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Community Service essay

No sabes cuánto esto significa para nosotros, said the little boy gripping a box of fresh produce on the church step.

I see myself in the families I aid—I recall waiting in tangled lines for our weekly meals and being so excited when we received strawberries and boxed mac&cheese instead of canned items. Grateful I'm no longer in that position, I created a food initiative where community members can access nutritious and delicious goods biweekly. I wanted to help those who struggle with food scarcity—just as others so kindly did for me and my family.

Alguien que habla español: a phrase I often hear from relieved community members. Speaking my mother's language, I can use the time spent with each person to explain the importance of asking for help, which is taboo in Latino culture. This reluctance resonated with me personally—I remember my mother's shame when we had to rely on others for support during tough times. However, through small community conversations, we've normalized the belief that challenges don't have to be confronted alone. Whether someone asks for soup because their son is sick or needs aid carrying the package to their home, there's no shame in asking for help.

Having experienced the impact of transformative acts of kindness from both sides, I've learned the necessity of serving and uplifting others whenever needed. I now dedicate myself to this, trying to reflect the unifying nature of love and compassion on those around me in all that I do.