Poem

Allison Snyder, BVS Unit #304

No one ever tells you
how much you give up to volunteer.
The willing sacrifices
the time, money, roots
and those ripped away
security, comfort, peace of mind.
I had no idea how much it would hurt
to miss the simple, consistent family holidays
Family vacation, pets, friends
All fell by the wayside, crashing, painful
Yet this is not a tragedy.
I truly think the unwitting surrenders
make the most impact in the end.
I lost the fear
of unknowns, of cities, of being an adult
I lost my voice
though just for a moment and steeled it back up
to throw my thoughts out there for all to see.
I lost insecurities
those nasty thoughts from adolescences
in a freeing moment of recognition of myself
and allowing me to exist as she is without worry
that someone may not like it.
I lost prejudice.
How could anyone hold on to such a thing
in service to others?
I lost my faith
in a moment of rediscovery.
BVS has no room for good enough faith.
It is the very essence of COB existence
so to lose my sandbox faith
for a one fortified in rock
is a willing sacrifice for me
I place it on the altar willingly.
They say that service
is not about you but those in need.
My boss once said, "Service is the rent we pay to God for our place here on earth."
I might have once agreed fully were it not for the unexpected, the unseen, the unknown.
These came suddenly, blindingly brilliant, without warning
in sudden revelations grand as the mountains
and small gifts such as a kiss on the cheek
or the kind of hugs that squeeze the breath from you.
It has never been easy nor was it meant to
and these kids are tough sometimes
but they have turned a mirror on all of me
showed me pages of my story I didn't know existed
and shared the secret of loving across boundaries
no colors, no age gap, just one group of people
enjoying each other and the space we created.
Give up yet?