When I first began volunteering at the V.A. hospital, I was unsure of what leadership was. I have learned great steps toward becoming a strong leader, but I believe that one never really stops learning. There was a corporal who served in Vietnam. When I first went inside his room at my supervisor’s request, I was nervous because he had a track record of acting out when not given what he wanted. When we locked eyes, it took him one second to think I was his daughter, and not a volunteer he’d never met. Though I was taken aback when he asked me to sit at his side and read to him “like I used to do” when I was younger, I remembered a patient I had seen in the ER. The man’s daughter had played along with his beliefs, rather than correcting them, and she’d told me it was less upsetting to him when he thought things were as they seemed in his world and ours. Remembering this advice allowed me to act quickly, and I sat down, picked up a book from his stack on the nightstand, and started reading. I continued this for the next year, until sadly he passed away. This experience taught me that sometimes leading means being quiet, not correcting others, and making someone’s time here on earth a little bit better…in whatever way we can. No change is too small, and no leap is too big when it comes to helping others.