

A Day in the Life

A Day in the Life

A Compilation from Women Creating a
New Routine in Mexico

Surviving Mexico -- Adventures and
Disasters



A Day in the Life by Surviving Mexico -- Adventures and Disasters is
licensed under a Creative Commons

Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives 4.0 International License,
except where otherwise noted.

Contents

vii

Introduction 1

1. A Day in the Life in San Circo de Acosta 3
2. A Normal Day in Yelapa 7
3. A Day in the Life in Owl Valley 10
4. A Day in the Life in Baja California 23
5. A Day in the Life of Meximamma 27
6. A Day in the Life in Rural Mexico State 44
7. A Day in the Life in Mérida 52
8. A Day in the Life of Emily 57
9. A Day in the Life in La Yacata 71

Tell Your Story 81

A DAY IN THE LIFE...

*A Compilation of stories from women creating a new
routine in Mexico*



Mexico is a vast country encompassing the full gamut of economic variations and lifestyles. Your life here truly can be what you make it. Some women live in gated expat communities, while others live on rural mountaintops. Some women have created vibrant businesses to maintain their families and others cajole the earth into providing everything their families need. The stories included in this book are really only a sampling of what your life could be in Mexico. It's up to you to hone and craft it.

THIS BOOK WAS PRODUCED USING
PRESSBOOKS.COM

Easily turn your manuscript into

EPUB *Nook, Kobo, and iBooks*

Mobi *Kindle*

PDF *Print-on-demand and digital
distribution*



PRESSBOOKS.COM

Simple Book Production

*A Day in the Life in San Circo de
Acosta*



Hi Y'all. My name is Bonnie. I moved to San Cirro de Acosta, San Luis Potosi in October 2017 after losing everything to hurricane Harvey. My husband is from Ciudad Valles which is a few hours away from where we now live.

Our days start about 7:30 am when we wake up to go exercise. I walk while hubby jogs 10 laps around the local

soccer field. It usually takes 45 minutes. The weather is normally still cool from the night before, averaging about 62 degrees in mornings.

After our walk, we sometimes walk a few blocks over to a local food stand which sells gorditas. I love the chicharron gorditas. If we return home instead of going to eat then hubby goes on a 10-mile bike ride while I prepare breakfast. Normally it is just eggs and chorizo or potatoes and fresh tortillas although I don't make the tortillas. LOL Sometimes our neighbor boy, who is 11, joins us for breakfast.

Afterward, we shower and drive to next town 45 minutes away to buy supplies for our taco stand. Traffic and parking are a nightmare. I've yet to drive here in Mexico. We park on the side of the road and walk to the mercado (market) for vegetables and other supplies needed daily and often stop for a bite to eat as all the walking makes me hungry.

Upon returning home around 1 pm it's super hot outside, about 90-95 degrees, so we take a siesta with the fan going full speed. By 4 pm it's time to prepare the salsas and meat to sell for that day. We open up at 7 pm and stay open until 11 pm. Thankfully the temperature drops back to the 60s once the sun goes down. We work Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The other days we usually go to the Huasteca area to Tamasopo or Tamul or Ciudad Valles. There are beautiful waterfalls in our area.



A Normal Day in Yelapa

So one may think life in the jungle tropics and a major tourist spot is all about partying and that next margarita hopefully minus the cruda(hangover). The reality of full-time life is the same more or less anywhere.

Here is mine more or less during the school year. Shake myself up at 6:15 am to rise the boy and do mom duties, breakfast, lunch feed the dog...., rush out the front door and take him to school and get an hour of Crossfit in, yes push myself and see how much or little I can do.

Then I'm so-called free until 2:30. What's a mom to do... freedom not, son thinks it's free time!!! Grocery shopping, cook prepping, laundry, paperwork,... wait I can do that anywhere don't need to be here! But the other stuff that's different: making sure the gas tank is filled, last week the pipa (truck) never came for 3 days um yeah right it broke down and supposedly that and only that one serves my area different company after the holiday arrived promptly took 4 days and

a gazillion of calls! Dealing with banks teeth grinding with all my pertinent papers and 500 copies in tow!! Oh, and the sketchy internet and phone yes in a major city omg one needs nerves of steel. But the worst is CFE the monopoly of power company, new algorithms new system, and the rates go from 1800 pesos a month to 12000 holy moly the jefes (bosses) there hate this gringa!!!! 6 months later and still not resolved.

So there are a lot of crazies!

If I have time I do this in my free time—sew and bake.

I do pastries for weddings and parties like this:

I sew a lot almost daily, I make clothes and bags and love to do pattern testing as it pushes me to try new things. I'm lucky we have a pool so when it gets hot I jump in to cool off as I don't like to pay for air conditioning.

After I get my son he practices violin, does homework, has soccer or tennis.

Then dinner some downtime and Rachel Maddow if I can stay up and then...

Good night day.



Would you like to read more about life in Yelapa? Check out ...another day in the jungle written (<https://junglemama.wordpress.com/>) by Jungle Mama!

A Day in the Life in Owl Valley

Today is a bright blue Tuesday in the first months of rainy season. To tell the story of today as a constant norm is to cheat dry season's Sundays when abundance is entangled in drought.

There is no *typical* day here, only the hope that today is what you have prepared for.

Today will look very different from three days from now when calories begin to run low and water levels drop with no guarantee of relief. Keeping this in mind puts “today” into context, regardless of abundance or lack.

