

EDITORIAL

Time we all shared the road

Initiative to let bicycles use full lane in Morgantown a good place to start

"When I see an adult on a bicycle, I do not despair for the future of the human race." H.G. Wells, who said that, probably never saw the future like anyone else ever has.

But about two centuries after the first archetypes of bicycles appeared, there are still adults pedaling them — on the road.

Or still getting in everyone's way, as some impatient motorists fume at one time or another. Recently, share arrows, or sharrows, appeared on Willowdale Road marking a turning point in efforts to make Morgantown more bicycle friendly.

The sharrow markings serve to let drivers know that bicyclists have full use of the lane and let bicyclists know where they can be. The arrows accompany the outline of bicycles on the road indicating that bikes may use the full lane.

Willowdale is the first of as many as 10 other major roads throughout Morgantown that may eventually be sporting sharrows. Though an official list has not been settled on yet, the idea is to see where sharrows would be effective.

We applauded this effort by the city and its Bicycle Board for a lot of good reasons.

Though this initiative may not exactly ease congestion, it certainly should help to calm traffic in Morgantown. In other words, encourage drivers to obey speed limits or slow even further in some circumstances.

Not to mention, this effort can only improve air quality, reduce sidewalk biking, curb noise and improve the personal health of bicyclists.

For decades, all but a hearty few have steered clear of trying to negotiate our city's topography and its narrow roads on a bicycle.

Aggressive drivers, our climate and lack of shoulders have also played a role in this aversion to biking in Morgantown, aside from the rail trails.

True, painting sharrows on some roads is not going to change all that, but it's a first step that deserves this community's support.

So is Morgantown's designation as West Virginia's only bicycle-friendly community by the League of American Bicyclists.

It's safe to say this all may encourage more bicyclists to take to their wheels, too.

We urge drivers to respect bicyclists on every city street and state road and demonstrate patience and safe driving habits.

The idea of improving awareness of cyclists' rights on Morgantown's streets is long overdue.

There will always be reasons to despair for the future of the human race.

But applying our earliest lessons about sharing may yet save us on the road.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Mother Earth
@realMotherEarth

Children, I gave you life --- you gave me climate change and a world leader who wants to bring me death. Is this how you treat your mother? Very upset bigly.
#DJTHasNoAClue

2017 - Eternity

MAIL LETTERS to the editor to *The Dominion Post*, 1251 Earl L. Core Road, Morgantown, WV 26505. Email letters to opinion@dominionpost.com. Include your name and phone number for confirmation purposes. Letters should not exceed 300 words.

A class reunion can always help put some joy in life

Did you ever feel like you were carrying the weight of the world on your shoulders? Illness of beloved family members? Long distances separating family members? Old age itself creeping up on you?

Restlessness among our nation's inhabitants? Violence ruining our cities, towns and schools.

Many of our oldsters feel as though they've lost their positions (esteemed positions in my opinion), too. If we will, we can change this sad scenario. How? It would just take time on our part.

Spend a little time with these precious ladies and gentlemen; how rewarding for all.

Recently, I stopped in front of our kitchen window just to watch all the action outside; our own state bird, the cardinal, was valiantly trying to fight off dozens of his competitors for the delicious morsels awaiting.

They could all have saved time and energy, since an aggressive squirrel was displacing them all.

As I watched the action, I couldn't help but be reminded of all

the frenzy going on in our nation's Capitol. Surely there is a better way for us all to get along. I believe I discovered just that.

On the evening of May 27, dozens of past graduates of Tunnelton High School, met at the South Preston Middle School to celebrate their classes' alumni festivities.

I immediately thought (as others did) that we were in the wrong place because all the people were old (no offense, fellow grads). I kept looking around, but sadly (much to my aching heart), my husband and I were the only graduates from our Class of 1943.

With love and pride, we did have one 100-year-old lady who joined us and her smile was radiant.

I can't remember ever having such a great time, made even sweeter by hearing beautiful music in the background; nostalgic and sweet.

The evening was fantastic. Jimmy Matar prepared a delicious dinner which was capably served by his helpers. The (alumni) association had done a great job of putting these festivities together.

We need to thank Sheila Rhodes, vice-president of the Class of 1976; "Bob Pratt", president of the Class of 1955, and "Butch" Boyard, secretary/treasurer of the Class of 1961.

