

Who Do They Think They Are, Anyway?

Every weekday I arrive at the store between 6 to 6:30AM. When I come in, what do I see?

- A staffer vacuuming the parking lot with the "Goat" sweeper, to get it picked up and clean before customers arrive.
- The Deli Café girls rushing around, brewing coffee, cooking breakfast orders, making sandwiches, waiting on customers and answering phones, phones, phones.
- Head Checkers overseeing the front of the store, helping cashiers get ready;
- Tom the breadman working in his truck, pulling our bread load, then wheeling it to the bread shelves and stocking them. Ditto Frito Lay, Jorge of Takis, Oroweat, Tortillas, etc. only later.
- Soda, beer, and ice trucks backed up to the receiving dock, offloading their items, usually several pallets full to 5 1/2 ft high;
- UNFI grocery, frozen and deli trucks, plus a Doit Best truck, also backed up to the dock, coughing up pallets and pallets of merchandise for our customers, requiring much work to check it in, put it up on shelves and peg hooks, and verifying that the retails match the tags;
- Vendors sorting cases and wheeling heavy loads of beverage and other merchandise to their respective spots in cold boxes;
- Receiving bells ringing; phones ringing; walkie talkies talking; interruptions of all kinds.

Then on a recent morning, when I arrived at the normal time, I came upon Joe our maintenance man and John his helper who had been working all night to repair a major break in the water line to the store. They were exhausted, and were racing the clock to be sure the water was on by the time the store opened.

And just a few weeks before that, Joe had to spend several nights working with plumbers so they could repair another major leak

in a drain line under the concrete in the store. (The store is OLD, built in 1983 or 1991, depending which half you're referring to. So it's natural that these big things would pop up.)

We have an interesting ringside seat to real life of real people here at the store. In the mornings we see guys park their work trucks while they stop for a breakfast burrito or other food for their lunches. In the afternoons and evenings we see guys with their work trucks heading home, dirty and tired, buying a snack for the drive home.

The UPS and FedEx drivers drive all around Lucerne Valley, on the run, literally, as they are timed so that they meet productivity standards imposed on them. Their vehicles are no air-conditioned luxury cars but pass through every bump on every washboarded road.

Fire fighters and law enforcement people train and train and drop everything to respond to calls for help, some that are dire emergencies, others that are quickly resolved.

Utility workers climb poles and mess with dangerous electrical wires or natural gas valves. Roofers work in hostile conditions under the hot sun, maybe as hot as 120° on the rooftop. Construction workers work when there are jobs to do and wait when there are not, so their income is often spotty and hard to predict.

Auto mechanics crawl around on greasy floors. They have to know a certain level of electronics to repair today's cars. Pest controllers crawl under houses and through hot attics hoping not to encounter nasty spiders or other pests. Medical workers can work long hours, in stressful situations, where someone's life is on the line.

So, What's the point? you might ask. My point is how hard many people work, often thanklessly, providing the necessities to our comfortable lives. In contrast, politicians, government bureaucrats (aka The Deep State), executive suite occupants of Big Business, Big Tech, Big Education, Big Media and Big Entertainment (hereinafter known as The Suits) – disdain these hardworking people. They ignore the benefits such people contribute to their lives. They hang together in their coastal or Chicago enclaves, and even now worldwide enclaves in many countries; they live in their elitist luxury-bubble; they live in gated communities protected by armed guards (as they pass legislation strangling your right to armed protection provided by yourself!).

Then they dare to pass laws, regulations, and policies that increase our costs of living, bringing many of us to the choice of buying food for the family or gasoline for the car. They want to impose on us electric vehicles, and on the trucking industry electric trucks, without regard to the cost that is way beyond most of us. They want to ban fertilizer. They want to ban meat animals so that we eat protein from bugs. They care little that people will starve as a result of their policies.

They pass laws to allow children to change genders (as if that were possible) and laws to abort them at will. They impose on us inefficient and expensive wind and solar power, purposely sidelining the cheapest, safest, and most effective source of power, nuclear power plants.

Many of these people are truly stupid and



uneducated, parroting words and ideas fed to them. Yet they think utility workers, grocery cashiers, plumbers, builders, auto mechanics, maintenance workers are beneath them.

To add to that, Congress or Sacramento's Assembly and Senate play their games and fiddle, while the United States and the world burn.

The worst thing about the Suits and their minions is that they hate God and spit in His face. In fact they think they can replace God themselves. They certainly play god to us, or so they think.

For the most part, you and I belong to this hardworking class that they so much deplore. Remember how Hilary Clinton referred to us as a basket of Deplorables? Call me a Deplorable any day!!

I wonder if Tom the bread man realizes how important he is. How he is working his butt off to feed people. I wonder if Joe the maintenance man thinks of how he keeps this store in running order, available for supplying needed hardware and groceries for our community. I wonder if our appliance repairman or handymen know how much impact they have on people's lives as they fix what broke.

Jesus Himself associated with the lowly,

the grungy, the Deplorables, and He lashed out at the elitists of His day, calling them liars like their father, the devil. We who are deplorable are His type of people. May you and I, Deplorables all, associate with Him in return, so that when He returns to take us to be with His Father, however and whenever that takes place, we get to go with Him. (Then all those snotty elitists who thumb their noses at God will go to be where snotty elitists go. 😊😊😊)

Linda Gommel

Andrea Widburg, in American Thinker (what else? 😊), compared our greatly corrupt Congress (and Sacto legislature) with that of the British Parliament in 1653. Oliver Cromwell addressed that Parliament in words that would apply to our Congress today.

American Thinker "... our current Congress, subject to a few exceptions, is every bit as corrupt as the Rump Parliament that Oliver Cromwell described in 1653 when he dismissed it. You will enjoy reading the speech he made then and, sadly, find it applicable to the United States Congress in 2023:

It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which you have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue and defiled by your practice of every vice.

Ye are a factious crew and enemies to all good government.

Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage and, like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money.

Is there a single virtue now remaining amongst you? Is there one vice you do not possess?

Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God. Which of you have not bartered your conscience for bribes? Is there a man amongst you that has the least care for the good of the Commonwealth?

Ye sordid prostitutes, have you not defiled this sacred place and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves by your immoral principles and wicked practices?

Ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation. You were deputed here by the people to get grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievance.

Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this House and which, by God's help and the strength he has given me, I am now come to do.

I command ye, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place.

Go, get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves be gone! So! Take away that shining bauble there and lock up the doors.

In the name of God, go!"

ON THE PORCHES

Popcorn Sale

Fri-Sat

Aug 25-26

9:00 a.m. until 12 p.m.

Sold by the Cub Scouts



LVEDA Meeting

(Lucerne Valley Economic Development Association)

Note Date:

Monday, August 28
(No longer the first Monday of the month)
5:00 pm at the Moose Lodge

on Foothill Road, just west of Tradepost Road.

- Reports from our **County, State and Federal representatives.**
- David Marco of the Big Bear Valley Republican Assembly re: establishing a Lucerne Valley Assembly.
- Road projects.
- Resources for the health fair.
- Volunteers for Halloween events.
- Help with the back to school drive.
- Museum projects.
- Recent comments to Cal Fire on the SRA (Severe Risk Areas.)
- Any state grants for "Severely Disadvantaged Communities?"
- Audience's ideas for the town and LVEDA.

On The Lighter Side . . . from the Web



FOR SALE: 3-in-1 bomb shelter, tornado shelter, earthquake shelter.



PATRIOTPOST.US: THE BEST HUMOR, MEMES, & CARTOONS

Amazon asked me to send proof that I didn't get the package. So, here ya go.



"Some cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go."

-Oscar Wilde

