

Dangerous crossings of faith and free thought



Highland Views

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Guest columnist

When I was an instructor at a private school, many of my students would walk back to campus in the afternoons after working in a textile center during

the day. My classroom was situated at the intersection of two narrow roads that wound up a hill. To call it a wealthy neighborhood would be an understatement. Most of the cars driving by the school were luxury cars including high-end SUV's and the occasional Rolls.

Each afternoon as I waited for students to arrive I was concerned for their safety as they had to cross the street on a blind corner. Since the students had

mental and physical disabilities, they could be as vulnerable as children (my daughter was small at the time so I was sensitive to safety issues, especially around roads).

Discussing the issue with other teachers it was clear we all had some worries, so I contacted the city and was referred to the police department. I was surprised to get a call from the chief of police who wanted to meet me at the

school to survey the situation.

The next day the chief met me outside my classroom. I told him about the students and their challenges. Many had impairments in vision and hearing. Some had more severe physical restrictions. I pointed out there was no crosswalk (or light, or sign). I asked if one could be painted from the end of the

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