# The Gift (?) of Oddness

Looking back on my life I find that the times that hold the most value are the times when I did things that were strange, unexpected, unconventional, risky, or just weird. Those are the things I remember and smile about the most.

That doesn't mean I usually intentionally do "odd" things–they just come naturally for me. Although, I admit I once wore a black velvet sombrero with silver sequins to work just to see the reaction. (Note: it is hard to drive while wearing a sombrero.) It was fun. And it probably did nothing to change my co-workers' minds about my oddness. Generally, though, my natural reactions to the world lead me down the path to "strange."

But often, things that seem odd really aren't. They just seem strange by comparison to the *status quo*.

Apparently, valuing liberty is a very odd thing in the world today. It's much more conventional to be "patriotic" or to oppose the "other side" just because they aren't your side. You won't win many friends for politely declining their invitation to join their mob. "*You're NOT of the body!!*"

Libertarianism and anarchy, "odd" as they are, are a good fit for me, besides being the only rational and ethical way to live among others.

I guess it's also strange to not abandon principles when they become inconvenient, or when others think you should. Yes, my daughter was killed by a drugged driver. Yes, I still oppose prohibition and those who support and enforce it. Personal tragedy doesn't change the truth. And, the truth is and will remain that although drug abuse is dumb and dangerous, prohibition has even *more* innocent victims.

There were a few times in my life when I wanted to be "normal." I would try to blend in. Something always jinxed the attempt. Someone would ask something, and my honest answer would cause them to stare at me as if I had eyes on stalks coming out the top of my head. I guess "normal" doesn't work for me.

Truthfully, looking at what is considered "normal" these days, I see very little worth emulating.