

Nathan Peter

On every other Thursday my brother and I go to a nursing home. My brother plays on the piano while I visit and talk to some older people to help them feel less lonely.

One time a lady who had Alzheimer was listening to my brother on the piano. She gently grabbed my arm and asked me if I would stay with her. She would ask me questions about myself over and over even after I answered her. I tried not to get frustrated and kept talking to her. My patience allowed her to feel cherished.

Another time I met a WWII veteran. The man had celebrated his 100th birthday a week before. He told me a story about when he served on a destroyer boat. His ship was fighting another Japanese ship and some planes. The Japanese ship was destroyed but in the process a plane had gone through their hull, allowing water to pour in. They were up all night bailing water out to stay afloat until another boat could patch them up. A few weeks later I heard that he had passed on, so I thanked God for letting me meet him and listen to his story.

It feels good to help out people in need even if at first it felt uncomfortable. The person who gets the most out of service is the person doing it; they experience the joy of giving and the feeling of accomplishment. My dad always says that even if people being helped don't say it they are very thankful for what you do.