

People Are Watching You!



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I have been sharing my individual thoughts, opinions, and personal lessons gained from my circuitous journey for nearly forty years. I

don't expect everybody to agree with me. Nor should they.

It is the year 2026, and I am never short-changed in having something to scratch my head in either disbelief or sheer incredulousness.

In the majority of cases, I can't do much about fixing the world's problems other than to hope and pray there are better days ahead for my nieces, nephews and grandchildren. There is a popular saying that reminds us that we can't fix the world, but we can fix our world. And that is what I am focusing on today. Fixing (or improving) our immediate environments.

I am referring to **my fellow men and women** who drive down my local streets, shop at my local stores, send their children to my local schools, and frequent restaurants and all culinary establishments near my home. In short, they are not impressing me.

Just my observation: The people in my immediate world seem to have lost their character. Lost their patience. Forgot how to spell the word "politeness." Forgot how to dress appropriately and speak in public while actually looking in our direction. Forgot how to show courtesy when presented with an opportunity to do so. Forgot how to listen while waiting for their turn to talk. Failed to recognize the fact that the nearest interstate is not a NASCAR racetrack. And, as if this is not enough, it seems that most drivers have forgotten that "road-rage" is for idiots and that texting while driving is beyond explanation.

I am confident that I am not the only person over the age of 50, 60 or 70 who shares my consternation. I can only hope I have a few votes of support from those who make it a habit to read my weekly column. We might not be in a position to fix the behaviors of others, but we are in the driver's seat when it comes to remedying our own shortcomings ... if and when necessary.

Believe me, I am the first to blame my apparent whining on the fact I will be blowing out 78 candles on my next birthday cake. They tell me with age come orneriness. I am reminded that for much of my adult life, close friends have often referred to me as a "bag of wind." With this in mind, I am betting on my success when it comes to extinguishing all 78 candles when the big day arrives. Regardless of your political persuasion, or if you choose to attend church services or not, I am asking you today to check your personal "Role-Model Status." You certainly can't single-handedly put an end to the consistent flow of bad news today, but you can improve and polish your individual character and contributions.

This is not a ten-step program on how to become one of the good guys. What I am trying to say is that you are driving your bus and that you determine your future by the choices you make today. And always remember, people are watching you and giving you a grade.