

LETTER OF SUPPORT AND CONCERN FOR BEDFORD'S POST OFFICE EMPLOYEES

Today I went to the Bedford Post Office to mail twenty care packages: all oversized, each going to a different ZIP code. Kevin, one of the stalwart postal service employees, processed each package efficiently, and I was done with my transaction in about fifteen minutes. It was a routine visit, but notable for its setting: in the temporary trailer in the back of the Bedford Marketplace, which a friend of mine has lovingly dubbed “the fried-dough stand.”

I visit the post office at least once a week to mail large envelopes and packages for my work. I love the central location, which is close enough for me to reach by foot or bike, and conveniently located near other likely errands (bank, grocery store, lunch options). When the weather is cold or rainy, I can always drive, or wait for a sunnier day. The postal employees, however, do not have such luxury.

I worry about Kevin and his colleagues as the weather continues to get colder, and especially once the snows come. The trailer is heated, but it's not hard to imagine blowing snow and sideways rain coming in through the windows. Even in good weather, the working conditions are cramped.

I appreciate our postal service employees making the best of a difficult situation. They exemplify the unofficial post office creed carved on the Farley Building in New York: “Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.” I hope that USPS is able to find a new permanent home within the renovated Bedford Marketplace, and soon.

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