

MONEY TOWN KIDS™

Contentment



“**L**ook, Will!” said Raul, as he pointed down the street.

“Here comes Charlie riding his brand new bike he got for Christmas.”

“Wow! It’s the one and only All American All Star BMX from Radical Racing.”

Will and Raul stood speechless as they gazed at the bright and shiny bicycle.

The boys had been seeing the bike on TV commercials all year long—and now it was right in front of them!

They loved everything about it.

It had red, white, and blue tires, stickers that looked like shooting stars, gold number plates, a water bottle, a pouch for carrying stuff, a safety lock, and a real working headlight if you ever wanted to ride at night!

“It is the coolest bike I’ve ever seen!” said Raul. “It’s totally amazing!”

Will agreed that Charlie’s new bike was awesome.

In fact, Will loved the TV commercials about the bike so much that he had dreams about it—no joke.

He dreamed he would ride the new bike in front of all the kids in his neighborhood. He would turn on the headlight and



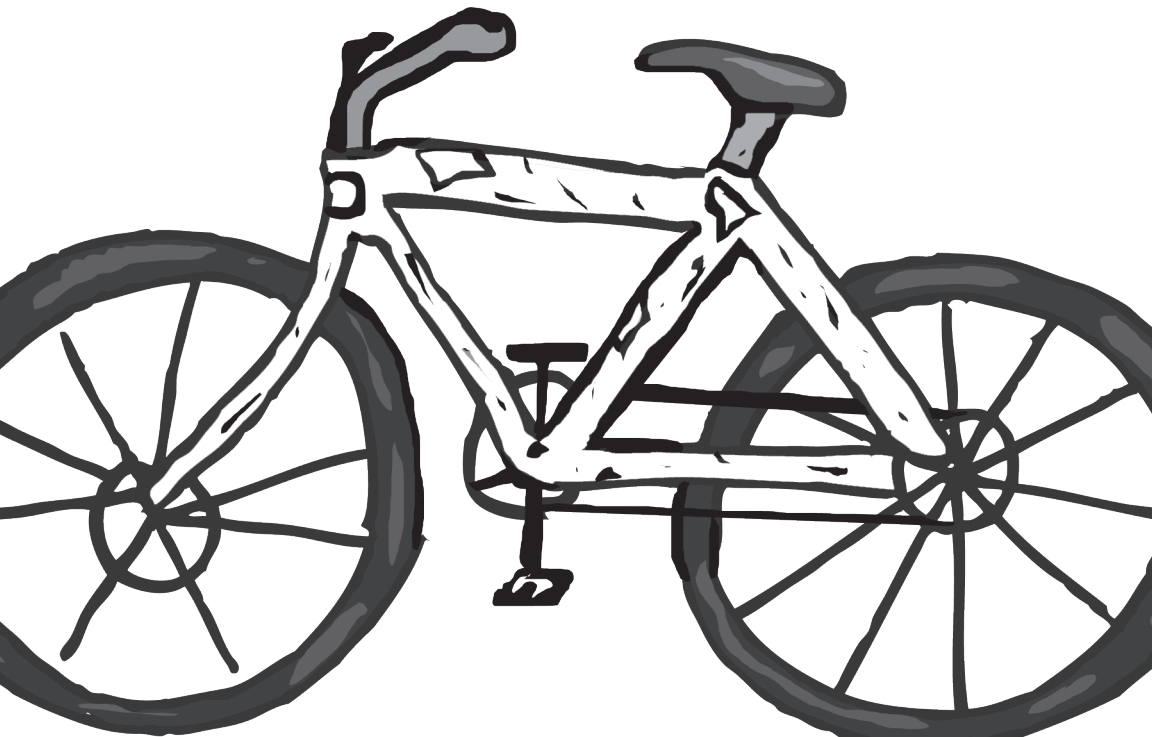
a bright beam of light would shine as he raced down the street.

How could Charlie's parents afford to get him such an awesome bike? Will thought.

Will had asked for the same bike for Christmas too, but his parents said it was way too expensive.

So, when Christmas morning came, Will didn't get a new bike. And because of that, Will had to keep riding his old bike—and it didn't even have a headlight!

It was an OK bike, but he'd had it for years and it was starting to look a little junky.



