

Living in an Imperfect World

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For the last few months my youngest daughter has been set a particular piece of homework where everyone in her class has to read out an article from the newspaper. However, the school has requested of the parents that the news the girls present should not cause distress to any of the children. This is an almost impossible task as we have to trawl through newspapers and surf the internet to find a piece of news which appropriate for a group of 9 year olds. These days watching the news or picking up a newspaper has become a form of torture for me. All I ever see or hear about are stories that are either shocking and distressing or plain depressing. "World's worst recession since 1980s will hit Britain hard, OECD warns". "Life for farmer Robert Wilson who drove tractor over wife for insurance money". "Wal-Mart worker killed in Black Friday shopping stampede". "Blast hits Thai government house". "Troops kill last Islamist gunmen in Taj Mahal hotel, ending three-day battle across city". There is a sense of all pervasive doom and gloom in the air nowadays. I know that we live in a flawed world but it appears that the very fabric of society is disintegrating in front of our eyes and there does not seem to be anything that we can do about it.

I keep asking myself if this is the world I want my children to grow up in and the answer is a resounding and emphatic ---"No". Maybe having children has turned me into a far more cautious person than I might otherwise have been but my spider senses tingle at every corner and I perceive danger where I am sure none lurks. This conviction maybe bolstered by the fact that I was carjacked in front of my own house a few years ago. I live in a relatively safe residential area, which is well lit and is very seldom devoid of people or cars but I was still attacked by two men and I am not sure I could have done anything to prevent it. It just shows that it does not really matter how careful you are, it can simply be a question of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.