

"Fortunate was I to have born with a silver spoon in mouth. I always ridiculed the arguments tending to attach greater weight to moral values than to wealth. I went on dismissing all this stuff as 'platitudinous fare, never looking at any moral story as a wake-up call. It all changed with a sudden shock when my dearest friend got into an accident and succumbed to his injuries.

To me, life was very simple. I remember when I was at odds with spirituality, describing it as a "self-created mirage." To me, everything that we can buy was "something," and everything else is just "nothing" (self-contradictory, as it may sound). Often with my father, I used to argue that money was at the heart of how much we can get out of our life. He always disproved my idea, saying, "There are things money cannot buy!" Without bothering to ask him to show examples, I would just shy away wincing and ridiculing. It continued like this until the day when I lost my friend in an accident. He took his last breath in the most expensive hospital in the city, showing me the peak of man's helplessness in the face of reality.

It served as an eye-opener though I wish it had been something less-painful (that I don't think might have done any damage to my adamancy). Standing beside my friend's grave, I trampled my myopia and headed to the church with my eyes drenched in tears to seek God's pardon. Money (eh)!"