Knowing that rainy season alleviates as much as it exacerbates helps to tell the whole story of a *normal* day on a homestead in Mexico.

Our days exist in the vesica pisces of *harder* and *smarter*. The meeting place for comfort and the archaic.



Early morning is devoted to animals. Scythe cuts back alfalfa. Corn that came in by the ten-thousands is milled to cover the day's needs. Three buckets of river water to fill the trough. Independent cat finds a mouse while hungry dogs play chase underfoot.



This routine is repeated before the sun sets. Only then, the cat dines on the day's last basking lizard.

After the final dog is fed, my day of housework begins while my husband makes a mental checklist of the farm's to-dos over the last cup of coffee. Today: Cut carrizo for roofing on the new sheep shelter. Collect mineral-rich "black gold"

from the banks of the flooded river to contribute to the piles of goat manure which will feed baby avocado and citrus trees in coming months. He leaves for the fields with a machete and shovel.



Coffee beans roasted and ground. Pineapple vinegar started with breakfast scraps. Harvest is tucked in to begin their fermenting slumber. Kombucha's black tea steeps while amaranth bread doubles in size. I sort lentils alongside the six-year-old as he draws the flags of North America and learns that 'y' sometimes impersonates a vowel.



All meals and all lesson plans are made from scratch and consume the entire morning. Everyday.

Halfway through the morning dishes, there is another chore for the list: replenish the household's 1200 liters of water from downhill. Before the well can be uncovered, a neighbor, his wife, son, daughter-in-law and toddler grandson are in our living room. They have come to invite us to their home for *tejate*. In the next hour.

The actual act of drinking *tejate* is all of three minutes, yet this invitation will consume the rest of daylight. I send along freshly baked muffins in my place.



With water's return and a house to myself, dishes are finished, floors are swept and mopped, beds stripped and remade.

Barrels of last night's rain need filtered for laundry. It has gotten late and afternoon clouds lurk around the adjacent foothills; it's best to postpone towels and blankets for another day.



Twenty gallons filtered and divided up between buckets posing as washing machines; in dry season they stand in for bathtubs when only warm water will do.

Sheets, pillow cases and throw rugs washed, rinsed and spun. By hand. Everything is washed by hand.

Next up kitchen towels and napkins.

Then child's clothing.

Finally husband's.

Beginning the cycle again with my clothes in a week from now.

The shortage of time and covered clothesline drags the chore out over five days.



To avoid musty disappointment, I need to catch the early day heat and pre-storm winds, yet outrun her raindrops. This takes planning.

Rainy season renders the river unusable as the water takes on the hue of ore. This limits our laundry water supply to what collects in rain barrels. Assuming storms don't lose their sense of direction in the dark and head into other foothills, leaving us dry but with a turbulent river.



Once the river settles, washing returns to the banks where under the shade of soap nut trees and ancient Sabinos, socks are scrubbed one-by-one in the canal while the child digs holes in the sand with a chunk of broken coconut shell. We watch Kingfisher dive among the shallow waters and Crab scuttle; our footprints in the mud alongside the chickens’.

There is a trade-off for laundering in paradise. Schlepping the wet clothing back uphill to the covered lines, yoked over the shoulders.

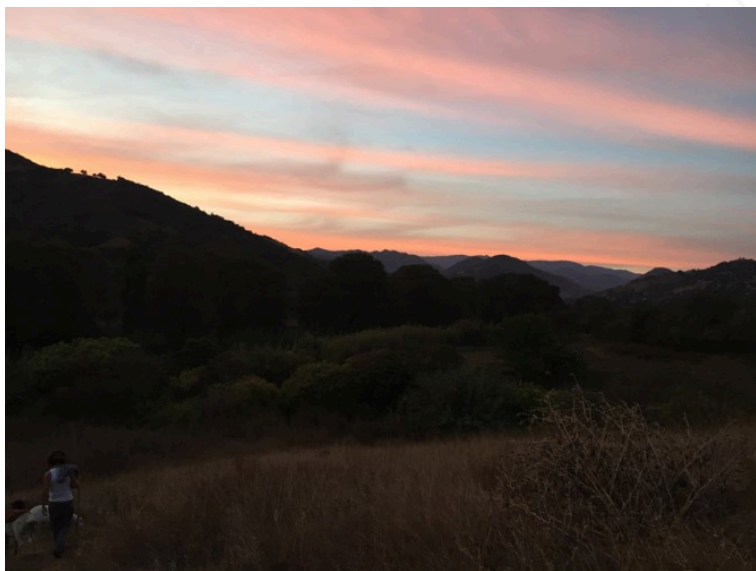
Totally worth it.



Agrarian and domestic toil may only appear *harder* as their true genius is kept secret. Fifteen hours of laundry strengthen bodies and determination. Corn harvest pulls us together for weeks as we shuck and grain and retell old stories. Eating homegrown and foraged meals around a fire under a canopy of stars fills more than ravenous bellies. Today is always a great day.



In the last minutes of consciousness, a reflection of the day fills me with accomplishment for all the work that was done. Gratitude that no one was injured, no animals fell prey, and for the rainy hours, we three spent on a 500-piece puzzle of mushrooms, ferns and blackberry bushes.

