

for not being here yesterday, or I may have made my comments at that time. Nor do I intend to argue at this point against the passage of LB 1. One of the members of the body, Monday, said, George, you sure did a lot of preaching. And I would apologize for that because I think that's probably true, a good analysis, a lot of preaching. I don't know how familiar and I think we all are with the sermons that we've heard all of our lives, but after the sermon, in most faiths, the collection plate is passed. And in this particular case not all of us will put in. I've spent better than 12 years in church finance, enough that taught me that those that propose to spend money rarely were those that paid. It was usually the quiet soul that brought things together and kept the minister's salary in place, and kept the building going and whatever. Over the weekend, it seems like a weekend, seems like a year ago, a number of phone calls. I find that in at least those that called extreme discomfort with what we're about to do. Those of us who have been involved in this for some period of time understand, perhaps understand too well the reasons we're here today, the root causes and the desperation that many of us feel in trying to address a series of problems that have been created for us by a number of court decisions. I don't know what the fallout from this will be. The previous administration had a favorite phrase, the whisper of the prairies. When I was a young person we used to have what we called northwesterns, a storm that came over very quickly, and many times with devastating force. Today we have already had the thunderstorm of term limits. We have seen lightning strike at least four of our members who attempted to be reelected to this body. None of this should impact making a wise decision today. But I am most hopeful this morning that however the vote goes that we don't react in the way of my grandson, who this year began his exercise in T-ball. And he's about as athletically talented as his grandfather, and had somewhat of a problem in hitting the ball. And I decided that the best thing a grandpa could do was to show him how to take the ball up in his one hand and swing the bat, you know, with the other, and hit the ball and develop the hand and eye coordination and all of the motor skills that go with at least being reasonably mediocre in whatever we try to do. So we did that. And he took the ball, he happened to be right handed, took the ball in his left hand, threw it up in the air, grabbed the bat and swung, shhhh, missed. Took the ball a second time, threw it up in the air, swung, airball. One final third time he picked up the ball, threw it in the air, nothing hit the bat. And he turned to me and said, grandpa, I'm really a great