

I've been **thinking**...



October 2015—What Donald Trump and The Noosh Have in Common

I've been thinking about Donald, God, Goofy, and 10.

Someone said, 'The difference between God and Donald Trump is that God knows he is not Donald.'

If God Almighty is the all-knowing judge of all mankind, Mr. Trump seems hell-bent on usurping the bench, declaring everyone else wrong and stupid in oft-ungodly terms.

Recently, after declaring the Bible the most important book, Donald declined an invitation to thump some of his favorite sections from the Good Book because "it's too personal."

Yeah. Right. Well, let me quote one of my least favorite sections of the Bible, even though it's a bit too painful: "At whatever point you judge another, you are condemning yourself, because you who pass judgment do the same things."

I'd love to ram this verse down the billionaire's throat. The problem is, it's stuck in mine. Being truthful with myself and transparent with you, I'm obligated to admit that Donald and I have some embarrassing traits in common. For starters, wherever the guy thinks Heidi Klum ranks below 10 these days, I'm down in the nether regions with him in the looks column. No, I'm not concerned about our hair, of which he at least has some to comb over. It's the self-important minds beneath the quaffs that give me the most trouble. Like him, I generally think I am right (as opposed to wrong not left) and that those who disagree with me are, well, kind of stupid. And we both seem to have trouble recalling that we are not all-knowing.

It's goofy. No offense to Disney's aw-shucks, likeable, anthropomorphic dog, who, although he does look pretty darn good for 83 (that's 581 in dog years!), isn't much more handsome than Donald Trump, Donald Duck, or Noosh Dog. Have you seen the few unruly sprigs of hair shooting up between Goofy's floppy ears? One thing, however, you have to love about the Magic Kingdom's hound—he doesn't seem to cherish haughtiness or relish bullying.

Our world craves, if not, desperately needs politicians, voters, executives, writers, teachers, brothers, sisters, bosses, employees, nurses, physicians, and pharmacists, not to mention everyday friends, and neighbors, that are a little more Goofy—displaying humility (thinking not less of ourselves but

thinking of ourselves less) and dispensing kindness (treating others the way we wish to be treated).

Last evening, while my thoughts were throwing punches at yet another of Mr. Trump's demeaning monologues, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's oft-quoted lines from *The Gulag Archipelago 1918-1956*, blindsided me, landing a left between my ears:

"If only it were all so simple! If only there were evil people somewhere insidiously committing evil deeds, and it were necessary only to separate them from the rest of us and destroy them. But the line dividing good and evil cuts through the heart of every human being. And who is willing to destroy a piece of his own heart?"

I'm certain our country, indeed our world, is the better when each of us turns from sorting and damning others to sorting through our own thoughts and attitudes and destroying the pieces of evil and arrogance therein.

This morning, a rarely quoted blunt truism from Jesus of Nazareth landed a right hook: "Whoever exalts himself will be humbled. Whoever humbles himself will be exalted."

From Heidi to Hillary to the Donald and the Noosh, each of us falls shy of 10 in humility and kindness. Actually, I'd be happy if I could muster a couple of "5s." Or "3s."

There is one more thing Donald and I have in common, neither of us belongs in the Oval Office.

What do you think?

Noosh

PS. As you can see, I actually think about more than patient safety and technology.

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