

## EthioGBFF Summer Volunteer Activity Report

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Year of Study: 2nd year

Volunteer Organization: supporting my parents in pest cleaning

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### **Volunteer Report on Supporting My Parents in Pest Cleaning on the Farm**

First and foremost, I would like to express my deepest appreciation to the Ethiopian girls bright future funder Mr. Amare whose kindness and generosity made it possible for me to carry out this volunteer activity. With the support I received, I was able to spend time helping my parents humble farmers who depend entirely on their small piece of land for survival. This report describes my experience assisting them in cleaning pests from our crops by hand, and the deep lessons I learned through this difficult but meaningful work.

Our family farm lies in a rural area of waghimra zone, where resources are extremely limited and the land itself is our only source of livelihood. When pests invaded our fields, they brought not only destruction to our crops but also despair to our hearts. In waghimra zone there is no efficient fertile land so these crops are our life's. We could not afford modern pest control chemicals or equipment, so we decided to fight the infestation with our own hands. Each morning, as the sun rose, my parents and I walked to the field carrying only water, food and hope.

The task was painful and exhausting. The pests had spread across the crops, eating away at what little we had. We bent down for hours, removing them one by one with our bare hands. Our fingers became swollen and our hands began to bleed, but we kept going. The smell of the infested plants and the sight of damaged crops were heartbreaking, yet we could not give up. Every plant we saved meant food for our family and a small chance to recover from loss.

I will never forget the look in my parents' eyes tired but full of courage. They have spent their lives working under the burning sun and through droughts with little reward. This pest outbreak felt like another cruel test. But despite the pain, they continued to smile and encourage me to keep going. Their strength reminded me that real heroes do not wear uniforms they wear torn clothes, carry blistered hands, and still have hope in God with their hearts.

Through this volunteer activity, I learned more than I ever could from a classroom. I learned what it means to serve without expecting anything in return. I learned that the fight against poverty and hardship is not just physical it is deeply emotional. Every weed pulled, every pest removed, was a small act of survival, a quiet fight to protect the dignity and dreams of a farming family that refuses to give up.

Although our hands were bleeding and our bodies were tired, our hearts were full of gratitude to God. Volunteering to help my parents during this crisis was one of the most emotional and meaningful experiences of my life. It reminded me that true

service begins at home in standing with those who raised us when they are at their weakest.

Though the fight against pests was difficult, it brought our family closer and strengthened our spirit. I remain deeply grateful for the opportunity to support my parents, even in small ways, and to witness their resilience a resilience that represents the heart of so many Ethiopian farmers who continue to work, pray, and hope.

This experience deeply changed the way I see farming, family, and resilience. I learned that volunteering is not only about giving time or labor; it is about giving heart, compassion, and strength when others have none left.

More importantly, I realized how many families in Ethiopia specially in waghimra zone share similar silent struggles working endlessly against poverty, pests, and drought, yet holding onto hope with unwavering courage.

I submit this report with deep humility and heartfelt thanks to Mr Amare and Dr melsew who encouraging to do this inspiring activity.

Here are the memorable photos we took with my family

