

"Keeping up with the Jones?"

The other day I found myself asking exactly what this meant. After all who are the Jones. The media paints this picture of success that all to many of us buy into. Sociologist spout the theory of Social Stratification. Supposedly our society is divided into ~~to~~ six strata; Upper Class, Upper Middle Class, Middle Class, Working Class, Working Poor, and the Under Class. If I simply reject stratification as a premise does it alter the conclusions I make about myself?

You bet it does! What is "poor" and who defines it? Somehow, a few decades back I began to see myself as poor and became highly ashamed of so called poverty, not just mine, but yours too. That shame dictated my self worth and in large part my behavior for way to long. The fact is, I don't like where the Jones are going, so why the hec have I been wishing I could keep up?

God did not make me a calm, soft spoken man who is always reasonable and acts logically. I am a man of great passion whose life is sometimes loud and "caotic" (I can't spell that word! ;) ) I don't have money, but I sure as hell aint poor! I do not want a shiny boat in the drive)way to impress the neighbors. Truth be told, I am more of a aluminum boat on the rack of my pick-up kind of guy. I'd rather be barefoot and proud than concerned about the impression my loafers are making. I love the Lord and will cry thinking of His goodness, or watchin folks answer an altar call. I prefer the term "neighborly" to "ministry". I'll give you the shirt off my back in a heart beat, not because I am "called to", but because it feels right.

Fact is, I am ashamed of my actions of the past. What I have done to some folks I'll never be Ok about nor will I ever be at peace about 'em. I damn well shouldn't either! In accepting that I find I can also except who I am and where I come from. I am ashamed of what I have done, not, any longer, of who I am. The Jones be damned!

*Pass*

Today: Take a moment to introduce yourself to yourself and smile,