

# New Western Cuisine.



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Relax & Refresh

# A Day in the Life of the Rich and the Poor

## Your Life is Your Message So Let It Shine

How you spend your time each day says volumes as to who you know yourself to be; who you would like others to see you as; and who you allow into your world. And like it or not, your life is your message, regardless of your words: For your actions define your character and reflect the values you hold dear.

A day in the life of the rich and the poor is the story of those who "have" and those who "have not". It is the adventures of those who adore and adorn themselves; and of those who fight for survival, often in the face of insurmountable odds. One day, let there be no rich, no poor, only realized Souls who share equally in the abundance of what Mother Earth has to offer. Let every father and every mother everywhere consider all children everywhere to be his or her responsibility; that no child will be unprotected from disease and without the finest medical care; that they will be nourished daily with healthy, good tasting foods; and dwell in comfortable homes their families may call their own. "Utopia" you say? "A Perfect World" you suggest with sarcasm? No, this is a future that can be realized, if only the rich and the privileged, comfortable "middle class" will forget their caste, join hands with those who have not, and share their excess, that they now so earnestly covet and spend to glorify their importance and pay homage to their hedonistic egos.

### Let us look at A Day in the Life of the Rich and the Poor

The rich and privileged awaken each morning in their mansions, their luxurious homes and their comfortable homes, having rested comfortably in their feather and "sleep number" hi-tech beds; the poor awaken to the dust and grime of the dirt floor upon which they slept, poorly and without dreams.

The rich and privileged retire to their luxurious bathes to relieve themselves on their designer thrones of marble and ceramic; and to shower with massaging jets of steaming, clean water, then drying themselves with long, fluffy towels; the poor retire to a community latrine without privacy or out house with an opening in the ground or crude floor; and cleanse themselves, if they can do so, with a bucket of cold, often polluted water, drying themselves with whatever rag that may be available. In India the public latrines are 3 Rupees (about 0.44 RMB) and the public showers by buckets of water are 5 Rupees (about 0.73 RMB); yet this exceeds the ability to pay for most of the very poor living in extreme poverty; so they relieve themselves in the gutters and wherever else they must. There can be no modesty among the poorest of the poor.

The rich and privileged go to their dining rooms or kitchens to over-eat the best and most delicious foods that money can buy, until they can hold no more; the poor must make do on the floor or on whatever simple furniture they have crafted or found discarded, with a meal of cold or hot tea and a crust of bread, often molding or worse.

The children of the rich and privileged are chauffeured by servants or family members in their expensive, glamorous, fossil fuel vehicles or picked-up by modern, motor coach "school buses" and driven to their exclusive private and privileged public schools; the poor children rarely have the opportunity to go to school, for they must work like adults almost from the time they can walk to help the family survive another day...and if they are able to attend school, often they must walk barefoot or in worn,

torn sandals kilometers to and from their impoverished, single room school houses, where everything is shared and most of the learning falls on deaf ears, due to the children's lack of ability to pay attention, because of the pain of their malnutrition and preventable diseases.

The rich and the privileged adults spend their days immersed in their careers, which for the most part are about ensuring that the rich stay rich and the poor stay poor; or if they do not choose to work, luxuriating with their rich and privileged friends at their private clubs, spas and dens of entertainment; while the poor desperately search for work, often without finding it or toil in the sweat shops of the world for pitiful wages under inhuman conditions, nearly or actually as slaves; or if the poor stay home to care for their infants and elderly, they suffer through the day without comfort of air conditioning, heating, running water or toilets as such, and mostly without a mid-day meal.

Evening finds the rich and privileged together with their families in their mansions and town houses of glory, elaborating on their successes and tribulations of the day, sitting down to a feast of only the finest fare; while the poor slowly come together as late as nearly mid-night for a humble something to put in their stomachs and quickly fall asleep, knowing their morning comes in but a few hours time.

The rich and privileged entertain themselves whenever they are not at their clubs, spas and dens of entertainment by shopping for new things to replace their current things or to add to their present inventory of things; all to enhance their egos, presence and social positioning among their status-conscious friends and relatives; while the poor beg on the street until a constable chases them away or they can no longer stand the hot or the cold.

The rich and the privileged wine and dine themselves, their relatives, friends, clients and customers as though "there was no tomorrow" in their favorite restaurants, bars and clubs, insisting that the servers treat them like gods or be dismissed; the poor amuse themselves in their pitifully modest dwellings by singing to their families and promising everyone a much better tomorrow, though no one really believes it will be so.

If you are among the rich and the privileged, let your light shine to the Heavens and back; let your path be to care for those less fortunate, rather than to take better care of yourself and your loved ones than they deserve. If you are among the poor, fear not, for a better day is coming, when the rich and the privileged will awaken to the tragic error of their ways and truly become your brothers and your sisters.

Yes, I know, it may not happen in this lifetime, but regardless, this day will come, when we are all one another's keeper and everybody considers everybody family, to have to hold and to keep for better or for worse. And there will be no rich, no privileged, no poor: Only beautiful Souls who have at long last recognized one another as family and who have made the world a far better place in which to live for all beings, be they big or small; tall or short; tan, white or black; Christian, Jewish, Buddhist, Muslim, Hindu, Sikh, Jain, Atheist or whatever.

And that will be deliverance for us All. I am **Red Owl**, over & out.