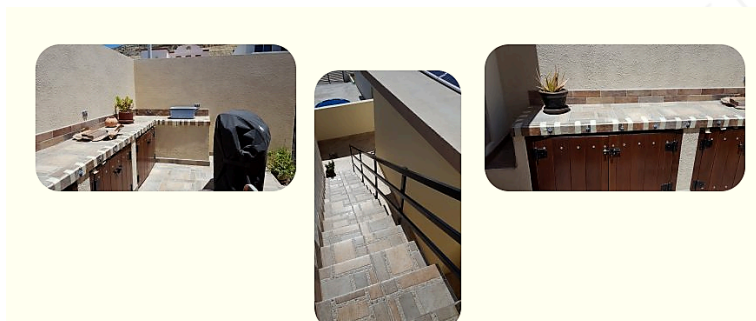


Before succumbing to exhaustion, I reach for my husband's hand, both raw from work. My mind isn't on tomorrow. Only the songs of the tree frogs while a swollen river babbles on about cycles, flow, and human's faulty need for predictable permanence.

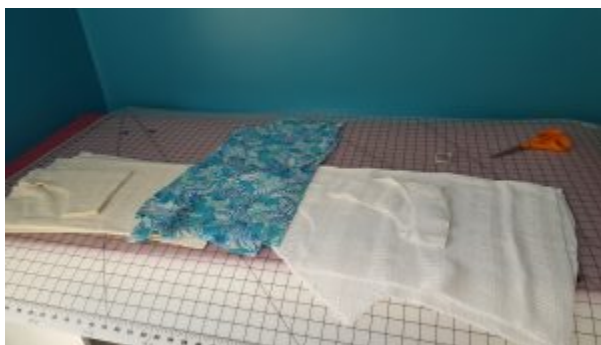
To read more about life in Owl Valley check out
Homestead Uncensored
(<https://homesteaduncensored.wordpress.com/>) written by
Sarah.

A Day in the Life in Baja California

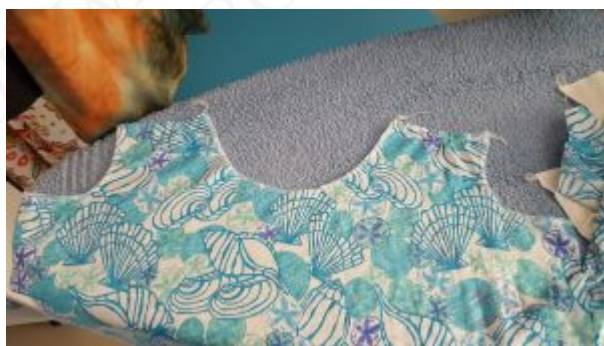




Right now my day seems to be never-ending tiling. Basically, the last couple of years has been mostly about the house but the major projects are finally coming to an end. So lately my day has predominantly been setting tile or grouting. We are finally down to grouting on Saturday and then some touch paint, YES!!



The rest of the afternoon I was working on sewing projects which finally includes clothes for myself. I'm also working on three tops basically doing similar steps at the same time since they use the same color thread on the serger and regular sewing machine.



This afternoon and evening I was also copying data/backups from the PC, laptop and external hard drives to a larger external so I can clean and organize the data. The two smaller external hard drives are now strictly set up as backup drives for each device. I have this need to clean and organize as data is everywhere and redundant which is OK but needs

to be set up on one then backed up only and not touched except in one location.

I have also been pounding out Terms & Conditions plus Private Policies for my website, my eyes are going buggy!!

I would say right now my days may not be typical with others but that is life.

Read more about Lynne's life at My Life of Craft-n-Dab
(<http://mylife-craft-n-dab.com/>)

A Day in the Life of Meximamma

So, here is a visual day in the life of this Meximamma!



Ä Yes, the picture is blurry on purpose. Because that's what my eyes see at 6:20 in the morning.



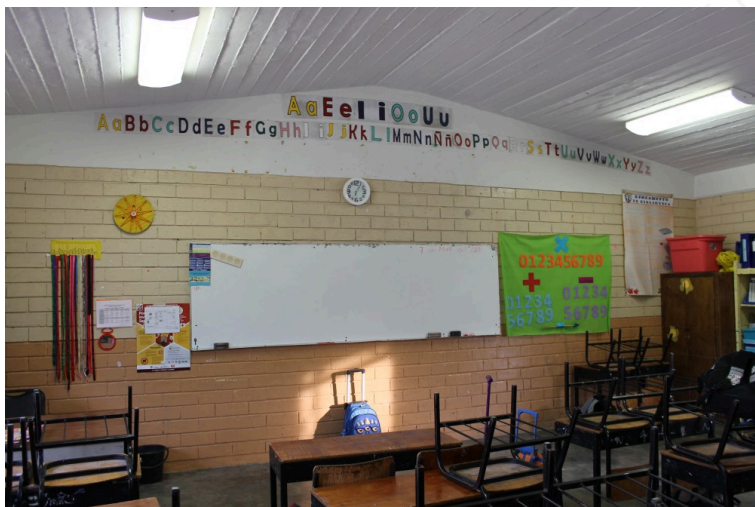
Working my way through Cousin It's furry mane. Daily Challenge: make it into a braid.



Lunches packed!



