

Earning and Spending resource

Scene for Role Play: The social room of the church. Most of the members have gone now that the meeting is over, and the few who have stayed to straighten up the room are just about to leave.

Wes: (pushing chair against wall) There, I guess everything's back in place. The deacons are meeting here tomorrow night and Dad said to be sure to leave the room in order.

Linda: Looks all right to me. This is a nice room for meetings now that the ladies' class fixed it up—you know, new curtains, lamps, and things.

Bob: It sure was a mess before they got started. Something like my room at home. Full of junk, I mean.

Mandy: Don't you ever clean your room, Bob?

Bob: Sure, Mom makes me clean it every Sunday. But it never does look good, even when I've cleaned it. None of my furniture matches. It looks more like a second-hand shop.

Wes: Oh well, that's easy to fix. You've got a part-time job. Why don't you save your money and buy some things you like?

Bob: Are you kidding? All the money I make goes into the bank!

Linda: Well, I try to save some of the money I make from baby-sitting, too. But if there's something I want very much, I buy it.

Wes: I don't save a cent! In fact, I'm always in a hole. Every time I get a dollar ahead, my old car needs a new tire or something. It looks like I'll be devoting my life to supporting that old car.

Mandy: You're a nut, Wes!

Bob: Even so, at least you can have a car. That's something!

Wes: Well, if you want one, why don't you buy it? You've been working after school for Mr. Tracy for almost three years. You should have enough to buy a car by now.

Bob: Oh, I've got more than enough to buy a car. But my Dad won't let me spend a cent of that money. When I get paid he lets me take a little out for spending, but the rest of it has to go right in the bank.

Linda: But it's your money, Bob.

Bob: I know. But my folks want me to go to college, and since they can't pay all the bills, I've got to save as much as possible.

Wes: I wouldn't like that at all. My folks don't care what I do with the money I earn. They say it's mine and I'm only young once, so I might as well have fun with it. When I run too short,

Pop always slips me a dollar or two if he thinks Mom's not around. And sometimes she slips me money when she thinks Pop won't know.

Linda: My family's not like either of yours. They encourage me to take baby-sitting jobs when they know the family, but they

said they'd rather I didn't get a regular job while I'm still in school. Mother wants me to concentrate on my studies, and Dad thinks I need some free time, too. So, if I want some extra clothes or something like that, I use some of the money I've earned, and the rest goes into a little bank I've got at home—for emergencies and Christmas shopping, things like that.

Mandy: Sounds reasonable. But your folks have more money than most around here, Linda. I need all the jobs I can get because I have to buy all my own clothes.

Wes: Wow! I'd be a real mess if I had to do that. But you're a good dresser. You dress like a model.

Mandy: Thanks, Wes. It's not that I have so many clothes, or that they're expensive. But I have learned one thing, and that's how to shop carefully. I think maybe having to buy my own clothes is really a good thing. Sometimes I feel...I feel...oh, I don't know. I'd like to have more money for records and stuff. But the one thing I mind most is that I don't have more money for church.

Wes: Do you put your own money in church?

Mandy: Sure. Don't you?

Wes: Ugh-no. Pop says he makes a pledge every year, and that covers the whole family. He says I'll have time to worry about stuff like that when I'm married and have my own family.

Bob: I wouldn't feel right if I didn't put something in church every week. Even though I don't have much to spend I sort of feel it's . . . well, it's my duty.

Linda: You know, this whole question of money is interesting. All four of us do things differently, don't we?

Wes: Say, (Looking at watch) it's not late and I've got my wheels outside. What do you say we drive out to an eatery and chew this over some more? Maybe we can figure out who has the right idea.