

H A R L A N   R I C H A R D S

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My Protectors

I have my own personal bodyguards. Everywhere I go, at least 2 designated individuals are there to protect me and keep me safe from harm. They also see to it that I am able to make all my appointments on time, get fed regularly and don't have a care in the world.

It's funny how people at the opposite ends of the economic spectrum lead such similar lives. Wealthy people, politicians and celebrities have aides, assistants and bodyguards. All they have to do is show up and everything is handled for them. They don't have to wait in line, make appointments, get their own food, or arrange transportation. It's all done for them.

Meanwhile, I'm at the very lowest rung of society and have the exact same perks the wealthy must pay for. Those in the middle may not see it the same way I do, but then I wouldn't know about that because I am kept isolated from the hoi polloi the same way the elites isolate themselves from the masses.

These thoughts occurred to me when I was recently taken to a medical facility for tests. I didn't have to do anything but be there. All the details were handled for me. I had no worries - just go where I'm told, when I'm told.

People in the free world may say no thanks, they'd rather have the headaches and hassles of doing it themselves. But for me, as long as I don't have any choice in the matter, I may as well view it as a privilege and opportunity rather than as a demeaning experience. After all, it's how you perceive it that counts and I'd rather focus on the blessings rather than the curses.