

My life is pretty good. Every day I get out of my warm and comfortable bed. I put on my school uniform, which is clean because my mom just washed it. I eat a warm breakfast of fresh chocolate chip pancakes and orange juice. I ride to school in an air-conditioned van and go to algebra class with one of my favorite teachers. I visit with all my friends and come home to my loving family. I read my book or watch television. As I said, I have everything I need and more.

This is in stark contrast to the homeless person I saw yesterday. I wondered what his day was like. Where was his bed? Was it on a park bench, under a bridge, in a cardboard box? His clothes were obviously not clean. Were they ever clean? What did he have for breakfast? Was it cold scraps or hard Ramen noodles? Did he even have breakfast? Did he go to school? What happened that he has to live like this, standing on a street corner with a cardboard sign begging for money and food?

After examining both lives, I knew I had to share my good fortune with others. I cleaned out my closet and found many things that were too small for me. I used my allowance to buy cans for the neighborhood food pantry. I spent a Saturday afternoon serving food to those less fortunate. Praying for them is one of the best ways to help. I know that we are both God's children and it's important to treat him with the compassion and respect that I would want. I know that we must all do our share or the problem will just worsen. If everyone tries, we can lessen the loneliness and hardship of all homeless people.