

Wheat from the chaff

Following on from Miriam's recent *Friday Night Message* regarding charity shops, I regularly help out at a local charity shop near me –when we are not in lockdown. It has shown me a great deal about people from various aspects of life.

"One man's junk is another man's treasure".

Great anticipation goes into sifting through a bag of donations. Mask and gloves on after the required quarantine time. It is amazing what is to be found.

Sometimes, items you believe to have been of great sentimentality to someone at one time can be tossed aside into a bag. No point in worshipping material things after all. Even the ancient Egyptian Pharaohs could not take it with them as we all found out.

That said, the item may go onto the shop floor to the absolute delight of a customer claiming, *"Oh this is exactly what I was looking for!"*

Some things find home in the skip that seems to be often raided by unknowns searching for their own treasure. The joy is in the recycling to help one another have that thrill we once did, and who does not like a bargain when we see one.

Always bear in mind that something is only worth what someone is prepared to pay for it. Bartering has become the norm in our shop which is fun on both sides. It is all swings and roundabouts which pretty much sums up life's journey.

Shabbat shalom everyone,

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