

What Is My Mission In This World?

Submitted by Emily Hatlangh (Grade 8)

My mission in this world is to be the person God created me to be, which is to help people in need, and one day they will also be there for me. God has a mission for each and everyone of us. You may not know it but you may be acting upon it. In this case God gave me the mission of being helpful to everyone around me, even just by lending my pencil, giving a simple little thing like a fruit or a few coins to a street person.

I figured out my mission when I was around five or six years old. That was when my Dad was really sick and he came to my village in Myanmar. I didn't expect him. He surprised me and I was really happy but he was very sick and unhappy. Day by day I took good care of him by getting his bed ready, making him food, taking him to the outhouse and washing his underpants that he had accidentally soiled. One day he went back to my birth village with my Mom who had come to help me. After about two days, I received a phone call informing me that he had passed away. I wanted to attend his funeral but my cousins and uncle wouldn't let me and I was locked in. My Mom sent me pictures of the funeral but one day my cousins burned them and I was devastated. From that day on, I helped anyone I could and was never ashamed of doing so. I am called to be Christ's feet, body, hands and eyes in a way that many people don't see.

I was called to walk with God on that one night when I prayed to Michael the Archangel, asking him to help me see that whatever I am going through, I am not alone. With that I went to sleep and received answers and direction from God himself. In my dreams God came to me in the form of my Dad and we were walking along the shores of the beach, leaving our footsteps in the sand. Then suddenly there was this huge cloud ahead of us with an opening and God walked up steps but whenever I tried walking the same steps, I always ended up on the shore. So God said: "walk with others like I have walked with you and carry their footsteps like I have carried yours in my hand". So I woke up, saying to myself: "I can't do that" and slowly went back to sleep. Not long after I fell asleep he came again, but this time he was sitting at the front of my door, with many children on his lap and said: "Do you see all these children on my lap and do you see how much I care about them?" With that I woke up again, feeling amazed and saying to myself: "I must walk like God did, with the hurting ones, but not only that. I must look out and see not only the good ones but also the bad ones that are living on this planet and make them realize that they are not alone."

I also realized that I am called to be Christ's body and hands in many ways. Though I was built small and short, I am not weak in my soul. He made me in his image for a reason, and that reason is to show others to be strong about themselves and appreciate the way they are built and not worry about what others say about how they look.

In other ways I am called to lend a helping hand to anyone who needs it, just like Christ did and never to be ashamed of it. I do a lot of this calling by simply being kind and using my gifts in a way that God wants me to, now and into the future. There are so many gifts I have received from God, including intelligence, dancing, singing, playing music and athletics. I am never ashamed of showing them and using them to teach others as well. Not only do I share with others but I also share with God through happiness and prayer.