

Nothing Is Done

“Nothing is done,” journalist Lincoln Steffens once wrote. “Everything in the world remains to be done – or done over. The greatest picture is not yet painted. The greatest play isn’t written. The greatest poem is unsung.”

Nothing is perfect, we can add. There is no perfect airline (although we would hope so, especially when on an airplane flight). There is no perfect government. There is no perfect law. And, I might also point out, there is no perfect company, although in Life Care, Century Park and Life Care at Home, we should strive to be.

Faucets still drip, as one did years ago in the Steffens household. As he and his seven-year-old son tried to fix it, Steffens had to admit that his generation could not make a fit faucet.

“But,” said Steffens, referring to his son, “*he* may. There’s a job for him and his generation in the plumbing business, and in every other business.”

That’s a lesson that we ought to grasp, and to be teaching our children: Nothing is done, finally and right. Nothing is known, positively and completely. The world is ours (and theirs) – all of it.

--Beecher Hunter