, I have to calm down, tomorrow

I have to go for a run in the mountains; that'll fix me. In the following days, he no longer went through the tunnel to get to his apartment; he circled the entire hospital, always very carefully. He never walked close to the building, but far apart, being very careful and looking for Barbara's husband among the people. Juan was carrying a club at his waist that couldn't be seen because of the jacket he always wore, and I thought, the next time he comes near me, I'm going to stick one in him and bend him immediately. After all, there's a record, since the street sweeper could serve as a witness who tried to hit me with the knife, and if they cry in my house, it's better if they cry in theirs.

One morning he went to the operating room and saw that he was scheduled to assist Dr. Salwen ; when the operation was over, Juan said to him:

-Dr . Salwen, I want to talk to you, but out there!

Doctor Salwen, somewhat surprised, replied :

-Outside? Why not here!

-I don't want anyone to hear!

-Okay, okay, that's Barbara's problem.

Juan did not believe what he heard because he thought it was a secret and asked:

-Yes! But how did you know?

-The whole hospital knows!

-No!

Juan felt a blow to the head, he felt sweat breaking out all over his body, when Doctor Salwen told him:

-I'll meet you in the parking lot in fifteen minutes, I'm just stopping by!

-Alright!

The minutes passed quickly and when Juan arrived at the parking lot he was already waiting for him, so Dr. Salwen started the conversation:

-So Barbara's husband threatened you?

-Yes! I thought it was all a secret.

-No son, the whole hospital knows, he's a jerk, I saw her come looking for you, he thinks everyone should bow down to him, but how wrong he is, what happened between you and her is the most normal thing, I'm not scared, I have experience, the only thing I advise you is that you stop seeing her, he's dangerous when he's drunk.

Juan inwardly accepted everything that Doctor Salwen told him, nodded his head in the affirmative and continued speaking:

I don't promise to talk to him, because we don't like each other, although I would like to stop him, but I have someone who can and he has a lot of power, I promise you that he will leave him alone, but back away from her too, a few months ago I said that I wanted to protect you and I will do it.

Dr. Salwen spoke to him in a soft, calm voice, smoked his cigar, took deep breaths, stared at the sky, Juan stared at him; how much tenderness this man, who was about 50 years old, white with a gray mustache, well dressed and handsome, inspired in him. He said to Juan:

-Johnny, I want you to be one of mine!

Juan didn't speak but he thought, Which ones?

Dr. Salwen continued:

I want you to be a Mason. I wish that when you leave the hospital, wherever you go, you find company. Here, these people have abused not only you but all the foreigners who come to the hospital. But that's everywhere. The world is a jungle, and the powerful always want to abuse those at the bottom, at least you. I want you to always be at the top.

-Do you know what Freemasonry is?

Juan reasoned quickly and answered:

-I only know that it is a very powerful society!

"So powerful, it's going to stop Barbara's husband in his tracks," Salwen said.

Juan asked him:

-Are you a Mason?

-Yes! And you're going to be one too.

"Is it expensive to get in?" asked Juan.

-Don't worry about money, stay calm, as the years go by you will remember me, as someone who passed through your life and wanted you to succeed, I don't know where you stand, I see you easy to adapt and very intelligent to survive, but you don't have enough time to find what you want, remember me, the hospital authorities from what I've heard are against you, but you are not alone, we will help you as much as we can, what you are going through now, I have already experienced and I have met good people.

Doctor Salwen looked at the watch and said:

-It's late, I have to go to my office, see you later!

Dr. Salwen started his car and drove off.

Days passed and Juan didn't dare speak to Barbara and one afternoon at around 6:00, he was in the hospital and through the loudspeaker he heard that he had a call, he took the nearest phone and answered:

-This is Doctor Perez speaking !

-Doctor , you have a call from outside, I'll pass it on to you.

-Yeah!

They passed it to her and a very familiar sweet voice said:

-Hi! Didn't you miss me?

Juan recognized the voice and said:

-Is that you Barbara? I've missed you so much! What does he say?

-He hasn't told me anything, he hasn't had anything to drink, but when he does he'll blame me, that night when he came to complain to you he was crazy and when he arrived he told me he was going to kill us if he found us, I denied everything but sometimes I wish the whole world knew, I feel so comfortable with you, I love the way you tell me the things you tell me that inspire you, you've accustomed me to your presence, so much so that I can't stand him anymore, when 6:00 in the evening rolls around I'm like a lion here in the house and then I go out for a walk in the garden; I listen to the music we like, the one we heard when we went for the first time to have a milkshake by the Connecticut River; when I hear "Through the Years" and "Never on Sunday", my soul is torn apart when they told me that you have to leave Holyoke and that this is temporary, my heart can't accept it; Maybe all this you tell me makes me think more about you. I wish I had met you sooner. You came into my life late.

