



In the last few months I've struggled with many things.

I've struggled with what the country that adopted me 24 years ago is becoming.

I've struggled with the privilege of being Latino without looking the part. Most people I engage in conversation tell me I'm from Europe (most of them Eastern Europe) and don't believe me when I tell them I'm from Chile; they can't believe me and when I ask them why they tell me I don't look the part (although they can never tell me what a Chilean should look like).

I've struggled with my privilege of keeping silent when I should say something. People from many countries who are in awful situations are treated like criminals, families are separated and we are treating children like criminals because their parents want a better life for them.

I've struggled with my faith, trying to reconcile a faith that I adopted as a grownup with the one I learned growing up and they don't match. When the zeal of making sure your view will remain politically and legally relevant that you don't mind the type of man you put on the White House, I have issues.

I don't know if it's the naive conviction of putting the best person for the job where they can do their best or if it's the fact that until I was 16 there was no real democracy in Chile. It gives you a somewhat different perspective on the whole mess.

I've struggled with staying when I want to leave and not knowing what I really want to do. Until recently I hadn't even remotely considered the possibility of going back or trying to get a job abroad. I know there are clusterfucks everywhere and I know what the fears of going back are even for a visit, but are they really what keeps me here?