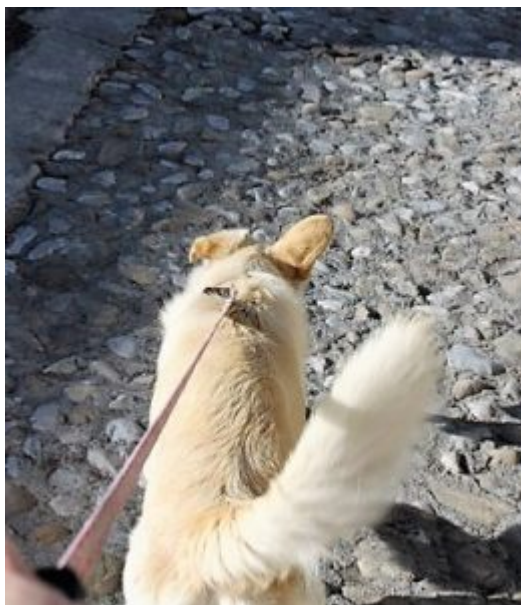
And we're off!



We made it to school...



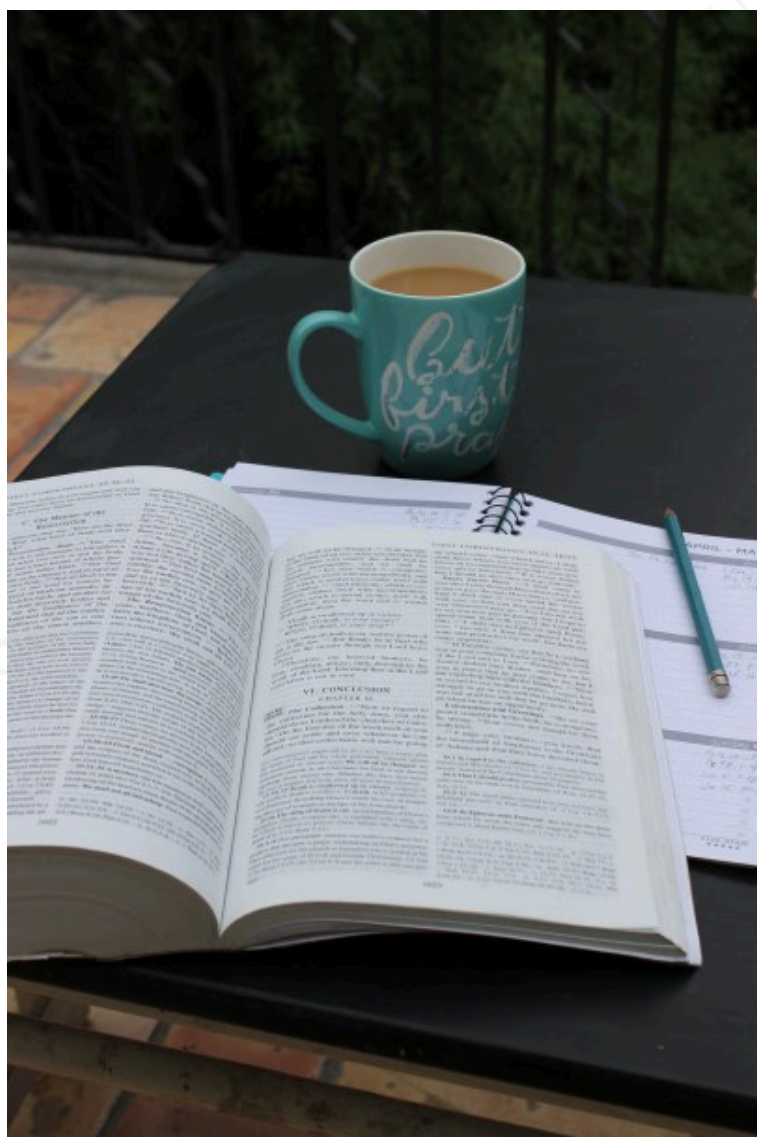
Drive back home...



Walk the dog.



Once we're off my street, this is the view! We're still officially in the city.



Second breakfast and Bible time.



Constant Companion was suspiciously quiet while I was reading. It turned out that he was busy turning on the hose outside. I re-directed him so he wouldn't be wasting so much water.



It never ends...



Then we tackle a little laundry! Yes, the two-year-old DOES help me!



Then I practice the flute for a bit . . . before Sunnyjim goes down for a nap.



Get lunch started.



Go get The Dudes.



The Dudes are done.



Go back home.



Lunch! The Dudes are ALWAYS ready for tostadas.



Back in the car.



While The Girl is in ballet, the boys run around the patio at the dance studio.



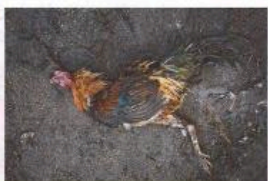
Finally going home for good.



Homework

Observa los dibujos.

1



2



3



4



9. De acuerdo con las etapas del desarrollo de un ser vivo, el orden en que deben aparecer las imágenes es...

A) ☐ 3, 4, 2, 1

B) ☐ 1, 3, 2, 4

C) ☐ 4, 3, 1, 2

10. Cuando el pollo sale del cascarón, se dice que...

A) ☐ muere.

B) ☐ crece.

C) ☐ nace.

This is an honest-to-goodness example of first-grade homework. And that is an honest-to-goodness photo of a dead chicken in the upper right-hand corner. After more than 10 years here, there aren't many cultural differences that smack me up alongside the head, but this one did take my breath away for a moment. Is it just me, or would that dead chicken in a first-grade worksheet raise all kinds of outrage among parents in the US? Here? Yep—that's a dead chicken. Yep, that's the end of the life cycle. End of discussion.



Dinner. I thought, “Gee—that’s so cliché to post pictures of tostadas and quesadillas for our meals.” But then it dawned on me that, more often than not, we DO eat tostadas and quesadillas AT LEAST once a week.



