A Volunteer Service Meaningful to Me

Stepping in the immense hospital, the beautiful surroundings and the serene atmosphere deeply impressed me. I could see patients sitting on the wheelchairs or taking a stroll around; it’s hard to imagine that there lived schizophrenia sufferers, who often receive unfair outlooks and thoughts from the society. The place I went is in Fu-li, Hualien, and it was also where I was going to provide my volunteer service. At first, I was invited by my friend, and it turned out to be the most precious and meaningful experience in my lifetime.

Each of the volunteer was dispatched to make a few groups, and we designed activities to add some spices to these patients’ lives and hoped them to have fun. Out of my surprise, the sufferers were ranging from teenagers to old woman. In order to cast their different interests, the contents of our shows varied. We sang songs; in the meanwhile, we taught them simple sign languages to remember the lyrics. Also, we acted in some dramas, and the amusing plots could often make them forget the distress and depression. What’s more, we even encouraged them to learn a few simple dishes with us, since we believed they could obtain greatest accomplishment from it. In the process of numerous activities, for no reason, I suddenly felt that they whole-heartedly depended on us, as if we are the angels who brought back brilliantness and happiness to their lives. Only this point made me so touched.

Every night, we, the volunteers would go to the wards to accompany these schizophrenia patients and listened to their stories and moods. Their emotions were usually steady; it was just sometimes the unpleasant memories would make them cascade into tears or dauntedly scream. What impressed me the most is that one old lady once sorrowfully held my hands and whispered to me, “How is sixteen years old like?” At that moment, I couldn’t give a response to her. She used to be euphoric, just like other girls, she could go shopping, dressed herself elegantly; however, a disease made the rest of her lives totally different. She could only curl on the bed, or enduring the strikes of unknown hilusinations and severe headaches now-she lost her friends, her family, and the hope of life. I felt so stunned and griefly at that time, but on the other hand, be appreciative that I could have the opportunity to keep her company. Though we couldn’t shoulder the hurtful feelings the schizophrenia sufferers had, the way and things we did may more or less alleviate their agony. Whenever I think her, my moody sentiment could only lift up a little bit.

One-week service very soon came to an end. When we were about to leave, they tightly hugged us and we made a commitment to meet again. As the last paint of dusk seeping into the hostipal, our bus drove away as well. Yet, my journey to give a volunteer service seems not end in effect. I often ponder that what harvest did I really gain during I paid my efforts. Finally, I concluded concern and sympathy. Most people don’t get a correct conception of schizophrenia, they always have the thought that schizophrenia sufferers are lunatic and even aggressive; thus, people would alienate and desert them. However, they are usually well-behaved and needed to be loved and concerned just like normal people. By contrasts with those notorious prisoners or murderers, why can’t we give them a chance to be part of this society? Therefore, in the process of taking care of these patients, I often took out my biggest patience and tried my best to heal their wounded hearts. Never will you understand the sufferers subtle minds if you don’t put yourself in
their shoes. That’s where sympathy comes from, too. Just have the observant eyes and endeavour to realize them, that’s the method I urged myself to be a good listener.

In addition to concern and sympathy, I felt that I truly grew up from this service. I learned to be independent—not only taking care of myself but also be a good assistant for others. Furthermore, I learned the ability to orchestrate a well-designed campaign and the power of unity as well. Last but not least, I enriched my soul and spirit by volunteering. I thoroughly embodied the philosophy of pay, and the reason I did it was not because of feedback but love. It is this invaluable experience that teaches me the treasure of help, and I indeed obtain full happiness, contentment, and accomplishment. This is the most significant spirit of volunteer service and it couldn’t be measured by any other things.

My volunteer service really make my life rich and my heart fertile. Also, I am looking forward to fulfilling my appointment with those schizophrenia sufferers from Fu-li. When next summer comes; when the hopeful sunshine again gleaming on top of Fu-li’s sky, I would create another picturesque and meaningful volunteer service of my life once more!