It was blue, but the paint was chipped and scratched and it didn't look new anymore.

There were also only a few stickers left on his bike too—most were torn off or faded.

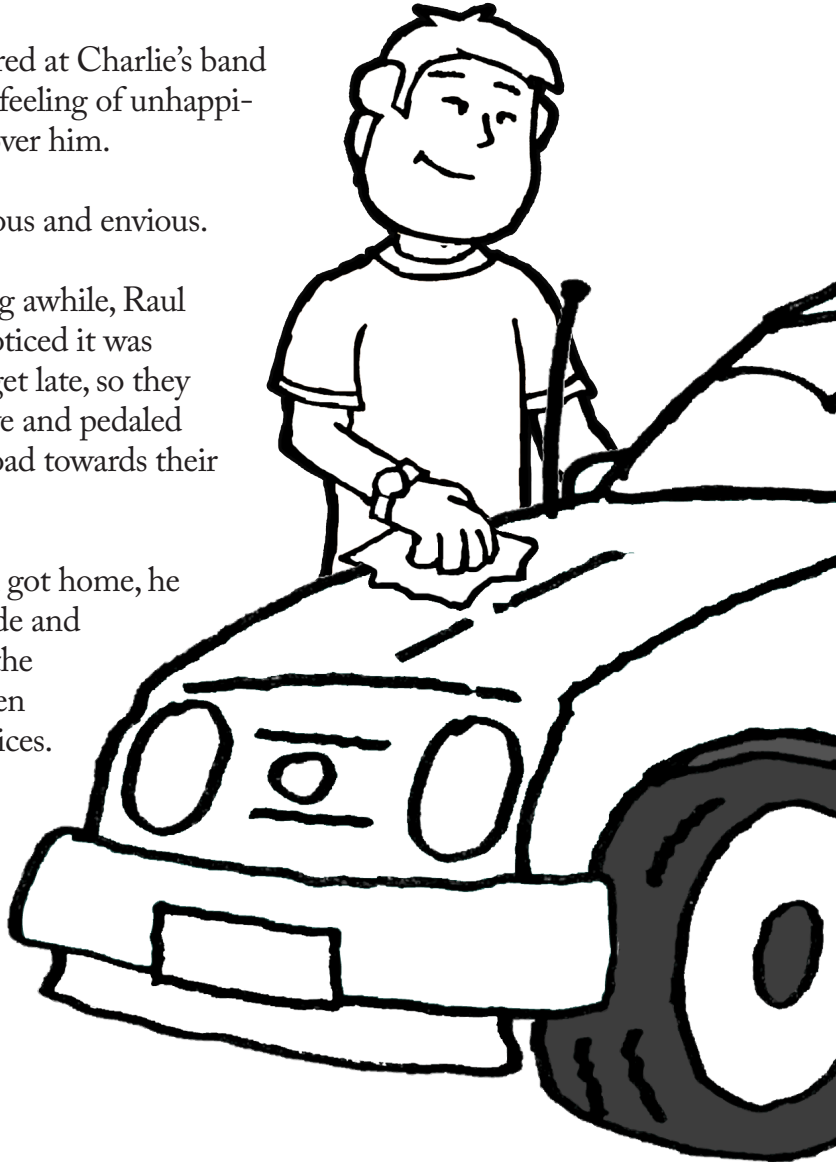
As Will stared at Charlie's brand new bike, a feeling of unhappiness came over him.

He felt jealous and envious.

After talking awhile, Raul and Will noticed it was starting to get late, so they said goodbye and pedaled down the road towards their houses.

When Will got home, he walked inside and stopped in the hallway when he heard voices.

From the living room down the hall, Will



could hear his mom and dad talking.

“Dave came to work today in a brand new car,” his dad said.

“He saw it on the new car lot and just had to have it. It’s a fancy sports car with leather seats, onboard navigation, and black glossy paint.

“I hate to admit it, but seeing the new car made me
want to trade in our old
car for a new one too.
We’ve driven the
same car for eight
years now.”



“I know,” said Will’s mom. “It would be nice, wouldn’t it? But don’t forget the REAL reasons we choose to drive older used cars.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” his dad agreed. We ARE able to do some wonderful things because we drive that old car, aren’t we?”

