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doing down through the years. We don't worry about those raids. Senator Dierks has a bakery. This is a parable. For those who have ears to hear, they'll hear; those with eyes to see, they'll see; those with a brain that's operating, they'll understand. Somebody comes along and takes Senator Dierks's bakery and nothing is done about it. Senator Smith has a bakery, and somebody comes into Senator Smith's bakery and they see him sacking up some doughnuts day-old that he's selling for fresh. And some crumbs fall on the counter, so somebody picks up that crumb, because they're starving, and they eat the crumb. And they call the police, and the SWAT team comes and bashes that person in the head, puts on the handcuffs, sprays him or her with pepper spray, drags them off to jail, puts them in front of a judge. And the judge says, if you are going to steal a crumb, you'd probably do like these big shots and steal a whole bakery if you could. So before you reach the level of stealing a bakery, I'm going to make sure you don't get worse than what you are. Life for the crumb snatcher. How about the one who stole Senator Dierks's bakery? Well, you know, for somebody to do that, they've got to be innovative, they've got to be thoughtful. Society needs people like that. Dierks should have taken more precaution. He should have had security guards. But he wasn't careful, so somebody smarter than he took it from him. So when you come to the big shots and they operate at a big enough level, they cannot be touched. We cannot grasp that, because we are afraid of them. But then the little crumb snatchers...just like the parable of Lazarus. The rich man fared sumptuously every day, called in all of his big shot friends, all the members of the Legislature, all the rural senators who do the work of the big-city senators. While the big-city senators sit in the lounge and hide, the rural senators do the work for them, and the big-city senators don't speak a word on their issue, but the rural senators vote for them. So the rich man calls all these people around. They're sitting around there, eating, faring sumptuously. Then there's poor Lazarus down there, eating the crumbs that fall off the rich man's table. And the dogs lick the sores. The man was sick, starving, eating crumbs. And did one person sitting around the table say, something ought to be done about this? No. But you know what the man you all worship and your preachers pray to every Sunday morning in church and hear every day they get a chance said? The rich man died and went to hell, and Lazarus