

If the Shoe Fits, Wear It



Send him mail.

“Food for Thought” is an original column appearing sporadically on Tuesdays at Everything-Voluntary.com, by Norman Imberman. Norman is a retired podiatrist who loves playing piano, writing music, lawn bowling, bridge, reading, classical music, going to movies, plays, concerts and traveling. He is not a member of any social network, nor does he plan on becoming one. Dr. Imberman has written a fantastic Christmas song which he had professionally recorded as a demonstration record. He is looking for a publisher, or A & R man, or record producer to listen to his song. It deserves to be a permanent member of the portfolio of familiar and favorite Christmas songs. Archived columns can be found here. FFT-only RSS feed available here.

It’s an accepted idea that friends wish each other well—that they want to see good things happen to each other—that they want no harm to come to each other. Friends respect each other’s property, don’t advocate that their friends be shackled, kidnapped, extorted, plundered, raped or threatened and feel joy when their friends do well in life.

So you claim to be my friend. You believe that you behave very kindly and benevolently towards me. However, what goes on behind the scene is a story of utter hypocrisy.

Behind my back you sanction the most horrendous acts to fall upon me. You support and encourage theft in the form of taxes, kidnapping (if you favor a draft), theft of my home (if you favor eminent domain), loss of my freedom of choice (if you favor government regulation), plunder of my savings (if you favor fines and taxes). You condone all kinds of harm to befall me in the name of some indefinable mystical benevolence. You even try to stifle my freedom of expression in the name of “political correctness.”

And to make matters worse you encourage and support the idea that if I refuse to follow these preferences of yours, I should either have my life savings confiscated and/or be incarcerated, and if I don’t like being incarcerated and therefore attempt to escape the place in which you incarcerated me, I should be shot or killed using your preferred method of killing.

Look at yourself and tell me that it isn’t so. I know all of your excuses. I heard them hundreds of times. “The well-being of the few must be sacrificed for the good of the many.”

“How else can a society function without coercion?” “Although it may harm a few, we only have good intentions to help the downtrodden.” “Why do you want more when you have enough?” “You must break an egg in order to make an omelet.” “The selfish desires of the rich must be thwarted in order to support and raise up the poor.” “One man’s need constitutes an obligation upon the actions and property of another.” It’s the picture painted of the society in the novel *1984*, by George Orwell.

What my friends refuse to look at is the fact that I am one of the few being sacrificed, I am the one being coerced, I am one of the eggs they want to break. I don’t wish or act in any way to force such egregious harm upon my friends. To assuage their consciences they think to themselves that all of us are in the same predicament and that is supposed to make it right and easy to swallow.

A dictionary definition of the word “enemy” reads as follows: “One feeling or displaying hostility or malice toward another—a hostile force or power—member or unit of such a force—something having destructive effects.” Don’t tell me that you don’t feel malice towards me so therefore you shouldn’t be thought of an enemy. The harmful acts you inflict are acts of hostility. It’s more dangerous than the harm that is inflicted maliciously because when it is perpetrated in the name of love and kindness, not only is it praised by the masses as acts of altruism, it’s seldom recognized for the evil that it is.

It seems that the definition of the word “enemy” fits the thinking and activities of my “friends.” My “friends” are members of the voting force that brings these destructive effects upon me, and my loved ones. My “friends,” if the shoe fits, wear it, and feel ashamed.

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