

I cannot summon hatred anymore for the people that disagree with me on policy. I have come to the conclusion that, much of the time, they have simply been misled and lied to. Having had it sold to them that the causes of their problems are simpler than they really are, that they can somehow claw back a fertile past by hurting people in the present. I've been scammed before, and believed in lies and fictions. What basis do I have to judge them as people?

And I wonder, too, what I might have been sold, that they see for the lies they are. Whether I can really think of myself as being in the right. Isn't it high egotism to believe yourself to be the means and measure of correctness? I was born into privilege, I was born healthy, I was born into a time and place where I could flourish, already endowed with the resources to do so. In a massive world that I cannot possibly understand looking out only from my tiny corner, what right do I have to assert that my ideas, my thoughts deserve center stage? Why not someone who understands what it's like to be less fortunate, an experience alien to me?

But I have moved past that, to the other side of waffling and waxing philosophical and self-flagellation, atoning for the crime of birth under circumstance. All that matters is the sincere attempt to help people. Maybe that includes some notion that I know what kind of help is needed, but at the end of the day, you just have to start somewhere, and be willing to change what you're doing if your help isn't helping.