Juan asked him:

-Have you had many boyfriends?

-Yes, three before him!

-Did they have money?

-Yes, all four are in a very good economic and social position in this area.

-And what made you notice me? I don't have money, nor am I handsome!

-You are a man in every way and you arrived at a time when it was very difficult to bear my life at home. My relationship with you has been very strong, because you stimulate me every time we see each other, you give me life every time we see each other. Lately, I buy my clothes so that you like them.

Juan felt these words so sincerely, deep inside, because he didn't feel any lies, pride, or social position, just a woman in love who thought everything would end irremediably.

Juan asked him:

-Do you want to meet up?

-Yes! -Barbara answered, but not at the hospital, do you remember when I took you to Providence Hospital, I pick you up in the parking lot there at 7:30 PM

-Alright!

Juan went to ask permission to go out and again he met Barbara at the Providence and they went to a Motel, she told him:

-We have to hurry, he mustn't suspect us again!

And the two of them returned to give themselves to each other in the semi-darkness of the room, with anxiety, desperation and anguish of being seen, each of the kisses they gave each other was an ecstasy of madness, he strove to give her the maximum pleasure and she felt that her life was leaving her, this was the reason why she did not want to separate from him and repeated to him:

-Don't go, don't go!

After experiencing this state of anxiety, relaxation came and, a little calmer, she asked him:

-Do you have enemies in the hospital?

After a few moments he answered:

-Barbara, what life has taught me is that when you want to learn, when you want to excel, those around you become gratuitous enemies. With determination and cunning, you just have to go around them and they stand still, unable to harm you. I have never let anyone down; that is the reason for my gratuitous enemies.

-I ask you, do you have enemies in the hospital?

-I don't know, I haven't hurt anyone, but I haven't let anyone down either!

-He told me that a doctor had told him about us!

-Suzat, Bendian? -said Juan.

"Do you think they're capable?" Barbara commented.

"Anything is possible!" Juan replied.

"Have you had any problems with them?" Barbara asked.

"Yes!" said John.

-Do you think it's one of them? They look so gentlemanly.

"There are people who are quite restrained in order not to explode. They seem so polite and in complete control of their actions. But these types of people can be very dangerous, very harmful to others. These types of people must be handled with great care. And these two are like that. I wouldn't trust them with anything, either of them."

-Please don't go to the hospital anymore! -said Juan.

"I've already thought about it, that's why I'm not going anymore!" Barbara replied.

After bathing, the two of them got dressed and Barbara said to him:

-Juan, I want to go to church with you next Saturday. You have time. I told you I wanted to hear mass with you.

-No Barbara, they're going to see us!

-No! In Springfield there is a church far from the center, I think, where nobody knows us.

-No Barbara, let's not risk it!

"No, nobody knows us there!" said Barbara.

"Well, what time?" said Juan.

-At 6:00 p.m., we'll meet in the Providence parking lot.

-Alright!

As they had agreed, they met; she picked up Juan in her car and they left, but before entering the Church, Barbara said:

-Juan, I want you to value what I'm going to talk to God about for you, so that you never forget it, even "through the years," like our music.

They entered, and after hearing Mass, the people left; Barbara stopped Juan, led him to the altar where there was no one, took his hand, and, looking toward the altar, said with great devotion:

-God, I thank you for bringing Juan into my life at the most difficult time. He has brought me joy. I ask that you always take care of him and don't abandon him. He is so far away from his family!

Juan was stupefied by what he heard; he didn't believe he meant that much to Barbara. He thought it was just a pastime for her and that as soon as they stopped seeing each other, everything would be forgotten for both of them. He was deeply impressed and didn't say anything. They left the church and she went to drop him off again at the Providence parking lot. She gave him a very simple kiss on the cheek, not like she was used to, and got into her car. Juan closed the door for her and she left the parking lot. To Juan, it seemed as if he had taken communion. Before God, they had reaffirmed their love.