Books before bedtime! We're currently working our way through a Hans Christian Andersen anthology and the volcano book. Or dinosaurs. Or sharks. The Boy likes his science!



Here's my chance to connect with you fine people! (Yes, I know--screens after 9 pm. . . but momma's gotta do what momma's gotta do!)



And . . . that's another day in the books!

Read more about Meximamma's life at Jill's Journeys.
(<http://jillmichelledouglas.com/a-day-in-the-life/>)

*A Day in the Life in Rural Mexico
State*



Daisy shares a day in the life in a small town in the state of Mexico.

What is my typical day like? Well, it starts off pretty early in the morning, as I regularly get up around 4:30 am to teach Chinese students online. There are a million companies out there, some needing a degree, some not, but most paying between 15 and 25 dollars an hour. I am lucky enough (or unluckily enough, since those student loan payments are still a burden) to have a BA, but in addition, I got my TEFL off of Groupon for 39 dollars. I haven't had it turned down once

since most companies just want to be able to tell students (and their parents) that the teachers have a piece of paper.

But wait! What about me? Well, I have been living in rural Estado de Mexico—central highlands, altitude 8000 feet where I often wear sweaters in my house even in summer—close to Mexico City but quite countrified—for the last 8 years. My husband is Mexican and my two children (8 and 3) were born here. I never had a plan to move to Mexico but once life circumstances put me here, it was like I was made for it!

Compared to the families around me (a good proportion of whom I am related to by marriage) you might say my husband and I are a bit unconventional. I work from home, online teaching and WordPress support, while he is in charge of the kids. Since schools have a nasty habit of informing the parents the day before of some vital meeting or big project due, it's nice to have someone not working. Plus, he made such a small amount of money for the long hours he worked, I worked really hard to convince him to leave his job and just do side projects when he was bored. It's not always easy on his self-esteem since it he is the only stay at home dad most people have seen before, and it goes against the strictly defined gender roles of the area, but it works for us.

Working online has enabled me to really add to our creature comforts. There is nothing like the satisfaction of a hot shower, after taking bucket baths for several years. I used a contraption like this to heat our water; basically, electric coils wrapped around a block of wood. It is the same concept used to heat up water in an electric kettle, but it was a shock

when I first saw it. It's totally safe, you just have to remember to NEVER touch it!



As I mentioned, I get up early, work a few hours with the Chinese schools, then do some hours with another online ESL company that has daytime hours. I try to not work from 12 to 3 since that is the main meal time in Mexico.

I cook while he goes and picks up the kids. Then after we eat our main meal, I go back to work while he helps with homework and coaches his soccer teams. We don't eat any processed foods, and I buy all our vegetables, meat, and fruit and local mercados (markets) or shops, not in the grocery store. It just seems fresher to me, and I like buying from the exact same person I have been buying from for the last 8 years, and knowing I am supporting that individual instead of a corporation.



If it is the weekend, you might catch us at a party that we can fully enjoy, knowing we helped pay for it. Cooperation is still alive and functioning in my area, where there is a great big circle of party love going around and around. I am proud to be asked to be the madrina (godmother) of the bouncy gym, tents, etc since these same people did the same for me

when I had my daughter's tres años presentation (3-year-old presentation). I only paid for the food!—which was still a lot, considering it was for 300 people! I know that some people have not had good luck with this sort of set-up, but it works very well where I live—and I really think it strengthens the ties that bind the community together. When it works, it is a great deal—entertainment for the whole family, food, and drinks, for about 1500 pesos—the same amount you might spend at a semi-fancy restaurant. I still consider myself lucky I landed in an area where people dance cumbia instead of grupero or norteño.

I often rage on expat pages because of their ignorance of how difficult life is for average Mexicans. I think that they have a Pollyannish attitude about corruption and crime, such as murders and kidnappings that can fall heavily on rural area, but which doesn't usually affect expats in living in tourist areas. Even though I am lucky enough not to live in a narco area, my house has been broken into several times here, and we have a big problem with assaults on buses. If you are a woman in an abusive relationship....good luck. I have seen several cases where the police refused to file charges, even with physical evidence of abuse. I think the issue is the impunity. Hardly any crimes are solved here, and people don't feel they can rely on the police to help them. That is the big difference to me. I think what happens with the Pollyanna folks that if you have everyone asking you constantly why you would go to such a dangerous place, you want to defend Mexico's honor but if you are here, you want

to defend the people who are suffering and not getting help from their government. Having said all that though, I feel quite safe and I love that my children can play outside in a great big mob of 20 cousins with no supervision; I love that they can explore their independence by walking to the store alone (well, with 5 cousins in tow). Yes, we have tablets and TV, but the majority of their time is spent outside playing, which lines up perfectly with my beliefs about how to raise emotionally resilient and communicative children.



A Day in the Life in Mérida

Geneva, who writes the monthly series Southern Comfort Food Mexican Style, (<https://survivingmexico.com/category/southern-comfort-food-mexican-style/>) shares her daily life in Mérida, Yucatan.

What is an ordinary day? A day in the life of any human being should never be ordinary, for every breath is precious, every moment is valuable.

My daily routine looks a lot like that of any other work at home wife. We wake up, have coffee, maybe have breakfast, do a few chores around the house. He goes to work and I go to work on the computer. I do a few more household chores. At the end of our workday, we have dinner, read, check social media, sometimes watch a movie. Sounds pretty normal, right?

