

## **ROBBED!**

Christmas is a time to celebrate and spend quality time with our friends and family. A time when we don't have to worry about anything, but appreciate the love that surrounds us. Christmas was one of my favourite holidays, until 2003. I had barely turned seven and had not fully understood all the hazards that life throws our way. It was only our second Christmas in Canada but we had made friends easily and we loved our small apartment. But that year I had learned one of the most valuable lessons in my entire life: You should constantly look on the brighter side because it will always make you happier.

It had all started when my parents and I got back from a huge Christmas party that year. To say that we were excited would have been an understatement. I had chatted non-stop with my parents during our drive back about all the toys that I had got as gifts and all the games that I had played with my friends. I was so excited that I was still talking about it happily in the whole elevator ride up to the 20th floor. I couldn't wait to call and tell my best friend, Monica, everything that we had done. But she was away visiting her grand parents and I had to wait till the next day.

We arrived at our door when suddenly a gasp escaped my dad. He carefully pushed open the front door and started to talk to my mom in our native tongue rapidly. He was talking so fast that I couldn't understand a single word he was saying. Both of them cautiously disappeared into the apartment with incredibly worried faces.

What's wrong? Why are they so disquieted? I had so many questions suddenly but no answers.

I found my mom in her bedroom weeping while my dad had his arm placed over her shoulder and was on the phone talking to the police. I looked around their room; the drawers were falling out of the wooden chest and clothes were sprawled everywhere, it looked like a tornado had gone through in our absence! I went to my mom and asked her quietly what had happened. She looked up and answered tearfully, "We've been robbed!"

Thoughts were racing through my head at a million miles an hour. What if we had there when the robbers had come? Would we still be here today or would we be dead?

What if...what if...and I broke down into tears. The room started to spin. My parents came and hugged me so tightly that I almost lost all my oxygen but I didn't mind. It was nice having them around me. I looked at my parents' faces; I had never seen them so sad before. My sadness turned into rage. If the police found the robbers I would do something so vicious and totally atrocious that they would regret robbing us!

Three police officers came and went through our home and started to inspect the door and all the chest of drawers by putting white powder all over it to look for fingerprints. They left saying they couldn't find anything but will let us know if they did. My mind was screaming, "THAT'S ALL? YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING? WHAT'S THE POINT IN YOU BEING A POLICE OFFICER!?" I was very disappointed, angry and irritated with them.

A few minutes later my mom came and sat down on my bed. We just sat there hugging each other. After a while I looked at her and asked, “What did they take?” My mom smiled sadly “My wedding jewellery, all our money, and all sorts of other valuables. Everything.” But she immediately added, “But look on the bright side. God made sure no one got hurt. We still have each other. You are the most precious thing we have ever had and as long we have you, God willing, we will replace everything we had lost over time”

At that moment, it made me realize that there is always a positive way of looking at bad things that happen – especially those that we can’t control. You just have to look for them no matter how bad the situation or how lonely and lost we feel. Sometimes we have to look for it much harder than at other times. Where there is hope, there is meaning to life.