

# KeizerOpinion

KEIZERTIMES.COM

## That time of the year

It is *that* time of year when people say “It’s that time of year to...” They mean it’s the time of year to be nice to others; to give to those less fortunate than ourselves.

Toys and clothing are delivered to children in need in our region. Boxes of the makings of a holiday meal are delivered to households in need ‘this time of year.’

This week’s weather should remind us that not everyone around us is warm, has an appropriate coat to face the freezing temperatures. In Salem, the Mid-Valley Community Action Agency is overseeing two warming stations. The American Legion post on Lilac Lane in north Salem will open a warming station for veterans only.

Warming stations are needed not only by those who live on the streets, but also those who, for whatever reason, have no heat in their homes. Keizer doesn’t have a big homeless population but there are those whose homes do not have adequate heat. Keizer’s organizations—especially its houses of worship—need to live their missions and faith and give a helping hand to those most in need. As the Jackie DeShannon song says: “Think of your fellow man, lend him a helping hand. Put a little love in your heart.”

There is no doubt that Keizer

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is generous—it provides monthly community dinners, it donates money for playgrounds and football fields. Charity cannot always be given on the donor’s schedule—we are called to offer assistance when it is needed, such as

a freezing cold snap coming through.

Simonka Place in Keizer is packed and cannot act as a warming station, much as the Union Gospel Mission itself. Our community may not have a large number of people who need shelter from the cold, but surely local, centrally located churches can open their doors, arms and hearts to those who can’t just turn up the thermostat or throw another log on the fire.

The same can be true for the city and its Civic Center. Baring a scheduled event, could the conference center at the Civic Center not be available for those in need?

Society is called on during these few days of cold to be charitable and giving. We must all remind ourselves that charity and caring are not for holiday season only. People get cold in February, people are hungry in June.

Yes, it is that time of year, but ‘that time of the year’ should be year round. Lending a helping hand is a year ‘round proposition.

—LAZ

## Community spirit is alive

To the Editor:

It is Sunday morning, the day after the Keizer Chamber Foundation Giving Basket Program’s gifts were delivered, and the morning after the Keizer Chamber of Commerce Holiday Light Parade. Both were successful.

Thank you to the Keizer Chamber Foundation, the members of both the Keizer Network of Women (KNOW) and Men of Action in Keizer (MAK), two groups of the Keizer Chamber.

Success? How is it measured? By the smiles on faces and tears in the eyes of parents who aren’t able to afford gifts for their children. Success is seeing families running down the street together and children dancing in the dark in anticipation of seeing Santa. The Keizer Chamber Foundation served 377 children with the help of community and businesses. When they said they couldn’t the Keizer Chamber of Commerce, with the support of local businesses and community did it anyway.

Your Keizer business and community volunteers working together are what make our community a wonderful place in which to live. Thank you to all who supported these events by purchasing gifts, donating time with wrapping and delivery. Thank you all who volunteered to make our parade happen. Success isn’t measured with material things, it’s mea-

letters

sured with memories. Success is seeing joy!

