

I have always given to charities, ever since I can remember: shoes and clothes, money and food, books and toys. I learned from my father. He has always ~~encouraged~~ encouraged me. Once, I gave up my birthday presents. Instead I asked for money as gifts and I sent all ~~the~~ the money I made to an organization (called Free The Children) that builds schools where there aren't any. They believe that children who help other children help to make this a better world. Recently, my ~~friends~~ friends and I started a penny drive for the families of the 9 firemen missing from our local firehouse. I feel very lucky that I have everything I could possibly want - TVs, stereos, video games, a bed to sleep in and enough food. I am sorry that there are people that don't. I feel good when I help someone out, even if I don't know the person I helped. Once, I saw a man sitting on the sidewalk asking for money so he could get some food. Instead of money I bought a hotdog and gave it to him. His face lit up like the ~~morning~~ rising sun in the morning sky. I will never forget his ~~happy~~ light up happiness. I ~~think that giving money and shoes and clothes and anonymously is better than giving food to a fat~~ ~~because giving food to a fat~~ I wish people would give what they don't need. Do you really need 3 TVs, a stereo in every

room or more than one computer? If ~~other~~ people donated the things they did not need, then they too could feel how I feel when I give.

Justin's writing after reading "Plenty," p. 2.