

Government

No Room in the Inn

**Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses
yearning to be free.**

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me.

I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

Were these words actually spoken of America of which Costa Mesa is a city? What a bunch of useless words spoken to a now arrogant, proud and defunct nation!!

Jesus loves the poor, the maimed, the afflicted. What has given America its substance and made it the envy of the world is the very fact that people come, wretched and poor, and are given space to re-invent their lives, overcoming every obstacle.

Now, our city council, always with good intentions, of course, and without the voice of the people, has put out an edict that has bound its residents hand and foot. Their reason is to clean up the west side of Costa Mesa. Of course, the developers are working hand-in-hand with the city government to make sure we are all under this fable called “Let’s make Costa Mesa city a better place to live.”

As I remember when America was yet struggling to become; before the government became a big godfather under the pretense of making things easy, we had families with fourteen children living in small unpretentious homes. We had those who lived on the “other side of the tracks” of which I was one. We were too poor to make our dwelling look like the “rich and the famous.” We had the beggars come to our door for food, which we always had on hand willing to give. We had the homeless, the demented, the crippled, the drunk — they were all part of the community.

We had women with children whose husbands had died, and they supported the children by baking in their kitchens and the children sold the baked goods. Now all that is taboo and the women are placed on Welfare. These small beginnings many times grew into bakeries or other businesses which started in the homes — like the well-known jellies on the market today. Far be it for snooty Orange County to allow any small beginnings — the very seed that produced our great country.

Now we have a Hitler mentality that says, “Let us rid the world of the part of the human race we find inferior to us.” And please, let us have every blade of grass in its right place or our well manicured lawns may get a citation from the ever watchful eye of the GG (godfather government.)

Piecemakers Country Store

1720 Adams Avenue Costa Mesa, CA 92626
(714) 641-3112 mail@piecemakers.com

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Shame on Costa Mesa and the hot shot lawmakers. Seems we once more have no room in the inn for our lowly Saviour.

Marie

Marie Kolasinski