

12 Minutes Faster

A Message from Auntie Karen

Notice to reader :

Please find to follow one of many comments or stories that I've received. I will only publish stories or comments that I receive written/emailed authorization for. Further to that, I will never include full names or locations to protect the identities of those whom submit. Feel free to submit YOUR stories to me at any time!

Thank you – this website is only what YOU make it!

Auntie Karen

Comment / Story :

After having been forced off the road to avoid head-on collisions on several occasions, on my daily drive to and from work, I stopped at the police station to explain the chronic dangerous driving and, to explain that it was happening on a regular basis - several times per week. My drive to work is 65 kms (one way), through 3 different speed zones - 80km/hr, 60km/hr, 50 km/hr.

I had the unfortunate privilege of being approximately one minute - sixty seconds - behind a life altering traffic accident. The police, paramedics and fire fighters were on the way, but not even near enough to hear the sirens or see the flashing lights...

Don't get me wrong, I don't rubber-neck or in any way - shape - or - form, like to see this type of accident, in fact, the sight of such horrific human suffering upsets me very much.

You see, my wife, my high school sweet-heart, works the midnight - shift, and we often pass each other on the road while travelling to and from our workplaces, so when there is a terrible accident on our route, there is always the possibility that is me or her who is fighting for their life - while the Emergency Medical Services fight the same insane and dangerous traffic conditions while on route to save the lives of those who are injured and dying in their vehicle.

I have seen many accidents. But I try not to look at the victims. I concentrate on the vehicle to verify that it not my wife's car, not my children's Mommy Bear - tangled in the wreck.

It is not always easy to make out what kind of car it is, and on one occasion, a similar color of car, upside-down in a field, resembled the car that I never want to see in such a state. It is hard to describe how that felt, thinking that it could be hers, my Kelly, it was the first and only time I had ever experienced that feeling - all I can say is that I never want to feel that way again - ever !

That convinced me to take the Road Watch Canada program seriously. I kept the Road Watch Canada report forms in my vehicle, and, every time I witnessed a serious, careless and dangerous driving offence, I filled out the form and hand delivered to the Regional Police station. That was a few years ago.

The last terrible accident I had driven past, I recognized the car and license plate. A repeat dangerous driving offender, one of the license plates I had written down at least twice, maybe 3 times. He lived, was airlifted to Toronto after they cut him out of the car.

The speeding and dangerous driving on my route to work has almost stopped - I would say is 90 % improved. There is only one explanation for that. The enforcement of the Road Watch Canada program.

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One of the Road Watch Report Forms that I handed in, I stapled a hand written description of how bad it really was to make sure the police knew I was not exaggerating.

I have driven this same route to work for 12 years. The blatant, unsafe, dangerous and careless driving did not stop until after I took the time to report it.

I honestly believe that Karen, and all listeners of "Adler Nation", could help to mitigate the preventable and predictable loss of life on our roads, if they were to take the time to visit the Road Watch Website, and, participate in this program to help our police to identify where there service is required to monitor unsafe/dangerous driving habits.

Sincerely,
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