

Name

Name of supervisor

Date of submission

My Calling

Some years back in high school a friend of mine invited me to attend this charity event organized by her classmates. We went to the park and started distributing food and clothes to the homeless around the area. He told me that they had been doing this for about a year and wondered if I would like to join the group. I remember seeing the glow on their faces when they came out for food. They were so excited that the group was back and as I sat with them, one lady told me that every month, they would look forward to this day as they get to eat their best meals and have a change of clothes. The poor lady made me feel a deep connection to her world that cannot be explained, but since then, I have always had this compelling urge to care for the homeless. There were nights after that when I had these dreams of how I would go out and get them out of the streets to a better home. These dreams have never stopped, and I believe they are what has pushed me to do what I do today. Taking care of the homeless is a noble act that has to come from the heart, and no one can force themselves to do it if they are unwilling.

Every time I walk across a homeless person I feel this urge to stop and interact with them. No matter how much I try to ignore them, a part of me cannot let it go. Many the times I have been the subject of victimization of people all over for being late or slowing down the group as I stop over to help where I can. When I was starting all this, I thought it was just an obsession or I was probably too idle, but later I came to realize that it is a part of me. Starting out I had no idea what I was doing, but as I went on, I linked up with other people passionate about the course, and we formed a group where we collectively brainstorm ideas on how best we can help these people. The most fulfilling aspect of it all is seeing someone or a family get off the

streets and live a normal life. The joy of achieving my goal of one person at a time keeps me going even on days when I feel I am not doing enough. Through this group, we have come up with a community center that is run by volunteers and donations to help us reach out to more people. I have convinced the school to lend us a hall that we have converted into a center where the homeless can walk in, have a meal and rest. Besides, I hand out fliers to well-wishers and friends who contribute with stuff such as food, clothes, and blankets that have come in handy at the center. Though it is not much, I wish to expand the place later on in life when I complete my education and set up a center where all amenities will be available. How I pray that I will reach out to as many people as the Lord want me to as He has given us the power to conquer the earth.

We are all human, and at times we get weak. In the course of my calling, I sometimes get to a point where I begin to question myself, whether I am doing the right thing, or whether I am doing enough. But I thank God for my Friends and family who have always encouraged me when I hit rock bottom. There are times when I pray to God for him to give me a sign that all this is what He wanted for me, that I am doing His will and on the darkest nights, He has shown me that His Grace is sufficient. My primary concern has always been about the money involved in the process. I had worried that I would begin and then run dry half way as it requires a lot of finances. Helping the homeless settle into the community, providing them with basic needs and health care before they get on their feet takes up a lot of money. But all along, I had faith that God would sustain me. I always refer to the Bible for motivation in moments like this. And it tells me that He that began this great work in me will sustain me and bring it to completion. I believe that these are small hurdles that I have to climb to see the bigger picture. If I keep my faith in Him, I have no doubt that at the end of it all, I will have the ability to mobilize people through my career to open up to the idea that these people on the streets are human too and all we need to do is care just enough.