At the hospital over the next few days there was a lot of pressure at work, Juan, by order of Bendian as he was told, was given most of the emergencies, they couldn't see him resting because as soon as one arrived they passed it on to him, they didn't even let him breathe, it was like that day and night, and Juan, when a patient arrived, just bit his lip and started to attend to him, he knew he couldn't say no and that he shouldn't complain, because he didn't want the authorities to be happy that they were finishing him off, since there were no complaints, the authorities commissioned him to be alone in the operating room, without having the option of leaving there for the 36 hours of work, he only rested twelve; he had to go and come back to work the next thirty-six hours, this was already suffocating him, but he didn't complain and so some months passed in which he didn't bend over.

MASONRY

Doctor Salwen said to John one morning :

-Johnny! I've already proposed that you be admitted as a Mason; between us, don't tell anyone. They've been investigating you. I think you'll pass. I've also already investigated you. I requested information from the Immigration and Naturalization Office in Washington. I also checked your file here at the hospital, and it's clean. If it weren't for the problem you've had lately, I think they'll accept you.

Shortly afterwards, a brother from the Masonic society arrived and questioned Juan during a meal and became his friend.

But also a few weeks later an FBI agent arrived, identified himself and questioned Juan about his activities because he had been informed that he was a communist, and Juan asked:

-And who said that? I've always fought against him. In Dallas, I belonged to an anti-communist society. You can talk to a professor at SMU. I'll bring your name to the department and get you the information you need.

Juan left him at the hospital and went to get this professor's name, gave it to him and added:

-Here at the hospital, I don't trust anyone, except Doctor Salwen . You can talk to him later. Ever since I learned about communism, it's been the thing I've hated the most. I don't know who or with what intentions have misinformed me.

Shortly after, he saw FBI agents circulating around the hospital and Juan imagined that they were asking questions about him, and then he never saw them again.

Juan thought there were too many problems and that the most prudent thing to do was to leave the hospital. In the evenings, when he had free time, he would go out and explore Holyoke looking for work. He also wrote to Dr. Lanius at Medical Arts Hospital in Dallas asking if there were any jobs.

Days later Dr. Salwen met him and said:

-Johnny, son, I'm coming for you next Friday, you're going to graduate as a Mason, I also spoke to the guy from the FBI and I've already made things clear to them, they've given you a lot of misinformation, I guess who it was, but it's better to stay quiet, Dr. Idris Khan and another person from outside the hospital are also going to graduate, there will be three of them.

-I already told you not to worry about money, I'll pick you up on Friday at five in the afternoon!

-What do I have to bring?

-I already told you that only you, we see each other!

On Friday afternoon, Juan was free, and at exactly five o'clock in the afternoon, Dr. Salwen reached him by radio at the hospital. Juan, who was very well dressed in a suit, and Dr. Idris Khan, went to the lodge house called William Whaiting Lodge at 235 Chestnut St. Juan saw the entrance, whose architecture was totally different from that of ordinary houses; the main door was made of a stone arch and decorated with hieroglyphics. They were led into a dressing room and, properly dressed or undressed, they headed toward the great hall of extraordinary sumptuousness. The ceremony began with exquisite solemnity. The floor was made of serrated mosaic representing that of King Solomon's temple, with a resplendent star in the center. Juan was deeply impressed, one he would never forget. It is impossible to describe every detail of the ceremony, not for lack of ink, since Freemasonry is not secret, but it is a society with secrets, and its internal laws must be respected.

Juan left after the ceremony tremendously impressed and with great pride he thought, I am a Mason and it is not just anyone who can be one, especially here in Massachusetts. He was congratulated by Doctor Salwen who told him:

-Brother, I did it and this will serve you for the rest of your life. Maybe we won't see each other again. I don't know where you're going, but wherever it is, you'll always be thinking of me and protecting me. I hope you help everyone who comes to you, and that way you'll repay me for what I did for you.

Almost 30 years have passed, and Juan seems to be living this ceremony and to Doctor Salwen, to whom he remains eternally grateful for having lit a light on his path, trying to help all those who have approached him; whenever he has done so, he remembers Doctor Salwen with a gratitude that surpasses anything he knows.

Juan thought to himself: I've come all the way to the lands of New England. The day I return, I'll be physically and mentally full. I've never been able to nourish myself as much as I am here in Massachusetts. It's a good thing I came all the way here. They didn't give me papers in Dallas, but this makes up for everything.

RETURN TO DALLAS AND MEXICO

Months passed and Juan remained in the hospital under a lot of pressure, but he was happy. He saw Barbara occasionally. He tried not to complain to anyone, his mind gave him solutions. At the hospital, Mr. Mende and Dr. Bendian found out that he had graduated as a Mason and they tried not to have direct problems with him because they needed him, but they did order him to be given a lot of work. Juan did the best he could until one day the management called him and Mr. Mende told him in the presence of Dr. Bendian .

