



A Blessing on the Forehead

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The kindness and patience of Nepal's young volunteers played a very important role to our medical assistance team there. We were deeply touched by them.

When I decided to join the medical assistance team to change in Nepal, a country which I had never been before, I thought about how I could teach local people to take medicine correctly, how to interact with them? In a country with difficult language barrier situation, I needed to alter a way to resolve it. I'd thought about a multi-language description card with pictures on. Through the support from my colleagues, we'd made a card with photos together with Chinese, English, and Nepalese.

We happened to meet two Nepalese when we were waiting our plane to Kathmandu in Hong Kong Airport. They were so grateful and helped revise our card on hearing that we were going to Nepal to rend a



Pharmacist Pei-Shan Tsai was using "multi-language instruction on medicines" to show how to take medicines properly. Photo by: Shu-Si Jian

helping hand that they corrected our pamphlet so that local people could understand better. Those pamphlets) were so useful (that they had) made me getting closer to the lovely and innocent young Nepalese volunteers later on.

Once when I was busy with prescriptions when there was a heavy rain, all the people flocked inside. I kept preparing for the prescriptions. The rain soaked my clothes from the back, I felt so wet and cold. Surprisingly the



Medical team encouraged many young people in the stricken areas to volunteer in rescuing work. They built up a very deep relationship with Tzu Chi volunteers. Second from the middle was the pharmacist Pei-Shan Tsai from Taipei Tzu Chi Hospital.

nineteen-year-old Niru covered me with her thin sweater while her own clothes was soaked from head to toe. The warmth giving by those young volunteers was so sincere.

An old lady of eighty something who lived alone, with wrapped injury on her left arm, walked slowly to our medical station. When doctor opened the gauge to clean her wound, she cried so hard because it was very painful. We tried to do it more gently and with soft words to console her. After a few repetition, she stopped crying. She even touched my sleeve to show her gratitude before she left.

On Buddha's birthday, we had a large-scale distribution there. An old lady came for the relief materials supplies. When I bowed with my hands together, suddenly she grasped my

hands to her forehead with her eyes brimmed with tears. I was so moved into tears and held her dearly.

The day when we left, all the people came standing and waving with two hands to say goodbye. There was another old lady who also held my hands to her forehead and prayed. I was quick in tears once more. In spite of having no common language between us I would never forget that short moment when I received the most genuine blessing in love and tears from the forehead.

All of us were in tears when our car drove away. As we knew that so many people were still homeless waiting to be rescued. I truly hope that someday soon the seed of great love and passion can be bloomed in the birthplace of Buddha.