

The Richest Poorest Country in the World

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It wasn't love at first sight, not by any means. When I arrived in Copán Ruinas with the overly ambitious goal of learning Spanish in two months, I thought the place was "cute" with a certain authentic charm. But really. I told myself, if I wasn't trying my damnest to conjugate a



bazillion verbs in nine different tenses, Copán would be worth at the most a couple days of my time. But fast forward three weeks... and I couldn't imagine leaving. Copán grew on me. Copán started to feel like home to this small town Canadian girl who (for some perspective) spent the last ten years in San Francisco, California. You might wonder how someone could go so easily from one of the world's most dynamic, cosmopolitan cities to this relatively tiny place; one with limited amenities and an infrastructure (or lack thereof) best summed up by my very first Spanish phrase, *"La luz se fue"*.

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... as Honduras gets skewered for its murder rate, its drug trafficking, its corrupt police force or any number of other depressing statistics, a very different side of the country is too often ignored. One that is worth seeing and worth celebrating.