-Dr . Perez, we can no longer give food to your wife and daughter, you have to pay for it, as well as the department.

Juan did not believe what he was hearing, but he imagined that they were chasing him away and, raising his voice very loudly, he replied:

"The contract you gave me says that in exchange for my work, I'd get a room and food for my wife and daughter; but if you want, I'll bring it to you right now. I have it in my room!"

Juan understood that he was being coerced, but he still fought to stay in the same hospital. He thought there was no other way out than to leave the hospital, and he only thought that he should fight for the place so they would give him time to find a place to live. Because he thought, if I leave now, where am I going to live?

Mr. Mende told him again in a calm and even voice, although Juan guessed that he was boiling with anger and trying to get him out of the hospital, since his face was very red, more than usual.

-Dr . Perez, I repeat that you must pay for your apartment and the food for your wife and daughter!

Juan, feeling like he was going to explode, said to the two of them, almost shouting at them in Spanish:

-Fuck your mother!

And then he continued speaking in English.

-I have the contract and I can take it to court!

Mr. Mende stared at Dr. Bendian and answered, now pale with anger, but in a calm voice .

-Dr . Perez, whatever you say!

Juan stormed out of the office, his head about to explode with violent thoughts. He knew he had no choice but to leave the hospital, but where to? Where to? It was so far from his homeland. He went to his room and took out his bank account and saw that he had saved 900 dollars. He was thinking this when Dr. Gomez from Nicaragua, who was studying anesthesiology, told him:

-Johnny, they're calling you long distance from Dallas!

Juan went down quickly and thought, who could it be, he picked up the phone and heard them say:

-Dr . Pérez, how are you? This is Dr. Lanius . I received your letter. I already spoke with the board and they want you to come to work immediately!

Juan almost shouted and answered:

-Okay Doctor Lanius , I'm going there. I'll be back in a few days!

-We'll be waiting for you!

Juan hung up the phone and next to him was Dr. Gomez who asked him:

-Are you going to Dallas?

-Yes! They just called me, now Mende and Bendian can go and fuck themselves.

Juan waited for his wife who was working and when she arrived he said to her:

-Get everything fixed, we're going to Dallas!

-Really?

-Yeah!

They went for the girl and the next day Juan went to talk to Dr. Bendian to get the papers that he had worked there, so he told him:

" Dr. Bendian, I want to thank you for giving me the job here!" Juan said with great pride, feeling like he was voting the job in his face.

With a calm and ironic voice, Dr. Bendian answered him .

-Why, Dr. Pérez , do you no longer want to work with us?

Juan, seeing him smile and feeling confident about the job in Dallas, told him in Spanish.

-Fuck your mother! - because I already knew that he made fun of anyone he didn't like and Juan was one of them.

Bendian thought he had Juan on his knees, since he was powerful in that area. Juan thought Bendian was capable of closing the doors to him at the surrounding hospitals, just like the hospital director, Mr. Mende , who could very well have done the same.

And John added:

-Dr . Bendian, can't you give me proof that I have worked here?

-I couldn't tell you, Doctor Juan ; you have to see Mr. Mende .

Juan thought and knew that Doctor Bendian was the one to give him his papers, no one else but him, and if he sent him to Mr. Mende , it was most likely that they would not give them to him, so he added:

-So, Doctor Bendian , you're not going to give me the papers?

-I can't give you anything, but go talk to Mr. Mende !

Juan, pale with rage and cursing him under his breath, turned around and headed towards Mr. Mende's offices and without asking the Secretary's permission, went directly to the door and opened it. The secretary stood up and tried to talk to Juan, at the exact moment when he heard Mende answer from inside his office:

-Come in! Come in!

Juan entered behind him, the secretary also arrived, Juan said to Mr. Mende .

-Mr . Mende, I came to thank you. I just got a call from Dallas offering me a job at the same hospital I was at before coming here. I just came to ask for my papers showing that I was working here.

-I can't give you any papers, you must speak to Doctor Bendian !

-I already talked to him and he told me that you were the one!

-I repeat, Doctor Perez , that I am not the right person!

Juan had a very strong and aggressive character and when he knew he should confront him directly, he was never afraid, now he understood that he had to do it and as he knew that they were not going to give him anything, then directly in the face, five centimeters from Mr. Mende, Juan almost spitting on him while speaking said in English:

-You and Bendian, fuck your mother! I don't need your papers!

