Has it ever occurred to you that someday you’ll get an opportunity you have never expected? Have you ever experienced to devote yourself so deeply to something life-changing? If you hold a positive attitude to the question, what kind of chance do you want it to be? As for me, I got a chance to experience the breakthrough last summer. After that, I am convinced that I get a strong sense of who I really am and how appreciative I should be towards the life I am leading. It is a volunteer service that form the way I look at the world. It is a meaningful volunteer service to me.

Last summer, I was assigned by the teacher to do one thing that I had never done. At that moment, working as a volunteer flashed into my mind. The next day, I applied to an hospital nearby and served as a volunteer. I brought some gifts while visiting the children in the hospital. When I giving out the gifts, the kids who hadn’t smiled for a long while, smiled. And there was a girl pulling the heart monitor came to meet me, with no hair remaining. When I handed her my gift, “I am the luckiest girl in the world,” she said, with the brightest smile wearing on her face. It was so hard to see. Just imagine a child enduring the pain and to fight with the desease when he or she should be playing ball, pretending to be a prince or a princess, and jumping rope. They got no experience or wisdom to help them get through this. I just couldn’t bear it. If a small gesture as a visit and the gifts would make the children happy, I surely want to do it as often as humanly possible. If what I do could make their day brighter, I would do it. In the evening, those kids and I spent some quality time at the park. What really amazed me was how well they got along with the nature. They taught me to feel the delicate symmetry of leaf with my eyes closed. They helped me pass my hands lovingly about the smooth skin of a silver birch, or the rough, shaggy bark of a pine. I was so delighted to have the cool water of a brook rush through my open fingers. Living in the moment, I felt like the lush carpet of pine needles or spongy grass was more welcome than the most luxurious Persian rug. We danced barefoot one the soft earth with lush grass caressing the tips of my toes and lay down to look at the sky of ocean blue with the brisk clouds floating like the silk veils. Coming to hospital from the park, I strummed down the steel chords of my guitar, and my voice drifted through the air like a summer breeze. Coming home from the hospital that day, overwhelmed by the coldness of fact that the friends I had made had little time left to live, I felt the darkness shift a little.

Childhood disease is impossible to me to understand. While having fun with those children, I can see the strength of characters that enables them to stand firm in the face of difficulties in their eyes as if there’s no such thing as dying existing in their coming future. As the proverb goes, ”it is in the small thing that your strength lies,” and it is the faith of not giving up on their lives that supports them to make it that far and to stay optimistic about whether things seem good or not. I know, from the first day I met them, that they are the angels sent straight from the heaven. It is they that make me realize the value of living, teach me the importance of persistence in my faith, show me the price of my determination, and last but not least, my own sense of identity. I feel quite fortunate in it that I’ve never really had to experience as being at the erge of dying, and then all of sudden, I realize the value of cherishing my life. To see the world more crystal clear is a process I grow up knowing. It’s something that happened gradually.

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Yes, it has, and it turns a new leaf of my life. It is like entering a new chapter and getting a fresh start. I firmly believe that experience is something we can’t get for nothing. In the end, we become what we experienced.