

Dive Cancun and Beyond

As I was preparing for my return trip to Acapulco, I made a visit to a message board on the internet to gather information. It was then that I remembered what was so special about that place. It's not the beach or the weather; it's the people.

It didn't matter what I asked for on the message board, "Zzaa" was happy to comply. After I mentioned this was going to be my parents' last trip to Acapulco due to my father's once ailing heart, Zzaa offered up phone numbers and names for doctors and hospitals. After I asked for the Spanish translation of "Epi-Pen" which my son, Mike, needs for his bee sting allergy, Zzaa provided it with her pediatrician's phone number. Whatever I needed, I knew I could count on her.

But Zzaa wasn't the only Acapulco native to impress me before we even landed in the city. There was also a mother and daughter we encountered on a bus we had to take in the Mexico City airport to board our plane. Sitting next to the little girl I started to smell something unpleasant, and when I turned around I realized she was vomiting. Her mother was very apologetic and looking for tissue to clean her daughter. I fished out a small package of tissues and a wet wipe for her and heard "gracias" and "muy apesadumbrado" many times.

As we reached the plane, the mother took the plastic bag full of vomit and tucked it away in her purse, not knowing what else to do with it. Waiting to leave the bus she asked my daughter, Lizzie, if she spoke Spanish, which of course she didn't. A shame really, as we discovered both girls were nine years old and sat only a few rows apart on the plane. We discovered the mother and daughter were from Acapulco and returning home. I should have known because of her unassuming nature and friendliness.

We, of course, assumed that with a different condominium than we had five years ago we wouldn't have the same problem with running water. We were wrong. The first person to try to fix it couldn't get it working, but Daniel at the front desk knew exactly who to send up to fix it. When he saw my mother a few days later, he remembered the problem and asked how the water in 1704 was working. Assured that he had properly taken care of the problem, he told her if any more problems came up, to let him know right away. "Call and ask for Danny." Being taken care of in that manner, it didn't seem to matter so much the time spent without running water.

About the Author

Source: <http://phpfusion.org>