

An act of kindness
that you did for
someone



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My Act of Kindness I grew up in a family that, although not well to do, managed to get by comfortably in life. My grandfather, who owned a small business, instilled in me the lesson that a person working under me as a subordinate does not mean that he is less of a human being than I am. In fact, they are the ones who help me to live the comfortable lifestyle that I am accustomed to. That is a lesson that I learned from him and took to heart. So much so that when it came time for me to show my thanks to our subordinate, our house help, I took the opportunity to help her without thinking twice.

When I entered into high school, my parents insisted that I begin to learn how to work in order to earn extra income for things that were not covered by my allowance. It was important to them that I learn the value of money and how to spend it wisely. Since I wanted to buy myself a tablet, I decided that I would take up my parents' offer and help out at our family store after school and on weekends. I was really looking forward to buying my tablet sooner rather than later. But apparently the universe had other plans for me. I had to do something for others before I could get what I wanted.

Tina, our house help, approached my parents and I over breakfast one day and told us that her son was in need of medical care. She had been taking him to the free clinic in town and she was told that he had a cancerous tumor on the bridge of his nose and that he needed an immediate operation that was going to cost her \$570. Somehow there was something about the diagnosis that did not sit well with me. It seemed not thorough and lacking in analysis. My parents also agreed that the boy should be brought to another doctor for a second opinion. But Tina did not have the money to go to a paid doctor.

I had already saved up a little money from the token salary my parents were

giving me for helping in the business, a total of \$100. Obviously I was inching my way closer to my dream of a tablet. But I felt that Tinas son needed the medical help more than I required the tablet. So I offered my savings to her. I told her to take it and, along with the donations of my parents, take the boy to a specialist for a second opinion.

It turned out that the boy was misdiagnosed. The second opinion revealed that he did not have a cyst or tumor at the bridge of his nose. A simple x-ray, according to Tina, showed that the boy had a protruding forehead bone. From the outside, it did look and feel like a cyst because it had a cavity between the forehead and the boys nose, muscle existed in the gap and it had some liquid gathering inside. But it was not life threatening and could be ignored for the time being.

My act of kindness helped bring Tina peace of mind and her son, a new lease on life. They thanked my family and I profusely for our kindness because without our help, her sons life could have been put in jeopardy. I had a warm feeling come over me when I heard the news. I felt like I had done something nice for my fellow man and the reward it gave me was a sense of happiness that I could not have achieved even if I had bought my tablet.