

Christmas spirit doesn't park on my city street

I live on lower Caroline Street, where parking battles erupt daily as a prominent city clan has had one of four houses under construction for 20 years and takes up half of a block at any given time. Although they all have long driveways, they insist on parking their multiple vehicles on the street.

Others, believing themselves also part of the entitled elite, have been granted over five parking passes per household even though some have off-street parking in an alley running in the rear of their properties. But they too park willy-nilly, disregarding any kind of etiquette or kindness.

Their status circumvents the city from policing their pals or the construction workers who park illegally, adding to the number of spaces removed from actual tax-paying homeowners.

The house across from me has six vehicles; the family to my left has five; to my right another four... and so on. I have one car and am 72 years old. I'd simply like to park in front of my house.

Everyone knows who lives where. I and the three other elderly women on the block would appre-

ciate some consideration. But there aren't any laws to force civility.

One of the clan even went so far as to stop, roll down his window, and say to me, "You're the worst parker." Since he doesn't have to cram into street parking, it touched a chord.

What has happened to common decency? These are church-going folk, pillars of the city. But as my mother always said, "You can't buy class."

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