



*Hi, dear,*

*It's been an emotional day for me today. I've been suffering ( or enjoying ?) from high anxiety since the day I left Lhasa. My feeling for this place is so deep that it brought me speeded heartbeat, restless pulse and my hands were*

*trembling and tend to be out of my control when I played piano this afternoon.*

*Yes, this is an unforgettable experience for me indeed, not only because of the scenic splendours of the Potala Palace and its historic background, but also because of the precious relationship built between our team and the patients whom we met on the hospital train.*

*I was given a chance to do some shootings for TVB, and the programme will be broadcasted on the 17th of July, ( Korea National day !!) Jade channel, so as to promote LX's charitable work, and hopefully more people will know about this project and donate through hotlines and bank transaction that night.*

*After a 25 hours' railway journey from Xi-Ling, we arrived at Lhasa in the evening of the 2nd night of the trip. We're advised not to take bath so as to avoid catching cold before our body can adjust to the environment, but I didn't listen to what they said, cause I have to freshen up myself after that 25 hours on the train, and ensure I have enough energy for shootings the next morning.*

*The main character of the documentary programme was a 14 years' old boy whose name is ' Jen Dui' and was born blind. I had an interview with his father with the help of the interpreter, and also learned some Tibetan short phrases from him like 'duo ze ze' i.e. 'thank you', very similar to our language.*

*I also visited other patients who were either waiting for operation, full of hope, or resting on beds after the operation, and longing to go home to see their relatives. Among them was a 76 years' old woman who taught me how to sing their traditional song, and I really envied her voice, her confidence when she sang and I couldn't help bursting into tears when I told her I was a singer, and hope that I can sing like her when I'm 76 !*

*Every single moment I spent in this city was so meaningful, though I have to wake up at five thirty in the morning. My eyes were swollen because of water retention due to low*

humidity, and also because of the tears I shedded for the patients. So, if you see my face on TV, just 'delete' that ugly image, and look into my beautiful heart please :-)

In my eyes, the patients are not pitiful but respectable. They accept what they're and what they have without any complaints. According to numerous previous cases of LX, only 'one eye' could be cured for one matured patient (aged over 18), because another RMB 2,000 (USD 260) has to be saved for other patients so that more people out of those millions can be cured.

For this trip to Tibet, LX obtained special sponsorship from China Petroleum & Chemical Corporation (a gov'n't owned company) and they promised to sponsor all the fees for surgery for both eyes of every patient.

To my surprise, many of them refused to have both eyes cured. At first I thought they might worry about the safety of the operation, for all of them are uneducated gipsies from the mountain areas far away from the city (the nearest is 300-400 km). They may not have enough knowledge about medical treatments and understand the necessity of operations.

When the chairman of Lifeline Express, Mrs. Fong told me the truth that these patients said they'd be more than satisfied and grateful if they could see the world even with only one eye, I really couldn't believe how respectable their way of thinking is. They strongly believe and have accepted that it's their fate to have their eyes damaged, and if they're given too much luck or love from God, tragedies may be caused and brought to other family members.

My mind was widely opened because of what I experienced from this trip. From the seminar I attended, I learned from the volunteer doctors and nurses not to be egocentric, and try to considerate and care more for other people. From the belief of the patients, I learned how I should be grateful for small mercies, and treasure what I have or don't have.

I'm really glad that I'm still alive ! Once I thought I might not return if any accident happen to me but I insisted that I should go. Now I have to tell everyone that I'm still with you. What a blessing that I can post this message and share my feelings with you ! Let's pray for the patients and also for ourselves that every minute we live worths living.

Best regards,



Chelsia Chan (Jul 2007)