Early morning has always been my favorite part of the day. I love sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch, drinking

a hot cup of coffee in the cool of the day while it's quiet before the rest of the world wakes. We are both very early risers, waking usually between 4:00 am and 5:00 am with no alarm clock. In fact, I can't remember the last time we used an alarm clock. So, our schedule is very different from most of the people we know, many of whom are getting ready to go out for dinner about the time we are going to bed.

But it's our household chores which stand out as being different from the chores we did in the states. Twice a week, we start laundry by 6:00 am so it has the best chance to dry on the clothesline before afternoon rains. We have had the rains surprise us and we wound up with a full load of laundry laying in the mud twice, so the earlier the better. My husband runs a garden hose from the kitchen faucet to the washing machine so that it fills faster, time being of the essence and all.



After breakfast, I wash all the countertops with soapy water and spray a vinegar/baking soda mix around the window ledges and baseboards to discourage ants, and my husband mops the floor. This is the tropics, and insects are a part of life, so these practices are necessary. Fortunately, most creatures prefer to live outside, like termites, snakes, scorpions, cockroaches, and iguanas. On the other hand, ants live in the walls and the electrical systems so they can visit us any time they like.



Twice a month, my countertop becomes a high school science lab slash cocktail party for ants. I whip up treats for my little friends. The key ingredient is boric acid, which when eaten by the ants, will kill them. Unfortunately, they can be a little picky. So, I mix boric acid with a little flour for my bread loving ants and add a few drops of milk to part of it so that I have both wet and dry bait on each piece of cardboard. The worker ants eat the dry food and take dry food to the other workers, so the dry food is always popular. The wet food is carried to and fed to the larvae, which produce the food for the queen.

After a couple of applications, we noticed a huge reduction in the number of ants, but we continue treatments for prevention sake. I do variations for different ants, peanut butter for the protein-loving ants, and soggy cardboard for my cellulose loving ants. At the same time, the bait is out, I treat all my wooden furniture with orange oil, which I also distilled myself.

As with all things, what one becomes accustomed to is

what seems normal, so this routine feels quite normal to me, and I'd much rather do this every few weeks than spray harsh chemicals in my home, especially in my kitchen. But I hope that even this routine never becomes ordinary, even in an ordinary-seeming day.

Geneva and her husband run their own business in Merida!
You can learn more here. (<https://web.facebook.com/NickAndNinaSpecialtyServices>)



Nick and Nina ^f
Specialty Services

Need a hand?
or two or three or four?

NinaGurrus@Outlook.com
Bilingual 999-268-3386 English 999-458-2197

A Day in the Life of Emily

Wednesday, May 30, 2018

6:10 AM: Alarm goes off. I purposely set my alarm to give me *just* enough time to get ready so that I can't hit snooze. I wash my face, drink 2 glasses of water, and turn on my computer to review what I'm teaching today.

6:30 AM: My first class starts. For the past 6 months, I've been working for a company called VIPKID. I teach 25-minute online English classes to kids in China, from the comfort of my living room! It took a few months to get a steady stream of classes, but now I'm trying to teach 3 or 4 classes a day, 4 days a week. Today, I teach Rita, Joe, and TIM (yes, he spells his name with all caps). I feel ridiculous singing a song called "I am Happy" to the tune of "Are You Sleeping?" with TIM, but he loves it, and I must admit that singing it improves my mood.



Yes, a headset is required.

8:00 AM: I fill out the feedback forms for my students (they get sent to their parents) and then lay back down on the couch.



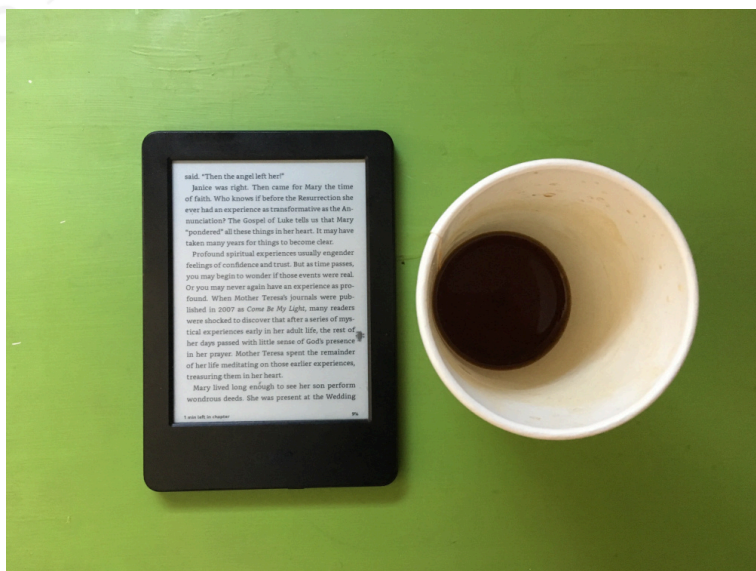
9:10: I hear Sophia yelling “Ba!” from the bedroom and know that my nap is over. I slept for about 45 more minutes though, so I can’t complain.

9:30: I scramble some eggs for Carlos and I while he finishes editing a video for a friend’s business. I eat my eggs with 3 flour tortillas and drink an iced coffee that my students

had given me the night before. I saved it for the morning because I don't do caffeine at night. Sophia hasn't been into eggs the last few months, so she eats a cinnamon roll from the batch I made on Monday and a few strawberries.

