Taiwan Flood Disaster on August 8, 2009

‘It’s another rainy Saturday,’ I thought as I stretched my arms and legs after I was awoken by the TV sound from the living room. I stepped out of my room and was just going to ask my mom about our brunch when I saw she was standing right in front of the TV and said, ‘Oh, my God! This is horrible.’

I riveted my eyes on the TV screen and hung on every word by the news anchor. The first thing that appeared in my head was, ‘What have we done wrong? Is this what we deserve from the Almighty God? Or, is Satan teasing us?’ Have we done anything wrong to incur the wrath of Mother Nature? Not more than a year ago, the earthquake in China took a heavy toll on us. This time, it was the hurricane and the flooding that battered the innocent people. People were crying and pleading the officials to rescue their family members buried under the mud. It was a cry of grief, worry and sorrow.

Ironically, it was not only the civilians who suffered, but the President, Ma Ying Jeou, came under heavy fire as his rescue team failed to come to rescue before it was too late. Anger was smouldering inside me and it was suffocating me. I wondered how the government could shirk their responsibilities. It was their one and only job to take care of their people. Where on earth were they when the disaster hit Taiwan?

I think we should do something for these people. I have never felt so eager to help someone. But if anyone reads it, I hope you can as well donate some money to the Taiwanese, and tell them that we do care so much about them. We are all connected. All in one, and one in all.