Audrey Butler  
Keizer

## What you wish for

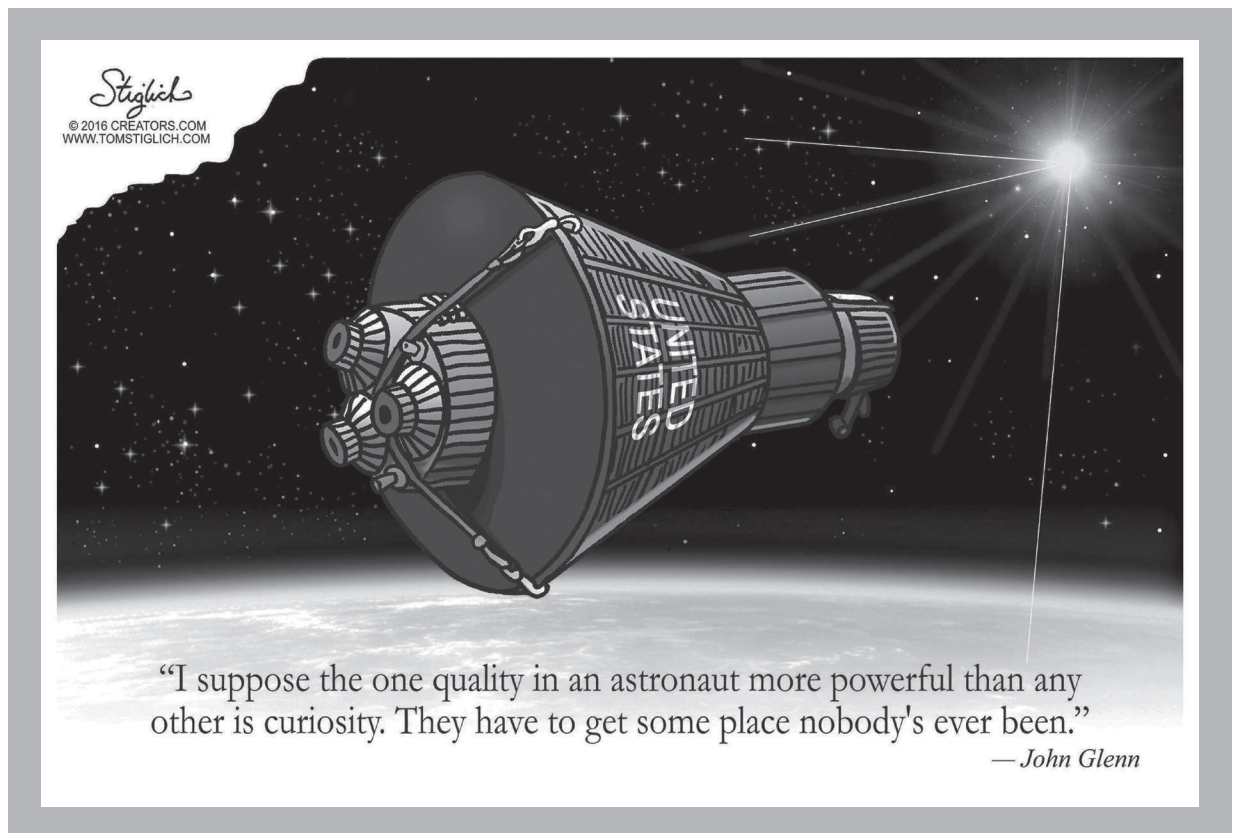
To the Editor:

Noam Chomsky would write, “It was ever thus,” but I am neither old nor smart enough to cite the historical precedent. What I can say is that never in my memory has the repudiation of government of, for and by the people been so obvious, so “in your face peasants.”

One look at the good old plutocrats club that will make up the Trump cabinet should be enough to have Trump voters wondering “Seriously, is this what I wanted?”

So much for populism—for Medicare bargaining to lower drug prices, (amendment killed with objection from big pharma pawn Senator Roy Blount)—for 35 percent tariffs on manufacturers moving out of the U.S. (easier to give a \$7 million taxpayer-funded bribe to a billion dollar corporation). And what should be the last straw—the appointment of a climate-change denier to head the EPA. What’s next? Putin pal Exxon CEO Rex Tillerson for secretary of state? (Oh, wait that could happen.) Still a few weeks until Trump takes office, but so far his election is a painful lesson in being careful what you wish for.

Martin Doerfler  
Keizer



## The green truck

By REVEREND CURT McCORMACK

It was the Christmas of 1952, I was 8 years old. There was only one item on my Christmas list that year, it was a yellow scale model of a log truck made by the Toy Company. It was about 18 inches long with the trailer retracted, almost thirty inches with the trailer loaded with logs. It was magnificent piece of work. The front wheels actually turned with a horn like knob mounted on the hood, like a hood ornament. The wheels seemed like they were inflated though I doubt they really were.