10:00: I dust the bedroom and kitchen and fold laundry while Sophia crawls around.

11:00: Carlos leaves for work and I put Sophia down for a nap. I plop down on the couch with my Kindle and the rest of my coffee. I'm reading *Jesus: A Pilgrimage* by James Martin and really enjoying it. The Overdrive app that's linked to my library card in Round Rock has saved me soooooo much money! I never buy books anymore because I can check almost all of them out on my Kindle.



12:30: I heat up leftover chicken pot pie (I made it on

Tuesday) and broccoli for Sophia and I. I also drink a ginger-flavored kombucha, made by my friend Hannah.

1:00: Sophia plays some more and I attempt to get through the pile of dishes while listening to a podcast. I finish and even wipe down all of the kitchen counters.

2:00: Sophia starts to get fussy and I fill up her bathtub with the hopes that a bath will calm her down before her afternoon nap. No such luck. She screams the whole time and the bath lasts about 3 minutes. She was teething and sick last week and the week before last and has been extra clingy even though she feels better now. I put her in her crib, leave the room, and brace myself for the screams.

2:30: More reading for me. Sophia finally gives it up after 30 minutes of crying.

3:00: I turn on my computer and read a few blogs before opening up “my book.” I didn’t write much for the first year of Sophia’s life but am trying to be more consistent. I write about 1300 words and reach 80,000 total! I’m beginning to think my first draft might not be as far off as I thought.

4:00: Four days a week, I teach a Korean brother and sister who are in 1st and 2nd grades. Today I was supposed to teach them from 4–5, but their mom texted me saying they couldn’t have class today. Sophia wakes up and I give her a snack. With the extra time, I decided to take us to the mall. Any place with AC these days is a place I want to be!



5:00: We arrive at the mall and I head to H&M. I see a few things I want to try on, but don't want to navigate the dressing room with the stroller. Sophia also starts to cry whenever I stop moving the stroller, so I decide it's better if I come back another day by myself. After H&M, we head to Walmart and pick up a few things we need including

vegetables for tonight's dinner. I normally buy vegetables from the little *fruteria* near our house, but today I didn't have any cash so I decided to just hope for the best with Walmart's produce. We do laps around the mall for about 30 minutes and I decide to get my wedding band cleaned. Then I split a Reese's blizzard with Sophia from the Dairy Queen upstairs. It's her first blizzard and she, obviously, loves it. From Dairy Queen, she spots the arcade so I walk her over and let her play on a few rides.



6:30 PM: I decided we should probably head home so that I can cook dinner. We stop by Carlos' gym on the way home to say hi before he starts working out at 7.

6:45: Get home and I start boiling water for brown rice and chopping vegetables (yellow and red peppers, mushrooms, celery, and zucchini). I'm making a chicken stir-fry. I reheat *nopales* and potatoes for Sophia, and give her some of the plain chicken that I cooked to add to the stir-fry (I haven't been able to get her to eat it with the teriyaki sauce yet). Sometimes I eat with Sophia, but today I decide I can wait until Carlos gets home from the gym to eat with him.



7:45: I haven't talked to my grandma for a while, so I call her on FaceTime. She loves seeing Sophia!



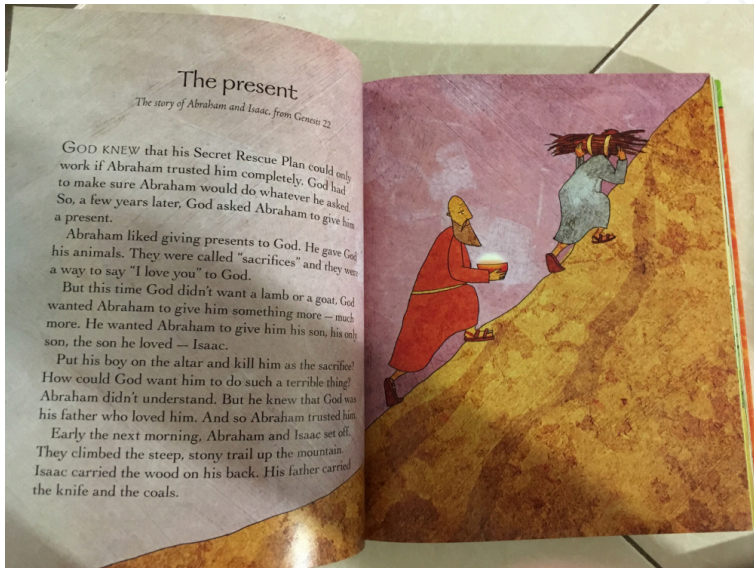
8:00: Standing at the stove for almost an hour was *HOT* and I decide we need some fresh air. I take Sophia (and Fitz) outside to crawl around the church grounds next to our house. There's also randomly been a horse tied up by the church for the last 4 days, so I take Sophia over to see it. I have no idea who it belongs to. We talk to one of our neighbors while we wait for Carlos to get home.



8:25: Carlos is home!



8:30: We head inside and I start the bedtime routine with Sophia. We read the story of Abraham and Isaac in *The Jesus Storybook Bible*, I give her some water, and she goes to bed without a peep.



9:00: Carlos and I finally sit down to eat. The stir-fry is good! I don't consider myself much of a cook, so anytime I make a decent meal I get really excited. We eat at home almost every meal these days, so there are lots of opportunities for me to practice!

9:45: Carlos and I hang out on the couch for a while next to the living room window. The cooler air feels amazing. For "dessert," I drink half of a *nopal* juice that is so good.