Juan stared straight into his eyes and slowly backed away. He knew they weren't going to give him any diploma, he knew everything was broken and he wasn't going to kneel down and ask for his papers. He was mad as hell. He left the office and headed to his apartment. As he left through the tunnel, he heard someone talking on the speaker saying they needed him in the operating room. He went to his apartment's phone, picked it up, and someone over the switchboard said, "Hello, I am sorry."

-Dr . Perez is needed in the operating room!

And he answered:

-I'm not working for the hospital anymore, I'm going to Dallas!

He hung up and began to pack, especially very carefully his portable television, where he had learned a lot of English, he approached and gave her a kiss, turned it on and an artist who was appearing on television at that time, reminded him of Barbara, approached the phone and dialed her number saying:

-Hello! Is that you Barbara?

-Yes, Juan! What's wrong?

-Barbara, I'm leaving Holyoke. I just cursed Mende and Bendian. I have to go. I already have a job in Dallas.

-It can't be, you can't go, no Juan!

Barbara sounded distressed and her voice was broken when she spoke.

-Yes Barbara, I have to go, I have no other way out! - said Juan.

-Why don't you look for work around Holyoke?

-I've already looked for one! But it seems they are influenced by these people and I haven't been able to find a job. It pains me to leave. You are the most important thing, but I have no other choice, and I have no place for you because I lack the possibilities. If I were in another position, I wouldn't leave you.

-Johnny, take me with you!

"Impossible!" Juan replied.

"If you leave her, I'll leave mine!" said Barbara.

-I brought them from so far away and they only depend on me, they have no one!

-And when are you leaving?

-This afternoon, I'll pack as soon as possible!

-Aren't you even expecting me today?

On the phone, he heard the voices of Barbara's children and one of them asking for her food. Juan felt like she could be his little girl. He loved Barbara and was proud of her when they went out for walks, but he thought, like everything that begins, everything must end.

Barbara realized that she couldn't stop him and asked.

-What time are you leaving?

-Like three or four in the afternoon!

-Come over here in front of the house, I'll wait for you!

-I don't have time, especially with the car so full!

-Come here please, let me say goodbye to you!

-I'll pass, but with her and my baby, I'll just pass and I'll see you for the last time, please put on the yellow dress that I like so much!

-Yes! If you want!

-Goodbye Barbara, I love you so much!

-Goodbye Juan!

Juan started packing. His wife arrived and helped him. They unloaded their things into the Renault, which was completely full. His little girl was sleeping peacefully in the back and on top of everything. They barely said goodbye to anyone, except for Dr. Idris Khan, who gave Juan a tender hug and said:

-See you later, my brother!

Through the windows, some patients and nurses raised their hands in farewell, and so he drove away in his small Renault.

Shortly after, he was surreptitiously passing in front of Barbara's house, where she was playing in the yard with her children and a large ball. She was wearing the yellow dress that Juan liked so much, with her platinum hair and high heels without a back heel. She looked beautiful and her skin was red. He remembered when he was saying goodbye to her in the hospital parking lot and when she told him she liked his brown skin. When they saw each other, she stopped playing with the rolling ball and stared at Juan, unable to wave goodbye. Juan couldn't say goodbye to her either; he just stared at her, tears running down his face. He thought that she was most likely doing the same thing, and to try to hide it a little from his wife, he said:

-How sad it is to leave Holyoke, we lived here for a long time, I will never forget this place! - While wiping away her tears.

15 minutes passed in which he had the image of Barbara in his eyes, shortly after he paid attention to the road he had to follow to go to Buffalo

On Highway 90; upon arriving in Buffalo he went to Niagara Falls to see the Falls, he stayed here for two days and then continued on Highway 90 to Erie, Pennsylvania, from here to Columbus, Ohio, then on Highway 71 to Cincinnati, to Louisville, from here to Highway 65 to Nashville, on Highway 40 to Memphis and on to Little Rock, he was seeing the whole heart of the United States again, all the magnificence of capitalism, hundreds of miles and everywhere, very nice houses, first-rate restaurants everywhere, everything was another world and Highway 30 finally reached Dallas; Thinking and having the illusion of now consolidating and staying permanently in this city of Dallas, he thought of returning to the Baptist Church, dedicating himself to the Medical Arts Hospital and his team of doctors; Since he hadn't had any pressure from the hospital around here, he thought he would be fine here, since he would no longer have the

pressures of Holyoke Hospital. Since he had nowhere else to go, he went to visit Brother Mena, who welcomed him and told him that while he found a house, he could stay on the second floor. Although there was a lot of goodwill, the heat upstairs was extreme.

