



Helping a community, and shaping my soul

Tanzania, Africa 2009

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Goals

I have been very fortunate in my life. I was blessed with a family who cares for me and supported me every step of the way, no matter the direction I chose. When I asked to go to St. Anns for high school, it was received with joy and encouragement. I had no idea that when I got there, I would be introduced to such an outstanding opportunity.

My grade 8 Social Studies teacher, Mr. McCarthy had just returned from Tanzania with the C.Pp.S. group and he shared with us his pictures and experiences, as well as a twinkle in his eye. His excitement about it all; the feeling of happiness that went along with building part of the school and a first aid building, bringing clean water to a community that was suffering from contaminated wells. Being able to help those who needed so much help. Those feelings that I witnessed pouring out of him are the reason that I went home that day and told my parents my plans to do the same. 13 years old, and ready to take a leap into the unknown.

The years of volunteer work in our community were well spent, exhausting, and endless. But as a group, we all supported each other to do our best and not give up. And 4 years later, we were on our way to the farthest place that most of us(if not all) had ever been.

Tanzania changed me. Perhaps not really, but in a way I had always had these pieces of myself inside. Tanzania brought out the best parts of me. My sympathy, my empathy and my drive to better the world around us. To share my love with people who need more love shown to them. To help people realize that there is good in our world, that God is true to His word that “without suffering, there would be no compassion”. Every day that we were there working so tirelessly, I was so thankful.

Everyone in Tanzania was happy, no matter how little they had. They were happy with what they had, they showed us how to be thankful for the little things. We played soccer, and games without being able to verbally communicate. They showed us how to enjoy life without the material things.

There isn't a day that goes by that I don't think of Africa. It is ingrained in my mind, and soul. It has taught me how to give, and how to appreciate. I raise our children on these notions and I pray that they will find peace in helping others as well. I am a better person because of the experiences, perhaps it's not the 'being in Africa' that has made me a better person, but the opportunity to see what such a small act of kindness can bring to a community that has made my heart grow.

I continue to be apart of this group, just as it will continue to be apart of me. And I pray that I am not alone in that.



















