

# The lost treasure

[Sociology](#), [Shopping](#)



Jahdai Dunk The Lost Treasure When reminiscing on a special moment in time there is delight, fear, or humiliation that may be remembered; teaching a message in the long run. While many people learn through past memories, I also have been taught a lesson about God always being with me while on my trip to Lake Tahoe. It is known to be an amazing place where families enjoy themselves and vacation like there is no end. People have this perfect vision of beautiful green trees, skiing, camping, and great family memories when reflecting on Lake Tahoe.

While I think about the holiday I spent there and listen to the words Lake Tahoe, I keep in mind a beautiful location; but also a regretful memory that in the long run changed my mindset about the love God has for me. It all started on a damp, foggy morning around 6am, I felt my heartbeat jumping like a pogo stick. It was the morning of Christmas! Santa Clause and presents leaped all through my mind that morning. I slowly opened my eyes, yawned, and finally sprinted through the narrow hall way to my family room exploding with excitement.

Rapidly, I opened up my gifts and I first (saw) distinguished a green bible and a black and pink purse. I thanked my parents for these gifts, but when I opened the final item I was even more joyous seeing an item I thought I would've never (seen) set eyes on in years. It was a brand new flip phone! I (ran) raced to my parents and screamed, " Thank you mommy, and thank you daddy! " Alarmed by my (screaming) shrieking cry my brother thought, " Why does she get a phone at such a young age, she's only 10? " Obtaining my phone I was ecstatic, but when grasping the other items, I wasn't as energized.

Assuming I was so tight with my grey, wireless flip phone, I strutted with great confidence out of the house; viewing it to be one of the best days of my 4th grade life. I was in complete shock to be carrying such a precious device. After treasuring my first phone I was eager to go to Lake Tahoe for some more enjoyment. A few days following Christmas around 8 am, I quickly packed my belongings, (carried) lugged my new purse along with my bible and phone, on my way to Lake Tahoe. It took about 4 hours to get to our destination and I felt like a fat walrus while sitting in the car for such a long period of time.

Hours later around noon, I woke up and examined my surroundings outside. I screamed, “ Oh my goodness, we are here! ” Immediately, I grabbed my black leather purse that had my phone and bible, took a breath in tasting the refreshing air of civilization, and had a mindset eager to play some activities in the area. The main entertainments in the area of gorgeous Lake Tahoe were the outdoor shopping centers across the street from our hotel with a variety of antique stores, foodplaces, casinos, a tram and arcades. Although the city was filled with numerous fun and phenomenal activities, I thought the top place for enjoyment was the arcade.

My family and I began to stridden around trying to find an arcade, but unfortunately couldn't locate one at the moment. I began to sniffle and was filled with salty tears. As I (looked) appeared gloomy and walked through the winding outdoor shopping centers, it started to reach evening. I then wiped those tears away when my mom told me and my siblings that there was an arcade inside a very smoky place. I realized this unbearable scented building happened to be a casino with an arcade inside! Cheerfully, we leaped with

joy unmindful of the smoke, ready to run as if it was Christmas again yelling, “ Let’s go! ”

My family and I ran inside dodging the smells of smolder left and right, covered up our noses, held our breath, huddled in close, and finally spotted in the corner was the arcade. I asked my parents for money and swiftly sprinted like there was no limit to play several games. There were so many games and the prizes were pleasing to my eyes, therefore my goal was to get a huge amount of tickets. I went left and right (going) departing from game to game with a huge smile on my face. As I came to a satisfaction of my amount of tickets, I finished with one final game, which was known as the irresistible roller coaster game.

My body rattled feeling the movements of a jiggling massage chair giving me the urge to raise my hands as if I was on a real roller coaster. Before leaving I picked out my little prizes with unspeakable joy and quickly went to the restroom as though everything was alright; but what I didn’t know was part of me was about to be lost that day. Skipping back with my toys in my hand, I was ready to go back for some more games as if I just left Disneyland. I was being thrown with happiness almost back at our hotel just two blocks ahead, realizing something was incomplete. I frantically shouted, “ Uh oh, where’s my purse! ” My massive smile turned into sorrow. My mom in worry answered, “ I don’t know, where was the last place you saw it? ” Out of breath with tears beginning to come down my face I anxiously sighed, “ The arcade! ” Rewinding my steps I ran like it was the end of the world all the way back to the arcade in great concern because that purse had my brand new phone inside of it! We passed one block then two with a huge change in emotion.

My sensitive heart skipped a step every stride of the way. Then finally we arrived at the arcade hastily trying to retrace our steps.

We went back through the jungle of smoke and at last making it to the arcade. I went to each and every game forcing myself to remember what I did with the purse. Not being able to find the purse in the arcade, my dad and mom checked the security station. Rushing back eager to hear the news my mom said, “ The security found the purse and your bible was still there, but they took the phone! ” My tears turned into sobs as I heard those terrible words. I never realized how much an attitude could change from being joyous one moment to regret the next. All I could think was, “ My parents will never get me a phone until I’m fifty years old! Every time I think about Lake Tahoe or hear those words, I always reminisce about the loss of my first phone. Although I believed my phone was a prized possession then, I now realize that the treasure that was left behind was my real prize. An item such as my bible that I wasn’t fond of when opening at Christmas, opened up my eyes years later to understanding that God expresses his love in the most amazing ways. While I thought lost my most prized possession, perhaps I never lost it all. Perhaps it was there all the time in the form of an even greater possession that lasts forever which was appreciating God’s love through the bible.