



HEROES & the jackass

Many unbelievable things went on this summer. Some we are truly proud of, and others... not so much. One — the Special Olympics World Games Los Angeles. What a Life... What a City... What a Crew of determined, strong, intelligent, and competitive athletes who came to LA with hopes and dreams, and left proud, triumphant — and with our hearts. Every day they showed us the TRUE meaning of courage: No matter how tough things are there is ZERO room for self-pity, anger, resentment, or giving up. We all go through *terrifics* and *horribles*. Life is a circus of daily inevitables. The courage of the Special Olympians, and the faith, devotion and love of their families, and supporters prove that life is not about perfection. Life is about making each day as positive and productive as we can for ourselves, and all who share this planet with us. Thanks Special Olympians for making a positive difference in life. Speaking of proud, hats off to our Beverly Hills police who participated in the Law Enforcement Torch Run, and to all the 85,000 law enforcement officers representing 35 nations. Each officer gave his/her time and effort with a heartfelt desire to unify our countries through support for the thousands of athletes who competed.

Now Cecil. I think the heart of world, especially in the United States — skipped a few beats once we acknowledged the cruelty involved in the slaughter of an animal who lived with dignity, took care of his family, and managed in his own lion-way to make human friends with his caretakers, and thousands of visitors over the years who came from around the world to see him in his sanctuary-backyard strutting his magnificent furry-lion-greatness. Although Cecil was born with an undeniable instinct for survival... this dude knew he lived in a place where he, and his family were safe from humans wanting to do them harm. Cecil may have given a thought to male-lion competitors over the years wanting to “de” throne him, but I doubt he felt his life would end by an

egotistical asshole who wanted Cecil’s head on a wall, and his skin on a floor. I tried to come up with a more socially acceptable, but equal in connotation name for Cecil’s killer, but nothing fit as well as asshole. Should the publisher of a magazine use such a word in her editorial? YES. Yes she should.

The United States took the killing of Cecil hard. Some of that came from the shame we felt because his killer is a U.S. citizen. REPULSIVE. Also, Cecil’s murder threw our brains over the edge, and put us in “murder overload” trying to cope with yet another horrific, needless, mankind-cause-of-death we had no place to hide from. EVERY DAY brings bad news. Two months ago, I stopped watching the news for three days. I just couldn’t take any more. Nobody I know can take any more. It’s like a daily global “death watch” to see who has killed who: so many innocent people are dying; kids abused and abandoned; land and sea-loving animals are trapped and killed; thousands of homeless people in our very own country are living on the streets starving. How many women, men and children in other countries don’t even have a “street” to live on, but starve and die in deserts, or on crowded boats attempting to escape their countries — which have been taken over by terrorists trying to kill them?

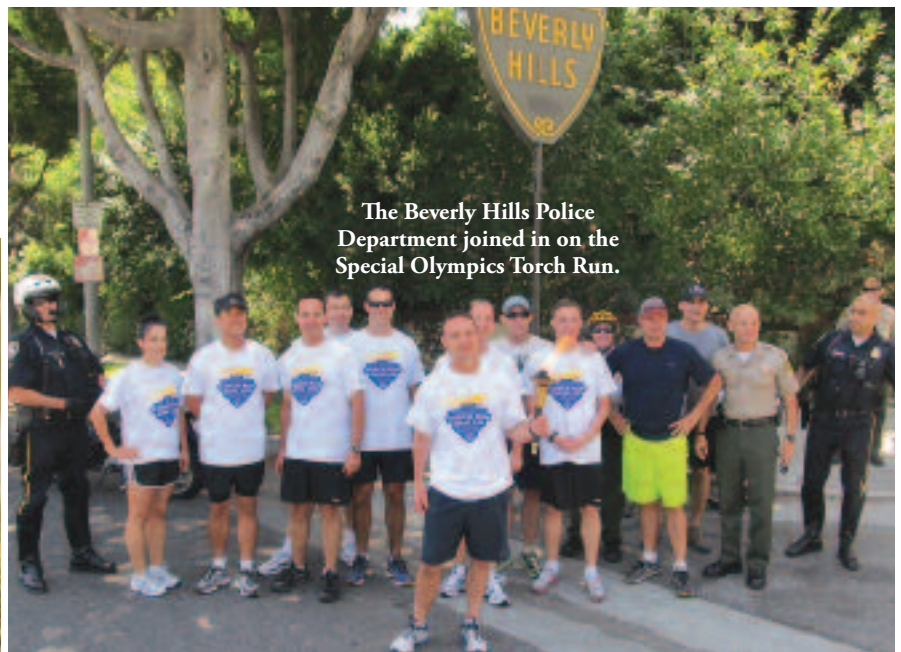
Why are we so heartbroken and pissed about Cecil? Because it was the last straw that broke the camel’s back realizing that there is **NO** bottom line when it comes to the unthinkable. When we go on “emotional overload” the only thing we want to do is to find some comfort in denial — find a way to justify or ignore the horrific. But we can’t. Just like the Special Olympic athletes we can’t give up. No doubt our days are packed, and work and personal stuff keeps us busy, BUT there are other people in

the world besides you and me! Just like the Special Olympic athletes we can’t take “NO” when trying to better-things up any way we can. Maybe it’s to march for a cause; volunteer at an animal shelter to help with adoptions; support legitimate organizations that give food and medicine to hungry and sick people around the world; find a way to help the homeless in Los Angeles. You choose. But do something. Being a bystander of life who sits and cries and bitches at all the wrongs going on, doesn’t help get the job of righteousness done. Just like the Special Olympic athletes who fought their fear to jump into the unknown... we who are blessed with so much need to jump in with both feet, give all we can, make a positive difference, and fight with the heart of Cecil all of the wrongs we see. Not just talk — BUT ACT with the courage of a lion.



2015 Special Olympics World Games Los Angeles Athletes Take Our Breath Away With Talent, Courage, Heart & Soul.

We Will Never Forget Cecil
A True “King” ...
He Lived Proud.
He Ruled With Courage.
He Died With Honor.



The Beverly Hills Police Department joined in on the Special Olympics Torch Run.