Juan remembered that he had spent \$800 on the trip; he only had \$100 in his pocket. He was confident that he would recover immediately, as they were going to start paying him \$500 a month and he planned to buy a house within the first few months of his employment. His wife had already found a job at Baylor Hospital as a nurse, and he had already checked in at Medical Arts Hospital. People were welcoming him warmly. Mr. Henry Taylor said to him as he entered:

-Dr . Perez, how are you? Now you speak very good English!

-Thank you, Mr. Taylor !

Juan had gone to the operating room, but in the following days he noticed a certain coldness, he was not called to help operate and he only walked around the rooms, when the operations were finished he went to the doctors' lounge and stayed there until the time to leave, it seemed that they did not take him into account, two weeks went by in which every day that passed he felt anxious and he asked the nurse Ruth Adame with whom he got along perfectly well:

-Ruth, what's going on, why don't they give me a job?

-Oh Johnny, it seems they had already committed to bringing Dr. Garfias's brother and his green card is in process and Dr. Lanius had already committed to you, it seems they are waiting for the other doctor.

-Ruth, isn't it that the management wants revenge because I went to Massachusetts and now they're denying me a job?

-I don't know what the reason is!

A month passed in which Juan held back and did not say anything, but when he saw that they were not paying his monthly fee he went to see the administrator, Mr. Taylor , and said:

-Mr . Taylor, I'm here to see you and ask you why I'm not working like I used to. I want to know the reason why I haven't received my check.

And he answered:

Johnny, no comment, I don't have Board clearance!

-If I'm not of any use to you, then I'm leaving!

-If that's what you want!

-Only you sent Dr. Lanius to talk to me and come, I spent 800 dollars on the trip, wouldn't it be possible for you to reimburse me and I leave?

-I don't know, I'll talk to the Board!

Several days passed in which he neither worked nor was paid, he was hardly taken into account, so he went to see Mr. Taylor , who was the one who refused to give him any solution and to whom Juan said:

-Then thank you very much, I'm leaving!

Juan went to change in the dressing room and came out, a variety of ideas running through his mind to get paid.

One of the things was to go see the Mexican Consul in Dallas, so he did, he arrived at the consulate, asked for an audience, they gave him one, he explained everything about how he had been and the Consul answered him:

"Don't worry; they've had to pay your expenses since they brought you here. I'll pay attention. I'll speak to the consulate's lawyer so he can file a lawsuit and you can be sure they'll pay you your pennies."

-When can I come to find out the results?

-Please give me your details, address, when you started working the first time, and now for the second time your passport and green card numbers, and where you came from.

Juan saw that he had complete support from the consulate. Juan thought it was better to trust the consulate rather than the American lawyers because they might make a deal with the hospital and betray Juan. The consulate was part of Mexico and under no circumstances could it sell itself out to a Mexican. Still a little hesitant about the consulate, he left, thanking them and reasoning that they might give him back what he had spent and with that he would be able to survive better. He now needed to move out of Brother Mena's house since at three in the afternoon the upper floor was a furnace and all he was going to do was sweat and sweat, just like his daughter and his wife.

He began looking for work in all the hospitals, but none would open their doors to him. He left at 7:00 in the morning and arrived at 4:00 in the afternoon, almost dead from exhaustion and heat, and he couldn't find a job. His situation was desperate. He was running out of money. He had to support his daughter and his wife; this obligation was suffocating him.

Eight days later, he returned and met with the Consul. He remembered that he had told him to have complete confidence that he would be reimbursed for the money he had spent on the trip. On this occasion, the Consul said to Juan:

-Doctor Pérez, I have already consulted with the consulate's lawyer and he has already spoken to the hospital. He advises against making any move, since he says that you have no right to anything and that if a lawsuit is filed, you will lose everything, and that you may even be affected financially or you may be imprisoned.

Hearing this, Juan could not believe what he was hearing. A cold sweat broke out on his body and goosebumps appeared on his skin. He just gritted his teeth in anger at the impotence and said to the Consul:

-But you assured me that I would be paid!

-I repeat, it's better to leave things alone, you could get into a lot of trouble, but if you want, I'll give the lawyer orders to file the lawsuit.

-I'll think about it, I'll come back in a few days to tell you, thank you very much.

