



THE COLOR OF MY HEART

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I remember I was invited to participate in a charity activity in one of the social service organizations last month.

In this charity activity, they had all kinds of booths. I was drawn to one in particular because of all the children that had gathered there. At the booth, people were invited to paint squares. All the squares were going to be sewn together to make a quilt for the old people.

Everyone was given fabric paints in bright and beautiful colors. The kids tried their best to paint the squares. I looked around at all the squares. I saw beautiful sunrises and rainbows, pink flowers, red hearts and blue clouds. Hello Kitty, Melody, Snow White, Doraemon, Mickey Mouse and Winnie the Pooh were also there. However, I found one that was extremely different from the others.

In the corner of the room, a little girl was painting a black heart. At first I thought she only had the paint that was left, however, when I asked her about the black heart, she responded that her heart was black and she felt dark. She also told me that her mother was very sick. Nobody could help her mother.

I was very sorry to hear that her mother was sick. I could also understand why she had drawn a black heart. However, I responded her: "Though nobody could make your mom better, there is something that can help when people are sad. I gave her a bear hug after that. She crawled into my lap instantly. I thought my heart would burst with the love I had for this little girl.

When she had finished her paintings, she came to me again. I asked her if she felt better. She said she did.

When the activity was over, I was ready to head home. Suddenly, I felt a tug on my dress. I turned around and it was the little girl. She said: "Your bear hugs really work, the color of my heart seems to be brighter." At that moment, I felt that my heart was also changing to a brighter color.