

**SUPERVISOR COMMENTS**  
**JANUARY 2024**  
**SIMSTOWNSHIP.ORG**

**TRANSFER STATION ...**

- A) We have a new, blue and gold etched sign that gives the new and approved hours, and will be installed as soon as the weather breaks. As you may recall, the winter hours were 9-430 and the summer ours were 9-6 ... the joint board decided to make the hours 930-430 all year round;
- B) The old compactor hydraulic cylinder was removed on 1/4/24 last week by a Speed Tech rep to be rebuilt and it was re-installed 1/11/24. As you may recall from grade school, the hydraulic cylinder pushes the big steel plate called the ram that squeezes the garbage in the big box so we can get more garbage in! The tech wasn't convinced the cylinder needed to be rebuilt, in the first place, as there was very little standing oil in the bottom of the compactor compartment when he removed it. Typically, he would see a lot more oil on the surface and what he did observe – a small two inch in diameter puddle – was not representative of a cylinder that would require a major rebuild as the bottom of the entire compartment would be full of hydraulic oil, and at some point, it would eventually spill out on the ground and none of that had occurred. The original problem was, the operating pressure was between 300-500 psi (pounds per square inch), while it should be variable from 500 psi minimum to 1500 psi maximum. I believe Speed Tech may return several more times until they get the compactor working correctly. The Tech also did the preventative maintenance of changing the oil and oil and air filters.

**FINALE ...** Dear Dr. King,

Yesterday was your special day where we re-imagine and try to visualize the “MLK Dream,” a wonderful, masterful speech, but actually, a sermon, I believe, taken, in part, from the other King’s Playbook and that, I believe, is your long-time friend and mentor, King Jesus! His Sermon On the Mount does top yours, but as sermons go, I would personally rank yours as a definite #2!

While we were, in times past, endowed with certain inalienable rights which led to a representative form of government, everything has changed in that sphere, and not for the better it seems. Questions have arisen since your untimely passing and your dream has been set aside by a tyranny of evil ones, actually listed in today’s news as liar’s, cheaters, thugs, perverts, frauds, freaks, creeps and the ever-present backstabbers. They know who they are. Their relatives were at the Sodom and Gomorrah implosion. Our form of governance appeared to exist for a time, but anymore, it’s a cruel game where almost everyone has lost, except for the rich minority pulling the strings of anarchy and those listed previously. Your dream was so much more as it gave hope, in the same way the message of the other King gives hope for a better tomorrow and better future.

The reality seems to be, both dreams are being sidelined, while the actual reality is not a dream, but rather, a nightmare, with unending implosions at every turn and unending explosions of vileness at every corner of the globe, if can it be. Homogenized governance has become the rule on the world-wide stage, while terror reigns supreme on the same stage. Something is not working.

That certainly was not the dream intended and I feel we are no closer to the dream desired, but it all has turned into vanity and vexation of spirit on a global scale, and it’s really a spirit of emptiness, actually

soap bubbles. I am certainly not suggesting it is your fault as you did and gave your best. I envision, on your arrival home, King Jesus met and embraced you and said, "Martin, well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your rest." On this end, we've still got work to do to figure out how your dream is realized, but in actuality, it may never be, not any time soon or in this world. It's worse that even you or I could have imagined.

Unfortunately, many have and continue to impede any real progress, while continuing to end-run that pseudo-governance in-name-only process, with their own selfish agendas, and eventually, the democracy created by our forefathers will simply uncreate and your dream may cease to exist, all lost in the smoke of an old kerosene lamp.

Mr. King, I'm sorry it has turned out in a way that even you or any of us could not have visualized all those years ago and is no closer to fruition now than when you spoke those famous words on 8/28/63, when I was entering into my senior year in high school. There seems to be some sort of collective slide into some other-worldly abyss, where the dim light that remains will soon be extinguished.

Whittle a little here, a little there and slowly but sure, the system and process falls in on itself, while many will look back and ask, what happened to the dreams? How can it be? A wink here, a nod there, compromise here, compromise there ... government by the people and for the people, a joke really, that sees brokenness and corruption from the top down to the bottom. Can the dream be restored before the end is upon us. The short answer is, *Probably Not*.

It was, however, a great experiment with unending opportunities, but laziness, laxness, greed, all the badness exemplified by every generation, brought it to its knees, where many flounder about searching for a lighted path and some sense of hope, while the dreams were dashed on the rocks of an unrelenting storm. While the light dims and fades, the great experiment is ending before it really got started 248 years ago and never an empire to be, minuscule really, when compared to the 1000 plus year empires, that also fell on their swords of shame, while the soap bubbles of vanity and vexation of spirit won the day, and no one saw it coming? The smiles, while backstabbing, the murdering of every generation only intensified until the mirror looked back and asked, was it me? Did I play my part in this cast of billions, or was I just another lost soul that looked the other way, while being blown around on the ship of life, while the sail was rendered useless, and the rocks fast appearing?

Be on guard for the evil one walks about seeking whom he may devour and devour he has. The devourer is winning in this sin-benighted scene below and as we step into the great blackness and void of what used to be twilight and even that is fading what light it enjoyed.

Mr. King, I regret not having an opportunity to have met you, but meeting we shall. I'm sorry for what I personally failed to do or say that could have added gospel feet to your dream. I hope your dream will live on somewhere, somehow, but probably not today. Hopefully, it may eventually see the light of a better day, but it could have been today. Last and certainly not least, Thank You for your Service ...!

Best Regards from an Appreciative Admirer ...

Bam ...