

It is true that I am the one who said, “The person who said money isn’t everything had too damn much of it to be saying such a thing!” I am also the one who said, “You shouldn’t let money control your life, but the reality is that the more money you have, the more fun you can have on this glorious planet we call home.”

Though I often say that I never let money control my life, I understand that it does, in fact, control my life – and a lot I might add. I’m in the best financial state of my life right now and I’m still living paycheck to paycheck. I’m a car repair away from financial disaster. I always have lots of vacation time to burn at the end of the year because, as much as I’d love to travel, my company does not pay me extra so I can travel the world and stay in hotels, rent cars and play in the worlds best playgrounds – and still pay my rent, electricity and cable service.

It’s not the best life, but I’m not complaining. Like I say, I’m in the best shape I’ve ever been financially. I pay my bills every month and have just enough left over to have a few small treats to keep me happy.

I mention all this because I was thinking the other day – which always leads to trouble – about those who do not struggle... the wealthy.

I went to a brunch a week ago at a very nice home in the very high rent district of the city. These people’s idea of a recession is when the maid calls in sick and they actually have to walk out to the mailbox and get their own mail - oh, the shame of it! Their home is perfectly manicured with everything in its place and there is nothing that reflects a WalMart price tag, that’s for sure.

Don’t get me wrong, these were very nice people. But it struck me that their garden was well manicured – but they have a service come do that.... Their home was pristine and very orderly – but they have a maid and butler who take care of that.... The food was great – but they had a catering service come to do that. I’m guessing they just had to get out of bed and change – and they didn’t have to make their bed!

It was a nice party and it certainly was nice of them to open their home and provide such a lovely atmosphere for the occasion. But as I left, I didn't feel envy for them, I felt sorry for them.

They never feel that sheer joy of walking out your door with twenty bucks in your pocket, knowing all the bills are paid and the twenty bucks is yours to party with tonight!

They never know the absolute comfort of climbing into your bed with fresh sheets after wrestling all morning with that damn skirt thing around the base while you're trying to change your sheets.

They don't know the orgasmic flavor explosion on those rare occasions when you can sit down with a special meal brought to you by a daring impulse at the supermarket which is very naughty but the payoff so rewarding (there is nothing like all beef hot dogs, my friend, nothing like it, indeed!).

The wealthy of the world never get to experience these wonderful emotions of little luxuries. These emotional moments, though small and simple, bring so much hope, joy and a sense of value to people like me. I truly can feel like the king of the world by simply crawling into my old worn-out bed with fresh sheets.

I've never been sworn to poverty, though my skills apparently were. I fully understand that the more money you have in your pocket when you walk out that door, the more fun you can have. And I'm a guy who really wants to have a lot of fun.

But not everything is what it appears to be. I feel for those wealthy people who go through life never having the chance to sit down with an all beef hot dog dinner and feeling that explosion of flavorful luxury with every bite!

Somehow I just think they miss so much of life's little luxuries.

Just A Thought