

This is one of my favorite photos taken during my time in Spain. Part of me thinks I like this photo so much simply because the protagonist is so darn cute, but I also think a lot of what draws me to this image is the idea of celebration. Of course, I am no stranger to festivities – birthday parties, Thanksgiving, and 4th of July weekend in particular have always possessed a special glow for me.

However, it was not until I came to Spain that I knew what it was like to have entire towns or cities come together, and indeed draw thousands from all around, to celebrate as one something entirely unique to the traditions of a specific region.

In the US, we also have celebrations – gorgeously rendered music and art festivals, family-oriented St. Patty’s Day parades, and traditional fall celebrations. Yet, it would be a far stretch of the imagination to say that we have any festival so clearly rooted to the traditions of a specific locality, and thus also the source of such well-earned pride, as the Fallas festival in Valencia. This concept of celebration is something I had not expected to encounter during my time abroad, but it has come to form another warm memory that I will never forget.

