

October 4, 2016

City Council, Mayor/Assigns

### **Lupe' and Senor' Peterson**

A Story, based on actual events.

Lupe has worked for Mr. Peterson, a retired judge, for 15 years as housekeeper.

Mr. Peterson "intends" to help Lupe gain citizenship, which he says, would "then", entitle her to legal employment; Workers Comp, Disability and Unemployment coverage.

She arrived to work at her regular time, and is in the kitchen preparing breakfast for him.

Mr. Peterson usually comes down to breakfast at 7:30; cheerful and engaging; even unloads the dishwasher, his fair share, he jokes. But this morning, he's late; doesn't come until 9:00am. Lupe recalls the phone ringing, hearing Mr. Peterson engaged in some excited conversation. He stomps down the stairs, enters the kitchen, passes the dishwasher, sits down at the table. No coma sta- he is learning Spanish. Lupe notices the redness in his cheeks, he is sweating- why Senor Peterson is angry! She would normally correct him, but not today!

**Lupe:** Como Esta' Senor' Peterson! Mr. Peterson says nothing. He is eating! muy-muy rapido, she thinks! He abruptly gets up, goes over to the window and shouts out at the leaf-blower; 'turn that!x#0ing! leaf, bleep-bleep, leaf blower off, it is too early for all that !x#0, !x#0!ing blankety-blank noise. Lupe is shocked; thinking; it is 10am, the gardener is always at work at this hour, as he has 10 years. She says nothing. Mr. Peterson, returns to his seat, looks at Lupe and says? Tu Feliz agua? Bless his heart, he is still trying with the Spanish. Lupe would normally correct him, but not today!

**Mr. Peterson:** Fifteen (15) dollars an hour, for what? You just got a raise last year?

Mr. Peterson gave her a raise, first one in five (5) years when he added cleaning his yacht to her duties; 25 cent. Why Lupe was now making \$7.75 an hour cash; didn't have to worry about taxes and going to the bank. This was cash money; free and clear every Friday. Lupe does not know what he is talking about; hasn't heard this news yet. Mr. Peterson says nothing more, only eats, gets up and stomps back up the stairs. In a few minutes he is shouting again; something, something dollars, taxes.... Lupe hurries with Lunch, dinner and laundry. Mr. Peterson doesn't come down the rest of the day, no golf, no cooking with Lupe making tortillas, not today! Lupe, ending her day, gathers her bag, leaves out the back door, past the pool, passes the five car garage, no window washing today; forgot to hose down the golf cart; straight ahead into the alley. She hurries to the end of the alley where for last 5 years her husband, the leaf blowing gardener, has picked her up driving a motorhome; their only home. In just 6 months they will have enough money for a down payment on their first brick and mortar home.

#### **Questions to consider:**

- 1. Has an environmental impact report been presented on how the Motorhome/trailer ordinance will affect the homeless?**
- 2. What was the harm, detriment in complaint, to the neighborhood, neighbors or streets that warranted this call for ordinance that is severely affecting district 3,4 in the city?**
- 3. What is the itemized resolve that will result from this ordinance?**
- 4. How easy is it to inconvenience the homeless, just because neighbors don't like the look?**
- 5. Why are there no parking lots in the city for needed motorhomes of less affluent residents?**

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