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Sent: Friday, April 21, 2017 2:36 PM
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Subject: opposed to any attempts to remove Time, Manner and Place regulations under the SB1057 -11

How pot sacked a kingdom... A true story.

You all have likely gotten a ton of hate letters, BS and redundancy beyond your patience... Hopefully my tact will be different. How about a story?

A Summary of what we have before us.
<https://vimeo.com/209011858>

How pot sacked a kingdom... A true story.

And so it began...

The king and his leaders stood and noticed that the decree they sent forth wasn't working. He looked at his leaders and decreed that "the compromise was not working!" He thought... *if we can't fight them, let's join them. Think of all the **money** we can make by saying yes. Everyone will be happy because we are rich. Everyone will benefit".*

Yet in his vision, he saw his people as **zombies and darkness was over his land**. "What is this has happened? **And what of this stench in the land?... and why is no one is working**". The king saw a great fear in the land and his people no longer enjoyed the feast of what the land had brought them in the past. "What of the shadows that lurk in the streets that rule the alleys and streets"? Sweat began to pour from his brow... He felt his soul bleeding in despair.

Finally the king stood and looked out from his balcony and thought... "**You can't be a good husband and be stoned! You can't be a good worker or employer and be stoned! All my advisors are all stoned!...** Is there no one left in my kingdom who has the guts to advise me properly?"

The king was so dismayed! His advisors whispered to him "everything will be so good. Listen to us, we know what are doing... we have experience with this type of thing. Everything will be ok... " And yet over time, **his kingdom had such a foul odor** that he himself didn't even want to lead his kingdom. His advisors simply sneered...! Because that was exactly their plan. Deceit was thick in the air and king knew something had to be done.. "But what?"... as his body slumped to the floor.

As he walked from his balcony, he heard a whisper.. "We can help you." The king looked around and saw no one. He thought, am I hearing things... " I too must be stoned!, for the foulness of the air has indeed filled my head in these last days".

"Our lord... we can help! Just ask!". The king turned around and saw many friends of his youth. Most he hadn't seen nor talked too since... he became king! The king sobbed to his friends over the trouble he lead his kingdom into. He shared the **dismal economic plight** in his land. The **once beautiful tapestry of the flowering fields of tulips, were row houses of gargantuan greenhouses... humming with machines and**

putrid piles of rotting debris everywhere. His once vibrant business district was now a slum zone of the "walking dead". "My friends he cried!... Everyone is stoned!"

Over time, his kingdom.. Once alive with vibrant and stunning bouquets of elegance, became shrouded with gray and murkiness. Again he sobbed. "What have I done? **I have listened to vile council.** Council that is shrewd and hungry for my death." Again, the king heard from outside... "we can help you if you let us". The king's spirit lifted and he awoke from his slumbered state to an aroma not experienced in many a season... He ran to the window and saw thousands of his friends from days of old. He saw their belief in him.. Faces he recognized and now longed for.

He cried to his friends... "what can be done to prevent such an **onslaught of violence and grief?** Our **children have no confidence in our leadership.** They have **no motivation** to do anything great! Our **leaders have lost their way** and have **no one to look too for guidance**". That screamed... "Is this how we build a great nation!!! My God!!! What have we done! "

His friends all smiled... "Your kingdom has you my lord". He looked to them, weeping. **The king's eyes grabbed hold of one small child, whose eyes were big and bold, courageous and fearless and yet the king felt a disparagingly dark presence.**

"Please tell me what I am sensing as I look into this child's eyes".. The king screamed! "You are sensing what will happen should your leadership continue to decay". "I see too, a borderless darkness about me"... "**This is the accountability you face for leading your children astray**" his friends said.

The king looked to his friends of truth and of consequences, to lead him. Wisdom and Excellence gathered together with him and over time, his kingdom was restored. The original beauty and destiny was again in full prominence and his kingdom was restored. **The lies along his official advisors removed...never to be heard from anyone ever again.**

The king forged a new alliance with Magnificence and he, along with Wisdom and Excellence, lead with the king a grandness not seen in this world.

Moral of this story

1. You can't lead a stoned person to excellence.
2. One person's rights are another's chains and prison.
3. Right is right and wrong is wrong... there is no middle ground nor compromise.
4. Children will decay with the refuse of improperly made decisions.
5. Business and Excellence requires a united collection of boundaries and strong ethics.
6. A lack of moral fabric is the lack of nerve endings in your body... You will die!
7. Hope is found in true leadership and it will never come from people who whisper in your ear.
8. Learn from others... Ask questions... And always know that "your truth is another's consequence" You are accountable for your actions and will pay dearly for your mistakes.
9. Accountability is a two edged sword... and money from dark sources will lead to greater darkness.
10. Finally... Foolish codes and or lack of, will always result in the decay of something great. Foul leadership will be known by it's own stench.

I am opposed to any attempts to remove Time, Manner and Place regulations under the SB1057 -11 amendment and as well opposed to any attempts to force counties and cities to opt in.

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