

Statement of Trena Moss

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I was petitioning on or near Liberty St. in downtown Ann Arbor when a man came up to me and demanded. "You don't think you are actually going to get that passed do you?"

"Ann Arbor is a pretty liberal town." I replied.

He then went on to tell me that he was so and so, the city attorney and they had a strategy to block it, even if we did get our signatures. He then guaranteed me it would *NOT* happen in Ann Arbor. He then turned and strutted off like he was king of the world.

"As I stood there watching him go, feeling the sting of rejection. Nobody likes to be told their efforts are futile. I heard a voice with a touch of compassion say, "I'll sign that petition."

As the gentleman walked up to me, I asked if he was sure because that other fellow certainly wanted no part of it.

He said, "That's because he is so and so, the city attorney and a chicken shit. That made me laugh and I asked him why he called him a chicken shit. "Why else would he use who he is to intimidate you for simply collecting petition signatures?" He had a point.

I said, "Yeah, if it was his parents dying of cancer it would be a different story."

"What if it wasn't?" He asked.

"Wow, that's pretty cold blooded." I said.

He finished signing and I thanked him.

Most people I talk to are only concerned with themselves and how things relate to them. This man demonstrated to me that he was compassionate, brave, called a spade a spade and made me laugh, all in about three minutes. Some people are just worth remembering, so I put a little mark on the edge of the sheet where he signed, so I could ask Chuck Ream who he was.

After telling Chuck what happened he asked me to write it down on paper for him.

Trena Moss
23 April 04
