

The Giving Trees

(As told by Kathleen Dixon)

I was a single parent of four small children, working at a minimum wage job. It was Christmas time and the big excitement for the kids was the fun of Christmas shopping at the mall. I gave each of the four kids a twenty dollar bill and told them to meet back at the "Santa's workshop" display in two hours.

Back in the car driving home, I noted that Ginger, my younger daughter, had a small, flat bag, which I could see contained candy bars. I wanted to yell at her, but I didn't say anything until we got home.

When I asked her what she had done with her money, this is what she said to me: "I was looking around and I stopped to read the little cards on one of the Salvation Army's "Giving Trees". One of the cards was for a four-year-old little girl who only wanted a doll with clothes and a hairbrush. So, I took the card off the tree and bought the doll for her. I only had enough money left over to buy some candy bars for us."

I never felt as rich as I did that day.