

Trust

By Eydie McDaniel

Who can we trust these days? I don't like hearing that question very much whether it's out of someone's mouth or in my own head. We have enormous nationwide organizations that have filled their rapid and powerful information streams with so much debris that we could fear that our trusted bridges of decency may well smash into their polluted rage.

Constant personal vigilance is vital to avoid compromising our health simply by eating from the once trust worthy American food industry. A slew of companies now make billions from selling products of horrible quality. Our landfills bulge with much of this unusable merchandise. The challenge of buying products that have provided American people with jobs discourages even the tenacious seeker.

Labels on bottles and boxes reflect addresses on USA soil as though thousands work here to make and handle these items and pay taxes to our country. But sadly in truth these addresses employ only a small mail processing team.

Well paid CEO's often wave the flag and claim a good guy image while taking their huge pay checks in a foreign bank to avoid paying the taxes they owe in the USA. On our soil customers pay taxes and keep money going into executive pockets atop their dirty swill. Yes they may hire to sell their products in retail and service markets but they continuously maneuver to keep their payrolls lower and lower. This means lower and lower pay checks. This means lower and lower standard of living. This also means extreme performance pressure amid a fearful climate were long standing, high quality workers get fired. Upper management flings well seasoned integrity and loyalty to the curb for lesser paid inexperienced beginners.

Someone has said that when money becomes the morality, there is no morality. To keep our honor, we must resist the decay of our American morals as best we can. Yet bread winners of every ilk often face a necessity to settle for these substandard employers.

Of course in this neurotic competition, ugly personalities rare their maladjusted heads. How do we manage our resentment? How do we forgive? How do we continue to serve one another?

Really, I know we each have different needs. At times or in some ways we each need more from the people who surround us. I know that I do. To compensate, I try to give a lot.

I trust that if we listen in our true hearts, we give as we are intended to. On rare moments we get to see it happen. In those moments we get to see that we do makes a difference. Those are deep beautiful, even humbling moments. I trust in this worldwide mysterious truth, because it builds, touches, heals, wider than any ONE of us could design. Having a sense of this intangible reality inspires me. What a relief to be on that worldwide, even sacred, team.