

KRISH'S CORNER



Forget it and Drive On!

As a big fan of the TV sitcom, I am disappointed that there are no shows that provide the family value message of the Cosby show or the integration message of Different Strokes. It seems like the brilliance of I Love Lucy and the slapstick rib tickling antics of The Three Stooges have been replaced with innuendo and explicitly adult messages that are lewd and disgusting. Add to this the disappearance of Touched by an Angel and the long running success of The Simpsons and I am sure that the culture war we are fighting is a lost one. Somewhere in his grave the playwright Oscar Wilde is wondering if class has been replaced with cash and civility substituted by unruly displays of immorality and decadence. I wish I could forget it and drive on.

Airports boast a sense of clothing that would make the pious blush and mothers dress in ways that give their girls permission to be tawdry as well. Cities claim the right to block the speech of one group while bowing to the parade of marchers who are illegally searching for a legal right. Entertainers claim political IQ and politicians feign entertainment brilliance while singing the tune that gives election night mandates. Corporations have lawyers to protect their CEOs from big bonuses and big vacations in government secured facilities and lawyers claim moral victory in suing other corporations. I wish I could forget it and drive on.

You can order a taco and have your call sent by wireless high speed digital transmission to a clearing house four hundred miles away in the name of convenience and progress. Yet we ticket old ladies trying to cross a street because they take too long to do so. The drug dealer peddles his wares on the corner and the drive-by shooter gets bolder in his attempt to create supremacy in a turf war, but the policeman is too busy explaining why he gave the elderly woman a ticket for jaywalking. We can go to the moon and back in a tiny compartment but cannot explain to some people that partial morality is immorality. I wish I could forget it and drive on.

Amidst this insanity is real hope. Within the boundaries of this hysteria is real promise. Hiding beneath the floors of inequity in the cellars of doubt lie real dreams and robust ambitions. Someone wakes up every morning and looks at his glass as being half-full instead of half empty. This person does not just forget it and drive on. He pictures life as a canvas and experience the ink, and charts a course to create a portrait of a legacy that will and does win. He drives on with both eyes open. He will forget all that does not work for him and will not listen to that which will not work for him. I wish I could drive with him. What a ride that would be! Imagine--a journey of optimism with positive thinkers who are designed to fill your mind with joy and your soul with laughter. Can you picture a thought-provoking odyssey into an unknown realm where all your worries are replaced with comfort and peace? If you ever discovered that joy, you would never forget it. This week look for the good in all the bad and force yourself to make a difference in your own journey.