Juan came out breathing heavily, he felt annihilated and powerless to impose his reason, his hands were sweating, his shirt was soaked, so sure was he that he was going to recover his money and now he was even threatened, he understood that the Consul had done it very subtly, he had wanted to intimidate him; he had seen this in Mexico where the weak always lost to the strong even if they were right, now he felt this rottenness of the powerful firsthand, shortly after it occurred to him to call Ruth Adame at the hospital whom he trusted a lot and asked her:

-Ruth is speaking Johnny, what happened, haven't they said anything?

-Yes Johnny, the doctors were making comments about you asking for a lot of money and that they had arranged with the Consul, please don't say anything about what I told you!

-Thanks Ruth! -and hung up the phone.

Juan thought, as I imagined, that those who can betray you, and they had to be Mexican; for the wedge to sink, they had to be from the same camp; but I'm going to accuse this son of a bitch in foreign affairs in Mexico; and so Juan began to write a letter recounting all the events to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It was either a coincidence or something else. But three months after the letter, the Consul had been recalled to another city.

Juan, seeing that he was already in financial trouble and that he had obligations to his family, which was totally bending him over and feeling his pride as a doctor trampled, got a job at Baylor Hospital as a nurse and what he had never done before: giving enemas, shaving patients for surgery, taking temperatures, pressures, making beds, carrying clean linen on a cart throughout the hospital, giving medications; he did all of this but he felt very ashamed and thought to himself, this is not for me, this is temporary; he moved to an apartment in O'Cliff where he felt very happy, but his aspirations reached much higher, he began to write to England where they offered him training in cardiac surgery but only for him and in Mexico they offered him a residency in pulmonary surgery, so four years after his arrival in the United States, the emigrant returned to Mexico extremely satisfied with everything he had come to learn, not only as a doctor but as a man, the United States had educated him in I had been very grateful and thought, "Everything I've been through has taught me a great lesson on how to act in life. I've had ups and downs, I've been at the top and been rolled in the dunghills. How else would I have obtained these experiences? This is educational. In life, one

should never sing for joy at victory or cry in defeat. One must remain equanimous in the face of them." I wish everyone had these experiences, to be the best Mexicans and try to raise our children with this mentality. How do we obtain these experiences? Only by living them? How can we educate our children to be great? Only by having learned hard, so that we can pass on our experiences to them, so that man does not bend as long as he lives, so that he learns to always be a winner. Mexicans must always be winners.

EPILOGUE

Thirty years passed during which Juan tasted the fruits of success by skillfully handling his hands. He performed notable operations, which the newspapers pompously announced. On many occasions, he was on the verge of failure in the operating room, but the experience he had gained in Mexico and the United States kept him afloat. He handled patients with mental skill. He had achieved such mastery that he operated on his children himself, believing no one could treat them better than he. The discipline he instilled in them was very strong. He felt he had an obligation to make them more powerful than the Germans and Japanese, because he adored them and wanted to make each of them a success.

However, he also felt that they had developed too much resentment toward him, but reasoned that it didn't matter, as long as they were capable of managing life and not life managing them. He also thought that he should inherit them when they were capable of taking care of what they had worked so hard to earn. He compared their behavior to a train, with him being the steel rail and the other side being wooden, as he felt about his wife: he imposed order, and his wife didn't follow the rules to discipline the train because she spoiled them too much, which is why it frequently derailed. Time and again, he patiently got them back on track and the engine working. And so, the children's love was for their mother, not for the man who raised them. He had become a good provider for them, but nothing more.

Juan frequently returned to the US because he had become more American than the Americans themselves; he bought a house that he thought would serve to educate his children and so he did, and he gave money to his wife. To finish paying for the house, she was once again spending the money on unnecessary things and not paying. Juan's wish was for his children to also become American residents. He fought again, even against his wife, who refused to even file the application, much less sign it, to avoid giving up her green card and making a commitment to the United States government. So Juan did it all over again. Who would say that twenty years after making this application, he managed to get them registered as residents? He knew that perseverance is enough.

Juan said:

-If I was successful in life, my children will be older than me and there will always be food on their tables and they will live better lives than I did.

In the midst of all this, he worked as a politician within the University and as a Professor at the School of Medicine and Nursing, as a Thoracic Surgeon at the General Hospital, where he achieved remarkable successes. What he most remembered was the fact that a man was stabbed in the heart and abdomen and, after an entire night in the operating room, managed to save him.