10:41: I head to bed. Another 6:10 wake-up awaits!

Read more about Emily's life at adventure.
(<https://eleepressbooks.com>)

A Day in the Life in La Yacata

Sunday afternoon

Our life has a regular rhythm that often depends on the seasons or current employment status. In the rainy season, our life revolved around planting, while in the dry season

it centers around the harvest. The employment status of my husband, myself and 12-year-old son, also varies. When there is work available, we work, when there isn't, well, we make do.

Sunday activities are the most consistent year-round and little affected by our work schedules. I often get asked about what we do living off-grid in the middle of nowhere in central Mexico. I have to say, there is never a dull moment around here! We get up with the sun on Sunday morning and have our coffee. Right now, we have a plethora of little chivitos (kids) that are enjoying our organic raw goat's milk, so we take the coffee black more often than not.



Helping Princess stay still so that littler Princess can chow down.

After breakfast, the animals are attended to. Our current collection of horses, chickens, rabbits, cats, goats, turkeys,

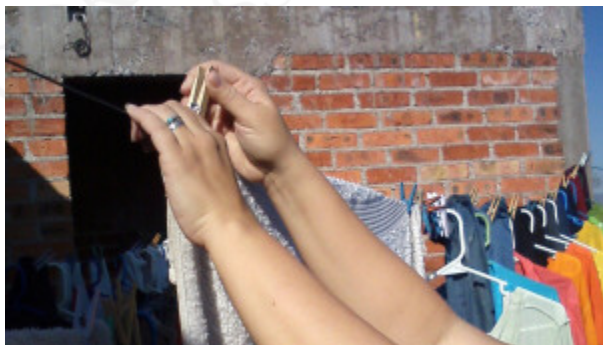
sheep, donkey, cow and dog are fed and watered, and any issues that need to be addressed are done so at this time. For example, this Saturday our youngest goat, Princess, had her first baby. She has been having a bit of a problem adjusting to her new role as a mother when just on Friday she was a carefree youngster. So we have been assisting with her learning curve a bit. Princess gets a little extra corn to increase milk production and a little help in remembering to stay put so her littler princess can have some breakfast. We expect to only have to assist a day or so more.



Doing the wash at the community laundry mat.

After that, we gather the laundry together and head to

Quirahoyo to do the wash. Many hands make the work light, so we each set up at our own washboard. This Sunday, a local elderly woman was there with her broom and rake, clearing up the place. She was complaining about the amount of trash, which was considerable. As we leave no trash, our consciences were clean in that regard. My husband gave her a hand with the raking. In gratitude, she lit the pile of trash with her cigarette before we had finished washing, and we finished up with smoke in our eyes and a cough in our throats.



No electricity = no dryer

We headed home to hang the clothes for drying. About this time, we start to get a little hungry. Sometimes we go for a plate of birriria (goat broth) or head to Cerano for some carnitas de res (fried beef) but this last Sunday we stayed home and had leftovers. Remember, no refrigeration means food is eaten promptly. Of course, with a pre-teen in the house, leftovers are not much of a problem.



Attending to the needs of property owners in La Yacata.

Just as we finished, we had visitors. A couple that owned lots in La Yacata came to see if we could help them locate the lots and if we knew anyone who would be interested in buying them. My husband went with them to mark the lots with cal (chalk). Even though we tried to pass our positions in the mesa directiva (community group) last November colonos (residents) still come to us when there is an issue with their lot.



Goalie boy!

Then it's time for our son's soccer game. He has become quite the enthusiast, even playing goalie on two teams right now with a third school team in the works. Today's game was close, 6 to 5, but they came out victorious which puts this team in the semi-finals.



Enchilada ingredients

We stopped for an ice cream treat and picked up tortillas, vegetables, and cheese for enchiladas. While my husband prepared them, he is, after all, the authentic Mexican around here, my son and I did some general straightening up around the house. During the week, we often are pressed for time, and things can get disordered if we don't stay on top of things.

After we had eaten, it was time to take the goats and horses out for their daily romp. There isn't much in the way of food during the dry season for the animals, but they enjoy their time out and about anyway. We are only taking the adults out right now, at least until this mob of babies is just a little bit older. The kids don't mind the unsupervised recess time either and frolic about like, well, kids in the enclosed space set aside for them.



Everybody enjoys grazing time!

This afternoon, since there was a wee bit of rain last night, my husband harnessed Fiona up to test the soil. It turned out to be still too dry, so she and the horses spent the afternoon grazing in the field instead.



Taking a turn at the plow.

After everybody is back in, it's siesta time. My son and I often use this time to read. My husband likes to use this time to dream with or about the animals. He builds his stables in the air so to speak while listening to the radio outside. It's a quiet time of day.



Feeding time

Once the heat of the day has passed, we start with the evening chores. The animals need to be fed and watered. The clothes need to be brought in and put away. Things need to be readied up for Monday morning and the work week. We eat dinner or have snacks if we like. Once it is dark, we plug our DVD player into the AC/DC adapter in the truck and watch a movie, a nice reward for our long day. Morning comes early after all!

Read more about the Flores family at Surviving Mexico.
(<https://survivingmexico.com/>)

Do you live in Mexico? I would love to add your story! Please contact me at survivorinmexico@gmail.com for more details. VIVA!



**In the end,
we'll all become stories.**

--Margaret Atwood

SurvivingMexico.com