

The Bandera PROPHEET

September 1, 2020

Opining

By Elena Tucker
Special to the Prophet

It's important, isn't it, not to take ourselves too seriously. Most of us suffer occasionally from the malady known as Self-Importance. But we don't talk about it much because it's such a tacky problem. Symptoms are numerous but easily ignored.

Let's test ourselves: 1. My opinions are invaluable. 2. Everyone longs to know what I think. 3. The earth would spin off its axis without the balance of my opinions. 4. Any process not undergirding my feelings involves a probable conspiracy. 5. People who disagree with me are Agents of Evil, or unpatriotic.

Let's face it. Even really important people are dispensable. Life goes on. I'm not all THAT critical to the well-being and stability of the universe, except when I fail to put pickles on my daughter's sandwich. Existence as we know it does not depend on what I say or do, folded stacks of Downy-fragrant underwear aside. Do I accept responsibility for my public stance? Of course. But I acknowledge this responsibility with the understanding that I'm small; I'm likely wrong and the Breadwinner is likely right. Even the teenagers are more often right than I am. It's a painful truth.

There's a distinctly tricky balance between understanding our importance (who I am) and our lack of importance (also who I am). Our worlds are easily shrunk into household, taxes, workplace and local hen-pecking. Which is where a small-town columnist comes in. Who cares? Have I ever claimed to be the final word? Darned right. When it comes to beds being made, windows being open to fresh air

and white sneakers. But otherwise I can't claim to hold any sacred truths.

On the other hand, let's face it. I'm the center of my world. If it weren't for me, I wouldn't get up every morning. If it weren't for me, I wouldn't shower or read or work or find bliss in my morning latte. And, to be perfectly honest, if it weren't for me, nobody around here would eat. The Breadwinner is an absolute loss in the kitchen, his meal of choice being a concoction called 'Meat Lumps.' Gross? Yeah. So I do have a certain level of consequence in this world.

Maybe at the heart of me I am Self Important. Maybe my opinions should be allowed to tramp around roughshod. Maybe people should listen to what I have to say whether it's dinner-table chatter or public forum. Maybe I should be taken really seriously. My life counts. My words do matter.

And maybe you should print out this column and blow your nose with it.

Better watch out for the black smudges though.