I wanted this log truck unlike anything else in my life. My dad was a logger, and it was every son’s dream to, in some way, emulate his father. I needed that truck. What made matters a little envious for me, was that my cousins had three of them. Their father—my uncle—was also a logger. Yes, when we visited I would get to play with them but it wasn’t the same as having one of your own.

I made my Christmas list, and made sure Santa knew exactly what I wanted. Now, an eight-year-old boy knows very little about family finances. We were never poor. I always had food, clothing, a dry roof and plenty of toys to keep me busy. This particular year, things must have been a little lean because there were a lot of beans and ground beef or venison, as it were. I did not particularly care for venison burger. However, an eight-year-old boy doesn’t make the association between lean times and Santa’s ability to bring the items on his Christmas list.

The long-awaited night arrived. The presents were stacked neatly under the Christmas tree. My concern was somewhat aroused by the fact that there was not, under the tree, a present big enough to contain

other views

the beloved log truck I had desperately awaited for. It was not unusual for parents to wait until the last minute to bring out additional gifts, some unwrapped with just a bow. Surely this was to be the case.

Mom suggested that my sister and I go to our rooms for awhile. Aha... that was to insure time to uncover or deliver to the tree those last minute surprise gifts. I knew it; I could hardly stand it, waiting for mom to give the word to come out. Finally, after what seemed like ages, mom announced Santa had come and we could come out of our room and see what Santa had left on our behalf.

I charged out of my room heading for the tree, eyes keenly surveying all the gifts, looking, looking... looking...Hmmm. It wasn’t there. “Is this all?” I asked.

“What do you mean, Is this all?” said mom. “Looks to me like Santa has done well.”

Trying to hide my disappointment, I agreed. We proceeded to open gifts, one at a time, oohing and ahing over each item opened.

I don’t remember any specific items I got that Christmas. I do know that the yellow log truck was not one of them. As the last present was open, dad said, “Oops, I forgot, there’s one more.”

And off he went out the door to the shop. He was back in a flash and in his hands was...well, it wasn’t yellow, it was green, and it wasn’t the one I had hoped for. But there in dad’s hands was a green log truck... as he handed it to me he said, “Be a little careful, I’m not sure the paint

is completely dry yet.”

So this is what he had been doing in the shop those cold evenings. I set the truck down on the floor and just looked at it. It wasn’t what I expected. I wasn’t sure whether to be happy or sad. I looked it over carefully. It had genuine rubber wheels, with a moveable and adjustable trailer. It looked pretty authentic carved and cut with detail. Impressive—and dad had made it just for me.

The next morning I couldn’t wait to try it out and try it out I did. The ground was cold and frozen outside but when you got to haul logs you got to haul logs. Well, I hauled a lot of logs on that green log truck. I believe I literally wore it out! I never did get a yellow Toy Company log truck...I never even thought about it after that. I had a green log truck, custom made, just for me.

I think back on that Christmas and realize how special that gift was. I didn’t get what I wanted but got what I needed. That’s the way God, like a father, works. God always deals with our needs, seldom our wants. What I needed on that Christmas was a gift from my dad, created and made by his own hands which illustrated the depth and fullness of his love for me. A yellow, Toy Company Log truck would have been nice but would not have had the same impact or carried the same message. I’m eternally grateful for the ‘green trucks’ in my life.

This Christmas, don’t be surprised if you find a ‘green truck’ under the tree for you. It may not be what you want but it most likely will be what you need...consider yourself blessed as I do.

(Reverend Curt McCormack is director of the Keizer Community Food Bank.)

## Sanctuary cities an open door for problems

Reactions to the election of Donald J. Trump are mixed. Nevertheless, one of his promises stands tall among hopes for this writer. Trump the campaigner said he will block, on the day he enters the Oval Office, the immigration executive orders issue by the Obama administration. This would be welcome news although cabinet members from Goldman Sachs and military hawks cause considerable alarm about follow-through from statements made while Trump was in campaign mode.

