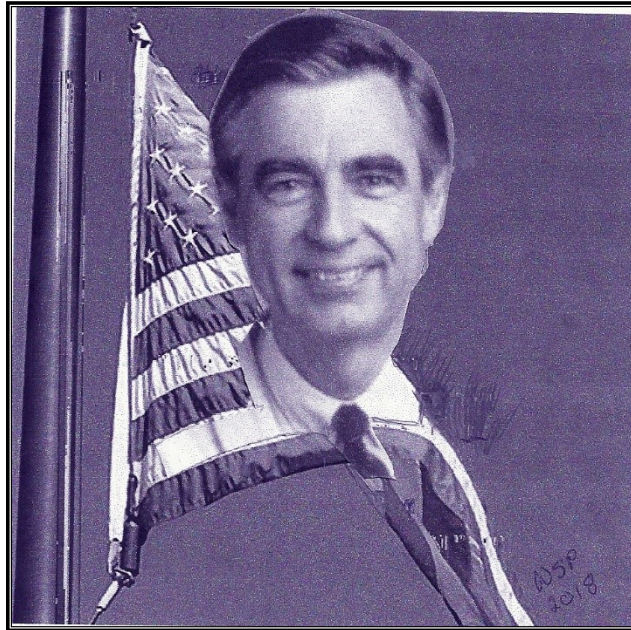


**HOMELESS IN PARADISE**  
**December 7-13, 2018**  
**CEDAR STREET SUMMIT - Part 19**



**WELCOME TO THE EVER-POSSIBLE NEIGHBORHOOD OF HUMANKIND**

**By Wanda Sue Parrott**

**RESPONDING** to last week's column ("*Is fear of a new führer fake news or future fate?*"), several readers lauded me; others lambasted me for President Trump's political Hitlerian innuendo.

If my reaction can be confined to two words, they're: "Wow! Thanks!!"

Why "wow"? Think about it! Each of us is a communal ambassador, an "agent of our community."

Thus, the image we citizens present to the world is our collective American neighborhood.

Does your image say to potential neighbors, "Keep out... you're not welcome here?" as Hitler projected to all but those he idealized? It's an image our president projects, unfortunately or fortunately, depending on how he seems to see himself as he shoots from the lip, then softens his stance later.

Or are you more like Fred Rogers, TV's ambassador of goodwill, who projected an image of caring and kindness for everyone, even if he might privately have harbored personal preferences for some types of neighbors over others? His shows opened with, "It's a wonderful day in the neighborhood. . . I've always wanted a neighbor just like you."

Why "thanks?" Because these Cedar Street Summits are succeeding as a forum for open expression of many viewpoints about the scary news that engulfs and overwhelms us.

Ask yourself what category of ambassador you are. A third category lies between the opposites as a helper with a compassionate-yet-cautious image. I belong here. Could this face also be yours?

**Anniversaries Of Hope For Humanity**

This year marks the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Mister Rogers' children's show TV debut.

It also celebrates on December 10 the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the United Nations' document that encouraged international goodwill and neighborliness as an ideal community in which neither future Hitler types nor concentration camps should ever arise again.

Article 23 of the 30 "Universal Declaration of Human Rights" states in part:

*"Everyone has the right to work. . . to just and favorable conditions of work and protection against unemployment. . . everyone who works has the right to just and favorable remuneration ensuring for himself and his family an existence worthy of human dignity, and supplemented, if necessary, by other means of social protection. . ."*

Asylum-seeking homeless migrants escaping poverty in El Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala wave signs in the rain at the Tijuana border proclaiming: "I walk a thousand miles for work."

The Tijuana shelter, like overcrowded concentration camps of World War Two, has produced breeding grounds for sickness, desperation, despair, and death, as proven by three who died last week trying to sneak into the US. Trump stands firm: illegal immigration is not allowed here.

Whose idea was organizing the caravan that is reminiscent of the sacrificial Christian lambs devoured by lions in the Coliseum of ancient Rome? I don't know. Do you?

### **What Happens Next?**

As Mexico's new leftist president, Andres Manuel Lopez Obrador, inaugurated last Saturday, faces rightist Donald J. Trump, inaugurated in January 2017, will Hitler-like, Rogers-like, or Genuine Diplomatic politics prevail to reach a fair compromise?

President Lopez Obrador has made the issue at the border his first and top priority.

Already, Mexico has begun working on the situation by granting 1-year Humanitarian Visas to migrants willing to stay in Mexico and work in factories in and around Tijuana.

The original shelter in Tijuana has been closed and migrants are relocating to a music-concert venue about 10 miles from the border.

Mister Rogers' words remain a dream unfulfilled for the thousands of migrants dampened by the rain and infected with respiratory disease:

"It's a wonderful day in the neighborhood. . . I've always wanted to have a neighbor just like you."

Were similar lines sung to the people put aboard cattle cars and herded into Dachau between 1933 and 1945?

Here is the continuation of my report about my tour of Dachau as published in the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner in May 1973.

### **What Purpose Does This Memorial To The Dead Serve?**

*We see the sign "KZ Gedenkstatte P" and pull into a huge, bare parking lot. . . A chill wind. . . bends rows of barren, black poplar trees . . . that separate the camp from Dachau village's modern two-story homes that have a West Covina look.*

*The poplars were planted by prisoners who came to this, Germany's first, concentration camp.*

*One can hear the stillness moaning: can there ever be new life where death prevailed so cruelly?*

*. . . One barrack stands. . . We smell the pine wood and wonder how many men who slept here were victims of biological chemical experiments and being infected with malaria. . . The words of clergyman Jean Bernard hang in a frame:*

*“I do not know whether the reader can picture to himself the sight of 250 tattered straw palliasses and as many pillows, plus 500 covers, not to mention odd pieces of furniture and personal possessions lying in a disordered mass in the filth and rain. . . ”*

*The camp had become so overcrowded that 1,600 prisoners had to live in one barrack designed to accommodate 208 prisoners. . . 31,951 prisoners died here in Dachau and several thousand more, not even registered, were killed by shooting.*

*We. . . trudge across white and gray stones toward the Krematorium. . . people begin to cry in German, Italian, Spanish, English . . . universal tears. . . We do not apologize. We do not smile stupidly in embarrassment. . . We understand, all in the same unspoken language.*

*Then, outside again in the sunshine, we hear the music. . . one note, soft and gentle and joyous.*

*A little girl runs, laughing, from the bushes. She waves one pink sugar cookie and offers each of us a taste.*

*This time our tears are happy ones as we break bread with Hope.*

Welcome to the ever-possible Neighborhood of Humankind!

###

Photo: Mister Rogers

WELCOME TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD

“When I was a boy and I would see scary things in the news,  
my mother would say to me, ‘Look for the helpers.

You will always find people who are helping.’” Fred Rogers

(Collage by Wanda Sue Parrott w/flag photo & Rogers, photo by Getty Images courtesy of Clip Art.

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