

Tribute to the Worker

Since you are a worker (or you wouldn't be reading this), Monday is your day. That's what Labor Day is all about – honoring you.

Labor means work. It is the way people make a living and provide food, clothing and shelter for their families.

Labor also means the men and women who work for wages. In this sense, labor includes pilots guiding their airplanes through the skies, coal miners working deep within the earth, steel workers pouring out great streams of molten metal, department store clerks waiting on their customers, craftsmen in range factories assembling stoves, secretaries typing reports in an office, certified nursing assistants caring for their residents, cooks in the dietary department preparing a meal.

If you work, our country says thank you. You may not hear gratitude expressed very well or often, but you deserve it.

You may struggle to pay a utility bill. You may save – and even borrow – money to pay your taxes. You may stand in line at a grocery or department store and watch in frustration as the cash register keeps recording higher prices. You may read what your mind already knows: that the dollar is losing its value.

You may wince a bit when you drive by a welfare office and realize your tax dollars are supporting some people who won't work in addition to those who can't work. You may be kicked or courted by politicians, depending upon the season. You may feel anger about wasted tax funds in questionable programs.

You may wonder if anyone really cares.

But despite it all, you give a good account of yourself. You render honest work for a day's wages. You look at the service required – and the systems and processes for delivering it – and figure out a way to make it better. You invent that which circumstance or opportunity suggests will be beneficial. You disdain idleness in favor of busy-ness.

Whatever your job title or assignment may be, you're a worker. And you're proud.

Monday is your day. Take a well deserved bow.

--Beecher Hunter