



Point of View

I guess a confession is in order: I have been branded a perfectionist by some of my closest humans (*people like my wife, and my kids, and my 20-year assistant, and the friends who - apparently - have a high tolerance for difficult relationships*). I make Monk look like an actor (*which, I guess, he is*). After the maid finishes my hotel room, I am likely when I come back to take a few minutes to tidy things up. I guess I can be a real pain in the posterior. Nothing's ever good... enough...

I haven't invested in any therapy to get to the bottom of that personality disorder. No need, really: I know exactly where it comes from. It was my reaction to 814 N. Towner.

That was my address, growing up. None of my friends would have ever known my address, because I never took a friend there. A small house, containing a huge mess. No reality/makeover program would have touched it. Five people jammed in 1200 square feet; nothing "new" ever went *in* the door, but anything that did go in the door never came *out*. If a neighborhood could have a black hole, I lived in one...

My reaction: become obsessive-compulsive about order and hygiene. *Clean it up, or clear it out*. If you're buyin', forget old, used junk that has been cast-off by others: get the new, fresh, good stuff that is showroom-fresh... and take care of it like your life depended on it. *Can someone say, "medicate?"*



It's no wonder that this month's edition of Men's Journal floated to the top of my mail. The cover feature: **"The Style & Design Issue: 97 Perfect Things** *The World's Best Gear, Tech, Tools & Toys.*"

Say "perfect," and you've got my attention. In the extended treatment, under the heading "Objects of Desire," they displayed the things that discriminating Americans (*that would be... me, and - probably - you!*) shouldn't live another day without... like? The **Spyker C8** sports car. Zero-to-60 in 4.5 seconds, with a 400hp Audi V-8 under the hood - only 100 made each year - for a cool \$269,000, each. Or, the new **HondaJet** (due to ship in three years). I'm waiting for that seven-seat, engine-over-wing personal aircraft to turn in my American Airlines Exec Platinum card. Shoot, it's "only" \$3.7 million. If you'd rather stay on trails than clouds, the **Orbea Ordu** is the bike of choice. A 2.8-pound carbon frame is a thing of beauty, as it should be for

\$5,900. If Rolex is too pedestrian for your tastes, you can hold out for the new **TAG Heuer Monaco V4**, which is - no kiddin' - the "world's first belt-driven watch." It's still in prototype testing; one connoisseur offered TAG \$100,000 for the working model, but they turned him down. Not available until 2009 or '10, you'll have to count the minutes until you can get a six-figure wristwatch to do it for you...

The middle class still looks for *bigger and better*; the privileged class wants *smaller and perfect*. There is no end to that pursuit; yesterday's breakthrough is today's baseline. Here's the sad fact: *spend all the money you'll ever have, and you'll still never acquire perfection!*

Reason? *Perfect isn't possible, in our fallen world.* We can do our best, but it's still flawed. Even 99.99% perfect leaves a 1/10,000 deficiency factor.

If you're looking for perfect, like I am, there's only one place to find it, and when you find it, you discover that it can't be bought: *"For you know that it was not with perishable things such as silver or gold that you were redeemed from the empty way of life handed down to you from your forefathers, but with the precious blood of Christ, a lamb without blemish or defect. He was chosen before the creation of the world, but was revealed in these last times for your sake. Through him you believe in God, who raised him from the dead and glorified him, and so your faith and hope are in God..." (1 Peter 1:18-21).*

One perfect ("*free from any flaw or defect in condition or quality; faultless*") entity ever appeared on Planet Earth, and that was the person of Jesus, Who was the perfection of God contained in a human body. That perfect One couldn't be bought and protected; instead, he was offered and sacrificed. His perfection was traded for our imperfection... and, through that transaction, God bought us from the scrap heap and will deliver us to His perfect heaven.

They forgot to list that in **Men's Journal** this month, but God archived it in His book...

Bob Shank