Needless to say, as we were leaving the evening's gathering, I was feeling 10 feet tall and that sick at heart feeling had totally vanished. I was walking on air.

Eileen Hartman Kingwood

Let's all try to invite the world into our homes

THE WORLD IS AMONG US.

From whatever source we get it, the news is full of the world: Elections in Europe, wars in the Middle-East and Africa, threats from North Korea and more. Separated from most other countries by two oceans and a Gulf, we in the U.S. have often been tempted to "mind our own business" — only!

But a century of wars, 9/11, nuclear weapons, etc. does not allow us to do that now. We are concerned with what the leaders of many other countries will do and how they think about America.

And the leaders of most countries tend to be educated, many of them with an academic degree from the United States.

So let us open our eyes to see that the future leaders of many nations may be among us.

In fact, on WVU's Morgantown campus there are students from 107 of the 196 countries in the world. Many of these are graduate students who, with their advanced degrees, are in line to be leaders when they return to their own countries.

We also receive a number of visiting scholars who have spent years in government, academia, or business and for whom time spent in America is often stepping stone to a higher position when they return.

All of these people are very curious about America. We are a shining light to many in the world because of our wealth, liberties and power, but not everyone likes us and that causes problems.

Shame on us, therefore, should any of our international students or visitors return to his or her own country never having seen the inside of an American home, or gotten to know an American. They may leave feeling Americans are aloof, arrogant and disinterested in them.

This may contribute to a negative attitude toward America in their country for years to come.

As members of the "host" country, let us be good hosts and take the initiative in meeting internationals.

But getting to know internationals is not easy. At the Christian & Missionary Alliance Church in Morgantown, we have an outreach program to internationals called HOPE and are thus aware of the roadblocks to be overcome in relating to internationals.

They may not speak English well and are often reserved or bashful, seeming to be intimidated by us. And we, and they may all find it difficult to meet strangers.

So, it is often more comfortable if we invite them somewhere as a group. Some ideas are a picnic or cookout, or a visit to Cooper's Rock, Prickett's Fort or other places. But invitations to our homes are always highly valued, especially an invitation to a Thanksgiving, Christmas or other special day dinner.

One avenue to getting started is through The International Stu-

What it means when a generation dies

THERE WERE 13 OF THEM IN ALL, born over a period of 27 years.

Lillian, who grew up to run a numbers racket, was the first, born in 1906. She was followed by Sadie, Vivian and Virgie. Richard, a college professor and poet came next, followed by Paul, Vina, Annie, Edna and Leonard, my dad. Then came Ruth, Carl and finally, Mildred, born in 1933.

As she was the last to be born, a few days ago she became the last to die. I wrote about Aunt Millie and her decline from dementia three years ago here. As these words are written, I'm set to go to Chicago to bury her. And thinking about what it means when a generation dies.

I have no more blood aunts and uncles. Not on either side. My

lieve, fat meat's greasy," which meant, "You don't believe this obvious thing but I'm about to teach you in a very painful way."

We're losing "seditty," which meant pompous and "haints," which meant spirits. Uncle Carl used to have a saying about the worms had machine guns, the birds wouldn't mess with them. Except, he didn't say "mess."

We are losing that. And we are losing their superstitions. My dad almost had a heart attack one time when we were walking and I passed on the other side of a utility pole. Turns out it's bad luck to split a pole. And every New Year's Day my mom served chitlins, black-eyed

Time takes what time will. It takes the generations that shaped you. Eventually, it takes you, as well. Such is life.

So yes, I am mindful of all that we are losing. Not just their superstitions and words, but also their home truths and rough wisdom. Like "Use your head for more than a hat rack," and "There's no such word as 'can't.'" Like, "A man can't ride your back unless it's bent," and "They can kill you, but they can't eat you." Like, "Father, I stretch my hand to thee ..."

You pass this stuff on to your kids, but you never know if they're listening. Just as, I suppose, my folks never knew with me. I'm surprised to discover that I actually was.



LEONARD PITTS

disappearing one heart attack, cancer diagnosis and stroke at a time. But those of us who are of a certain age and also African American are losing those things, and other things specific to us.

We are losing firsthand memory of you can't walk here, and you can't eat there, of you can't try that on and you can't look that man in the eye. We are losing our exotias how it fit