

OurCity

The contrast was stark; but then polar opposite opinions usually are. Early last week brought us more snow and with it came the contrasts. As I pushed open the door at 5:30 that morning I knew it would be a long day for all of us. Having shoveled all my walks and driveway the previous night to wake up to about six more inches foretold the day to come. Most folks are like me; able bodied and in good health. I would guess though that most don't look forward to the work that snow like this brings. I do. Ever since I was a little kid growing up in Mountain City, Nevada; Ashton and Tyhee, I have liked snow; lots of snow. Sally thinks I am nuts. She may be right. But, now it's not just me I have to worry about when the dumps of fresh snow come. Sorry to say I don't worry about most of you either because like me you are able bodied, but there are those who live here with us that are less so. I worry about them; especially on days like last Tuesday.

My neighbors across the street are such folks, seniors who struggle to keep up with what nature is dumping on them. As I finished my second round of shoveling and the third time clearing my driveway that morning I noticed my elderly neighbors struggling to shovel out the near foot of snow in their long drive way and the three feet of snow just plowed into it by the city's street department. As I walked over to help I recognized a particular Spanish phrase spoken towards the heaping mound of snow and the person who had just added more to it; it wasn't complimentary. As we said our good mornings and began to work together to clear the snow, a young man in a skidster happened by and offered to help. I don't often pray in public but looking at the 100 feet of driveway I said yes and Amen. As those neighbors had found a Good Samaritan, I headed down the street to help another elderly couple.

I had been getting phone calls and texts most of the morning about what a great job city personnel were doing getting the streets open. As I finally made it to City Hall Chief Wilkinson greeted me with a report from the officers out on patrol. Thank you to all the volunteers who privately and through their place of employment helped those who needed it! It wasn't just the young man in the skidster but whole businesses who dedicated their employees to help those less able. I smiled inside and out and asked the Chief to call and inform the Power County Press of the exceptional volunteer efforts by so many.

The stark contrast to Tuesday came to me on Thursday. I was on my way to City Hall and stopped by Anderson Body and Glass to check on some repairs I was having done to my car which happened during the last big snow/rain event as I went to help someone in need. Upon entering, Laura Anderson smiled and went on to tell me what a wonderful job the city was doing in light of all the snow and what a great community it was where everyone pitched in to help each other. I smiled back and gave her a very sincere thank you. When I arrived at City Hall the contrast came into focus as I heard both Judy Fehringer and Sara Nulph talking on the phone with folks that were far less than happy. They were unhappy for two reasons: number one of which was they were being required to dig out and move their over parked cars so that the street department could open the street and finish plowing it. Some streets in town look like an Olympic slalom course as you have to weave around one snow bank to the next. They are not safe to travel on and they are not safe to maintain; there have already been a few mishaps caused by this very circumstance. I have said repeatedly that city streets are not intended to be private parking lots. If you own more vehicles than can be parked on your property, it is your

responsibility to see that those cars are moved at least every 72 hours. The parking ordinance was crafted specifically to address this very issue of safety and maintenance. I ask that you do your part to help us with both.

The more dire contrast I found in my mail basket at City Hall on Thursday. I will simply say it was a letter from an elderly woman requesting help. I am in the process of working with others to find a way to help her and those who share her predicament. Again my sincere thanks to those of you who make the effort to help those less able than yourselves; that sentiment is shared by vastly more than just myself.

Until next week...