There were many envious doctors who made his life impossible, but as he had lived, he got ahead and took advantage of everything for the economic success of his family, they took away his jobs, the chairs, the position of Surgeon several times and if his enemies punished him with fire, he repaid them with fire and said:

-Enemies, no matter how powerful they may be, must be viewed from the downside, and due to man's continued barbaric behavior and the incompetence and corruption of the authorities, one must think that every evil man will have his judgment on earth before awaiting his end; since the true reality is that the earth is not populated by angels, and if the monster's head is cut off, it will die; life is the other side of death, and here everything ends to transform into nothingness. There were many moments when he lost everything, and with the true strength of which a man is capable, he would rise again like a superman. Nothing was ever impossible for him; he just had to wait for a new day to come so he could fight again.

He was very lucky in everything, but he sought even more luck and he always sheltered those who approached him and he remembered Dr. Salwen who had recommended that he help all those who approached him and so he did.

Many people tried to finish it, but always at the last moment they found the lifeline of their luck and thought:

-When will it be the last time?

He liked to serve because he thought that one day if he needed help, it would be given to him, and so he tried to sow in order to reap.

He remembered the story of a Japanese queen who accompanied her husband, the king, in a litter, and was carried by servants. They crossed a forest and, once in the thick of it, were attacked by robbers who overpowered and killed the king's servants. They captured him and tied him to a tree. The leader of the gang seduced the queen and made her his own in the litter in front of the king. He, hearing the entire outcome of the sexual relationship and in an attitude of resignation, only heard the panting breaths of the two, powerless to do anything.

When they finished, the leader of the band would leave the bunk, tie his trousers, and the queen, lifting the curtain and still savoring the sexual relationship, would look at the king with disdain and say to the leader:

-On this earth there should only be victors and you are one of them and you must kill my husband, because both cannot exist, I cannot belong to both.

The chief, who had become a meek lamb, replied:

"Assuming you order it, so it shall be done." Grabbing his sword, he approached the king, who, bound, only bowed his head, incredulous at what his wife had asked. The chief raised his sword and, with a tremendous blow to the king's neck, made his head roll. Soon after, they were once again intoxicated with pleasure in the litter.

Juan remembered that his wife had dragged him out of the house with the police and with great force, protected by a magistrate. They had thrown his clothes off him, tried to arrest him and throw him in jail, and even shot him. But once again, his experience, his class, and his intelligence had allowed him to overcome these dangers and emerge victorious. During his divorce proceedings, he ran into his wife, and she, feeling arrogant, said:

-Thanks to your friends, they haven't destroyed you!

Juan felt a whiplash in his mind, he smiled mystically and reasoned, I'm not the Japanese king, I'm going to act.

And again, as so many times, he stared into the blue of the universe, asking for oxygen to continue on this great adventure that is life, which deserves to be lived with all the intensity that those beings who never give up are capable of, those beings who win!

He also remembered another book that told the tale of an American gangster who, along with a gang, had robbed a bank and was supposed to deliver the money to the boss's mistress. But along the way, since they liked each other, they came to an agreement and ran away with the loot. After three years, they ran out, and she left him. He traveled around various cities, with gangsters searching for them everywhere. Until one day, he was employed as a gas station attendant and while the pump was working, went to clean the car's windshield. When he lifted the wiper, he was struck dumb when he saw the driver and recognized one of the gangsters, his former partner. As a man of experience, resigned to whatever came, without showing any quick reaction, he continued cleaning the glass. When he finished, he stopped the gas pump, got paid, and started the car. Here he felt that everything was over. He remembered his whole life, and all kinds of memories flashed through his mind. He was tired of running away so much and didn't want to go on. He was fed up with what life had given him. At four in the afternoon, he left work and went home to quietly await death, for he felt very tired.

The gangsters were eating at a restaurant near the gas station and began to talk about the death of the man they had been searching for.

A boy who was behind them and who was with the gas station attendant, heard what they were planning, outside the restaurant it was semi-dark and the boy went out and crossed the hedges that divided each house to warn the gas station attendant, he arrived at the house and the door was open and almost dark, he entered shouting his name and found him in the bedroom, he was lying on the bed calmly waiting for the thugs, because he wanted some peace.

The boy approached and said:

-Get up! Some men who were in the restaurant said they were coming to kill you:

-No! Go before they arrive. I'm tired of living. I've run everywhere and they've already found me. I want to be at peace.

The boy begged him again and the gas station attendant told him to leave and so he did.

Shortly after, the gangsters entered, shots were heard, and they left.

Thus ended the one who wanted to have peace in life.

Man dies when he is tired of living, and Juan, at sixty years old, continued living life with all the intensity to which he was accustomed, fighting intensely and only thinking.

-We come into this world alone and we have to leave alone! When will that day come?