Subject: Re: Senior Musing
Posted by Wayne Parham on Thu, 29 Oct 2020 18:02:20 GMT
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Dude, that's awesome. I feel this way too. It rushes over me, just like you've described. I don't have that album, so I'm on a quest to find it. Gotta find it in vinyl, if I can. :)

To comment on the core of the matter, I think my interactions with my environment can influence it, just a little bit. So since I think that, it's important that I be responsible about what I do.

I think it's important for me to try and interact with people in ways that won't make things worse. And to tell the truth, I'm opinionated, judgmental and easily angered, so the core of who I am makes it not always easy to keep from "making things worse." I could easily lash out or tell people exactly what I thought. But I suppose in this instance, it is sometimes better to remember that "Nothing pays off like restraint of tongue and pen. We must avoid quick-tempered criticism and furious, power-driven argument. The same goes for sulking or silent scorn."

So while I may be emotionally charged and driven to tell people what I think, or to nudge and goad them, what I'm really is doing is trying to change them. I must remember that there's no need for that. I am not made happier if I force someone else to see things my way. I may think I'm showing them the light, but what I'm really doing is just annoying them or even completely pissing them off.

As a result, it is my opinion that the best thing I can do is to respect other people's opinions, thoughts and fears by refraining from challenging them. I can cooperate. I can be open and honest about my thoughts if I feel they will be appreciated, or I can refrain if I sense it will just descend into a senseless argument. I certainly don't need to change anyone else. If I can live happily in their (physical or online) presence, then I will engage with them. If I can't, then I will refrain. That's the whole concept of "boundaries" and I like it.

I mean, I can always pick a fight too. I can engage in battle. I can tell the stupid sons of bitches what I've learned, and I can debate them or even physically fight them. I can get involved in demonstrations. I can impose my will upon others that really need to learn the truth 'cause they're so stupid.

But I think, then, than nobody is listening. Everyone is just talking shit. Or fighting and dying. For nothing.

So I think I'll go find that album you're talking about and listen to it. And while I'm doing that, I'll build something useful, like filing the rings for my Impala engine and making them ready to go on the pistons. Later, I'll invite a friend over to my house that lives alone, so I know is lonely.