

Langfellow

A Helping Hand

Since I was little, I've helped the people around me in many different ways. For example, when I was three years old I talked to a random homeless man on the corner of the street my family and I were crossing. We talked until the walk sign changed and I left. It was a memorable experience for me because I was so young age but able to reach out to strangers on the street and make their day brighter. Although, I'm only 12 and haven't been able to participate in service organizations, I help people at my school, in my family, and during activities I do after school.

In my family, I do chores around the house such as dishes, laundry, feeding my dog, walking the dog, and cleaning. I enjoy helping my parents around the house because it makes the house look nicer and it makes me feel better. It also gives my parents more time to exercise, play music, and enjoy themselves.

At school I help people in class with the things they don't understand and after school tutor people. Unfortunately, there are some children at my school who are mentally handicapped and are not treated fairly, but are teased and bullied. Instead of ignoring them, I help them with their homework, play with them, try to be friends with them, and stand up for them. In some classes I risk my reputation with the teacher to help other students whom they are ignoring or who don't understand the material as fast as the rest of the class.

Outside of school I also help people. On my swim team, I introduce new swimmers to the the drills, dryland exercise, and workouts. I make them feel welcome and give them advice when they ask. I have even helped people when I was traveling in China. When I was seven my family and I volunteered for three weeks with a program called Half-the-Sky Foundation to build a preschool for the girls in an orphanage in Wuhan. I empathized for all the little girls who lived there because I had also lived in an orphanage before I was adopted. On the trip, I was too young to help build and paint, so I had the opportunity to play with the little girls and make them laugh and giggle. In my heart I knew that I was bringing joy to their lives and it made me feel happy and proud.

In each of my experiences I learned that children need love, attention, friendship, and education. They also need to be healthy and have medical care, to live in a safe neighborhood, have happy parents with secure jobs, eat healthy food, and experience opportunities to learn new skills outside of school. I believe that that if we provided affordable health care and livable wages to America's most needy, our country would be stronger because families' quality of life would improve and there wouldn't be so many people earning low-income wages. If parents were paid the livable wage then they could give their children more of what they need: tutoring when necessary, healthier food, less violent neighborhoods, special programs for the handicapped, and a better chance of going to college. This would strengthen our society because we'd have more adults who are well educated, healthier, happier, better parents, and could give their children a better life.