

The longest day of the year journeys into a grievous night

Written by Administrator

Saturday, 21 June 2014 00:15 - Last Updated Saturday, 21 June 2014 00:16

Tiny Town, USA – Talk to anybody who knows about what happened today and you don't need pictures. In fact, some folks would like some images and sounds forever excised from their minds.

We don't know the explanation for a truckload of cars careening down one of our gorge-like main roads: It happened.

The impact was that of an explosion; it took out one of tiny town's landmark buildings, and killed a young woman who was merely at her station, taking care of sundry duties on a beautiful first day of summer. Who could imagine death arriving in such a way?

It was delivered. And violently so. The very bravest of people anywhere could not prevent the taking of a life in so random and insane manner.

Several people tried -- the entire vehicle was moving at such a velocity and turned itself in such a way that it penetrated a building, as if by terrorist intent. This is most likely not the case. Even so, this was tiny town's wake-up call: Speeding vehicles entering into gravity's realm, are not to be trusted. A driver who prefers to slam into a building as opposed to taking it in the face of barriers meant to save lives, is probably not an unusual person. Perhaps he trusted in the seeming solidity of a formidable brick building, knowing little of the hazards of physics.

We don't know. We know that people were hurt, we know that a young person with child, was killed by this reckless act of homicide.

It may well prove the driver was blinded by light, mistook The Commons for a thoroughfare, or simply was not paying attention and didn't understand what it meant to carry as much tonnage as he hauled. It was a terrible mistake.

Downtown has suffered much by way of alleged repair in the last year and a half. No one could foresee such an incident. It is terrible and cruel and the consequences irrevocable. Those who

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pray, make your prayers tonight on behalf of the suffering. Those who only know this as a horror, be kind, be gentle and remember how fragile is this life.

Ithaca died a little today; and it lost a fine person while others were shocked or maimed.

This was not a terrorist attack. Many heavy vehicles have lost their jake brakes on these hills. I recall at least five serious incidents in my time here, dating back to 1978. But there were more.

We have been lucky. And today, that luck ran out.

Our dearest thoughts to the suffering, our best wishes to those who tried to help and were driven back by the madness of the inferno they faced; it is no small thing to rush in where angels fear to tread.

But better to know for the future, that angels do walk among us.

Thank you to all who are helping and to those who helped, immediately, instinctively. That is the place I know as home, this confirms my highest expectations of Ithaca, my landing place, my home away from home.

-- Franklin Crawford, administrator, tinyowntimes.com