

When my grandfather passed away I flew out to the Philippines for the funeral to show my respect. I was there only for one day, just enough time to go to the funeral and get a little sleep. When I awoke my uncle (who passed away from cystic fibrosis years later) took me to the neighborhood market. It was walking distance from my aunt's house and was located right on the corner. It had everything you can imagine from clothes, household items, meat and bread. He wanted me to try the (pandesol) bread. I could not possibly imagine that a roll could taste so good, let alone from a corner market in a small town in the Philippines. I realized how biased my thinking was, growing up in America. I was accustomed to buying bread that was labeled in a bag from the supermarket. This bread was fresh and came from a paper bag. I learned that my ideas should not be limited without the considerations of other cultures. The lesson learned was..... don't judge a book by its cover or you might miss out on the best read (bread) of your life.