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A) What is the first thing that comes to your mind when you hear the word “future?”

As a sophomore in college, everyone talks about what they want to do after they finish their undergraduate years of college. For me, who once had her life planned out in paper and pen, is no longer certain about the future. As an elementary student, my dream profession was to be a successful business woman. I would go to college, and find a job for an international company, giving presentations and meeting different types of people. It wasn't until I started college that my whole plan was turned upside down. My whole mindset of the future changed within my first year as an undergraduate student. Whether that was my major, my career path, or estimated time of graduation, the details I once thought I figured out was far from my reach to control. But strangely, I was alright with the uncertainty. There's so much of the world I don't know yet, and so much time to discover my place in society today or in ten years. So the first thing that comes to my mind when I hear the word “future” is change.

Specifically, my career choice has changed once I entered college. For nine years, my mind was set on becoming an entrepreneur or working for a world wide business company. That soon changed as I started to enjoy my science classes, and the stories I heard from my aunt who had been working at a hospital for ten years as a doctor. Every time I saw her, she always had a story to tell. Whether it was a funny or a heartbreaking story of a patient or coworker, it was actually the only thing I looked forward to during family gatherings. Each of the stories were different, mainly because working at a hospital is never the same every day. The hospital was a fast-paced, always changing environment and I was drawn to that kind of work space. It wasn't until I was in a position to be able to help those who needed medical attention that I decided being a doctor was what I wanted to do.

My life changed in 2012 when I went to my first mission trip to Mérida, Yucatán Mexico. Even with a simple task like bringing water and medication, I felt warm-hearted by the people because I can see their gratefulness by helping them in the smallest way possible. I didn't want anything in return when I helped these poor people. With the priority of putting others before myself, I decided to follow into the footsteps of my aunt. So within a year I changed to thinking about business to become a chemistry major, and that's where my future stands as of now. Even though I have decided with this new career path, I am ready for any other changes that the future holds because that is what the future is: change.

B) What is the most surprising turn of events you have ever experienced?

BOOM! She was lying flat on her stomach, not moving, with her eyes rolled back. My muscles tightened and my mind blurred with thoughts racing back and forth before I ran to her. The only person there to help was her mother, while everyone else stopped and stared. In my head I screamed bitterly, “What are you doing? Can't you see there's a girl lying on the floor!”

Her body was stiff and her legs were spread apart as she laid on the cold, rocky road. After what felt like hours, her eyes slowly flickered and gazed at me. I'm sure she saw the fear on my face, but she gave me a reassuring smile that I never forgot.

On July 30th, 2012, I attended my first church missionary trip in Merida, Yucatan Mexico. I had mixed emotions that overwhelmed me the week before, since this was my first international trip without my parents. The reason I wanted to go circled around my spiritual life at the time, and for an extraordinary experience to some place new to me. Arriving to the unknown place, I felt a deep culture shock but, surprisingly, I adjusted quickly. In a couple days, I would be desperately trying to remember the Spanish I learned in middle school and play with the kids living in the village.

One moment, I was coloring and crafting with kids and their bright smiles. Suddenly a loud smack silenced all sounds. At first I thought she had tripped while running around, but she stayed frozen on the floor. The girl's flimsy little body was lifted and she fell heavily against a woman, who I guessed was her mother. The woman used herself to block the sun and started to pour small amounts of water into the child's chapped mouth. The eyes of the little girl fluttered open; her small smile prevented fear from taking over me.

That day, I found out the mysterious child who fainted was six-year old Diane had suffered from a seizure because of her epilepsy. Diane was so young, but even with a serious disorder she still smiled every day like nothing was wrong. I was shocked to have met such a young soul with an overpowering disorder. Her youthful spirit made me ashamed and embarrassed about the little things in my life that I made a big deal about like school and work. However, the smile Diane gave me has been unforgettable. Diane reminded me that everywhere I turn there is hope to be happy. Today, I remember Diane's smile and I remember how strong she was trying to live her life to the fullest. I couldn't thank Diane enough for teaching me a life lesson without saying even one word to me.

C) What was the bravest moment of your life?

The sun was blazing and I could feel the sweat trickle down my cheek as I was standing by the groups of people coming in and out of the pool like waves. Kids and adults ranging from age, gender, and color filled the swimming pool that seemed to have gotten smaller within the past hour. It was one of the busiest days of summer; the summer camps were nearing the end of their programs, families wanted to squeeze in one more family bonding time before the school year started, and people wanted to finish their tans on for that summer. I've been working at the pool all summer as a lifeguard, and even before that I was being trained and CPR certified. All was good at my summer job, until July 27, 2013.

This day out of the whole summer was the most tiring for me. Apart from being under the sun all day, there was an unusual amount of people, especially little campers. My eyes were scanning the vicinity of the pool, those who were in and out of the pool. I remember clearly that I

used my whistle a handful of times because my throat dried out by the end of the day. Even with the hectic scenery, I tried my best to make sure everyone was safe. That was until I caught a glimpse of flailing arms in the pool, and then nothing. I swallowed my doubts and fear, and did the protocol when someone was drowning. I jumped in the pool and swam as fast as I could to the mystery. I pulled the small body out of the pool with the last bit of energy I had that day. Luckily, the little girl was conscious and only swallowed large amounts of pool water. I took her to her mother, and all was well.

However, I was still in a state of shock even after the little girl returned safely to her mother. I couldn't believe how my mind and body instantly reacted to the situation and took over. The only thing I could remember at that moment was how I didn't want anyone to get hurt, and the only person who can help was me. I was lucky and thankful nothing terrible happened, and no one was seriously injured. I remember the moment so vividly as if it happened yesterday. It is one of the few times I felt truly brave and humble, and my mind was on someone else other than myself. The new sense of bravery and humbleness I discovered that day is something I hold close to, even till this day.