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**Essay A      Describe your personal goals, challenges or commitments and how you can draw on what you've learned about Michael Rothberg's legacy to inspire your own.**

One of the most influential people I have met in my life is a young beggar living on the streets of Kathmandu, Nepal. I met this boy within an hour of arriving in the city. Embarking on a medical volunteering trip to Nepal to learn about a foreign culture and help the poverty-stricken, I felt open-minded and fearless as I sat in a thundering bus. The bus turned into a narrow alleyway close to my hotel to make a stop; there, I first saw the beggar; his face was scarred and lumpy on one side, the mouth pulled down in a perpetual half-frown. His pain was so real. My advisor, Daisy, told me that this boy had probably been burnt in a fire that had occurred years before in the city. "Also, do not give this child money," she warned, "or he'll use it to buy drugs." I watched helplessly, uncomfortable, as he continued moaning, "I hungry, I hungry," with an open hand inches from my face.

The next two times the boy approached me on the street, I ran away, ducking into shops to catch my breath, feeling hopelessness for the boy and disgust towards myself for not helping, even though I did not know how to. Finally, on the day before I was scheduled to come back to the USA, I forced myself to take action. When the boy came up to me, touching me on the shoulder with his deformed hand, I took a deep breath and told him, in my rudimentary Nepali, to wait. I dashed into a store and bought biscuits, water bottles, and bananas, and gave them to the boy. His face stretched into a half-smile as he croaked, "Dhanybhad" (thank you).

From my encounters with this boy, I have learned that I have a lot of learning left to do so that I can truly help people who have experienced overpowering hardship. I have also learned that I am not always the fearless, open-minded young woman I would like to be, but that, with effort, I can be.

From my readings on Michael Rothberg, it is clear that he embodied many of the traits that I would like to. Michael Rothberg was a compassionate person who devoted his life to giving to others. He also was courageous, generous, and loving. From him, I can see the person who I want to be. When Michael felt strongly about a cause, he donated

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not only money but also his time and energy to it. I hope to learn from Michael's generosity so that I can contribute to causes that I am passionate about in a meaningful way.

**Essay B      What would you recommend to our government to prevent terrorism in our country or anywhere in the world?**

As a Yiddish proverb goes, “Even though everyone is kneaded out of the same dough, we are not baked in the same oven.” Humans are interconnected because they are all the same “dough”; environment shapes us into mature “bread”.

When I traveled to Nepal to volunteer at an HIV/AIDS clinic, I met young children born with the HIV virus from mothers sold into prostitution. One chubby-cheeked two-year-old boy named Bibek, wearing pink shorts and a maroon polo-style shirt, plopped himself in my lap and insisted on singing me a Nepali song. He babbled through a Nepali version of “Old MacDonald,” clapping his hands and giggling with glee when I “moored” like a cow along with him. When my sister was that age, she had laughed the same way at my mooing. However, my sister was born healthy and into a stable, loving family; Bibek, who had all the same sweetness and innocence, was born with a fatal disease to a fourteen-year-old Nepali prostitute. The similarities were striking, yet the differences in my sister and Bibek’s lives were immensely difficult for me to comprehend.

Becoming immersed in a third world country, where so many people are suffering but are also so courageous, offered a unique perspective that I had never realized even existed. People are truly empathetic and caring when they can see that external differences are so insignificant and random. If everyone were given a chance to see the hardships others go through every day, to share their sorrows and joys, then I feel certain that there would be no terrorism. So, if I were able, I would mandate volunteering, helping those who are in need. Volunteering, apart from benefiting the recipients, benefits those who “give” even more. Volunteering teaches people to appreciate what they have, to see that everyone is fighting their own battle, to empathize, to care, to love. How could terrorism exist if this love and goodwill were spread throughout the world? As dismal as one’s own situation may seem, there is always a way to help someone else, even in the smallest of ways. And that, I believe, will make hurting others impossible.