

## There are 100

I was reading through a group chat the other day and someone asked, "Is humanity hopeless in general or is it just a matter of opinion and we are all good souls deep inside?" I thought about it for awhile and decided to reply. Here is what I wrote:

I think that, for every car accident or cut-off in traffic, there are easily 100 people who pause to let another driver into line. For every door that slams in anger, there are 100 doors held open by someone, for another to enter without having to pull or push.

For every one embezzler, there are 100 people working to make an honest living. For every mercenary, terrorist, thug, molester, whatever, ... there are 100 people for each one of those, who get up each morning and do laundry for their children, work extra hours to buy enough food for their family, volunteer to teach English to someone, drive a friend to the polls even if they don't know how they'll vote when they get there, hold a friend in their arms who is sobbing because someone had to go to the hospital and may never come home again.

Because of a quirk of human nature, the 100 people don't make headlines on the news for what they do. It is too common to be simply good to one another. Every day.

Life is hard at times. We humans have our flaws. We drop things, forget things, fail to see the impact of what we do in our complex world. We believe a lie, sometimes, because it sounds so true. And later on, we learn that we have acted in a way we wish we hadn't, based on that lie. Does that make us evil? I don't hold to that opinion.

So, our job is to always seek the truth and forgive ourselves when we've had trouble finding it, and someone else has paid the price for that. We are constantly in the process of fine tuning that balance between sticking to what seem to be our principles and yet open enough to hear another's story and be ready to incorporate something new into our view of the world.