Keep in mind, also, that any reversals across the land will not be welcomed in cities declared “sanctuaries” by the elected officials in them. These “leaders” have wrongfully argued that immigration law enforcement is racist and bigoted but have had self-centered reasons for doing so.

Lately, too, most disturbing because it’s close to home, Oregon State University’s president, Ed Ray, has publicly declared that he seeks OSU’s campus as a sanctuary campus and, worse, he will not comply with U.S. federal law. Mr. Ray, it’s strongly encouraged, should find work overseas since he apparently wants to be around foreigners so much and has obviously been too long at OSU as he thinks he owns it.

Whatever the case, the argument has enabled elected officials in “sanctuary cities” to impose their idiocy on the residents under their authority. In fact, what they do with this falseness is facilitate the growth and development of enclaves of terror in our nation.

There are many matters that the Trump administration should address and do so within his first 100 days in office—one would be to

gene h. mcintyre

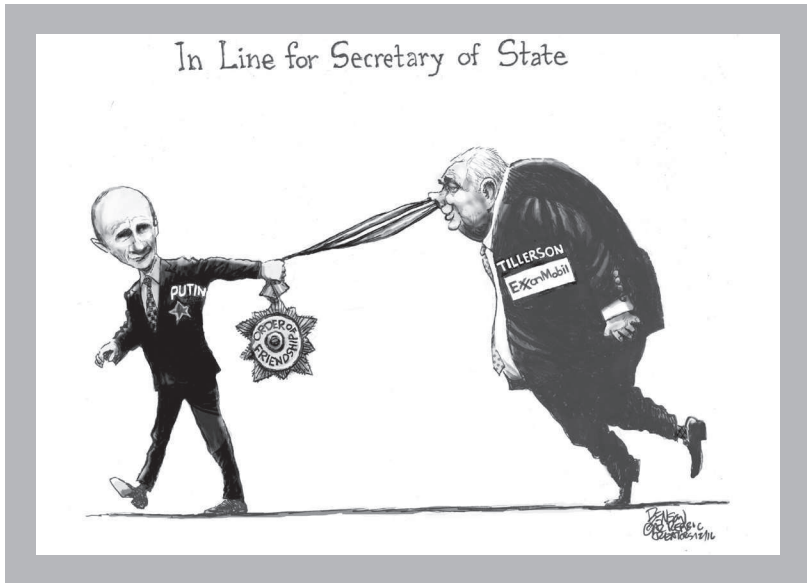
eliminate these lawless safe havens. They have become easily used by illegal aliens and criminals, fugitives and possible terrorists, to evade the inspection process conducted at ports of entry where they’d otherwise be subject to arrest and rejection.

We should wake-up to the fact that sanctuary cities do not provide protections to law-abiding residents who, too often, become victims to the crimes committed by these men and women who’ve not obtained legal permission to be in the United States. Sanctuary cities endanger every person, everywhere in the entire United States, as they just as easily commit their crimes in these cities (and on campuses, too) as outside of them.

Our borders and immigration laws are the nation’s first line of defense against international terrorists, transnational criminals, fugitives from justice and those foreign nationals who come here to end work opportunities for Americans who thereby lose their jobs and paychecks. Meanwhile, the Immigration and Nationality Act, when read, quickly dispel the bogus claim that the U.S. immigration laws discriminate: They apply the same to all persons not legally here regardless of race, religion, ethnicity and place of origin.

Every American wants the United States to be safe and secure. Meanwhile, the sanctuary cities and campus participants force upon us those persons who come to our country illegally, making them too often a threat to life and limb. Sanctuary status is lame, misguided and a death-wish.

(Gene H. McIntyre’s column appears weekly in the Keizertimes.)



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