

Title:

Momma Always Told You, Don't Play In The Street

Word Count:

703

Summary:

Eight (8) people lay dead in the street because no one listens to momma

Keywords:

momma, valentine, valentines day, washington dc, dead, Accokeek Maryland, Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, american, world, buckle up,

Article Body:

In the cold early morning hours of Saturday, February 16th, 2008, before the St Valentine's Day Celebrities had subsided, about Twenty (20) miles South of Washington, D.C., Eight (8) people lay dead in the street along Route 210, a four lane highway, in Accokeek, Maryland. Why? Because no one listens to momma any more.

Some Twenty (20) years ago the Tennessee Mountain Man transported telephone equipment around the southern states and up the eastern seaboard for ma bell. A prominent sign was displayed at the exit for each of ma bell's maintenance shops which read, "You Are About To Enter The Most Dangerous Place In The World... An American Highway. Buckle Up!". Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan and other hot spots around the world notwithstanding nothing has changed and the warning is as applicable today as it was all those years ago.

Concerning the Accokeek deaths, according to FOX News, Prince George's County Police Captain Donald Frick said "there was a speed event going on". That has to be the understatement of the year. There had been an illegal drag race that resulted not only in the high number of deaths but several injuries and an unlimited number of lives that have been changed forever because the immature must play... even if it could reasonably mean they die.

A "speed event" is the Daytona 500 which was scheduled to run the following day or Power Boat Racing... events scheduled and licensed under the appropriate authority in a relatively safe place with safety precautions and viewer protection adhered to. This was a clear criminal violation which resulted in injury and death, and yet the police do not know, they say, whether charges will be filed against anyone or not. Can you say, "duh"?

The Computer man grew up in the backwoods country atop Sand Mountain in Jackson County Alabama. Running in front of the old home place about fifty (50) feet from the front door was a dirt road which mom always told us to stay out of. There were less than Ten (10) vehicles a day that literally crawled down that road, but mom insisted "stay out of the road".

When one of the children was required to make a trip the three quarters (.75) of a mile to the country store that serviced the little community, mom always warned, "walk on the side of the highway... stay off the road". A toe stumped on the asphalt and bleeding (not to mention hurting) when arriving back home was a dead give away and earned an extra punishment which seemed pretty severe until the computerman had a teenage step daughter killed by a car while she was crossing a city street.

Many years ago, Johnny Cash recorded a song about a momma's warning. It was to her young son and entitled "Don't Take Your Guns To Town".

The first verse was:

"A young cowboy named Billy Joe grew restless on the farm
A boy filled with wonderlust who really meant no harm
He changed his clothes and shined his boots
And combed his dark hair down
And his mother cried as he walked out

[Chorus]

Don't take your guns to town son
Leave your guns at home Bill
Don't take your guns to town".

As strange as it may be, that was the first thing that popped in the Tennessee Mountain Man's mind upon learning of this tragedy that happened on a dark unlighted stretch of suburban highway fifty-five (55) miles north of Boston. As the two racing cars sped away and the spectators stepped into the roadway to watch, an eighteen (18) wheel tractor trailer and a car appeared behind them from nowhere. Not being able to see the people standing in the middle of the roadway dressed in dark clothing against the dark of night compounded by the smoke from cars and burning tires there was little the operators of those vehicles could do to avoid the bystanders.

For a little fun, a restless crowd of somewhere between fifty (50) and two hundred (200) souls had assembled on a busy roadway in the dark night and

gambled their life against a little entertainment, and in only a short moment in time they lost.

Listen to your momma. She warned you, "don't play in the street".