

Hand Me Downs

- Meredith Piela

I love having an older sister with great style and clothes that are about the same size as mine. Why? Because it means I get hand-me-downs, and LOTS of them. Since my sister is in college, I rarely get the piles of her unwanted clothes (though I admit, I do borrow the clothes she left behind from time to time), but when I do, it's the most exciting thing. After watching her wear certain clothing items that I wish I owned, it's the greatest moment when I see them sitting in a pile outside my room, waiting to be tried on (and usually claimed) by me. Whenever she's home and decides it's time to do a big clothes sort out in her room, I know that it means there will be a large stack of clothes waiting for me to dive into.

As much as I love hand-me-down clothes, I don't feel the same excitement when I receive other hand-me-downs, such as phones or a car.

I'll admit, I have a bad habit of losing and breaking phones. I got my very first cell phone in 6th grade, and since then, I've owned six more phones. Of course, only three of those phones were originally mine. A few years ago, it didn't seem like a big deal to me that I had to use either my mom or my sister's old phone when I lost mine, because they were nicer phones. The last phone I got was in 9th grade, and that lasted until this past February. Since then I've had two replacement phones (both were my sister's), and my current one (which is a replacement) is a Blackberry. I know I should appreciate having a working phone, even though it's not the newest or most popular one around. But let's be realistic I'm a 17 year old who's never had a super fancy phone. Obviously I want an iPhone! Since I know I'll have to wait a little while until I can get one, I'll just appreciate the used one that I have right now, and try not to lose or break it.

Over the summer I obtained my learner's permit, so in at least six months, I'll be able to get my license and drive by myself. When that time comes, instead of buying a new car, I'll be using my sister's car, an older Toyota Highlander, which used to be my mom's. Even though it's a hand-me-down, I'll still be excited when I get to have it as my car. I can't complain. Besides being an automatic that's in good condition, I didn't have to save up my money to buy it. More importantly, I'll be driving around in a car that has stories behind it and memories inside.

These hand-me-downs may seem like ordinary things to other people, but to me, there is sentimental value in all of them. Hand-me-downs are part of who I am, and they will always have special meanings. Pretty soon I'll be driving around in a used car, with a new phone, and a mix of new and old clothes. When this happens, I'll be perfectly content, because that's who I am.