

Farewell Ireland

By Andrés Dávila García

I'm afraid my time in Ireland has come to an end. As I write these final thoughts about this journey, I realize there are no words to truly capture how amazing this experience has been. There's no way I can convey how much I enjoyed it. Yet, as I reflect on everything this land has offered me, I reassure myself of one thing: I'm glad I came.

When I boarded that plane in Dallas, what I looked forward to most was freedom—a feeling I had craved for so long. No more gazes upon me. No more people to please, or from whom I had to hide my true self and desires. No one to answer to, or to watch my back around. Just me, and a whole new world waiting to be discovered at my own pace. I truly needed that, and it helped me find inner peace while facing tough times on my own. It became one of the best moments of my life, despite all the struggles that came before and after.

But that's not the only thing this trip has given me. It has given me something—if not the most valuable thing of all: friends. Everyone I met along the way showed me a new way of living and made me laugh and smile with them. From the people who accompanied me during these two weeks, to all the Mary Immaculate College (MIC) staff who made this experience possible—even the man who served me hot chocolate in Lahinch. Everyone welcomed me with a sweet smile and a warm hug, and I can't express how grateful I am for that, or how much I wish to return the gesture.



As I recall each of the days I spent here, I must confess: I have fallen in love with Ireland. I have fallen in love with its green fields, steep ridges, countless castles, its music, its history, its people. Its people... There is something that draws me to them. The warmth with which they welcome you into their land and culture. Their care in making you feel at home. Their willingness to listen and, in turn, to share what they know. Their openness in expressing their love for their country, defending it with their hearts. Their simple yet powerful smile that invites you to do the same.

Ireland has brought me hope. I know there is no perfect world, but I can't stop thinking I came close to one here. I feel a little jealous, because I'm the foreigner. It would be wonderful to build a life here —to meet a kind girl, buy a nice house, and settle down. But at the same time, something tells me my path is not meant to end here. My destiny brought me across the ocean, but it doesn't feel as though it was written for me to leave everything behind and stay. I have a duty to fulfill. A duty to my country, my home. A duty to Mexico and my people. I don't know where that mission will take me, but I feel in my heart that destiny brought me here to learn: to see a different world, a different culture, another way of living. To carry those lessons with me, in the hope of building a better country. A better homeland.



I guess it all starts with me, with these final thoughts as I sail away from the green island. But before I turn my eyes toward future winds, I must look back one last time, grateful for this journey that will be forever kept —not only in memory, but in my heart as well.

Until then, I will welcome the future with a smile, treat the past with gentleness, and remain fully present.

Thanks a million, Ireland,
for everything!