

## Life's Treasures

By *Howie Flomberg*

Not to be trite, but I woke up this morning. That is a treasure. As I was scanning the Internet I saw the following post "*Man sues parents for not loving him enough.*" If you actually read the drivel, he wants his penniless parents to buy two franchises, like "Domino's Pizza." Either they do that or sit down at the dinner table and talk *nice*. His father claims that the "child" in question is not his. I think this is the epitome of "*The world owes me a living*" point of view.

Mark Twain said: "Too many people think the world owes them a living. The world owes you nothing. It was here first."

I know that this group is not a place for expounding politically. I find that expounding politically is as simple to me as breathing, so I'll continue in the manner that is really natural to me. As a result of living an *interesting* life the world owes me a living. I spent about 30 years in front of a college class as an adjunct professor. In all of those years I've had students formally complain about their grades twice. One student said that I gave him a poor grade because of his sexual identity. He sat in the back of the room and I didn't even know his name. The department chair threw him out of his office.

Another time a student complained that I gave him a poor grade because he was Muslim and I am Jewish. He made this accusation in front of the Academic Grades Committee. I've never seen multiple face plants before. By the way, my grading is pretty much automatic. I enter test scores into an Excel spreadsheet and the grade is computed. I learned the wisdom of this process years ago.

Again the scholar in question sat in the back of the room and never participated in any discussion. In both of these cases the dispute was settled by passing around my grade book and syllabus for review. These are minor cases but they illustrate "the world owes me a living" attitude.

My kids already debate which one of them gets to take care of which one of us, my wife and me. There is no problem deciding who will take care of my wife. I am the difficult one. I believe the majority opinion is to leave me by a tree in the high country. Heck, that works for me.

I began this diatribe by saying: "... I woke up this morning. That is a treasure." I think that is what we are supposed to be saying, or rather discussing. So I will get back to a more positive outlook. When you are differently-abled, every day is a blessing. Perhaps that's why I have no patience for the able-bodied who act like the world owes them a living.

George Carlin said, "Always try not to be killed." That sums up my attitude.