

# My Week As A Missionary

By Christian Regan

(13 years old)

This was an invigorating and eye opening experience. Working on the front lines of the mission, I was guiding the patients from the nurses' station to the doctors as required by their needs. My experience has been a mix of joy and sorrow. I experienced the joys of meeting the native children; playing with them and helping them get over being scared at the prospect of what the doctor/dentist might do. My sisters and I taught them games that we knew and the local children taught us their games. My tasks ranged from weighing the children and Mom's holding a baby to helping move tables and chairs to keying in the data sheets with the local high school kids. My desire to learn Tagalog was renewed. Although I mostly said, "Dito po kayo," which I kept forgetting.



when we had to turn away patients because of shortage of medicine or anesthesia or lack of doctors. This always made me wonder, next time would we have to keep turning them away? This has been my experience with the mission and I hope to join the next mission.

The Mission overall was positive and uplifting. To spread the word, we presented a Powerpoint slideshow to my and my sisters' classes. The Powerpoint pictures made the Mission real and tangible and spread the goal of the mission and organization such that my class was inspired to take action. We collected money by waiting in front of the Albertsons across the street and asking the people to donate money to the cause of helping the less fortunate around the world. We raised some money and donated it to an organization dedicated to helping the world's less fortunate. That was the after math of the Mission of Love on my life and on the lives of my fellow classmates who had the veil lifted and got a look of the true reality of the world.



The sorrows: of seeing the appalling medical condition of some of the patients we treated. The worst times were finding out that the person in front of me may die and my heart sunk every time I heard the nurse tell me, "He is priority" or "Take him to an internist". Those words, as simple as they are, were very powerful from my position. I felt powerless, the words sinking in, as I escorted the patient to the internist. Sometimes I wondered, how long would they live and how much pain were they feeling? At times I felt like the character Jerry Lewis played (his role in The Disorderly Orderly) and started feeling their pain. And like him, I was helpless to help the patients. I was extremely upset

