

# A PRECIOUS



Gina

*As a secondary student, I don't need much money to spend. I just spend money in buying clothes. Girls like shopping and I think there isn't anything wrong. My mother always scolds me for buying lots of clothes but wearing them only for several times. My sister always complains that she hasn't got much space in the cabinet for her clothes because my clothes have occupied nearly the whole cabinet. Besides, my father always teaches me how to save money. However, I don't care about them and just keep on buying and buying. So, I have lots of clothes in my cabinet but nothing in my bank account. My brother always begs me to donate some clothes to Caritas, however, I explain to him that*

*I have no time to tidy my cabinet. Then I usually get the response of my family: 'This is quite an excuse.'*

*Last Saturday, I went shopping myself and bought a lot of new clothes, so I had to clear a part of my cabinet. The next morning, I asked my part-time maid to help me do this task. I looked at my clothes, most of them looked so new, but I didn't plan to wear them because I thought they were old-fashioned. So, I put them in big storage bags and asked my maid to clean the cabinet.*

*My brother's words suddenly came into my mind: 'Hey, Gina, many people need your clothes.' So, I decided to bring the 3 large bags*

of clothes to Caritas. However, three days passed quickly and the bags of clothes were still in my room. I was too lazy to bring them to Caritas. So, I asked my maid if she liked the clothes. She said happily: 'Yes, very much, if you'd like to give them to me.' At that moment, I was just thinking of clearing my cabinet as soon as possible. If not, when my family saw my new clothes, they would complain again. So, I replied: 'Oh, Lisa, just take them if they fit you.' Lisa asked: 'Can I send them to my children in the Philippines?' I replied with a generous face: 'Oh yes, absolutely!' Deep inside my heart, I didn't think of her children, I was just thinking of giving a home to my new clothes. I watched Lisa when she was packing the clothes. She said: 'Gina, thank you very much. It's really the most precious gift for them!' I felt sudden warmth in my body. Her words really made me cry inside my heart. I felt sorry for myself. I have never imagined that my old clothes would be a precious gift for other

people. I have never thought that these old clothes would be the most precious gift that I have ever sent.

That night, I wrote my journal. I wrote down the whole thing and I cordially asked God to deliver some words to Lisa's children: 'Thanks so much! Your mother had given me the most precious gift that I have ever had.'

