

Immature Billionaires Need Not Apply

Donald Trump. Why do I think that if I was drowning in the ocean, close to his yacht, and he saw me waving and calling for help, he would continue at rest, leaning on the railing? Then he'd turn his head and casually say to one of the crew, "Somebody should help him, don't you think?"

At that point I'd be asking myself, "Why did I vote for that guy?"

So, at this point, in August 2016, I ask myself, "Why am I voting for that guy?"

What rubbed me wrong – *lately* – was his signature stance, "I don't apologize!" or "I make no apologies!" Either way you read the bold statement, the words make one wish that such a person with that attitude better not move in next door. In truth, most of the places where he lives, The Donald has already bought the "next doors" for privacy.

I also envision a political rally where there's a guy walking around with a big brown paper sack and inside are little pieces of paper. On each is a complaint about Mr. Trump. Everyone reaches their hands in and pulls out slip similar to a Chinese misfortune cookie. (Oops! Did I really write that?) Yes, there are so many accusations, facts and whatsoevers. And one slip would have printed on it "Never Apologizes." When I think of role models when children watch the news with grown-ups, this is a time to press MUTE. Or, is it? Could be one of those teaching moments? It could flop either way: "Johnny, when you're a billionaire you never need to...." Or, "Johnny, even if you're a billionaire you still need to...."

In my life, I learned to apologize when I voluntarily entered parenthood. I married a woman and her 8 year old son. As incidents of step-dad vs step-son (and his mother and my wife, in that order), I learned what I never got in my family of origin. Yes, my dad, mom and brother and I had skirmishes wherein various sorts of excuses, admissions of guilt, confessions and the occasional apology surfaced – coerced or not. But, I'd say there wasn't much love under that roof.

Back to our Trump. Has he learned to apologize – but discarded it? Or, like my home, he never got it right. I decipher his stance as bravado and arrogance with sprinkles of

he-man-ism (not to be confused with He-Man, the cartoon superhero) and a fine layer of BS. Oh! Geez! I forgot a sizeable dose of immaturity.

A man who does not have this quality trait of maturity is truly less of a man. Less than a man (or woman) who is president – and required to act maturely in their family and in public. The supposed inner strength and ability to exude righteous behavior 24/7 is an imaginary life and a Trump gimmick.

Trust is like watering a plant you care about. Honesty is the pot wherein is the plant. Hiding wrongs can be a wild infestation of weeds in good soil. Money can't buy forgiveness – but it can be a temporary distraction. An apology can be invaluable.

Back to my drowning and need for immediate assistance. I picture Commander Trump leaning on the shiny chrome railing, cool drink in hand. He raises the glass to my direction in salute; as if to say, "Life can really suck, but never mine, chum."

These Things Make Me Grumpy...

Another commentary from REAL LIFE. This parody is for amusement. Any similarity to real people, places or divine beings is fictitious and not to be taken as fact.