“Yes, like saving for the kids’ college education, taking a vacation this year, and giving money to support that nice missionary couple serving in India.”

Down the hallway, still listening to his parents, Will smiled. He remembered meeting the Smiths who came to their church last summer and showed pictures of their family helping orphans in India.

Wow, I didn’t know we gave money to help them, he thought.

“You’re right,” his father continued. “We’d never be able to do those great things if we splurged on a brand new expensive sports car. Come to think of it, our car has been very reliable, and it gets us to where we need to go just fine.

“And to be honest, I guess the REAL thing I’m unhappy about is that it’s not shiny and new!”

Will’s parents laughed.

“But you know what? A good car wash and wax costs a lot less than buying a new car! I think I’ll wax our car this weekend,” his dad said.



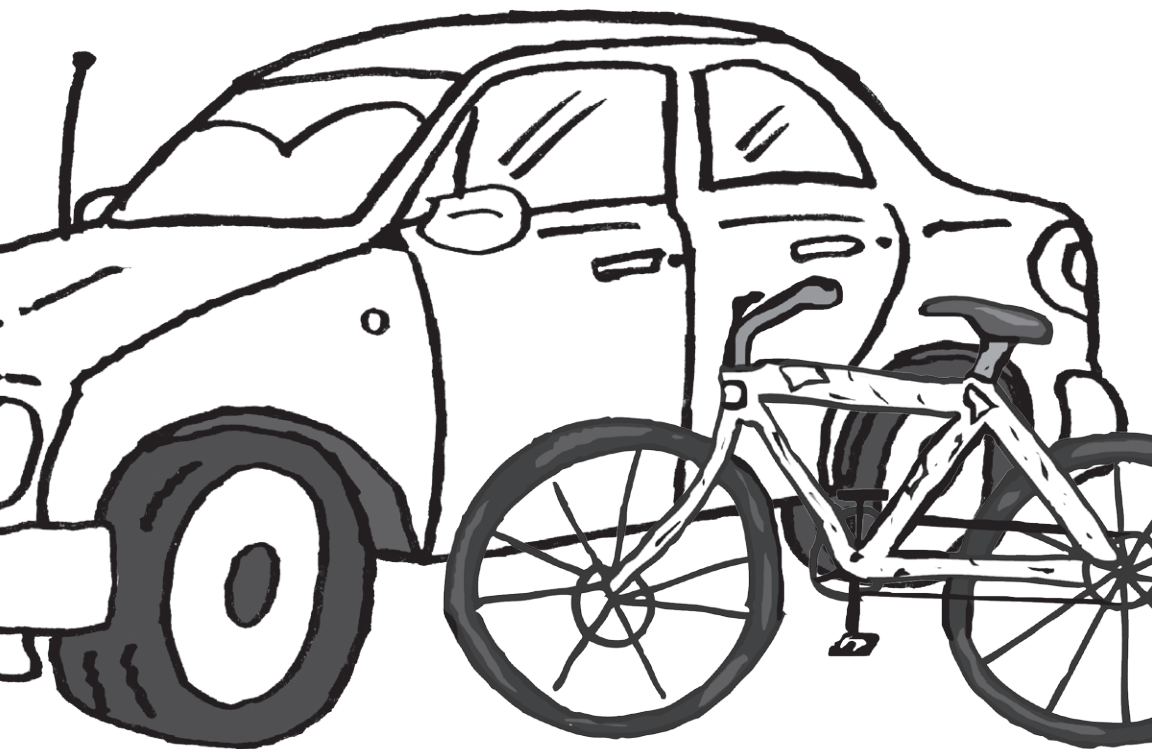
Will smiled again as he listened.

He felt happy to belong to a family who was content with what they had and able to help other people.

It was then that Will remembered Charlie's new bicycle.

“Hmmm...”

Somehow the new bike didn't seem so important to him after all.



You know what? he thought. *My bicycle works just fine. I'm happy with it. I guess I wish it looked a little newer, that's all.*

Just then Will had a great idea.

The next morning, bright and early, Will and his dad drove down to the hardware store.

“May I help you?” the manager asked as they walked into the store.

“Yes, I'd like one can of your best car wax,” Will's dad said. And then Will spoke up too, “And one can of shiny blue paint please!”

Will and his dad looked at each other and winked.

