

For those who know me, it will come as no surprise to hear me say that I actually have a few flaws in my character. It's not a bad thing, really. I think it's good that we all have areas of our life that reminds us that we might not be quite as perfect as we think we are. I embrace my faults and try to work on them in a constant journey to become a better version of myself.

I try to be honest with my character flaws and really do make an effort to put them in my rearview mirror of life. But I've also learned not to beat myself up too much when those flaws come roaring back after I thought it was behind me.

Back in the late 1960s and early '70s, I played in a band that was right smack dab in the middle of the new Jesus movement. I'm talking about the Jesus Freaks, coffee houses and huge Youth For Christ and Campus Life rallies that became the trendy place to be and my band was booked solid for all the events to sing our songs about Jesus.

It was a great time for me. I got hooked on the creative adventure of writing songs and then seeing the appreciative faces on so many people when we performed them.

In many of these performances, there would be someone who got up and shared their testimony. Keep in mind that most of these Jesus freaks were coming out of the sex, drugs and rock'n roll '60s when America threw up. I, myself, was a regular at any and all rock'n roll concerts that came through San Diego and loved every one of them. I never got into the drug scene even when many of these concerts typically had pot joints being passed around for anyone who wants a hit - I just passed it on without partaking.

These testimonies, understandably, reflected the misfit behaviors of the '60s that beat them so low that they needed a 'come to Jesus' moment to bring their life back on track.

Great testimonies that always had an impact of the crowd of young people that could truly relate to their story.

But I was not a fan. It seemed to me that the worse your behavior, the more popular your testimony became. It was as if we were making heros out of people who misbehaved and got into a lot of trouble.

What about me? I went to the same concerts as the rest of you. Joplin, Cream, Jimi Hendrix I had a ball and loved the music. But I never got into the drugs. I never took

advantage of a girl just to satisfy my testosterone driven teenage sex drive.

I was a good guy. Had no enemies and did nothing that would create any. I had a lot of fun, but I also understood right from wrong. I guess MY testimony isn't good enough, huh? Guess I need to rob a bank or beat someone up in order to have MY testimony mean anything to you, right? (Okay, I admit, this paragraph CLEARLY shows that I'm still a tad touchy about this topic - my apologies).

I always sighed when the gospel reading was the parable about the 'prodical' son. I would always side with the older brother who did everything right, when his jerk brother was rewarded for wasting all his inheritance partying while big bro stayed home and did all the work.

I always sighed when the gospel reading recalled the shepherd who left his 99 well behaved sheep and celebrated when he found the loser who wandered away and caused the rest of us to stop and wait while he looked for him.

I was the ONLY guy in the movie theater to cry at the Mr Cellophane number in the movie Chicago.

Yes, I am not as perfect as I think I am. I do have a few flaws in my character.

I do feel for those many people who always do things right.... always do those little extra things that make a difference ... always approach each day with consideration for those around them. The Mr Cellophans of the world who don't get a lot of recognition.

What I've learned through the years as I've dealt with this flaw of the Mr Cellophane pitty-party is that it really is good to see people come from such negative backgrounds and become winners. We should all feel good about that to be sure.

And for those like me who get frustrated when they do everything right, yet never seem to get much recognition, I have two words that brings my pitty-party to a screeching halt:

GOD SEES