

I was living with my grandmother at that point in my life. Although, the building had survived with no visible structural damage. I remember thinking, "This is it, my life is about to end", and praying to God for salvation. In the middle of my prayer for salvation, the earthquake stopped. We were soon pushed by the mob of people towards the exit of the church. As we stepped out of the church exit, we saw people on the ground who had been subdued by others. We started helping the people around us. Ironically the first person we saw at the exit of the church was the priest that had, a few moments ago, said everything would be fine. Grandma and I decided to head back to the apartment via the middle of the streets. As we began our course through the streets, we saw many people in the streets in shock, buildings on the ground, they were either entirely destroyed or partially. The streets were an impression of a war zone. As we walked, the aftershocks were continuously haunting us. Furthermore, the streets had been torn in the middle, opening up the earth. We felt obliged to make stops before heading to the apartment due to the aftershocks. When we arrived on the street of the apartment building we lived on, my aunt Berta met us in the front and said to my grandmother, "It was a blessing in disguise she did not attend church with me", half of the building had collapsed and she had been lucky to escape with her life intact. The priest started his general discourse of the day which merely lasted a few minutes before we started sensing mild tremors. I felt like we were destined to stay inside of the church