

My Two Cent's Worth

By: Joseph Andalina

Paradise won

Sitting here sipping some café overlooking the Gulf of Mexico, all is peaceful and serene. Just the way I assume most of us would enjoy spending the day. Shorebirds, pelicans, and pods of dolphins are plentiful.

Walking on the beach, folks are generally friendly: “Good morning,” “how are you,” “Beautiful, isn’t it?” “Hi there.” A few know you and people seem happy.

But you go inland a bit and it’s the same old, same old. Three people shot and killed in a home invasion — drug related. Four guys kick in a door at a Target store and steal all that they can carry. Police shoot a guy. Truck overturns, blocking traffic on the Howard Franklin Bridge. And now we hear that 2 Orlando Florida officers were killed. One murdered while trying to apprehend a murder suspect and the other killed in a traffic accident responding to the search for the suspect. Lord save us.

But when all is said and done, it’s nothing like Chicago. Seven hundred sixty plus homicides, over 4,000 attempted murders — not shootings, as the press likes to say. The reality of life comes screaming back if you read the news, turn on the tube or check out the web.

Then there is the politics. Democrats are still whining over Trump. Trump is still tweeting. Back in Illinois, the powers to be are still fighting. Unions are battling Rauner tooth and nail. Police are still in danger. Violent episodes ensue. People seem to be always “hatin.” What’s a grown man to do?

Well, it’s 5:00 o’clock somewhere — it must be Miller Time.

A sea turtle just came up the beach. I’m going to take a look and later watch that big ball drop from the sky into the calm seas one again.

Yes, as always, *vita é bella*.

Hope you all had a safe New Year’s.